PARIS and HOLLYWOOD

Screen Secrets

JANUARY 25¢

CLARA BOW
Gives the Lowdown
On Men and Marriage

Why These Ten
Screen Stars
Never Married

Marion Davies

He Knows All About Women – *Mack Sennett*

"Can he really play?" a girl whispered." Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in his life."

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer, and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first bars of Liszt's immortal Liebestraume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound.

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight, that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies.

A Complete Triumph

As the last notes of the Liebestraume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions . . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where *did* you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who *was* your teacher?"

"I have never even *seen* my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument *by note* in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and *without a teacher!* Best of all, the wonderful new method she used required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A. B. C.! And as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music."

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the free booklet and Demonstration Lesson. No cost—no obligation. Sign and send the convenient coupon now. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. *U. S. School of Music, 4461 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.*

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

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Have you above instrument?.....

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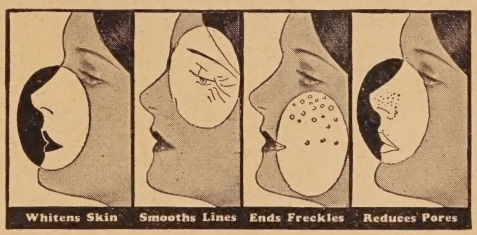

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PARIS and HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE

Screen Secrets

An International Movie Revue

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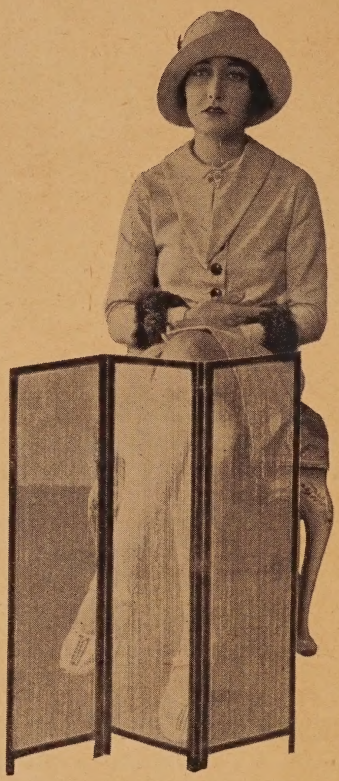

Is our little Dorothy becoming modest? Here we see Miss Sebastian with a portable screen used in an emergency for very short skirts.

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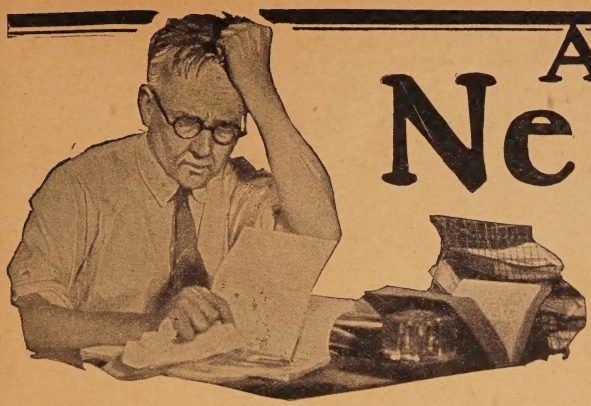

Are Your Nerves all ragged?

Only Half Alive—and Don't Know It!

THE Present "High Pressure" living will be the end of you if you don't take heed. WATCH YOUR NERVES—Neglect means a total collapse. The following symptoms are nature's warning—stop—correct these handicaps before it is too late.

- Do you get excited easily?
- Do you become fatigued after slight exertion?
- Are your hands and feet cold?
- Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?
- Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams?
- Have you spells of irritability?
- Are you often gloomy and pessimistic?
- Do you suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, ringing in the ears, dizzy spells?

These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

Career and Home Wrecked!

Many a promising career and happy home has been ruined by some impulsive work or act. Over 90% of all the misery of the unhappily married life is caused by Nerves. People lose their tempers and flare up, women begin to worry and nag, children become unmanageable and shy. THE reason is always the same—IRRITATED NERVES.

Misery Could Be Avoided!

There is not one in a hundred persons that really knows how to keep their nerves sound and healthy. Women leading ever active, emotional lives, with the daily drudgery of household duties; and men through worry, intense concentration, excesses and vices, quickly begin to show signs of nerve exhaustion. **Be On Your Guard!** Nerve Exhaustion comes on very gradually deceiving thousands of men and women who appear to be in good health. Now through the famous Blackstone treatment it is possible for you to recharge your run down ragged nerve and live a full, happy and glorious life.

How To Strengthen Them!

No tonic or magic system of exercise can ever restore the health and vigor to weak, sick, unbalanced nerves. To regenerate lost nerve force, to build up strong, sound nerves requires an understanding of the action and abuses of nerves. It heeds a knowledge of natural laws of nerve fatigue, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. And it is only through the application of these laws that stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion can be overcome.

Have You These Symptoms?

Get Excited Easily?

Become fatigued after slight exertion?

Hands and feet cold?

Suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?

Sleeplessness?

Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams?

Have you spells of irritability, gloominess, pessimism?

Suffer from heart palpitation, coldsweats, dizzy spells?

Are you bashful—shy—afraid?

Do you suffer from sex weakness?

Are you troubled with pains?

WHAT READERS SAY!

Testimonials from Readers of book, "New Nerves for Old"

"Before I read your book I was very nervous and irritable. My appetite was weak, and my digestion was very bad. I used to tire at the slightest effort. Now, I feel like a new person. I can work and play all day long without tiring. I certainly feel great and I owe it all to your book."

"I want you to know how grateful I am for the changes your book has wrought in me. The great improvement in my condition is apparent to every one, and I do not hesitate to recommend your book to anyone suffering from nervousness, indigestion, sleeplessness and that continual tired feeling and lack of ambition."

"Since reading your book 'New Nerves for Old,' I feel myself again and am happy and contented. Formerly every little contrary action upset my nerves, but after reading your book, I am immune to all trivial annoyances and never lose my temper."

"A few weeks ago I was a mental and physical wreck. Your book has proven of such benefit to me that I can hardly recognize myself to be the nerve-exhausted person I once was."

READ THIS WONDER BOOK—"NEW NERVES FOR OLD"

Based upon many years of intensive experience and study, the famous author Richard Blackstone, has written a remarkable book entitled "New Nerves for Old." In plain language he gives certain easy-to-follow rules that have enabled thousands of men and women to regain their lost nervous energy and to acquire glowing health and youthful vitality. It enables you to correctly diagnose your own case and shows you how to bring back your lost nervous vitality.

"New Nerves for Old" is worth its weight in gold—and yet it's cost is only 25c, stamps or coin. The book will prove a revelation to you. It will help you throughout your entire life, it will help you to build for yourself a solid foundation for your future success and happiness. Mail coupon for your copy today.

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Brief Reviews of Current Films

Living on love seems to be a difficult task even for Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor, one would infer from this scene in their newest First National picture, "No Place to Go."

USE these brief reviews as your guide when the question arises: "Which show shall we see tonight?" As some films are shown in parts of the country far in advance of other districts, owing to the distribution system used by the film companies, we shall keep this list from month to month, adding the newer productions to the top of the list as they appear. A star indicates that *Paris and Hollywood Screen Secrets'* staff of reviewers has nominated this picture as an outstanding production.

SPRING FEVER—Mostly about golf fever with William Haines suffering delightfully. Taken from the stage play.

PUBLICITY MADNESS—A press agent's dream with a transoceanic air flight adding thrills to hilarity.

*TOPSY AND EVA—Everybody's chance to see the famous sisters, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan.

SLIGHTLY USED—Clever playing talent is gone to waste on a comedy plot that runs along derailed.

*SEVENTH HEAVEN—Great on the stage, it is greater on the screen. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell perform splendidly in an absorbin story.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE—Falls short of its battle-cry title both in quality and importance.

*TELL IT TO SWEENEY—The gag men pick on Bancroft and Conklin this time for a full hour of laughs.

THE FIGHTING THREE—Jack Hoxie sticks to his cowboy togs to look handsome, gallop rip-roaringly and win the love of the gal.

*THE FIRST AUTO—Bringing to captivity the first girl who ever walked home from an auto ride. The cars furnish the humor and carry along an interesting story.

*LOVES OF CARMEN—Don Alvarado breaks up the newest necking party of Dolores Del Rio and Victor McLaglen.

AFTER MIDNIGHT—Norma Shearer reforms Lawrence Gray so that they may live happily ever after in the night clubs.

*WHEN A MAN LOVES—Barrymore's portrayal—one of his greatest—is of a kind to please both the discreet immoralists and the vastly larger number of film goers who entertain no such philosophy.

(*Continued on page 92*)

You Can't Kid the Clowns

JOHN BARRYMORE officiated as master of ceremonies recently at the opening of a new picture special at one of the Los Angeles theatres. He found the audience composed of anything but matinee idols, and came in for a large share of razzing from the balcony. His nonchalance, always in evidence in his pictures, did not desert him in facing a real situation. With his usual suave and graceful indifference, Barrymore was presenting the stars of the picture.

He had come to Louis Wolheim, whom he said his brother Lionel first met in Syracuse, N. Y., when Wolheim was a professor at Cornell University. With discreet phrases and veiled terms, Barrymore indicated that the place of meeting, now as extinct as a dodo, was in a saloon, although he never allowed such an inelegant word to trip forth from his elegant tongue.

"Cut it out!" sang out someone from the gallery. "Don't try to be funny. Introduce the stars."

"My dear man," said Barrymore, peering with difficulty and with continued indifference into the caverns of the darkened balcony. "I am not attempting the impossible. No one could be funny today talking about the bar."

And then as the razzing continued, he said: "And now if my friends will permit me, I will go on with the ceremonies," which he did to the satisfaction of most of the audience, and the cheering that marked the introduction of Mary Astor in her brilliant burnt gold gown silenced the razzers for the remainder of the evening.

—o—

Trouble, Trouble, Everywhere

MANY, varied and amusing are the legal difficulties in which the stars have become involved recently.

One of the Southern California Power companies is suing Bobby Vernon, film comedian for knocking over one of their light poles with his car. Vernon says that it was fortunate for his auto that it was a light pole.

Larry Semon, another funster is being sued by a Hollywood drug company for $51.81 owing them for perfume, drugs, cigarettes and other miscellany. The same firm is also seeking to collect from Art Acord, Eddie Sutherland and Walter McGrail.

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
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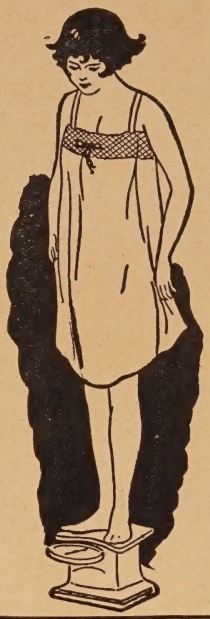

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

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821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

The Editor of

SCREEN SECRETS

Forecasts the New Year

WHAT sort of films are we to expect with the glad New Year?

The pictures that marched off to war have shot their bolt. The collegiates have *rah, rahed* themselves off the campus into oblivion. The crime wave reached a peak a few months back and it is now on the wane. It is going to be a guess-again proposition with everybody scrambling for the big "click."

The graybeards of the industry can not estimate a success any better than the general public. They clicked with *The Covered Wagon* and *The Big Parade,* but it was a shock. The master minds went into conference over them singing the requiem and digging the grave. They didn't know what they had.

But what is in the offing?

Will the influx of foreign directors and movie stars cast a European flavor on the cinema? Will Alexander Korda, Tourjansky and the boys who "da not speek a da Enn-glish" with theirRussian and Hungarian dressing, play an important part in the year's turn out? A fair example of foreign genius was shown the past year in *Metropolis.* Its weird effects and cock-eyed shots did not dent the box office, it is said.

★ ★ ★

WELL, what shall it be?

One thing is certain. Youth and Romance will never die. It's a young people's business—this movie game.

Sex will have its fling. The Gilda Grays will continue to toss their hips about and the Clara Bows will paw their men. There will be no more or less confusion this year than there has been in the past. Most of it is chaos all the time. Stars are taken out of choruses and made over night. Failures are made every day. The big ones enjoy life. The extras just live. The tempo is at racing speed all the time. The object of the pictures—if they have an object—is to peddle beauty, commercialize sex and bottle personality.

Hollywood is a land overflowing with milk and honey and hokum. And out of the eight hundred feature pictures that are made in the United States each year, undoubtedly we will get our goodly share of bunk.

THE whole hearted approval with which SCREEN SECRETS is being met, is vouchsafed by the many letters that come in from day to day from its many readers.

The writer of the letter printed below emphasizes the fact that she enjoys SCREEN SECRETS because it is "not filled with gush."

Here is her letter in part:

"I have my first copy of Screen Secrets given to me by my grandmother a few days ago. After reading it through, I am convinced that it is the most interesting magazine published about the movie world.

"We all get tired of reading gush about the stars that we know isn't true. Consequently when I find a magazine that gives us facts about the picture people I become a friend to that magazine.

"I am an admirer of Jetta Goudal and Leatrice Joy and I hope to see their pictures in the "album" in the front of the book soon.

LOTTIE THORNTON,
Terre Haute, Ind.

★ ★ ★

IT is always gratifying to see one who has failed, make a strong come-back.

The surprise success of the past season was scored by Josef Von Sternberg, director. Studio officials asserted that *Underworld* was no surprise to them because they counted on it being a strong and novel attraction. But Von Sternberg's sudden winning of widespread fame was not exactly to be anticipated in view of his rather unfortunate adventures during the past few years. He made the *Salvation Hunters,* the picture sponsored by Charlie Chaplin, which got nowhere at the box office. He enjoyed even less luck at Metro-Goldwyn to say nothing of the pictures he made that have never been released.

His *Underworld* certainly has landed with a bang. And now he is making *The General,* a pretentious affair which is an indication that Josef is on the up and up.

★ ★ ★

THERE is still much doubt whether audiences appreciate realism on the screen. When *The Crowd* was presented, there was much question re-

(*Continued on page* 93)

"You weren't hired to stand in the corner with our dancing men or to refuse to drink champagne!" she warned me.

She Loved the Bright Lights

A Broadway Butterfly

"THIS is no college campus you're going to play on," Gwen, the silver-throated singer of Martell's was warned. "It's tricky and full of ugly holes. First of all, keep away from the sheiks who work here as dancing partners. They're poison. Take what the men offer you—but don't pay. It's too costly . . . . ."

In her startling confession, "Broadway Butterfly," Gwen tells how she fought the lure of the night club, the wolves who wanted her beauty, the price she had to pay to win.

"A Broadway Butterfly" appears in the current **JANUARY** number of *TRUE CONFESSIONS* Magazine now on sale.

These Vivid Real Life Romances Will Thrill and Intrigue You

Follies of a Film Queen

Can the make-believe loves and jealousies of stage folk affect their real lives? Read this colorful confession of an actress whose heart led her to play the part of love too realistically.

Luxury's Lure

"What's the use of living if you can't have a good time?" said the girl in this story. And with this as her motto she lived a life of riotous gayety and reckless spending.

Diary of a gold-digger

She wanted something for nothing—jewels, beautiful clothes, good times. Men were merely meal-tickets. Love? She laughed at it! Men with check-books—that's what she wanted, what she got until the final crash.

Unguarded Love

She thought she was clever enough to pick the kind of friends she wanted. And she was—when it came to a matter of friendship. But she was totally unprepared for the surprise that followed her choice of the man she loved!

12 Other Great Real Life Romances

True Confessions MAGAZINE

JANUARY

TRUE CONFESSIONS MAGAZINE (JAN. S. S.)
Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

Inclosed find $1 (bill or stamps), for which enter my name as a subscriber to your special five months offer to True Confessions magazine. Or, inclosed, find 25c for one copy of the January issue.

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FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

Cable and Telegraph

News as we go to Press

LOS ANGELES — The American Association of Motion Picture Producers are out to clean up the films. They have organized a censorship committee composed of individual representatives of each studio. The committee will report each week on matters that have been deleted from scenarios before pictures were put into production.

Each committeeman will be informed from time to time as to what is considered censorable matter in the various states and he in turn will be responsible for seeing that such matter is eliminated in the scenarios before they are handed to the directors.

★ ★ ★

LOS ANGELES—Gilda Gray is making more money than any one in pictures. She received a $250,000 guarantee for the appearance of herself and company on the stage with her United Artists picture *The Devil Dancer*. This means fourteen weeks in picture houses with the tour opening here. This guarantee covers both Miss Gray and the picture on a percentage basis.

★ ★ ★

LOS ANGELES — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will send several of its feature players on a three months' trip to Japan at the request of Osaka Mininchi, Japanese corporation which publishes a morning and afternoon paper in Tokio, the latter with an English edition.

The expedition is set for this month. Renee Adoree, Dorothy Sebastian, Jackie Coogan and Norma Shearer are scheduled to go. Eleanor Boardman will also accompany the group if her health will permit.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD—First National has given Molly O'Day, sister of Sally O'Neil a three months' vacation for the purpose of taking off weight.

Fern Price has plenty of form for water polo and a sufficient amount to make her outstanding in the Christie Comedies.

Miss O'Day has been getting dangerously plump, so the company is packing her off to Arrowhead Springs accompanied by a dietitian whose job it will be to take twenty-five pounds off the youngster.

The decision was made after Miss O'Day appeared in *The Patent Leather Kid*.

★ ★ ★

NEW YORK—At last that old famous legend known to every school room and household, Rip Van Winkle is to be filmed. The signal story of the man who slept for twenty years in the mountains is to be personally directed by William C. De Mille. Rudolph Schildkraut will play the role of Rip. Schildkraut made cinema history in *The King of Kings*, *The Country Doctor* and *A Harp in the Hock*. He has long wanted to play the role of the lovable old Rip who dozed for a fifth of a century in the Catskill Mountains. Of course the script will be shot in the very spot where Washington Irving wrote the story. The picture will be a feature for Pathe.

★ ★ ★

LOS ANGELES — The proudest papa in all Cinemaland was Douglas Fairbanks when his talented son, Douglas Jr., scored a decided hit in the stage version of *Young Woodley* which opened here for a long run. Scores of the actor's friend arrived *en masse* to witness his debut and to acknowledge his work with applause. Fairbanks, Sr., and step-mamma, Mary Pickford, were formally presented. Both father and son were overcome with pride and happiness. Among the other luminaries who also aided young Fairbanks in his career were Gloria Swanson and the Marquis de la Falaise, King Vidor, Norma Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Arthur, Florence Vidor, Johnny Walker and Eve Unsell.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD—Ben Lyon is most ardent radio fan in the film metropolis. He has a portable radio set and he sets up his receiving set on the trains on which he travels, between California and New York.

★ ★ ★

NEW YORK—The story, *A Ride in the Country* which ran in Liberty Magazine, is to be filmed under the title, *Walking Back*. Vera Reynolds will be the star. Pathe will produce and William K. Howard will direct.

Our Gallery of Hollywood Favorites

CAN this be the doll Dolores Costello really wants Santa Claus to bring her? Or is her doll about five feet six inches tall, with dark hair and answers to the name of John?

TEMPERAMENTAL, piquant and somewhat sad, Greta Garbo has found that movie seas are not always calm. She has found much solace, however, in her friendship with John Gilbert.

FROM the inscrutable countenance of John Gilbert one wonders if his affairs of the heart worry him. No doubt Greta will find out if any one does.

RUTH TAYLOR *got her big chance in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Her friends are wondering what luck will come her way this coming year.*

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN certainly has the benefit of the charm of youth if anyone in Hollywood has it. She is a former child star grown up and all she needs now is to get the "breaks," they say.

FEW actresses in filmdom has so firm a foundation as has cute little Renee Adoree. She struggled through many lean years and now she is reaping the reward she justly deserves.

YES, this is our Harold. He may be advertising tooth paste, singing an aria, or what have you. Mr. Lloyd is one of the cinema's most respected citizens, as well as the wealthiest, they say.

I Have Never Really Been in Love Says

The much-engaged-but-never-married-star writes plenty of business letters but few love letters.

"IN HER heart every woman wants marriage. If she is honest with herself she prefers a husband and a home to all the fame and fortune in the whole wide world."

Thus petite Clara Bow, the much-engaged-but-never-married star asserted herself on the subject of marriage. It was one of those days in Hollywood when one enjoys philosophical conversation. Miss Bow and I were seated in the Lasky studio. The California breeze carried cigarette smoke lazily through the window. The beauty of the mountains in the background enveloped the city of film fame like a new fitting dress.

Miss Bow sat gazing out the window at the purple haze, reflectively.

"But marriage with the wrong man is torment."

The conversation lapsed into silence for a minute.

"Were you ever in love Miss Bow?" I queried.

Clara thought for a minute. A serious expression crossed her face.

"I don't think I have ever been in love," she said. "I have been fascinated. I have been strongly attracted to a few men but to say that I gave my heart whole heartedly to any one man, I have not."

The little star declares the trouble with most men friends is in their desire to "make me over." "Most of them get critical and tell me what I should do and what I should not do," she asserted. "This sort of thing usually ends in a disagreement. Few men know the art of friendship. Few know just when in the course of friendship to include sentiment and when to

Clara Bow

By HERBERT CHILDS

"Every woman wants a good husband," says this engaging young star, "and most women prefer marriage to fame and fortune. I haven't married yet because I haven't met the right man. I am living in hopes that he will come along some day."

Clara in one of those serious moods when she speaks of love.

omit it. Nothing is more harrowing to me than a mere man, whom I can feel no sentiment for, make love or pretend to care for me. I naturally see as little of such acquaintances as I can. Personalities jibe like colors blend. They also clash and when I get one of those clashing personalities around me, I certainly don't want him to make love.

Clara says she doesn't like to run around to parties but that she spends her evenings at home.

"FOR my part I never could understand why more men haven't the ability for palship. Why can't a man be a pal and keep the love element entirely submerged? For my part I am capable of a good friendship with men of my own type. But I can't say that the love of my heart has ever been affected."

Miss Bow likes the real HE type of man.

Agreeable men, men who agree with everything Clara says just because they want to please her, she detests.

Men who play up to her in that manner are certainly on the wrong track.

"That gets on one's nerves," Clara said. "I want a man to have spunk and a mind of his own. I want a man who can take care of himself and me at all times."

She says the man she marries must have a strong, dominating personality. This Clara has herself and she couldn't very well respect a man she could walk over. He must be able to think for himself she asserts and he must not be afraid to take his own part in an argument. He must command respect and get it.

Clara Bow says she is not temperamental.

She studies her masculine associates closely and I venture to say she has them well catalogued. As a result of this scrutiny the man who persuades her to marry him will have to do it in a hurry. If he lets her wait too long she is sure to be lost to him. That she declares is because she has never been in love.

"SHALL the man you marry have to be an actor?" we asked, "and would marriage interfere with your career?"

"It doesn't matter what the man's profession. If I love him it will make no difference. Of course I think it is easier for a person in the picture business to understand the demands made on an actress but I think I could be just as happy with a man in another walk of life. He must have intelligence and understanding. I couldn't bear any sort of nagging. I don't know whether I would give up acting or not. I think careers and marriage can mix very well; though they often don't. It depends entirely on the persons concerned. But broadminded people

Miss Bow goes in for a period of light training between pictures at her Beverly Hills home.

can usually decide this point. I don't want to give up my work, but if I married and thought it best I probably would."

Clara Bow prefers dark men to the blond species. "Gentlemen may prefer blondes," she says, "But women prefer brunettes."

She likes men older than she because there is usually more depth to them mentally. She enjoys conversation fully as much as she does dancing. She solemnly stated that she hadn't been to more than two parties this year. She doesn't care much for men that have to be chasing around continually in order to have a good time. Of course she doesn't like men who are gloomy and can't enjoy a good time either. It seems to be the happy medium for Clara.

"So many men think I'm the same identical person in real life that my characters are on the screen. I'm not. Perhaps I shouldn't take parts I don't like. Lots of people kick about parts. But I take the parts they give me and try and do my best. I try to be the girl

Here is our heroine again in one of those careless nonchalant poses, which they say, makes her so attractive to men.

of the play as long as I'm acting her part. But I'm not just like those parts I play. I think I'm more serious. I never wear extreme clothes or chase around.

Clara Bow takes her acting seriously and it is a credit to her that her portrayals are so convincing that people associate her with the light flapper she plays on the silver sheet.

Back in New York before Clara came to Hollywood the boys used to tease her because she re-acted parts she had seen in the theater when she met them at neighborhood gatherings. Now the boys that used to kid her for her amateur acting are now her strongest admirers.

SHE doesn't disapprove of the modern sheik; but she believes the new generation will bring in a new type of man.

"But marriage," she declares "is a great thing. More happiness can be found in marriage than in any other

(*Continued on page* 98)

LETTERS OF A MOVIE EXTRA

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Dear Dolly:

I'M STILL holding down the boulevards looking for work and as long as the soles last I shall be heart and soul in my work. I never "deared" and "honeyed" so much in my life but they don't seem to want any of that sweetness on the screen. One producer explained in detail just how I could get so much money working in his picture. I asked him how many of the girls were getting that and he said about twenty. I told him I thought he was going to be pretty busy for the next few days. Well, Dolly, he laughed and said I could work anyway, seeing as how I was such a bright girl. I worked in that picture all right, but I'll bet I'm raspberries in his next.

A man with a nice sounding name called me on the Bell System one day and said he was an assistant director and wanted to give me the up and down. I was all eagerness and offered to drive out to his studio. But he was one of those regular gentlemen who wouldn't think of letting a little extra girl drive away out to the studio when he could just as well call at her house and see her in her proper setting. I swallowed it all—hook, line and sinker. Well, he arrived, not bad to look at but then no girl is really interested in a director's looks—that is, I mean his appearance. It so happened that I had a houseful of guests—that doesn't mean that I'm so popular because any one in Hollywood who has a bungalow and a cocktail shaker can have a houseful of guests. Well, the assistant, as he called himself, was a perfect business-like gentleman and greatly pleased with the little dash of feminine loveliness that is me and would call me later to tell me when I was to report for work. I was so excited that the next twenty-four hours seemed like so many years, but true to his promise he called and explained what I was to wear, when and where to report, salary and all that and finally wound up with something I should have expected but didn't—"But, little girl, if I take care of you I shall expect you to take care of me." About that time I began coming out from under the ether and knew it was some sort of frame up—but I wanted to catch him, so I said, "Oh dear, sir, I do so hate to discuss such personal matters over the wire, won't you come to my house and talk it over?" He promised and I spent the next few days waiting for a caller that never called. I'm still hoping he will show up some day so that I can complete the last chapter of this thrilling episode.

HOWEVER, while there is life there is hope and next week I hope to work for Larry Semon. He really isn't as bad as I thought he was and I didn't think he was either. In fact, there are times when I think he is almost nice. Anyway, he offered me the work without the usual "what are you doing tonight?"

This wouldn't be from me if I didn't scandlemongue a little—the handsome Joe Egli is separating from his wife, Bess, and there is a Jeanne mixed up in it.

Sincerely,

FRANCOIS FERN.

Who's Who in Hollywood

MARCELINE DAY has made one of the biggest jumps in filmdom.

Just a short time ago Marceline was cavorting with the Mack Sennett bathing girls with her eye on the "big chance."

She got it when John Barrymore selected her to play the lead role opposite him from a score of applicants. The selection by Barrymore is heralded as a signal honor in Hollywood and such an act stands out in the life of an actress forever after like a lamp in the window on a black night. It is something never to be forgotten.

Like all the rest of the contracted actresses, Marceline is waiting for the "perfect story" to push her to the heights. Since she is a hard working little trouper let's hope it comes soon. If Marceline makes the progress in the next four years that she has in the past four years she will be sitting pretty.

Marceline has a sister Alice, who has also had her chance to make good in pictures.

A Million or

"Let's do it, Jimmy," she said, and kissed him violently. "Let's get a license tomorrow and surprise them all!"

A Flashback on Preceding Chapters

FINANCIAL ruin faced Brannock Marsh, movie magnate, unless he could pay off a mortgage of thirty thousand dollars within sixty days. His friend, Sam Danton, assigned him the task of marrying off his—Danton's—spendthrift young nephew, Jimmy, to Violet Budd, a dancer who aspires to movie fame.

Violet agreed to a marriage with Jimmy the day he had ten thousand dollars in the bank, and Jimmy, on a lucky tip, speculated and cashed in to the tune of forty thousand dollars. That night, after a quarrel, Jimmy knocked Belknapp down, who was a director at the Superior Studios, and a warm admirer of Violet. The young speculator told his sweetheart that the marriage was all off until that day when she could bring him a bank-book showing forty thousand dollars. A quarrel ensued and Brannock Marsh found all his schemes for a quick marriage between the two lovers thrown temporarily into the discard. To put Jimmy on an equal financial basis with Violet he set out to take Jimmy's money away from him. While he did this the papers carried the news that Violet had won fifty thousand dollars on the ponies at Tia Juana. She called up Jimmy and told him that when he got a million dollars she would think more seriously of marriage.

Now go on from here—

MISUNDERSTOOD! Jimmy had understood all right, understood Marsh to say that Violet would scorn his proposal of marriage and cast him forth. She had cast him forth, that was a fact—and she had told him to go and get a million. Yes, Marsh had certainly misunderstood!

Bust

Movie queen, she reigned in the heart of filmdom, but what was money or fame when her poor heart ached for the one she thought was so hopelessly lost?

By Herman Petersen

Then a voice broke in upon them. A sharp thin voice. Belknapp came down the walk. He was in a rage.

Jimmy brightened. He felt much better with the thought. Pretty good old world after all! There was much hope. Violet still loved him—right square in the face of those sheiky-looking studio stars. He frowned a little as he thought of Belknapp, the director of Superior Studios, then smiled as he thought of the Superior stock he held as security on his loan to Marsh. If something happened so that the movie magnate couldn't take up his loan, he—Jimmy Danton—would have quite a say-so in the policies of Superior Studios. If Belknapp got too gay, or should Violet sign up a film contract with this company, he—Jimmy Danton—might be able to tell her where to get off—that is, if he could keep Marsh's stock. It wouldn't be a bad idea to acquire control of more Superior certificates.

He pulled the scrap of paper from his pocket, unfolded it and gazed lovingly upon the carmined-lettered words: A Million Or—Bust!

Yes, Marsh had misunderstood.

But Marsh had not misunderstood anything. He simply collected and added a thousand dollars to his bank account fast tightening against the coming of some future rainy day. The canny, hard-up movie magnate had neither seen nor talked with Violet. He had not left his office the entire day.

Jimmy lit a cigarette and as he did so his eyes fell upon the calendar on the wall.

"Good Lord!" he shouted. "Today is the tenth since Marsh signed that note."

He reached for the telephone and called Marsh's office and was informed by the magnate's secretary that Marsh was out of town for a week.

"Well," said Jimmy as he set the receiver on its hook, "business is business and when business commences, friendship ceases. Marsh pays his note today, with interest, or he loses his stock."

He rang again at three and Marsh's secretary answered as before. "Mr. Marsh was out of town for the week."

"You know," Jimmy mused to himself, "I feel kind of sorry for poor old Marsh. But business is business—the bigger the more so! I'm not running any peanut stand. Too bad, though, that he hasn't more of a business head upon his shoulders."

He got to his feet and adjusted his coat smoothly about the collar. Then he sauntered into his uncle's office. Big business sought big business.

"Howdy, Jimmy," his uncle greeted him. "What's on your mind?"

Jimmy pulled up a chair close to the broker's desk.

(Continued on next page)

"I presume you know something about the Superior Film stock Marsh controls," he began. "What's it worth? I have a chance to acquire five hundred shares."

Danton tossed aside some of the litter of papers heaped upon his desk and recovered from somewhere beneath the disordered mass, a black, limp, leather covered book. He thumbed through the pages hastily, stopped at one of them and ran a finger down a column of figures.

"Last week's report quotes it at three dollars, Jimmy," he read from the book.

"Three dollars! Jimmy repeated in a small voice.

"Uh-huh!" His uncle threw the book on the paper-piled desk. "That'd be fifteen hundred for five hundred shares. How much can you buy for—a dollar?"

"Why—why—I—I didn't—I don't exactly know, sir."

"It might not be such a bad buy, on a spec', you understand, if you could pick up five hundred at a dollar each," his uncle went on. That clique that's been after Marsh hit the stock an awful wallop two weeks ago. Got Marsh on the run. Superior stock right now is might shaky. But something may happen. Originally Superior stock was worth par—a hundred a share, then those pirates put a heap of sand in the bearings—and blooie!"

"I see," said Jimmy. He got unsteadily to his feet. "Thank you, sir, for the information."

His uncle waved a fat, cheerful hand.

"You know me Jimmy. Glad to help you any time. Of course, you'll understand that I always want you to use your own judgment in these matters—but in this case, Jimmy, I wouldn't take much of a chance with that stock."

Jimmy nodded and dragged himself from the office. He got back to his desk and sat down heavily. Castles in the air were without foundations!

A Short Outline of History

Seven a. m.—arrived on freight in Los Angeles, broke.
Washed up in park fountain and shaved with piece of glass.
Promote blue serge suit from line back of apt. house.
Meet girl named Lucile looking for job in movies.
We both look. No job. Borrow 20c from Lucile to eat.
Meet girl named Margery—borrow 15c for cigarets.
Swipe leaky Chevrolet from wash rack.
Drive Margery and Lucile to Long Beach.
Run out of funds. Rob service station while cops play checkers.
Meet girl named Clara looking for job in movies.
Drive Margery, Lucile, and Clara to Venice. Dance—shoot chutes.
Run out of funds. Stick up drug store.
Meet girl named Agnes. Borrow revolver from Agnes.
Agnes decides not to kill herself because no work in movies.
Drive with Margery, Clara, Lucile, and Agnes to Culver City.
Dinner in swell cafe. Drive to roadhouse.
Run out of funds. Run out of hootch.
Meet girl named Reba. Drive with all to another roadhouse.
Getting quite late. Run out of everything but girls.
Chevrolet too small. Ditch. Appropriate large Packard.
Stick up two plain clothes men.
Fast ride in Ford.
Wake up next morning with Margery, Lucile, Clara, Agnes, Reba, Gertrude, Mabel, Bernice, Gloria, Fritzie, Frenchy, Alice, Vivian, Louise, and Chiquita, in the county jail.
Newspaper headlines—BEVERLY HILLS SHOCKED AS PROMINENT STARS FIGURE IN NEW MOVIE SCANDAL.

AFTER an hour of deep thinking, he left the office and walked home, stepping in time to thoughts that would have been a dirge had he sung them; and he nearly wept funereal tears when Violet called him on the phone shortly after dinner.

"Jimmy, be a good scout and drive me out to the Superior lot tonight, will you?"

"Superior lot? How come? Aren't you dancing at the Blue Moon?"

"Not tonight, Jimmy. Belknapp is shooting a couple of night scenes in a new picture. Oh, did I tell you that I'd signed up with the Superior people? I did! Isn't that grand? Belknapp says he's going to star me in the next picture!"

Jimmy was stunned by the news. His chances now of marrying Violet seemed more remote than ever. Once a girl got in pictures—good night! Well, he might use his Superior stock as a club to kick her out! Then he remembered how his uncle had valued it. He laughed harshly into the phone.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" Violet asked. "That laugh was just like the villains in a ten-twenty-thirt play."

"Yeah. And that's just the way I feel."

"Well, it's a wonder you couldn't let me know what you've been up to. I'm not so da—so darned pleased about your signing with Belknapp . . . . ."

"Forget it, Jimmy," Violet halted him. "Be over here in half an hour."

"Why the crepe?" she asked when she caught sight of Jimmy's dismal face half an hour later. She climbed into the car and nestled up against him. "Now be a good boy and tell me what's biting you."

"It's all off, Violet." He spoke in sepulchral tones.

"It sounds awful, Jimmy. But what do you mean—what's all off?" She slipped an arm about his neck. "You don't like me in the movies?" She pulled his head down and kissed him. Jimmy started the car.

"Getting married," he announced grimly.

That made her sit up. Quite prim and straight.

"Oh! That's it! Changed your mind again, have you?"

Jimmy wagged his woe-crowned head. "No, my luck."

Violet turned and faced him.

"Jimmy Danton—do you mean to tell me you've gone and got that million—already!"

"No," came a mournful voice. "I mean to tell you that I've gone broke."

"Thank the Lord!" Violet breathed the pious prayer. She leaned her head against Jimmy's shoulder.

Jimmy ejaculated an "Eh!" of surprise and jammed down the brakes, and jarred the car to a standstill.

"Oh! It's too bad, Jimmy," she whispered. "I said that it was too bad."

"It's fierce," he admitted.

"But it could be worse," said Violet softly; it sounded almost happily, but Jimmy could not be sure because he could not see her face.

"A whole lot worse, Jimmy. You still have your job."

"Um. Fifty a week!"

"Hilton's offered me five hundred a week if I'll stay. Says he'll match anything Belknapp can offer."

"Don't rub it in," he moaned.

"I wasn't meaning to. I was just thinking—"

"What?"

"That we could get along on that. Oh, Jimmy, I

(*Continued on page* 86)

Hollywood Nights Entertainment

Mae Murray

Rod La Rocque

By Ruth Tildesley

THEY are calling **Rod La Rocque** an official "Greeter" out in Hollywood. It all came about this way.

Now, it may be thrilling to watch international tennis stars at play at Forest Hills or at Wimbledon, England, or at Deauville, but the audiences who watched **Molly Mallory, Bill Tilden, May Sutton Bundy** and the other world renowned racquet wielders out in Hollywood this fall had some very special side-line entertainment.

Doug and **Mary** attended the matches in a box as well as **Richard Barthelmess, Raymond Griffith, Theodore Von Eltz, Pauline Garon, Marjorie Daw, Gardner Sullivan, Ann May, Rod La Rocque** and his bride, **Vilma Banky,** and many other celebrities of the screen. In fact, the audiences were so intent on watching every move of the film stars that the net game was often neglected. But the *piece de resistance* of the entire event was Rod's intense bid for publicity.

Every time a defeated tennis veteran came wearily off the courts wiping his brow, Rod clamored down from his box and threw an arm filled with brotherly love about the shoulders of the fallen idol. And he had a swift handshake all ready for the victor as well. Accompanying both players out near the swimming pool and the dressing-rooms, Rod was invariably surprised when dozens of newspaper and news reel photographers said "Stop a moment, please, for the pictures," and being gentlemen, they included Rod in each and every one of these.

By the fourth day of the tennis matches, Doug and Mary had ceased to attend, not overlooking the fact, that the finals of any series of matches are the best ones to see. But Doug, it seems, is not adverse to being snapped camera-wise himself, and the fact that Rod always got there first ruffled the usually calm temper of Doug. Ray Griffith, we noted, did not take the matter so seriously, but went off into spasms of mirth whenever Rod managed to get himself into another picture group.

Although many film stars and directors have long paid dues to the Los Angeles Tennis Club, where the event was held, Rod only joined the week of the matches and his very official "Greeter" manner has caused no little merriment about Hollywood.

★ ★ ★

IT IS reported about Hollywood that **Mae Murray's** prince says he is awfully tired of asking for a dollar every time he needs one.

★ ★ ★

CONSIDERING that flocks of new suckers keep filling the coffers for **Aimee,** a little of the present "low down" on the famous evangelist may be of interest to her "dear sisters and brothers."

Aimee muffed her last affair in a very amateurish manner, so it seems that since her near exposure, Aimee has been trying to find out how the millionaires can be naughty without being caught. Yachts, of course! That's the way the rich get away from snooping hotel chambermaids and curious neighbors. They go way off on the big, wide ocean where there are no neighbors! So Aimee has bought "Fisher-

(*Continued on page* 88)

Announcing the Winners of Screen Secrets' Big Prize Puzzle Contest

Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody present handsome wrist watches to Inez Shearing and Charles Stevenson, first prize winners. Thousands enter contest.

THE prize puzzle contest, "Whose Lips?" is ended.

Never in the history of SCREEN SECRETS has there been such unanimous response. From the day last September when we announced that Aileen Pringle, Hollywood's most charming movie star, and Lew Cody, the popular beau brummel of the screen wanted to give appropriate prizes to the man, and woman who could match correctly the lips of sixteen film stars, the fans literally swamped the office of SCREEN SECRETS with their answers.

Miss Inez Martha Shearing, of Redlands, California, is the lucky girl who can sport Aileen Pringle's bejeweled watch on her wrist, knowing that very few girls in America enjoy so great a distinction.

Charles Stevenson, of Palo Alto, California is the very fortunate man out of many hundreds who can push back his cuff and say when he looks for the time, "Well, it's just—er—two o'clock by Lew Cody's wrist watch."

The fact that both first prize winners were from California was merely a coincidence.

When the charming Miss Pringle and the fascinating Lew Cody were told of the results they wired SCREEN SECRETS to pass on their congratulations to the winners.

"I hope Miss Shearing enjoys my little gift," said the famous screen beauty. "Tell her I present it to her with my good wishes."

The same sentiment was expressed by Lew Cody to Mr. Stevenson.

Because the contest was so large in scope, SCREEN SECRETS decided to give second prizes. These prizes consisted of a beautiful crystal necklace for the woman's division and a fine pocket knife for the men's division.

Emma Givern of Los Angeles won the necklace while a young Canadian, Carmen Wood Marcelus, of Ontario, carried off the pocket knife.

GIRLS

First Prize, Wrist Watch

INEZ MARTHA SHEARING, 1405 Clay Street, Redlands, Cal. This was a novel offering of two palm leaf fans, decorated in blue satin. Each fan displayed the pictures of the stars with their lips accurately matched.

Second Prize, Crystal Necklace

EMMA GIVERN, 1132½ West Fortieth Street Place, Los Angeles, Cal. This was a hand lettered hand painted booklet, the leaves of which unfolded the pictures of the stars. Accurate, neat and attractive.

MEN

First Prize, Strap Watch

CHARLES STEVENSON,, Postoffice Box, 766, Palo Alto, Cal. This was a giant of a book, each page displaying an artistic arrangement of pictures of the individuals. A jingling rhyme decorated each page. Artistic, accurate and attractive.

Second Prize, Pocket Knife

CARMEN WOOD MARCELUS, 96 Nelson Street, Kingston, Ontario, Canada. An old farmer with a wagon load of pumpkins won this prize. The old horse was looking at his watch on his leg. The big pumpkin held sixteen little ones holding the stars' lips accurately matched.

THE contest was a close one.

More women entered than men and it was among the women entries that the judges had the hardest time in their decisions.

Two girls especially came in for serious consideration. Miss Ethyl Gleason, of Galveston, Texas, and Miss Kjordes Hedlund, of Minneapolis, Minn., presented two very artistic, dazzling offerings. But the lips of the stars were not accurately matched.

Miss Gleason sent in one of the most beautiful offerings imaginable. She enclosed the contest in two big silver stars. Within the stars were a series of hand-painted and hand-lettered trees holding the pictures of the movie stars. The exquisite drawings and delicate tintings surrounded some jingling rhymes.

Of course Miss Gleason's answer was placed for the final judging. When the actual check up began, the mistake that many made was noticed.

An idea of the tremendous response made by readers of Screen Secrets to its "Whose Lips?" contest can be had from the picture above, showing Roscoe Fawcett, Managing Editor of Fawcett Publications, and his secretary examining hundreds of entries. Mr. Fawcett is holding the first prize winner of the men's division in his hands.

Malcolm McGregor has been mistaken for John Bowers.

Miss Hedlund sent in an equally attractive arrangement composed of sixteen Halloween lanterns. Each lantern carried the picture of a movie star. But alas! and alack! Miss Hedlund made the same mistake as did Miss Gleason. She named the only gentleman star in the contest, John Bowers.

THE pictures of Malcolm McGregor and Jacqueline Logan gave the contestants the most trouble. There is quite a resemblance between McGregor and John Bowers, especially around the forehead. But then that is what makes the contest interesting.

Jacqueline was confused with Bebe Daniels quite a bit. Some of the fans even gave our little Jacqueline the name of Gloria Swanson. The fact that the contest held two Astors and two Riches was also confusing to many. No one missed the "lips" of Alma Rubens or Claire Windsor.

Some of the prettiest and most attractive entries were inaccurate. When actual checking began on the matched lips, it was found in many cases that the elaborate ones all done up in tinsel and glitter were sadly awry.

The male contestants did not go in for much fancy stuff.

With the exception of the prize winners, most of the men just enclosed the pictures of the stars which they had clipped from SCREEN SECRETS and pasted them on backgrounds of paper. This made the winners in the men's division easier to pick than in the women's.

THE contest proved that the readers of SCREEN SECRETS have a remarkable knowledge of screen stars however, and that they are more familiar with the lips of the women than they are of the men.

Contestants entered from all parts of the country.

Countries in Europe were represented as well as the Dominion of Canada and all of the forty-eight states in the union.

One month after the contest opened the office of SCREEN SECRETS was swamped. Since

(*Continued on page* 95)

FOLLOWING are the names of the movie stars whose lips were matched in the contest:

Mary Astor, Claire Windsor, Gertrude Astor, Malcolm McGregor, Colleen Moore, Josephine Dunn, Esther Ralston, Dolores Costello, Dorothy Sebastian, Lillian Rich, Jacqueline Logan, Florence Vidor, Pauline Starke, Carmel Myers, Irene Rich, Alma Rubens.

For lack of space, pictures of the matched lips could not be printed in this issue. Most of the offerings showed that a great deal of time, work and thought had been put on them. The contest also brought forth a number of embryo artists that some day may be heard from.

Behind Camera

THE Burrophone is a new communicative device used by Arthur Stone and Alice White off the set. Alice, as you know, is the little girl who got her chance in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." She has a good camera face, directors say, and much is expected from Alice this year.

NOW isn't this quaint? Jack Luden and Sally Blane had a great time with the fatted calf.

The Lines

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN and President Coolidge have much in common with their iron horse. Dorothy is training for a rodeo. She is one of those versatile little girls who can lend herself to most any kind of role. Nothing up-stage about Dorothy. She is one of the best troopers on the lot.

DIRECTOR Tom Terriss is gettin' too "fi-miller," seems to Pauline Garon.

Making Pretty Faces

By Verna Sanders

YOUR face will be your fortune—maybe, if you consult the right beauty doctor.

This is what every woman knows in filmdom. Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, Gilda Gray and even our old friend, Jack Dempsey, had to find it out as soon as the camera was trained upon them.

Just because a girl, or a man, receives a contract in the movies is no sign she or he is facially perfect. Not by a long shot. Poor little Clara Bow shed many a tear until she discovered what to do with her face. Gilda Gray fretted and Esther fumed a great many days before they knew how to shape their eyes, chop corners off their chins and curve their lips.

Those of you who see the fair Esther flitting from reel to reel little know that she had stood patiently for hours until a beauty doctor "made her up."

The other day on the Paramount set I happened to see the young man, whom they say is responsible for the skin deep beauty of most of the stars.

By the action on the stage I knew that it was about time for Esther to go to work so I contented myself by observing the proceedings from a distance and chatting occasionally with George Webb, the devoted husband of the star.

As Esther proceeded to the set she looked terribly pallid, and for the moment I doubted the laudatory appelation given to the young beauty doctor, Mr. V. E. Meadows. But the moment that the powerful Kleig lights were thrown upon her, she appeared more beautiful than I have ever seen her.

V. E. Meadows, the beauty doctor of the screen, whose job is to set the faces of the stars on right.

I turned to Mr. Webb and found him and the beauty doctor highly elated over Esther Ralston's appearance.

"What in the world has been done?" I asked.

The answer was—the beauty doctor—I met him then and there. And in three shakes of a lamb's tail, this beautifier of faces and I were seated at his dressing table where he began to unfold his mystic recipes for the enhancing and preservation of the pulchritude of screen stars.

The principal problem of the movie actress after she has signed a lucrative contract is to keep her skin in a healthy condition while she is exposed to the elements and not when she is appearing before the camera.

At all times must her skin be protected so that it will not become tanned, freckled or sun-burned, regardless of whether one

If it were not for the beauty doctor the faces of the stars would not be their fortune in the movies. It does not take a beautiful face to photograph well, but it does take the proper make-up, this face maker declares.

lies in the sun, clad in a bathing suit, or just walking down the street.

THE stars are taught that the face can not be remodeled by working it with various sorts of creams. No bleaching of the face is allowed.

Besides Esther Ralston, Billie Dove, Richard Dix, Mary Brian, Marion Davies, Louise Brooks, Vera Reynolds, Margaret Livingston, Olive Borden and Aileen Pringle have also received Mr. Meadows' expert advise on facial grooming.

So have Dorothy Mackaill, Ben Lyon, Blanche Sweet, Lois Moran, Jim Kirkwood, May McAvoy and a hundred others.

It was Mr. Meadows who placed the first pair of correctly painted eyes on Clara Bow back more than seven years ago when Clara was wandering about the studios in want of recognition.

At that time, Meadows was visiting his friends, Bill Pine and Art Jackson on the F. B. O. lot. Bill Pine was breaking in the publicity end of the picture business and had a little office near the studios which eventually brought him to national recognition as the publicist for Gilda Gray.

It was in Pine's office that Meadows first met Clara Bow. She came in to see her friend, Art Jackson during a short interval between scenes of a picture in which she had a minor part. Things looked discouraging to her according to the conversation which Mr. Meadows heard between Clara and Jackson.

When Meadows was introduced to Clara he noticed how badly her attractive eyes were made up and asked permission to improve them. Clara eagerly consented and Meadows immediately re-made her eyes to the delightful surprise of even Bill Pine and Art Jackson.

The contour of Louise Brooks had to be worked on by the doctor before she photographed properly.

Dorothy Sebastian has often called in the specialist to "fix her face" in certain roles.

A lot of "eye" work had to be done on Gilda Gray when she first projected her face under the Kleig lights.

Whether or not the making up of Clara Bow's eyes by Mr. Meadows at that particular time was the direct reason for her soon after reaching stardom is more than Mr. Meadows would say. But this much stands to reason, that Clara Bow's eyes are one of her principal assets and previous to the time of her accepting Mr. Meadows suggestion regarding the painting of them she was receiving little attention from directors and producers as to their beauty.

A similar incident occurred in the case of Esther Ralston. She had been contracted by Paramount but had received no great opportunity till the production, "The American Venus" was scheduled for making.

At that time, Mr. Meadows was in Atlantic City doing some work on the bathing beauty prize winners. It was there that he got to talking with George Webb as to the proper make-up for Esther Ralston.

Much difficulty was being had by Esther and her cohorts in obtaining the proper tint to her powder. She was not appearing to advantage under the powerful lights.

After very careful consideration, Mr. Meadows prepared a mixture of several different powders which was entirely unlike anything which Miss Ralston had used up to this time. This combination has been so successful that Meadows has been su-

Here is the doctor laying the foundation on Esther Ralston's face. Care must be taken to get the powder on straight.

Certain shadows must be drawn in proper lines under the eyes and blended in with the line of the cheek bone.

pervising the making of her cosmetic charts ever since.

Mr. Meadows prepared Esther for most all of her roles while she played under the Paramount banner.

THE DANCER FROM PARIS, featuring Dorothy Mackaill, *The Gay Deceiver,* with Aileen Pringle and Ben Lyon and Herbert Brenon's *A Kiss For Cinderella,* were among the productions of the past season in which Mr. Meadows was concerned with the make-up of the players.

"Cosmetics, whether for a screen star or women in everyday life, are not to put new beauty in the face, but, bring out the beauty that is already there," he declared.

"There is beauty in every woman's face and homely traits also. Cosmetics will either accentuate beauty or make the face look worse than in its natural state.

"Women pay too much attention to the making up of their mouths and not sufficient attention to the most important part of their face—their eyes.

"They do not try to obtain powder that harmonizes with the color of their complexion, but attempt to smear their faces usually with powder that is much too light in color for them.

"Rouge is used for the face to tone down defects not to bring out beauty. The manner in which one applies rouge to one's face results in its shape. If applied properly it disguises such defects as high

Rouge on the eyelids is an important factor in screen make-up.

Again Mr. Meadows shows how the powder should be "patted" on the cheeks.

"Doc" Meadows uses a fine brush to take off the powder. Never use a powder puff, he admonishes.

The neck must be matched with the face, otherwise the star would seem to have a dirty neck, Meadows declares.

cheek bones or a broad chin. You can make your face longer or wider by its use. In fact, the shape of the face is done with rouge."

Such is the system of make-up used by Mr. Meadows on the various screen stars. And he claims the same plan can be used for all women as well.

Any woman can bring the beautiful features of her face to the fore and conceal her defects if she but will.

To have a healthy skin, one must have a healthy body. Get plenty of exercise, eat nourishing foods, sleep sufficiently and get plenty of fresh air.

That is the fundamental routine to adhere to according to Meadows.

Here are instructions given to young women by the film expert, and which are universally practiced by most of the screen stars.

It takes but ten minutes to carry them out, and it requires less time to remove your make-up at night.

The following are steps to be taken for twenty-four hours' perfect grooming:

Upon arising wash the face with luke-warm, soft water and good soap. Dry, making sure there is no oil on the face.

Saturate the face with a good astringent (one that will not smart) and while the face is wet, apply a very small amount of greasy foundation cream, spreading out each way from the nose, until it is smooth. This cream comes in various colors to match the various tints of skin.

Pat (do not rub) a small amount of rouge on the

(Continued on page 95)

Eyelashes should be cleaned so that no specks of powder remain in them. This is an important item in make-up.

Last of all the lips should be shaped in a bow with the finger. Too much rouge is fatal the beauty expert says.

Reel

THE famous Imogene Wilson of the black eye comedy in real life, is Mary Nolan now in the movies. Here she is portraying a reel love scene with Nils Asther. A pretty scene, isn't it.

WOULD you believe this is the fair Esther Ralston with a slab of black hair? Esther and Neil Hamilton emote in a loving embrace in "The Spotlight."

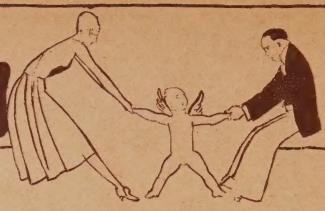
Loves

LLOYD HUGHES and Mary Astor are the cutest sweethearts on the screen, aren't they? Here we see one of their love scenes in "No Place To Go."

THIS reel love may prove to be a real love if things don't straighten out in the Talmadge-Schenck home. This is Norma and Gilbert Roland in "The Dove."

DAN CUPID'S BULLETIN BOARD

LOVE-MARRIAGE and DIVORCE



By June Lee

Hollywood is certainly Heartbreak Town this month. Wives and husbands, sweethearts and whatnot, just won't stay put. Some are glad. Some are sad. And the divorce mill keeps grinding.

POOR old Dan Cupid, who, the past three months has been sending his darts hither and yon hangs his head in sorrow these days.

Somehow his darts have boomeranged and returned to him void. His love affairs don't seem to stick, and everybody in Hollywood is talking about his failures at making the screen people happy.

★ ★ ★

ALLAN DWAN, the director, was all prepared to wed **Betty Shelton,** scenario writer up in the Adirondacks the other day, but the town clerk refused to wed them until the pair could provide documentary proof of previous divorces. So, after a delay of several days, Dwan dug up a copy of his decree of divorce from Pauline Bush. Miss Shelton did likewise.

★ ★ ★

LEW CODY very adroitly extricated himself from mention in the divorce troubles of **Dr. Woodward Mayo** of Hollywood and **Mrs. Mary Mayo.** A year ago, the physician charged his wife had been too much in the company of Cody, but the marriage of the actor to **Mabel Normand** has changed all this. The divorce was uncontested when it was recently tried in Los Angeles and Cody's name was not mentioned in the court proceedings.

★ ★ ★

MAUD GEORGE, well known in pictures, and one of the "foolish wives" in Von Stroheim's picture of that name, has wed **Frank Passmore,** a Hollywood banker. Miss George also claims the questionable distinction of having once been one of the wives of **Willard Mack,** the playwright.

★ ★ ★

ANNA Q. NILSSON, film star, is going to wed a man whom she met in Berlin several years before she married John Gunnerson, wealthy shoe manufacturer, who she has subsequently divorced. Anna's new fiance is Earnest J. Krause, a real estate broker of Beverly Hills. The pair met six years ago in Berlin. They will not be married at once because Anna says she believes in long engagements so that both can be sure before they take the fatal step.

★ ★ ★

MAX MARCIN, playwright, who took his vacation from the studios at the same time **Virginia Bradford** decided to take hers, did not wed the pretty actress for a very good reason. Marcin already has one wife although they have been separated for about ten years.

★ ★ ★

DOORS have been slamming at home and at the studio for **Josef von Sternberg.** There were a lot of conferences and meetings as to who should direct **Emil Jannings** in his next picture, and the choice finally devolved on von Sternberg.

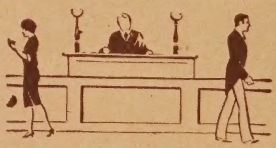
At homes, doors were also slammed. According to **Riza Royce,** wife of von Sternberg for the past year, her husband said "Just how long will it take you to pack your things and get out of here? Do that and leave the ring and the car behind. Leave me the way you came to me."

However, Josef has learned that the courts don't wipe things up quite as clean as all that. The judge gave Riza the ring and car back again as well as $2,000 in cash and a contract whereby she receives about $500 a month for four years.

★ ★ ★

BENNY FINEMAN'S divorce, figured on a basis of comparative incomes was about as costly for him as for Chaplin. He gave **Evelyn Brent** $52,000 on the installment plan, she will secure $50,000 in jewels and securities besides, and Fineman has agreed to take out $50,000 worth of insurance on his life in her favor. That is what it cost one man to be rid of his wife. The Paramount star, and **Priscilla Dean** both testified to Fineman's entire absence of good manners in his home. The couple has been married five years. Fineman has gone off to Europe for a temporary trip of recovery. He will again assume an executive position at Paramount upon his return. He declares Evelyn is a good actress and that he wants to be her friend.

★ ★ ★



MARY FISHER, actress, and **Harry Epstein,** real estate operator of Beverly Hills, wanted to retain some of the romantic secrecy attached to a quiet and unannounced wedding, so they journeyed down to Tia Juana to wed. The new marriage law which demands a three-day public notice of intention to wed is particularly unpopular in the film colony.

★ ★ ★

MOLLY MALONE is now free again. Molly ran away from the Universal lot several years ago to wed a minister's son, but that didn't take. Then she went in for a business asset and wed **William**

Few movie stars marry their childhood sweethearts, especially when the world is full of counts and marquises. But this is what Helene Costello did when she married Jack Regan of New York. In so doing Helene pulled a surprise on her boy friend, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., they say.

Crothers, casting director for Cecil De Mille. Molly won't be playing soon again in De Mille pictures we venture for she has just divorced Crothers.

★ ★ ★

IT DOES not take them long to find a new sweetie in Hollywood. Now, it seems **Clarence Brown,** the director, placed a diamond ring on **Dorothy Sebastian's** hand just before she went out of town on location. They have known each other for three years, and although it was lately rumored that Brown would wed a woman writer, he has evidently switched his attentions to fair Dorothy.

Mrs. Clarence Brown, after a trip abroad, returned to Hollywood, it is said, hoping for a reconciliation with her husband. It is also said that she herself has another romance in the offing.

★ ★ ★

MELBOURNE SPURR, well known Hollywood photographer, has long been accustomed to movie thrills of every nature, but he had one of his very own recently which will result in his marriage to **Lena Malena,** motion picture actress.

Spurr and Miss Malena were vacationing at Catalina Island and attempted to return to a yacht when high waves swept their oars away. Spurr does not swim but Miss Malena removed her clothing and tried

Anna Q. Nilsson is not taking a chance on movie temperament so she will marry a real estate broker, she has announced.

to recover the oars. Then the boat overturned and was swept seaward. For two miles, Miss Malena pushed the skiff, darkness coming on and no hope of rescue in sight. Then a coast guard cutter sighted the craft and brought the couple to shore. They have since announced their engagement.

Spurr was divorced about a year ago. He is young and handsome and is afflicted by slight deafness, but is one of the best photographers in Hollywood. Miss Malena is a beautiful girl and has often been seen with the photographer since his divorce.

★ ★ ★

EDNA MURPHY, it seems, has broken her engagement to **Mervyn LeRoy,** youthful director, and nephew of **Jesse Lasky.** Edna, it seems, will wed **Duke Worne,** independent producer. But Duke recently announced his engagement to **Hazel Deane,** and that was broken, so look out, Edna!

★ ★ ★

PAULINE HAMPTON, beauty prize winner and picture extra, was taken to the police hospital recently for treatment after she had taken an overdose of sleeping powder. It is said that Miss Hampton's broken romance with **Chester Bennett,** picture director, is the incentive for her troubles. Bennett was divorced a year or so ago and was supposed to be about to wed **Jane Novak,** but this romance was never culminated in matrimony.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER "most embarrassing moment" was registered at an afternoon tea the other day when **Florence Vidor** ran right into **Eleanor Boardman,** the latter heralding an early visit of the stork. Eleanor is now Mrs. King Vidor, you know.

★ ★ ★

JULANNE JOHNSTON is often seen in the company of a handsome Argentinian these days.

★ ★ ★

MARJORIE DAW is probably the crack woman tennis player of the films. Can some of Marjorie's skill with the racquet be attributed to an inspiration derived from her almost constant association with **Bill Tilden?**

★ ★ ★

THE WEST POINTER company with **William Boyd** and **Elinor Fair** and other principals returned from the east the other day. **Maurice Ryan,** former Olympic Club football star who played in the picture seemed in an unusual hurry to return and when he married **Hazel Brady** of San Francisco, his real reason became known.

★ ★ ★

ARTHUR STONE, character comedian in pictures and formerly on the Orpheum circuit, has wed **Dorothy Westmore,** a member of the make-up department at First National studios.

★ ★ ★

DOROTHY YOST and **Dwight Cummings,** both F. B. O. scenario writers, have just been wed. Miss Yost is a clever Russian girl who has done some clever stories in Hollywood. She has been previously wed three times, it is said, and had all but renounced matrimony for good when she was engaged by F. B. O. and met Cummings at this studio.

Lew Cody got in some clever legal skirmishes and extricated himself from one of those three-cornered affairs, a triangle.

★ ★ ★

THE Hollywood divorce mill is grinding on as regularly as ever. **John Villiers Farrow,** Cecil De Mille scenario writer, is being divorced by **Felice Lewin Farrow,** formerly a San Francisco society girl.

Peggy La Brea, picture actress, is divorcing **Arthur Franklin,** who she says was amusing at parties but never at home.

Frank Campeau, of *Three Bad Men,* and his wife, are still having matrimonial hostilities in court over his wife's suit for $75,000 damages for kicking her.

Carolyn Oakley had a most embarrassing moment when she related to the court that she had invited a lot of friends to her home when the police came and took her husband, **Rollin Colton** to jail on a burglary charge.

Louis MacLoon, well known theatrical producer, is to be divorced by his wife, **Lillian Albertson.**

Continued on page 90

Marion Nixon put on the boxing gloves in order to divorce her boxer-husband Joe Benjamin and is said to be engaged again.

Good Form

By VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

Raise your arms up over the head and pull yourself up to your full height. Now bend from right to left, ten times. Repeat the action from left to right.

A BEND in time may save a bulge later on! Varying tonnage isn't tolerated in any contract as all movie women know. If I should grow fat or even plump it would be a professional tragedy for me.

Some people wouldn't gain a pound no matter if they ate three loaves of white bread every day. But you see my three meals a day depends upon my work. Therefore I cannot afford to take a chance.

Consequently I evolved a physical exercise program which I adhere to most strictly. A stretching movement is always my bending. I stand before an open window wearing a gym suit to give complete bodily freedom. Then I raise my arms above my head with an easy motion and at the same time coming to tip toe. Next, I stretch and keep on stretching just as far as I can.

At the count of two I leave my arms fall and my heels touch the floor. I hold the sensation of stretching as long as possible. I repeat this exercise ten times.

The second is harder. I assume a good standing position with head erect, chest out, chin drawn in, shoulders back, abdomen in and tense. The feet are planted far enough to give a good stretch. Extend the arms sideways and with the right hand touch the toe of the left foot five times. Reverse the movement to touch the right foot with the left hand.

Just to give the muscles a greater play I always touch the floor on a line with my heels.

ANOTHER hard one is to lie flat on your back without raising your knees from the floor. Lift the upper body and with arms high in the air describe an arc with the hands stretching towards the toes. This is an exceptionally good exercise for strengthening the abdominal muscles but it should not be attempted more than five times at first.

Let me add that anyone who attempts my exercises will be pretty stiff at first. That it is to be expected. A cold shower will do much to allay the soreness.

I HAVE been in theatrical work ever since I was three years old. Consequently much emphasis was placed upon my health. Exercise and more exercise was the rule of our household. When I see mothers afraid to permit their children to do the most simple twisting of their bodies, I am a little disgusted.

When I was small, there was always a rope line for me to walk or a trapeze hanging in the attic for me to play on. The old admonition usually heard from mothers such as, "Don't do that or you'll break your neck," was never repeated in our house.

Later I was to be very glad of these physical exercises as my dancing instructors said the muscles of my legs were developed far beyond my years.

Since I have grown up and am working under contract, I am as careful as ever of my physical condition.

I find a bathing suit the best kind of a "gym" suit to work in. It gives the arms and legs full play and does not hinder or retard any actions of the body.

I would enjoy hearing from the readers of SCREEN SECRETS to learn if they are keeping up with their exercises as I am. I can be found in care of First National Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

A back flip is a good thing to perform before breakfast. This exercise brings every muscle into action and starts the blood pounding in all parts of the body.

Yes, They Are Collegiate

The campus flirt and the college hero meet.

Many of Them Went Through the Back Door and Joined the Eta Bitea Pie Fraternity. But They Are Good To Look At So What Do We Care?

By Verna Sanders

STRAWBERRY shortcake, blueberry pie . . . V-I-C-T-O-R-Y . . . Are we in it? . . . well I guess! . . . Hollywood! . . . Hollywood! . . . Yes! . . . Yes! . . . Yes!

Why this yell hasn't been heard in the Cinema Center during the past few months is somewhat of a mystery. Surely there is something radically wrong with the college gang that is centered here. Either they are too timid to join in vociferous acclaim of their Alma Mater, or too darn busy making good in the studios to retrospect to their campus capers.

When we say that there is a college gang in Hollywood, we mean just that. At the last counting there were considerably more than a thousand youths and maidens of academic background from all parts of the country who had experienced the glaring kleigs of the studios.

Most of them of course, were cast in mob scenes. A few of them, by now, are well on the way to film fame and fortune.

Just how or why this college complex hit the movies has not, as yet, been explained by our popular psychologists. If we recall correctly, the college vogue of pictures began with the football cycle a little more than a year ago.

If you don't believe Buster Keaton went to "College" take a look at his sweater and hat.

It was F. B. O's signing of the Illinois University flash—Harold "Red" Grange, that brought other picture producers to the fore with athletic films.

When Mr. Grange came out in the cinema as the star of *One Minute To Play,* Richard Dix was featured in *The Quarterback,* Bebe Daniels in *The Campus Flirt* and William Haines in *Brown of Harvard.*

All of these made a big hit with movie patrons the country over.

In *One Minute To Play* Red Grange had twenty-two of the most capable college football players in action; in *The Quarterback* Richard Dix not only had the star gridiron performers but "Hurry Up" Yost of Michigan University to coach them. Bebe Daniels in *The Campus Flirt* took no chances in her effort to put the campus atmosphere in the production, subsequently Charles Paddock, track star, was contracted to play opposite Bebe.

First National Pictures clinched the college atmosphere for this year's film out-put by promoting a nation-wide contest last summer in search of young college men for the screen. All of the principal Universities and colleges in the country were combed, and ten of the most promising John Barrymores and Douglas Fairbanks were taken to Hollywood for a more scrutinizing examination.

Ah, who doesn't recall those campus scraps? Well Hollywood resounds with them these days. It is getting to be an everyday sight to see the boys and girls walking down the boulevard with tattered clothes. Above is a typical scene.

When consideration is given to the extensive campaign volunteered by First National in gathering these ten collegians together, it is not difficult to realize the screen's valuation of campus atmosphere.

Those chosen were: John Westwood of Princeton; Stuart Knox, Yale; Edward Karges, Northwestern; Thomas Denton, Michigan; Leland S. Wilcox, Michigan; D. C. Cassidy, Georgia Tech; John Morris, Purdue; John Stambaugh, Chicago; and Richard Glendenin, California.

As soon as these young men arrived in Hollywood they were placed in support of Richard Barthelmess in *The Drop Kick.*

Of this group perhaps John Westwood of Princeton stands out the most prominently. By his display of talent in *The Drop Kick,* he won the role of Telemachus, Helen's second lover in *The Private Life of Helen of Troy,* and was later scheduled for the part of the artist in Harold Bell Wright's *The Shepherd of the Hills.*

Oxford bags or what you will, Louise Brooks, recommends for the sorority girl.

Another popular picture of the season in which the collegiate atmosphere dominated was in Bebe Daniels' *Swim, Girl, Swim.* Not only did Bebe obtain the services of the champion channel swimmer, Gertie Ederle, but a background of 200 students of the University of California to conceive the proper campus atmosphere.

It was from among these 200 students that Helen Weatherford, an unknown co-ed, was given a chance that promises to lead her to screen prominence.

Other young students who have gained a firm foothold in the movie game through the college vogue are Frank Marion, Loyola College; Nancy Nash of Ward-Belmont College; Johnny Mack Brown, University of Alabama; Shirley O'Hara, Southern Branch of the University

Well, who wouldn't go to college? Richard Barthelmess is certainly sitting pretty with a gang like the above to choose from. But maybe Dick doesn't "choose" to pick.

of California; John Stambaugh, University of Chicago; Caryl Lincoln of a Hollywood school and Charles "Buddy" Rogers of the University of Kansas.

Nancy Nash chanced to get into the movies by spending her vacation last summer in Hollywood. While there she was recognized by Fox scouts and immediately given a leading role. Much is expected from her.

Johnny Mack Brown came to the screen as a star football player. His first chance in pictures came in M-G-M's *The Fair Co-ed.*

Shirley O'Hara was bitten by the movie bug while visiting the film Mecca and was given the leading role opposite Adolphe Menjou in *A Gentleman of Paris.*

Shortly after his graduation from college, Frank Marion was given a featured role in Cecil B. De Mille's *The Country Doctor,* which was soon followed by stardom in *The Wreck of the Hesperus.*

Perhaps the most prominent of all of these young college people to "make good" in the movies is Buddy Rogers. Having graduated from the Paramount School of Acting after his course at the University of Kansas, Buddy was given a principal part in one of the season's most popular pictures, *Wings.* He has also played leading man to Mary Pickford in Gene Stratton Porter's story, *My Best Girl.*

The college vogue in pictures has even entered the

Here are the ten boys selected by First National as representative types of college men. They are left to right: David Cassidy, Georgia Tech; John Morris, Purdue; Leland Wilcox, Michigan; Thomas Denton, Michigan; Stuart Knox, Yale; Warner Smoot, Northwestern. Bottom row: John Westwood, Princeton; Edward Karges, Northwestern; Richard Clendenin, California; John Stambaugh, Chicago.

As a rule the "extras" get a chance in football scrimmage. Here we see a bunch of the fellows getting a few shiners on their eyes, just for the sake of the camera man.

Of course our collegiate scenes are not complete without the proverbial rowing crew. You know the kind—race depends upon one man and he gets sick or somethin' at the crucial moment. But he wins, yeah, how he wins!

realms of cinema comedy. Buster Keaton made the first attempt.

Such college athletes as Bud Houser, Kenneth Grumbles, Lee Barnes, Charles Borah and Morton "Devil-May" Kaer, all-American half-back from the University of Southern California were assigned to important supporting roles of the Stone Face Comedian.

The coaches and rival crews in the regatta were ex-college oarsmen and the baseball teams were composed of the University of California squad.

When Keaton set out to make his production, *College,* he sensed the possibility of creating humorous situations by having well-trained athletes in their respective competitions and his imitating them. Thus the story was developed.

It is in these principal athletic sequences of the picture that the collegians are seen to fine advantage, each in his respective kind of sport.

Bud Houser, world's champion discus and shotput expert, is seen in action. Lee Barnes, sensational pole vaulter, gives an exhibition. Likewise with Frank Lebes, present interscholastic shotput champion; Ed House, captain of the University of California track team; Charles Unruh, sprinter and Charlie Borah who

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From The

An old lady may live in a shoe, but let a young lady live in an old shoe and she is out of luck in Hollywood

True to the French woman's instinct, Renee Adoree adores pretty shoes.

Gray kid decorated with eyelets through which blue kid shows, is worn by the French star in the afternoons. Blue is used as a trim while the heels and insteps are gray. Most of the stars go in for trick stuff and of course they can get away with it because they are in the show business anyway. Ribbons seem to be much in demand with the bows neatly pressed over the instep. Miss Adoree says she wears the above kind when at home.

A pair of Renee's black patent kid, featuring the instep tie of black satin ribbon, is considered very classy on Hollywood Boulevard. Note the high instep of this little French girl and how snugly her shoes fit. Like the true Parisian, Renee says she doesn't give a snap for low-heeled shoes.

Ankles Down

Satin vamps with backs and heels of silk moire, tied with instep bows, are shown above. The heels are extremely high, making the instep curve distinctive.

Aren't these cute? They are of Oxford type of black patent leather and black and white checked kid. Ties of grosgrain ribbon are worn at the insteps. The owner of these shoes can well say, "Put my little shoes away," as she wears only number three. They look just as good going as they do coming, don't they? All of which is as it should be, according to the cameraman who must snap them at all angles. "I spend a lot of money on my feet," confides Miss Adoree, "for I would much rather have a new pair of shoes than a new hat."

Medium height is popular for heels. Above we see gray kid with plain vamps and moire heels and straps. Note the instep bow again. "There are certain dresses," says Renee, "that demand kid shoes. I like to wear gray and white kid with summer dresses on the street. Satin, of course, is reserved for evening wear."

Beautiful orange groves—that was the Hollywood of thirty years ago, which is now occupied with acres of buildings necessary to our modern motion picture studios.

Hollywood's Cradle Days

By Edward R. Sammis

A Romantic Account of the Present-day Town of the Arabian Nights

HOLLYWOOD! That very name has become a world-wide symbol of wonder and romance. Many and strange and fanciful are the tales that have been concocted within the confines of that capital of the land of make-believe by its story-tellers for your entertainment.

But no story has ever been imagined in Hollywood (or any place else) that surpasses in strangeness, in romance and color, in tragedy and comedy, the true story of that town of marvels, that miracle city of today.

It is the Arabian Nights recreated in the Twentieth Century. And Hollywood is just forty years old! Forty years since its lush green beauty, with its waving palms and its pepper trees, with its broad boulevards, its beautiful women, and its gay, cosmopolitan life, was a brown, barren plain stretching between the mountains and sea.

Forty years from the time you could have purchased its whole area for a song, to the day when its real estate is worth millions.

Forty years spanning the period from the time when motion pictures were undreamed of, to the day when they are an important factor in the world's life.

Hollywood is young, even among the young cities of America. But into its short life, has been crowded more energy, more activity, more life, than many cities known in centuries.

Beyond its boundaries Hollywood is synonymous

One of the early studios of the Film Mecca which included besides its laboratory, office and dressing rooms, a stage within its crude walls. It is still standing.

with motion pictures. It has become sort of a symbol of escape from the cares and sorrows of everyday life. Few people realize that Hollywood had any life or any history before the pictures came.

They do not know that Hollywood had its days of poverty and despair before it was touched with the magic wand of wealth.

They do not know that it was the scene of a succession of thrilling dramas acted in dead earnest before it became the center for the mimic dramas of the screen.

They do not know that strange ghosts of a race of men and women that are gone, of desperadoes, frontiersmen, hardy ranchers and beautiful women must still linger beyond the outer glow of its bright lights in lonely solitude.

FOR Hollywood, in the days of the last century, although barren of the wealth which makes it beautiful today, was already rich in romance and story, in the tradition of picturesque figures that trod its pathways and departed.

During more than a hundred years before it became a struggling, straggling town, Cahuenga Valley, which cradles the Hollywood of today, was a pulse of frontier life, throbbing with greed and passion, with courage, ambition and romance.

From the days of Chief Cahuenga, the Indian warrior who lives as the namesake of one of the principal Hollywood thoroughfares, a notable succession of figures has made its way over its dusty trails and through its rock strewn passes.

There were the padres of the mission, carrying the word of God into the wilderness, there were the Indians themselves fighting their hopeless fight for possession of the land of their fathers.

In their footsteps came the explorers, pushing on to new lands, the Forty-niners, driven by their hunger for gold, wandering bands of soldiers and bandits carrying on a sort of comic opera warfare, and later the cattlemen, the sheep herders and the ranchers, risking all to carve a new home out of the wilderness of the west, and like an overtone of forgotten music, there were the dark-eyed senoritas, spurring men on to deeds of bravery and bloodshed.

A quartet of Christie girls pose in bathing beauty costumes which were rather "snappy" when Hollywood was young.

SOMEWHERE in the pass that leads to Universal City is a hidden cache of gold, buried by the halfbreed Indian Salvador, one of the earliest of the picturesque figures of Hollywood history, to protect it from bandits.

Within sight of that pass is the famous Cahuenga chapel where was signed the treaty delivering California to the Americans, and paving the way for the development of that great empire of the Southland.

(*Continued on next page*)

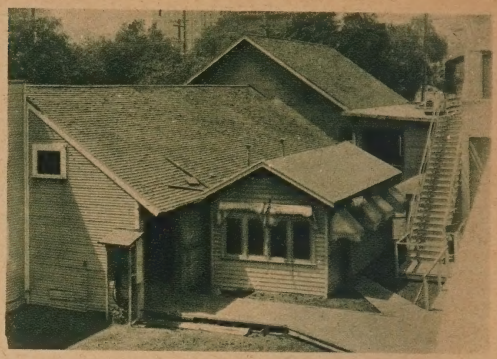
Later, in '49, Cahuenga valley was the passageway taken by all the fortune hunters, in their rush to the gold fields of the North.

In the fifties, came "Greek George," a character that might have stepped out of the most fanciful of film stories. He was a camel driver from Smyrna, and had made his way across America in hopes of solving the transportation of the Southern California deserts. The venture failed however, and "Greek George" remained, one of the early figures of Hollywood.

Later there was Tiburcio Vasquez, the Jesse James of the Southwest, whose conquests in love were only surpassed by his deeds of daring in banditry, and who was only trapped in the end, when betrayed by his sweetheart.

The ranchers came then, and many were the picturesque rodeos and barbecues that were held in the valley.

Guitars twanged in the soft languorous nights, as cowboys and caballeros, serenaded their sweethearts beneath the pepper trees, and romance which has also been one of the traditions of Hollywood, was born.



A true relic of Hollywood—here is where Cecil B. De Mille and Jesse Lasky began their production of screen plays in 1914.

DRIVE up today on one of those well-paved boulevards winding among the hills. Pause and look over that plain. As far as one can see, until it is lost in the haze of distance, there is a vast sweep of beautiful homes, of office buildings, of hotels and theaters, a vast hive of activity, throbbing with life. It is hard to imagine that there are men and women in Hollywood today who can recall the time when it was a brown waste, only dotted here and there by an adobe ranch house, or a patch of trees.

"La Nopalera," they called it then, meaning "covered with cactus." An appropriate name. Now the only cactus to be found within its limits are in the gardens of beautiful homes, transplanted there by landscape gardeners.

Then the settlers began to straggle in. From all races they came, from all climes. There were hardy mountaineers from Kentucky and Tennessee, grandees from Spain, ranchers from Mexico.

Phyllis Haver, film star, when she was one of the first bathing beauties ever seen in Hollywood.

They began to buy up huge tracts of land for ridiculously low prices. Less than fifty years ago, you could have purchased land in the heart of Hollywood, now selling for thousands of dollars a front foot, and setting new records daily in its upward course, for $1.25 an acre, and even less. Now land in Hollywood has become so high that many studios are being forced out of it, down towards the sea, back over the hills into the San Fernando valley. And still the price rises. It is no small part of the remarkable tale of the city of Hollywood.

Cattle raising died out soon, and the valley was put under cultivation. Oranges, watermelons, avacados, were planted along the place where cattle had kicked up the dust clouds, and Hollywood entered upon its garden era.

To those early settlers, waging a continuous war with drouth, goes the credit for making Hollywood the paradise it is today. They planted the rows of pepper trees and palms, and the shrubbery and paved the way for the city of greenery.

This is not a scene of a travesty but that of the first comedy ever filmed in Hollywood, "His Wedding Night."

In 1887 Hollywood became incorporated as a town, but an unimportant little town. It had already had its first real estate boom a few years before, but it had collapsed, leaving the town with a dubious future.

There had come to Hollywood in the early eighties, one, H. H. Wilcox, and his wife, Daeida Wilcox. It was Mrs. Wilcox who gave Hollywood its musical name.

While riding out on the train she fell into conversation with an unknown lady who told Mrs. Wilcox of her home called Hollywood. Mrs. Wilcox thought that would be a good name for her place in the new land, and she adopted it. From the name of her home, the name of the town was taken, and in this haphazard fashion was originated the name which has become

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Famous Flash Backs

Who can ever forget Charles Ray's ingenuous portrayal of the hero (above) in that thrilling gridiron picture, "Two Minutes To Play," which brought his admirers to tensioned applause when he entered the game and saved the day?

Or his barefoot boy in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," which endeared him to film fans the country over.

Then there was his clever depiction in George M. Cohan's famous "45 Minutes from Broadway."

CHARLIE RAY is one of those artists who has demonstrated that "he may be down, but he is never out." There was a time when Charlie rode as high as any of them. Then bad luck came, but now he is on the upward climb and it looks as if he is going to be "bigger and better" as the circus men say.

Little of the

Even our athletic girl of the screen, Bebe Daniels, has gone in for "vamp" parts and is featured in "She's a Sheik."

We wonder whether Lya de Putti is rehearsing her siren prowess of the screen on her rag doll, before retiring?

Louise Brooks uses her dancing feet as well as her bewitching eyes to keep Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in the clouds in Paramount's "Now We're In The Air." Louise is the wife of Eddie Sutherland, the director-writer, and her severest critic. Louise hails from Kansas.

Sinners Cinema

Here's the way the cave woman dressed when she went on a shopping tour, says Marceline Day, who does not even offer to smile while in this character.

A new and entirely different kind of siren has come into our midst in Maria Corda in the title role of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

Ruth Taylor, recruited from the Sennett lot to depict the famous light-haired siren, Lorelei, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." We bet she picked up the rug from the hall floor. And look at that long hair of Marceline's.

I Want to be a Vamp

Says Mary Astor

By Ollie Wood

SOMETHING is all wrong out here in Hollywood! An impish sprite is turning things topsy turvy here—and for what reason we have still to learn.

Highly reputed badmen of the screen have turned successful comedians, luring-eyed sirens are attempting to essay virgin roles, mature stars are contemplating kiddie parts, and Lewis Stone had to shave off his mustache recently.

About the only normal aspects of the place are John Barrymore and Charlie Chaplin—John can play Hamlet and won't, and Charlie wants to but hasn't.

The latest radical change to come to notice in the colony is that of Mary Astor. Every movie fan the country over knows Mary as the "good" girl of the screen. She established herself as just that from the moment she first set foot in a New York studio a few years back to only a few weeks ago.

Now Mary wants to become a vamp! Why or where she got the idea is not as yet determined although we know that the first time she confessed to such a desire was when she was assigned to the role of the Arabian princess in *Two Arabian Knights*, the picture which is co-featuring her with William Boyd and Louis Wolheim.

This princess role is the first siren part Mary ever had. And she has been in pictures since she was fourteen years old. But always the demure, modest maiden with downcast eyes and ingenuous mannerisms. It is plain to be seen that Mary would rather be "naughty" than "nice" on the screen.

How many can identify the vamp in the above photo? To the left, Mary Astor is seen as the heroine of "Rose of the Golden West."

"I prefer playing wicked vamp roles," she confessed. "The fans, men, women and children, admire the lady who is gracefully naughty. That's human nature."

"The goody-goody girl doesn't get all the applause by any means. When a girl can be naughty and get away with it, particularly if she can hoodwink the boy friend, she brings down the house," says Mary.

This sort of philosophy to come all of a sudden from the kind of girl who is entirely different in real life and who has

Mary Astor evinces no characteristics of the siren she desires to depict on the screen.

played the "simple girl" as long as she has and with such success, is most strange.

MARY ASTOR began her screen career in New York City when she was fourteen years old. She was born in Quincy, Illinois, where her father was a teacher of languages in a high school.

When she was six years of age her parents moved to a small town on the outskirts of Quincy and for four more years she attended a little one-room country school.

During the war the Astors moved to Chicago, where her father became a teacher in the schools and her mother taught drama and English literature in the Loring School for girls at Kenwood.

Mary's mother had high hopes for a stage career for her daughter and placed Mary in this school. And of course she was near the old Essanay studios.

"Nearly everybody saw just my freckles —and I wasn't even plump," says Mary, recalling those days. "Only Mother and Dad saw me as a potential actress.

"A delegation of eager film producers armed with contracts and fountain pens failed to meet us on our arrival in Chicago and managed to stay away from us all the time we were there.

"So we moved to New York and when we reached there the family treasury amounted to a little less than three hundred dollars."

Mary's freckles, red hair and ambition were just as heavy a drug in the New York motion picture market as they had proved in Chicago.

Finally her opportunity came when Charles Albin, a photographer, took her picture in his studio and declared her the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Albin told about his discovery around theatrical and film circles and Mary's pictures were published in magazines and newspapers. Then he made a one-reel color picture, titled *The Beggar Maid,* with Mary in a principal part. This picture brought her to the attention of the Triart Company, who engaged her for two-reel "western" productions made in Maine.

It was not long after that picture work took her to Hollywood and a screen career. She appeared as leading lady to Douglas Fairbanks in his *Don Q.*

Her work in this picture obtained for her a long-term contract with First National Pictures. Some of her recent portrayals were in John Barrymore's *Don Juan, The Rough Riders* and *Rose of the Golden West.*

But in any of these pictures

Mary Astor could easily pass for a charming co-ed in the above photo, while as the hoyden-heroine in "The Sea Tiger" (left) she is unpretentious.

Mary as always played the role of the "good little girl."

MARY'S first big chance to deviate from the innocent type of maiden came when she was cast in *Don Juan.*

Would that she had been assigned to the part of Lucretia Borgia, the notorious siren of the Fifteenth Century Rome, on whom the adventures of Don Juan were based. But no such luck for Mary. She was given the role of the chaste Adriana Della Varnese.

To Estelle Taylor (Mrs. Jack Dempsey) went the part of Lucretia, which she acted most admirably. But in all probability she would have been pleased to change roles with Mary, for it is said that Estelle has been trying to get United Artists to give her bigger parts or release her from her contract. What Estelle undoubtedly means by that is that she would rather play heroine parts than siren.

So everything could have been very conveniently arranged to have Mary and Estelle exchange parts. Yet it wasn't in the cards for Mary.

Throughout the picture Mary had to look her divinest and fill the cold-hearted, sensualist, destroyer of women, Don Juan, with humble tenderness that his soul had previously never known.

At the same time she had to look on and see Estelle command Don to a state ball in her Roman mansion where the pagan pomp and Bacchanalian revelries of her debauched court were seen at the height of their flesh-warming magnificence.

Here Lucretia, raging with jealousy over Don's favoring Adriana in preference to her amorous self, incites her brother to declare war on Adriana's kinsmen.

Later on in the picture when Mary is about to be claimed by the profligate Borgia leader, Donati, as a hostage of war, Don Juan has to come along and carry her away to peaceful bliss within the sanctum of his Spanish castle and thus adventure is lost.

IN *The Rough Riders,* judging from the name, a most suitable role of sophistication ought to have been found for Mary. But again to no avail.

She had to portray a sweet, dutiful maid with the long skirts and bustle who kept candles lighted under her fiancee's photograph on the wall and waited patiently for his return from the Philippine War.

Rose of the Golden West, a romantic drama of early California brought no opportunity. Again Mary was placed as the sweet type of girl who descended from a long line of dons. In fact, her beauty was prized to such an extent during the filming of this picture that its director, George Fitzmaurice, valued her long tresses at $1,000,000.

Mr. Fitzmaurice said, "In addition to her exceptional ability as an actress, Miss Astor is one of the few prominent actresses who has not bobbed her hair.

"Try as they will, wigmakers cannot duplicate long hair naturally, and if the bobbed hair style continues Miss Astor's beautiful long hair will be an increasingly valuable asset because of its rarity."

Not until Mary was assigned to the part of a seductive Oriental beauty in *Two Arabian Knights* did she ever experience the thrill of portraying a vamp on the screen.

Recent "goody" roles of Mary's are (above) heroine of "Rose of the Golden West" and (right) "The Rough Riders."

She had never before had exposed quite so much of Mary. The costumes were beautiful before the camera, but hardly adequate to withstand the studio drafts and soon Mary was confined to her home with a severe cold.

Now she hopes that the next "naughty" lady she portrays will have a penchant for clothes. And in the

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Time to Retire

...And the studio routine of Evelyn Brent begins to fade into oblivion.

Leatrice Joy prepares for Land of Nod with a glass of warm milk and a romantic novel.

Dolores Costello, between the dusk and the night time finds time to relax from her work at the studio. Pink satin pajamas and a soft, downy pillow lend complete rest.

Sennett Gossips about Girls

By Madeline Matzen

IT WAS a quiet December morning when I drove out to Edendale to the Mack Sennett studio—home of the famous bathing girls.

December in southern California can be cold—real estate men to the same. And Edendale, which lies in a treeless valley between Hollywood and the Verdugo Hills, is a dusty, sun-baked spot—the last place in the world where you would expect to find a girl in a bathing suit.

The studio itself is one of the oldest in the film colony. Other studios are built of cool cement and have architectural pretences. But Sennett's is a huge barnlike structure built of unpainted boards. In a cubby of rooms high up in a watch tower effect that overlooks the lot are Mr. Sennett's offices. His own particular room is fresh with white paint and there are no photographs of bathing beauties on the walls.

'Styles in girls are forever changing," says the 'Ziegfeld of the Movies'—Mack Sennett.

Worn but comfortable leather chairs stand about invitingly and the windows are always open for they are up high enough to catch any stray sea breeze that might be lurking around. It is not the sort of an office that you might expect the Ziegfeld-of-the-Movies to possess. It might easily be the office of a prosperous osteopath who had not a single beauty among his patients.

I climbed the steep stairs—I was excited—who wouldn't be excited if they were going to visit with the discoverer of the American bathing girl? Other men may discover the North Pole; other ancient civilization, or electricity, but the greatest discoverer of them all is the man who combed the beaches for peaches and gave us the American Bathing Beauties.

MACK SENNETT looks like a lion. Harry Carr, the famous columnist, says so. But there are all sorts of lions in the world. There is for instance the bored lion on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer trade mark who yawns contemptuously in the faces of his audience. There are cross lions; maneaters; temperamental lions; pessimistic and suspicious lions—really wicked lions, and last of all the type of lion that Mr. Sennett reminds us of—the friendly, optimistic lion.

He is past forty, his hair is white and when he talks he looks like a boy. He gives the impression of youth more than any middle-aged man I have ever met. His face is sunburned and against this mahogany color his white teeth flash with startling effect in a wide, genial smile. You are his friend after the first few minutes of conversation, for he has all the charm of an adventurer in life.

He has been accused of being sentimental—but he is not sentimental, he has too Rabelasian a sense of humor for that. He is loyal to old friends—hence the tag of sentimentalist. He is tolerant and generous in his views. To borrow a vulgar phrase—he gets a tremendous kick out of life—out of people.

Sennett has amassed, unassisted, a great fortune—a fortune built upon his own particular sense of humor.

"Girls may get out their hips and show their curves to be in style," says Sennett, "but save me from the fat girl," he implores. "Moreover my girls were never dumb-bells."

And yet he is still eager, enthusiastic and young. Mr. De Mille has grown blase and cynical; Griffith is disillusioned and tired. Sennett never had any illusions—he had instead a sense of humor and he refuses to grow up.

No matter how hard we tried to talk of other things, the subject ot beautiful girls kept cropping up.

"STYLES in girls are changing!" said Mr. Sennett. "The day of the flat chested, the too boyish flapper is passing. This at its best was a morbid style—and the reaction is setting in—the day of the happy, wholesome girl, of the plumper girl, is dawning. I don't mean that really heavy girls will be the style—but curvy girls are growing popular," he explained.

"You will recollect that I never did sponsor the ultra-emaciated type of girl. Of course, I don't approve of fat girls! But what man can resist curves—and somehow curves and comedy go together."

Mary Mabery was discovered by Sennett while attending the University of California.

Much is expected from Thelma Parr, Mack Sennett protege, by her beauty and cinema talent.

Ruth Taylor, the screen Lorelei, came from the Sennett ranks.

"And my girls have brains! Most of them have climbed to high places in the cinema sky. Take Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost for instance. Girls whose curves, brains and sense of humor have made them what they are today. They are all good business women, my girls—and they know their own value. You should see them study their contracts before they sign them. The Sennett bathing girls were never dumb-bells."

"When they first come to this studio they speak of 'THE director, THE press agent, THE cameraman, THE studio' and are proud about not using a double for dangerous feats. But as soon as their salaries are raised—they become delicate—they need a double for the least little thing and it is 'MY director, MY press agent, MY cameraman and MY studio.' Sometimes they upstage ME!"

I am at present making a picture called *The Romance Of a Bathing Girl*—I am going to tell the real truth about the Sennett bathing girl in this picture."

(*Continued on next page*)

"The TRUTH!" I gasped.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Sennett, severely again.

And then we laughed. Sennett has an infectuous laugh, one of those intimate you-and-I-have-discovered-a-great-joke. You chuckle helplessly.

"What do you want most of all to do, now that you have made so much money—keep right on making comedies?" I couldn't help being curious.

"DO?—I want to retire! I haven't had a real vacation in fifteen years. The smallest as well as the most important departments in the studio come under my direct supervision. And its no light task running a studio!" he answered a little wearily.

"I'd like to buy a boat and cruise around with a congenial soul for a year or two!"

"The South Seas?" I questioned brightly.

Sennett shook his head "I'd like to cruise in unknown seas. Perhaps, along the African coast—who knows I might find a Sennett bathing girl on some African beach—you never can tell!" he told me his eyes flashing with amusement.

"Don't you care about people—about society?" I asked, knowing of the big mansion he was building in the Hollywood hills.

"Society!" said Sennett sharply. "That's the hardest job of all! They coaxed me, much against my will, up to Montecito. From the moment I arrived it was receptions, dinners, luncheons, dances, speak before this club and that, meet this person and that. By ten o'clock in the evening I was all in. I wanted to go to bed. I went to bed! I'm afraid I'm not much of a social success. When I went to Montecito I hoped I could sit with my host on the veranda, smoke a pipe and talk about things that had nothing to do with pictures, and watch the sunset. But society has no time for heart to heart talks or to watch the sunsets."

"I BOUGHT a mountain top back of Hollywood—I planned to build a house there—a house with terraces from which I could see the Pacific and the sunsets. I thought it would be a simple matter to scrape a few yards of earth off the top of the mountain and make a level spot on which to build my home. We

(*Continued on page 92*)

"They must have curves and they must have hips, but they can't be fat," says Mack Sennett, and then lines up the girls above to show us just what he means. It's unanimous, Mack!

Count on Connie

Now, since our laugh-provoking little girl has freed herself from all marital entanglements, who will be next? She will continue to romp through the well-known celluloid reels under the banner of her (at the present writing) brother-in-law, Joseph Schenck.

THE old formula of "Curse you, Jack Dalton" has given way to the "Drink to me only with thine eyes" stuff of the young Spanish don. Above is the artist's conception of Ramon Novarro vamping the petite Marceline Day with his banjo, while Roy d'Arcy the crooked Cuban judge looks on and gnashes his teeth. The scene takes place in *"The Road to Romance,* that beautiful story by the master, Joseph Conrad.

If there is anything we enjoy it is pirate crafts. The Mexicans and Spaniards came in for their day, too, we understand as hundreds of them were used in the picture. Novarro has quite a following when he plays those young, handsome and dashing roles and when he is ever ready to defend with blade or brawn, his fair lady love.

The picture contains much of the element of melodramatic adventure, yet it also contains the little love moments which make the picture dear to the feminine heart.

Consequently if you fail to see your villain shoot straight from the hip as often as you have expected, it is because they have all turned Spanish and are now twanging a guitar.

So This Is Hollywood

Special Correspondence from **Don Juan**

Joan Crawford spends a few idle moments in her "Noah's Ark" nursery.

IF *The Private Life of Helen of Troy,* as a picture, even remotely approximates the private and more or less public life of the dashing Maria Corda who is enacting Helen for the screen, it ought to be entertaining to say the least. For right now the most entertaining gossip on the First National lot has to do with Maria's belligerent attitude toward her director-husband, Alexander Korda. They say that Maria thinks nothing of giving vent to her temperamental ire by slamming her quiet and gentlemanly husband. When husband Alexander recently suggested that she add something to the two flimsy layers of chiffon that constitute her costume, Maria flared up. No director, especially a mere husband who won her in a duel with an Italian prince, was going to tell *her* what to wear. Especially when it came to wearing undergarments under chiffon. She intended to set forth the soul of the historical Helen—through more than chiffon, of course.

IT IS rumored that Ramon Novarro, a devout church-goer, may give up the screen for life in a monastery. The actor realized that *Ben Hur* will probably be the greatest work of his career, and that a continued life in lesser screen roles is not to be compared with work for his church.

THERE were about five hundred persons on the set the day Charlie Chaplin resumed the filming of his latest picture, *The Circus,* work on which was halted last November after a year of production work. The players, the staff, and a large group of visitors had been waiting for Charlie to put in an appearance since nine that morning. About ten-thirty, a sad and shy looking figure hove into view. It was Charlie himself, completely garbed and made up for the resumption of the role which his domestic tangle had halted. He walked toward Alfred Reeves, his production and general manager. Suddenly there was a spontaneous cheer: "Three cheers for Charlie Chaplin!" And the cheering continued for fully a minute. Charlie was too overcome to say anything. With tears in his eyes he walked over to one of the extras, an old lady who had thrown a carnation at him, kissed her, tapped his lips with his hands, and then threw them out toward the crowd before him as one might say, this kiss represents my true feelings toward all of you. Later on,

No matter how busy he is, Richard Barthelmess always finds a few moments to play with little Mary Hays Barthelmess.

Not an Alpine mountain climber, but a rear view of Wallace Beery in a new laugh-maker, "The Big Sneeze."

Marion Davies has discarded the picturesque dresses of grandmother's day for sweater and trunks. in her recent picture, "The Fair Co-ed."

A cinema satellite is Martha Sleeper, leading lady for Hal Roach, and this year's Wampas Baby.

the principal players in the picture, grabbed Charlie off and insisted that he have lunch with them on the set, which he did. *The Circus* is scheduled for completion around Christmas time.

ALICE WHITE was a script girl before she was put under contract by First National. Other stenographers, phone operators and helpers about the studio lots have had their chances to play. But now a studio organist will come into her own. She is Jeannette Loff, a pretty blonde who has been creating music for emotional scenes, and now will emote herself for Cecil De Mille pictures.

DON RYAN, the bad boy, seems to have done it again. This time Hollywood's literary irrepressible, who has contributed a number of articles to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine from time to time, has had his first novel published. The book is called *Angel's Flight,* and has been issued by Boni & Liveright. It seems that the first shipment of 2,500 copies to Los Angeles and Hollywood was completely gobbled up by the movie folk, for the most part, at $2.50 per copy. And now that the novel has been avidly perused, several libel suits are threatened. Thinly veiled references to prominent motion picture persons continue throughout the story, while Von Stroheim and Charlie Chaplin are even mentioned by name. Not since the days when Don was conducting a column on the local *Record* has he succeeded in setting the motion picture colony so completely on its ear. It looks as if *Angel's Flight* will become the literary sensation of the year in Hollywood.

EVERY month now, a number of Hollywood tragedies are checked off by the Angel of Death. Mrs. Billie Holloway, a picture extra, made an attempt to take her life in Phoenix but it is said will recover. Doris Kare, who until a year ago worked often in the films, became ill and it is said died of loneliness and neglect, deserted by many of the old friends of her more successful days.

POLA NEGRI certainly seems to have the most gossip-inspiring way of proving her devotion to her husband, the Prince Mdivani. They've been living down at the ocean front at Santa Monica, the Prince and the Princess Mdivani. One day Pola got peeved over the way the household was being taken care of by the servants and fired all of them. With the result that stories about her domestic life with the Prince began to seep into Hollywood's gossiping consciousness. The most interesting of these rumors has to do with the Prince's sleeping quarters for a couple of weeks recently. They do say that Pola had a tift with her Prince, in the course of which she threatened to unhitch

Music soothes man as well as savage beast, says Jack Mulhall, as he spends a few moments at home.

When Charlie Chaplin resumed work on "The Circus" a few weeks back, there was Myrna Kennedy his new leading lady all ready for action.

Cadet Vic Donovan! that is William Boyd, in the Pathe-De Mille triumph, "The Dress Parade."

herself from his bed and board; and that thereafter, by way of rehearsal, according to the rumor, she made the Prince sleep on trunks in the trunk room for a couple of weeks.

IT IS believed the Prince of Wales will soon visit Hollywood and Los Angeles. Last time, when he visited Coronada, Mildred Harris was introduced to the Prince "as a niece of the mayor," and managed to get into all the photos with the prince. When the hoax was discovered, the plates were destroyed.

TOO many obvious punctures in her arms and legs is the real reason why a prominent dramatic motion picture star failed to get an important role recently. The punctures are nothing more or less than hypodermic pricks which the lady inflicts upon herself when she feels the need of narcotic stimulation. She was recently sent for a test. When she returned to the set from the wardrobe room where she had been furnished with a costume, she discovered she had left her hypo there. She rushed back wild-eyed. Unable to find what she sought, she actually became hysterical. Finally the wardrobe mistress discovered the puncturing contraption on a chair and turned it over to its owner. A quick shot in the leg, and she became quiet. As a result of her unfortunate addiction, this prominent star is gradually passing out of pictures.

CONSTRUCTION of the world's largest motion picture studio will soon be started in Hollywood. The building, which will be called Studio Castle, will cost $1,650,000, with $30,000 additional for a swimming pool. It will have facilities for six companies to work at the same time, and will be equipped with a huge ball room, art gallery, swimming pool, stores, cafes, check rooms, and parking space.

GERTRUDE ASTOR, who enacts one of the leading roles in *The Cohens and Kellys in Paris,* directed by William Beaudine, had a vision of great wealth completely blurred recently. A prominent oil company offered her an advance of $25,000, with a one-sixth royalty interest on some land she owns in the vicinity of her hillside home in West Hollywood. The land had cost her less than $10,000 when she bought it about two years ago. Now, she was told, her earnings from one well alone, if it came in, would amount to about $6,000 per month. She accepted the offer. But on the day she was to receive the initial check on the lease she was informed that a title search had revealed that the property was restricted to residential purposes. On that same day she signed to appear for Universal in *The Cohens and Kellys in Paris* picture. A few hours later she received a cable from London confirming previous negotiations at almost double her Universal salary and requesting her to leave within the week to appear

in a British production. Naturally she couldn't accept the British picture offer. But she still has her good looks, however.

EVEN the universities of Southern California have been affected by the enthusiasm of the natives for motion pictures. The University of Southern California has opened a regular course in technical training for the movies. A four-year course is being offered, which will include training in any branches of the industry. Appropriate degrees will be granted at the conclusion of the course.

Mary Philbin sneaks to bed in the Universal picture, "Surrender."

NEW YORK and Newport's "400" dwindles into social nothingness in comparison with filmland's socially elect "100" over which Marion Davies wields the scepter. There was a time, not so long ago, when Doug and Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, that is, were reckoned the social leaders of the film colony, what with British royalty (Lord and Lady Mountbatten) occupying Pickfair during Lord and Lady Fairbanks sojourn in Europe. But since Marion Davies succeeded in entertaining Charlie Lindbergh at a breakfast and afterwards at a tea in his honor, during the latter's recent visit to Los Angeles, Miss Davies is nothing if not the social queen of moviedom. And among the invited guests at the aforesaid functions in honor of Lindbergh were Doug and Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, William Randolph Hearst, Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer, and other motion picture folk.

HOLLYWOOD takes some of its royalty seriously and others fit into the general scheme of things and become one of us almost at once. They gave Archduke Leopold of Austria his orders with awed voice for a couple of days. Now Jack Ford, his director, and other studio folk call him "Archie" with unlicensed familiarity.

THE REV. NEAL DODD is not only a duly ordained and practicing minister of the gospel in Beverly Hills but he is also a more or less regularly ordained motion picture actor. As a marrying parson he is as much in demand before the make-believe altar as he is before the real thing. Recently he had an engagement to marry F. Hugh Herbert, the British novelist, and Aileen LaVerne Appleby, who has become a featured player on the M-G-M lot. But unfortunately, it seemed, the clergyman-actor was busy on the set in the *Baby Mine* picture. However, he found a way in which to keep the marrying engagement. He had the couple come on the set and, in a garden setting used for the picture, he married the couple, with Karl Dane and Charlotte Greenwood acting as best man and maid of honor, respectively.

WHEN Gloria's marquis went away, his wife gave him six letters, one to be read each day en route to Paris. This little custom has long been indulged by schoolgirls and sentimental spinsters, and if its a film star's own way of keeping hubby, it must be a good one.

AN interesting precedent is about to be established by the William Fox organization. Winfield R. Sheehan, production head at the West Coast Studio, has not only completed negotiations with the authors of *What Price Glory* to write another picture, a sequel to this successful picture, but it is planned to have the original cast of principals appear in the second picture; with the same director wielding the megaphone. The new picture will deal with the return of the *Glory* characters to civil life, following the cessation of hostilities. Thus Dolores del Rio, Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Phyllis Haver, Sammy Cohen, and Ted McNamara will again be seen together in *The Cock-Eyed World*, which is to be the title of the new picture Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings are writing.

Neil Hamilton, besides being one of the most popular screen juveniles, is a tennis ace of Hollywood.

A STRING of well known stars are now freelancing rather than accept a wage cut. These are Estelle Taylor, Gertrude Olmstead, Claire Windsor, Lew Cody, Patsy Ruth Miller, Margaret Livingston, Betty Bronson, and Warner Baxter.

IT'S nothing new or strange to find a motion picture star working in two pictures almost simultaneously. But it has remained for Renee Adoree to set the fashion of working in two different pic-

(*Continued on page* 98)

Through the Studios

A Sight-seeing Tour Through Hollywood's Workshops of Romance

By Edward R. Sammis

AS WE entered the big William Fox Studios at Western avenue and Sunset Boulevard, with the huge stages towering to the sky, a procession of trucks thundering over its highways, with doughboys, train robbers and society buds wandering here and there over the lot, it seemed almost impossible to believe that less than ten short years ago the whole expanse enclosed by those high walls was an orange grove. But only peaches bloom there now.

We thought we were back in that agricultural era, however, when we stepped into that first stage, and found ourselves lost in acres of wheat. And with the little thatched cottages standing in the corners to complete the illusion, one might have been miles out in the country. But it was only the setting for a war picture of Flanders Fields.

A view of the front entrance to Fox hills where most of the outdoor scenes are taken.

It was something of a shock nevertheless to step from this rustic solitude across a few feet of sunlit pavement and come suddenly into a lavish and glittering salon, where Virginia Valli was giving her latest portrayal of gilded sin.

There were gorgeous divans, beautiful women adorned with jewels and ravishing gowns. Those gowns! Where did they get them? Would you like to see? Very well.

Across the courtyard up a flight of stairs and we came into a room resounding with the whir of machines, where

Looking at the Fox studios from Western Avenue, it is difficult to believe that ten short years ago this area was an orange grove.

It is in this spacious wardrobe building that effigies of Janet Gaynor and Olive Borden stand for the convenience of their dressmakers.

dozens of girls, bending over tables, were cutting and sewing, making a gown for some star and dreaming of the day when some other girl may be sewing gowns for them.

About the room were a dozen dressmakers' dummies, awaiting try-ons, but although they all looked much alike, each was really different from the other. Every dummy is modelled in the likeness of a star to save the time necessary for fitting. There in the corner stood the effigy of Olive Borden, and there were the supple curves of Janet Gaynor cast in cardboard for the convenience of the dressmakers. And in the outer room hung the gowns. Rows and rows of beautiful creations, the product of months of labor, to be worn a few minutes before the camera, then made over for some extra girl.

The administration building of the Fox Studios, in which all the business routine of production is carried out.

It was another shock to jump from this Parisian atmosphere, to the entirely masculine headquarters of Tom Mix, with his dressing rooms, lined with the Stetson hats and ornate belts and riding boots, with his private gymnasium close by where he keeps fit for the daily acrobatics that are required of him.

EVERY star has an individual bungalow on the Fox lot. They are roomy, comfortable places, like doll houses with curtained windows opening on tiny gardens. Here Madge Bellamy, Olive Borden, Janet Gaynor, Edmund Lowe, "Buck" Jones and others make up for their daily roles.

In our tour of the lot we came upon a unique feature, a garden for interviews, where stars tell the secrets of their lives to representatives of the press. And it is called, quaintly enough, the Garden of Truth. A golden statue of St. Paul, patron saint of truth, stands in a niche above the wall, and they say that St. Paul frowns if some star gets started on a tear jerking story of how she stood in rags and tatters as a little girl selling vi'lets on the street corner. And one day along came . . .

Perhaps some eager young newspaper reporter will smash that statue some day.

But this is only a small part of the Fox layout. Behind high walls at Westwood, lies Fox Hills, that huge estate where most of the outdoor "shots" are taken.

Both of these huge establishments are kept constantly humming with the activity of production, as 3,000 employes under the leadership of thirty-five directors, with eight indoor stages and many more locations to work on, are kept busy giving the public such gems of entertainment as *Seventh Heaven, The Return of Peter Grimm, What Price Glory,* and other classics of the screen.

To watch the actual shooting of the script in a Fox studio is an education in itself

Only those who have access to the sets know what a colorful, fascinating business it is. The strong Kleig lights throw a ghastly green color over everything and unless the proper make-up is on everybody's faces, those without make-up are funny to look at indeed.

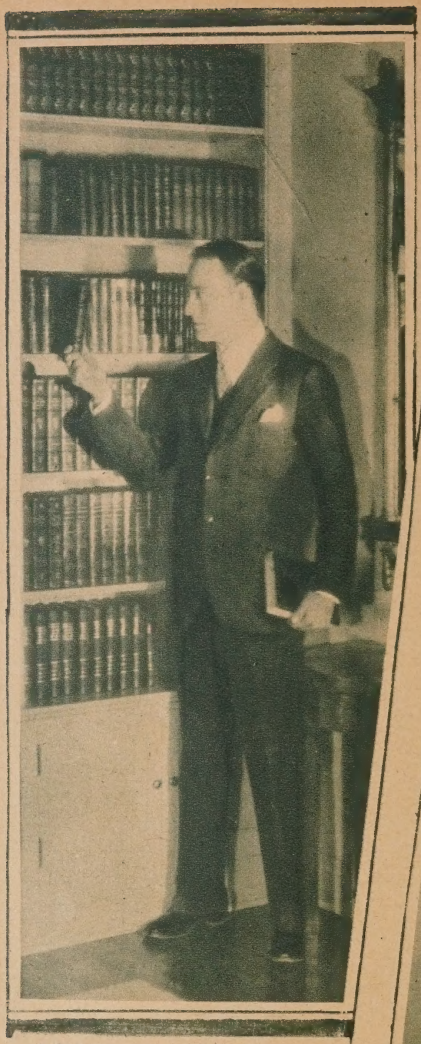
Every blemish of the skin shows up under these lights. The director usually sits a measured distance away from the set. He places his cameramen, usually two, at the perspective he wishes. When he calls "Camera" that is the signal for the men to start grinding. It also is the signal to the players to get into action.

Some times certain portions of the script will be shot twenty different times during the day.

Behind these high walls of the Fox studios, re-live those colorful characters of fiction to which the millions of film fans are devoted.

BILLIE DOVE, *whom First National starred in "The American Beauty," as seen by the eminent artist, James Montgomery Flagg.*

Book

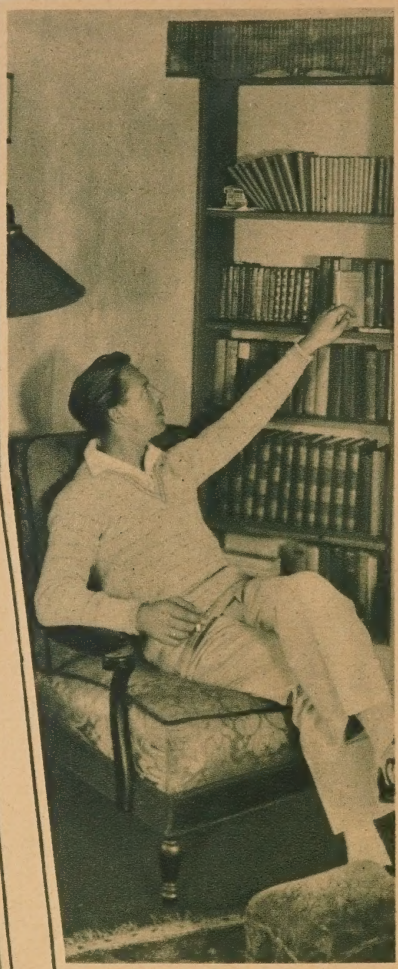


A few moments with his favorite authors is Conrad Nagels idea of ideal pastime. Nagel is one of the leading scholars in Hollywood. He is a worker in his church, and his life, both professionally and domestically is serene and beautiful. Books on Conrad's shelf means that they have been put there to be read, not as ornaments.

An authority on books as well as pictures, is King Vidor, director of "The Big Parade."

Nooks

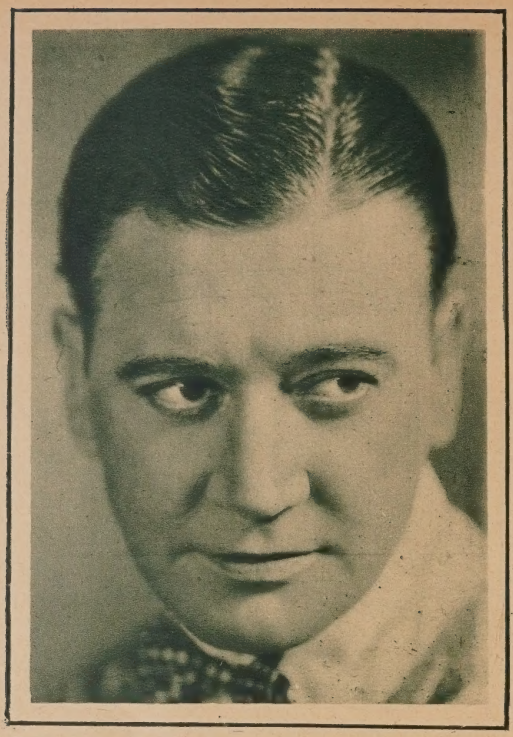
Dolores del Rio has an exceptional library which she began while still in Mexico.



Lars Hanson, Swedish star, known by his work in "The Scarlet Letter," is an ardent reader of books. You will find the classics on Lars' shelves with a dash of fiction sprinkled with a large amount of poetry of romantic nature. "It is born in the Swedes to love books," Hanson explains.

Why Never

"If marriage interferes with my career, I'll choose the career," declare the women.



Richard Dix says he is just waiting for tne girl to come along. Well that's fair enough, isn't it?

By Grace Simpson

WHY is it that many of the popular young players of the screen have never married?

A thousand fans or more write in to their favorite movie magazine each month asking that very question. Deciding to investigate for the readers of SCREEN SECRETS I set out on my little journey to the studios.

On the Fox lot, I cornered Madge Bellamy.

"Why have you never married?" I asked.

"Well, maybe I haven't found the right man yet!" laughed Madge. "And then again, perhaps I should have taken the first man who proposed to me. I was fourteen at the time and he was nineteen. I felt very important to have him calling on me—that is, until I discovered his mother was paying him five dollars for every call he gave me! You see, our parents were school chums and sort of hoped that their children would marry. His mother believed in early marriage, and she thought by having him call on me regularly, he would end up with falling in love with me. Perhaps he did—I don't know. Anyway, he proposed. After I found out about the twenty-five dollars he had made through me I sent him off. We moved away shortly after that, and I never saw him again."

That was Madge's reason.

The handsome George O'Brien, says he is hoping to find the "ideal" woman. George should find her in Hollywood, shouldn't he?

My next victim strolled by. It was no other than George O'Brien. "I have never married for the very simple reason that I've not yet found the girl," he replied. "But when I do I'm going to do my best to marry her! Marriage—I'm certainly for it. It's a great institution!"

I next approached John Roche.

"Marriage is just like anything else," said John, "you have to prepare for it. I have known what it means to go through poverty and hardship. As a child, I saw my mother struggle to make ends meet. And then and there I vowed that I would never marry until I could give my wife every comfort and security.

"I want to be sure of my finances and my future before I take the all-important step to the altar.

"But I hope to take it—and I think I shall—someday!"

"Why don't I get married?" echoed May McAvoy. "Well, for one thing, I don't think I have the time now

We've Married

"I haven't found the girl I love," say the men. Something must be wrong with Cupid!

Soulful-eyed Madge Bellamy takes the hemstitched traffic tower for her reason for single blessedness. "I found out my beau was getting paid to come and see me," she says.

to devote to a husband and a home—plus a career. I love my work too much to give it up for marriage—at least right now. I don't really mean that I'd give up the screen altogether if I married, unless I found that keeping on meant unhappiness for the man I loved, but I'd have to be very sure I could give it up if necessary!

"Yes, I must love the man I marry much more than I do my work. However, I haven't as yet met the man. Later, I might, and when I do the picture career will probably come to an abrupt end!"

Bebe Daniels declares she would rather be a star than a housewife. Was that why she turned down Jack Dempsey a few years ago?

We wondered if this was the answer to the question which arose at the time she was reported to have given Glenn Hunter, famous *Merton of the Movies* star, the mitten. At that time, if you remember, Glenn simply said regarding his engagement to May, "I love her" but Miss McAvoy broke off the proposed nuptials without any definite reason. Did May love her career more than the job of a prospective wife or did she believe that two temperamental stars could not get along in the marital arrangement successfully?

"In the first place," said Richard Dix, "until the last few years my fortune wasn't so terribly huge; and in the second, I was taking care of my mother and sister. And it didn't seem fair to ask a girl to share the life of a struggling young actor. However, my mother is well off financially now and my sister is married. And little Richard—well—he has his eyes open, waiting for the girl to come along! There was a girl once, though, who promised to wait for me for years—forever . . . . . Well, she waited a year, then married somebody else, and now she has four children!"

"Marriage—it is a lottery!" said Bobby Agnew. "If I ever find a girl whom I think will love me forever, I will entertain seriously the thought of making her happy for the rest of her life.

"But, after all, you know, I'm not so terribly old yet—I still have lots of time! My dad used to say that a fellow should think it over until he's thirty. And he also said: 'It's easy enough to find a woman who can be entertaining for an evening, but it's not so easy to find one who can be entertaining for a whole lifetime!'

"Somewhere, I feel quite sure, there is a girl waiting for me, I have not found her yet, but she is somewhere,

"I must love the man I marry much more than I do my work," declares the petite May McAvoy, who confesses further that she hasn't found the right man. What a blow to her former loves!

and some day I am going to find her! And then . . . ."

"Asking me why I have never married," remarked the fascinating Jetta Goudal, 'is like asking a doctor why he never was a lawyer!' Both marriage and acting are for a woman two separate and complete careers in themselves, and in attempting to carry on at the same time both of these careers one would be doing full justice to neither and would be very apt to fail in both!

"Marriage duties and acting duties are difficult for one to reconcile. In my own case, when making a picture I am at the studio anywhere from eight to fourteen hours a day, and what man would want his wife away from home so much as that?

"No, while I am an actress I cannot be a wife. I must be absolutely free to give my very best efforts to my art. When I marry, I will take marriage just as seriously."

(*Continued on page* 94)

Movie News and Gossip from Gay Paree

Special Correspondence from Rene de la Seine

DEAUVILLE, FRANCE

THEY say that where is the highest gaiety there also lies desolation and despair. I didn't invent that—Maurice Rostand did. In his book, "The Crystal Coffin."

Maurice, when he wrote that, must have been thinking of Deauville. He himself is one of the scenic excesses of the place. He has a charming personality, but it is hidden beneath one of the most amazing get-ups ever poet had the effrontery to inflict upon his contemporaries. To begin with, Rostand affects tight trousers and high-heeled shoes, which he has made for him by one of the famous bootmakers for women. In the day time he wears blue-striped flannels with a byronic collar wide open on his chest. At night his starched collar, with its points three inches long, is a thing to make Berry Wall or Boni de Castellane green with envy.

★ ★ ★

Corsets and Crepe de Chine

HE WEARS corsets. That much is manifest to the most casual observer. And they are tightly laced at that, for Maurice has the smallest waist in Paris. His coat is cut for him by a couturier specialized in the making of tailor-mades for fashionable women. His shirt, and one suspects his underthings, are of sheerest crepe de chine.

★ ★ ★

ON his hands are rings—a full dozen of them. Some of them belonged to his mother, the wonderful woman for whom Edmond Rostand built his celebrated love nest near Biarritz. Another, which he treasures mightily, belonged to and was the gift of Sarah Bernhardt, whose favorite god-child he was.

★ ★ ★

Those Extraordinary Faces

HIS face is one of those extraordinary physiognomies which remain in the memory of any one who has once seen them. If Shelley had lived to be thirty-nine he might have looked like that. It is a pale, elongated face, with pointed chin, arched nose, high cheek-bones, ears set well back, and a broad forehead.

★ ★ ★

ABOVE the forehead is a mass of wavy blond hair, slightly curly, which Maurice wears longer than any of the women in Deauville.

HIS eyes are blue and changeful like all blue eyes. At one moment they seem mildly contemplative, at another dreamy, at another they are alight and sparkling with the malicious humor for which Rostand is noted, at still another moment they are blazing with what seems to be blue fire.

MAURICE ROSTAND is the *enfant terrible* of Deauville. He is very rich, and there is no one who knows him who does not laugh at him in public, envy him in private, and deep down confess to a genuine liking for the man. He is invariably gay and good-natured. His gifts to charity are prodigious. When he plays chemin-de-fer—which he does every night, and with surpassing skill—his table is in a gust of merriment from the time he sits down until he rises to go. He has a phrase of satire for every occasion, a retort to everything. Matching one's wits verbally with Maurice Rostand is like crossing swords with Giraudin.

★ ★ ★

He Must Be a Genius

THERE is no doubt that he is a real genius, one of the few France possesses today. He has written eleven books, including five volumes of excellent poetry. He is responsible for four plays, one in verse, and his play, *La Gloire* brought crippled Sarah Bernhardt from retirement after the war. Later she created for him the role of Daniel, the young opium-smoker, a play which is already a classic.

★ ★ ★

IF you read these letters regularly you will in time come to know our Parisian world as well as I do, and I have made it a life study. For when I mention an interesting character I can't stop until I have tried to make you see him as he is.

★ ★ ★

REALLY I didn't start to tell you about Maurice Rostand at all, but I used his phrase from The Crystal Coffin because it aptly illus-

trated some observations I have been making here of late.

★ ★ ★

IT was the suicide of Tenesco, a Rumanian youth, on the terrace of the casino, one hand clutching a smoking gun and the other his last thousand-franc note . . . . It was the despairing confidence of a young American girl that she had to have money because she'd written checks on a bank where she had no account . . . . It was the memory of Eugene Cornuche, Napoleonic creator of the place, dying half-witted and diseased last year . . . . It was the sight of Dartex, loveliest woman in Deauville before the war, sitting forlorn and haggard at the minimum-stake table, she who had won her million in a single night, she who had had her pick of kings and statesmen and millionaires.

★ ★ ★

YOU will say: You wrote about Deauville last year. Why don't you tell us about Vichy or Aix-les-Bains or Biarritz?

★ ★ ★

None Compare With Deauville

THE answer is that I could write about Deauville for twenty years and still not exhaust the subject. Whereas Vichy or Aix or Biarritz can be disposed of for my purposes in a paragraph or two.

Vichy—a place, very hot and torpid in its plains—where rich men like Guggenheim and Replogle and Baruch go every year to clean out their livers. Full of toddling millionaires with water glasses in their hands. The doctors allow them to gamble but not to drink anything except the execrable-tasting water, and this they must do by carrying their glasses themselves every four hours from their hotel to the spring.

Aix-les-Bains. Still more lugubrious. Crowded with rheumatics, being wheeled about like sick dogs in rubber-tired chairs. Has a mountain and a lake, the only two lovely things about it. Has two casinos and very high play, because most old men with rheumatism and gout are rich.

★ ★ ★

BIARRITZ. A city of hotels and sleek-haired Spaniards. An English colony and an American colony which hate each other. Several very smart and swagger hotels, filled in September and Eastertide with the expansive, spendthrift mob called cosmopolitan society.

But Deauville is different. Biarritz and Aix and Vichy are large cities, filled with hotels and sanitoriums. Deauville is little larger than a village and the whole place is owned by one company.

★ ★ ★

AIX-LES-BAINS and Vichy are filled from April until October. Biarritz is an all-the-year-around resort with four separate seasons.

But Deauville is like some exquisite rose, blossoming but once a summer.

At one moment it is dead, deserted, desolate, a mournful place of closed shutters and dismally empty streets, its sole population the fisherfolk of Trouville nearby. And then, suddenly, almost overnight, it springs to a rapturous life.

Shutters are flung wide, new paint appears as by magic, the knee-breeched footmen re-appear in all their solemn magnificence at the entrance of the casino, and automobiles and trains begin to disgorge a flood of wealth and loveliness.

★ ★ ★

A WEEK later and the hotels are full, the baccara tables are running full-blast, the latest styles are parading the boardwalk, the year's first suicide has been hushed up, the thoroughbreds are galloping on the two beautiful tracks, tea-takers in flowery frocks watch polo beneath multi-colored sunshades, and all the concentrated scandal of naughty-naughty Europe and America explodes into one deafening refrain of "I heard that," and "Did you hear that—," and "They say they're not married—," and "That was after her fourth divorce—," and, "He's spent a million on her, but she's got —on the side."

Disgusting? Degrading? Hardly. Just Deauville, the maddest, most amusing, most scandalous place in the world. And—for three weeks—the loveliest.

★ ★ ★

A Friend's Luck

I HAVE a friend. He has notorious luck at baccara—bad luck. The other night we had dinner, the wife and I, with my friend and his wife at William the Conqueror's Inn at Dives, an ancient castle turned restaurant which is one of the sights of the Dollar Coast.

His wife didn't want him to play that night. "But I feel lucky," he said.

He always felt lucky, complained his wife. That was why they were always broke. The women went back to the hotel and my friend and I entered the casino, "just for an hour or so."

At dawn we were still there, I with varying luck, my friend winner of one hundred and eighty thousand francs and hopelessly, royally drunk.

★ ★ ★

IT was the whiskey that did it. That and the wine at dinner. They led him to the "big" table, where if he had been sober he never would have dared to sit, and ordained that his first drunken play should be the maximum. I watched with awe as he passed once—twice —thrice.

"Pass the bank, you fool!" I whispered.

"G' 'way," he retorted. "Can y' see I'm—hic—lucky?"

And he passed seven times before the whiskey—kind, benevolent whiskey!—sent him to sleep at the table, forcibly ending his bank. And the man who bought it lost his stake the first round.

★ ★ ★

THE next morning my friend's wife, a scared woman, burst into our room. "Come quick," she shrilled.

We imagined the worst and followed her into the neighboring

A Star of Popular Make

By fun-loving fans he's adored;
We can't count the triumphs he's scored.
Though Henry's tin cars May rattle to Mars,
There's only One Harrison Ford.

A Sweet Morsel

Bewitching from coiffure to feet;
At once, lovely, wistful, petite.
We're sad when she's sad, And glad when she's glad—
There's no sweeter star than Blanche Sweet.

An actual scene in the Cafe La Ciel et Cite of Paris, where our Hollywood stars often forgather. In the picture above we see Vera Reynolds and Gertrude Astor among the guests.

room. There was my friend, snoring stertorously on the bed, fully dressed. I had placed him there some hours before.

But apparently he had not gone to sleep at once. For an amazing sight met our eyes. Festooned to the center chandelier, tied with a garter, was a bundle of thousand-franc notes. Another bundle was tied around the bathroom door handle. A heap, as for a bonfire, lay on the chest of drawers. Scores of notes littered the floor, like a carpet, patterned out with the blue and red and yellow of casino chips.

As a crowning touch my friend had gone in the adjoining room and balanced a packet of ten thousand francs on his wife's nose.

Of such is Deauville . . .

★ ★ ★

And They All Went Home

JOE WHITEHEAD, one of the Coca-Cola millionaires, is a famous player at Deauville. He is a little tow-headed chap who must have been a freckled terror at school. He was the big winner recently.

It seems Mrs. Whitehead wanted to go home, it being three a. m. "Well, let me have one more twirl, then," begged Joe, and his wife consented.

Joe's notion of taking a twirl was to bid in the bank in the private room, where baccara only is played, and where the minimum stake is forty dollars. To take the bank you must have at least fifty thousand dollars to lose.

There are two tableaux, one on each side of the banker. The banker deals a set of cards to each tableau and two sets to himself.

Joe started the bank off with two hundred thousand francs. He never had to put up more. He won

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The Screen

STEAMBOAT BILL, JR. *Good*

And now Buster Keaton, who has already earned something of a reputation as a nautical nut, having done some of his funiest antics at sea, gets into more difficulties as a freshwater sailor. In *Steamboat Bill Jr.,* he is an innocent lamb who has a tough time of it among the uncouth characters that navigate the waters of the Mississippi. Ably supported by Ernest Torrence who proves a great foil for the comedian's antics in the role of his father.

HONEYMOON HATE *Excellent*

Florence Vidor scores again in one of those light comedy roles to which she takes so naturally. This time Miss Vidor portrays an imperious daughter of wealth, one of those spoiled darlings who must have things her own way or know the reason why. It is a little hard to picture the gentle Miss Vidor in such a cooly imperious part, but her versatility carries it over extremely well.

WOLF FANGS *Fair*

Here is one the kiddies will enjoy, but you might as well be warned that they will come away asking for a police dog. Yes, the secret is out. It is another dog picture and a good one, too, if you like dog pictures. He is one of those dogs that is faithful to his mistress and all that sort of thing. But he shouldn't get any credit for that. And you will think so, too, when you see Caryl Lincoln, only yesterday an extra girl, today a promising extra girl. There lots of action of the clean virile sort, with wicked, wicked sheepherders, an irresistible hero, and of course, the dog.

PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY *Good*

The classics brought to life and treated in a manner that would have made our school days a lot more interesting. An attempt to show that perhaps the ladies and gentlemen of ancient history were human beings after all, with just lots and lots of abbreviated Greek costumes. This is a picture treatment of the satirical novel which recently swept the country. Also brings into the limelight another ravishing blonde Hungarian star, Marie Corda. Lots of good fun in quaint costumes, but sort of leaves the impression that perhaps it is just a masquerade after all.

in Review

THE MAIN EVENT *Fair*

It seems that just about every picture nowadays has just about three choices. It can be a war picture, a college picture or a picture of the prize ring. *The Main Event* falls in the last class. Of course the prize fighter, Johnny Regan, played by Charles Delaney, has a sweetheart, Vera Reynolds, who stands by him through thick and thin, mostly thin, but this time at least there is a new twist to the plot. There is a quadrangle involved in the tangle of hearts and fists instead of the well-known triangle.

THE HYPNOTIST *Good*

Our Mr. Chaney, having well-nigh run the gamut of the physical horrors, and practically run out of entertaining physical horrors, now invades the realm of mental and psychological terrors for the purpose of causing those delectable chills to run up and down the calloused spine of the picture going fan. And nothing he has ever done, with the possible exception of *The Phantom of the Opera* makes him quite as horrible as in this latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer opus, where he goes about putting people into trances, but possibly he could get along without those pointed teeth which look so much like the kind you make out of orange peel to be realistic.

THE CITY GONE WILD *Good*

Thomas Meighan jumps on the crest of the crime wave. The success of *Underworld* is bringing a flood of crime pictures which provide pretty good entertainment. Here Mr. Meighan is once more an attorney, one of the rising young barrister roles that are such favorites with him. This time however, although his soul is clean he deals with questionable characters. In fact he is attorney for the underworld in the beginning. But he comes clean in the end, although several boys have to be killed off to effect the great change, and marries the girl and the audience goes home happy.

SADIE THOMPSON *Good*

Gloria Swanson acting just as tough as she can be in the role of Sadie Thompson, made famous by Jeanne Eagels in the stage play known as *Rain*. A heavy drama of assorted varieties of love and passion in the South Seas with dire consequences to some of the participants. Gloria Swanson has silks and furs too long to be quite convincing in the glad rags which are Sadie's idea of what the well-dressed gal should wear. The drama of Sadie's struggle sweeps everything before it, however, and creates a moving and dramatic story on the screen. Here and there, though one can observe the watchful eye of Mr. Will Hays, the movie mentor, seeing that everything is as it should be.

Reincarnating Venus

by MERTON of the Movies

"GO OUT and find a face that could launch a thousand ships!"

This was the command that issued forth from the casting office of Helen of Troy out at the Burbank studios recently. Helen of course, had been selected in the person of Marie Corda but Venus the goddess who went all the girls one better, was to be picked and according to the casting director she had to have a face that could do most anything.

"Now it is easy out here to find a face that would stop a clock," declared Alexander Korda, the director. "And it will be no small matter to find a face that would sink the ordinary battle ship. But to find one that will launch a thousand vessels as did the original Helen, well that is no small order."

So a contest was agreed upon.

Three judges would select Venus. Mr. Carey Wilson, the producer, Mr. Korda, the director and an editor of a fan magazine were to pick the girl. The call went out and hundreds of extras responded. Among them was one, Alice Adair, who for two years had been extraing in her small way around Hollywood. Alice had been told a thousand times that she was beautiful. No one had gone so far as to suggest the probability of the ship episode. But to vie with thousands of beautiful girls was something else again.

But let Alice tell in her own inimitable way just how she entered the contest.

"THE way I caught that bus at Highland Avenue for the studio in Burbank was nobody's business," began Alice. "I went through the gate marked "Extras" and modestly reported that I was on the lot.

Alice Adair, the little extra girl whose flawless figure won her the part of Venus.

"Half an hour later I was parading with hundreds of other girls before the judges. We walked up and down, up and down fast and slow, around and back again. I began to feel important. Then I glanced around and saw that array of feminine beauty and my importance vanished like the mist. It was the pick of the world in girls. What chance had I? I watched one beauty making a play for the judges. I saw her smile, smirk and deport herself in such a way as to attract his attention. 'She'll win I'm sure.' was my thought. So did the hundreds of spectators who gathered about the stands.

"Then, seeing that I had little chance, I decided that I would like to be an extra, just one of those girls who wear a Grecian gown and carry a spear or something. I had always liked to go bare footed anyway.

"The orchestra brought over from one of the popular ballrooms played a slow languorous waltz. Well, maybe after all there was a chance. The music stopped. The judges put their heads together and conferred.

"Mr. Korda stepped on the platform. In his hand he carried a golden apple, the sort that Paris was supposed to have given Venus in the good old Olympian days. 'Miss Alice Adair,' he shouted.

"I nearly swooned. Honest. It wasn't false modesty with me. I didn't think I had a chance."

"I WAS confused. I found I was holding the golden apple in my hand. I was looking up

Had old Zeus looked down from Mount Olympus and seen Helen and Venus do a Grecian dance, he would have roared with thunderous laughter. Here is Marie Corda, left, as the famous Helen and Alice Adair, right, as the beautiful Venus.

at Mr. Korda. The crowd broke into a roar of applause. Mr. Wilson, the Editor and Mr. Korda showered congratulations.

"The publicity men, photographers and attaches of the studios flocked around asking questions.

"For an instant I thought of the folks back home in Halls Valley, Oklahoma. They would never know the thrill that came to their little girl."

Accordingly to Alice, her two years of struggle in Hollywood had been bought and paid for with that contest. She was handed a contract, given the part of Venus de Milo and told to sign on the dotted line.

Of course it is some job living up to the reputation of Venus. Alice has confided, too, that she believes if Venus were living today in Hollywood that she wouldn't even get a job as an extra.

The most impressive spectacle in the film, *Helen of Troy* is the siege of Troy wherein thousands of extras are used. Lewis Stone and

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POSTAL POUCH

Questions and Answers —What you want to know about your favorite Players and Pictures.

Address all inquiries to the Postal Pouch, Screen Secrets Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minn.

SANDY: Ben Lyon is certainly the popular lad with the lassies these days. He's twenty-six years old and still single. If you write to him at First National, Burbank, California, he'll very likely send you the good picture you are hankering for. As for Clara Bow, she gets her mail at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California. So you like my answers? If you think they're great, you just ought to hear the questions I can ask myself!

P. M. Y.: Glad you like SCREEN SECRETS. Like the cigarettes—or is it coffee, or toothpaste, or tires?—we aim to satisfy. Anyhow, you'll find both Bebe Daniels and James Hall toiling over on the Paramount lot in Hollywood. But my dear young lady—or are you a D. Y. Man?—never, never expect your answer in "next month's issue" of anything! It takes two months for a magazine to go to press! You're mighty lucky if you hear three months after you write! All right. Class dismissed.

R. M. J.: Norma Shearer is 23 years old, while Clara Bow, Louise Brooks, and Laura La Plante are 22. Laura has a sister named Violet. Norma Shearer is married to Irving Thalberg, a film executive, while Laura La Plante is married to William Seiter, the director. The longest picture ever filmed may have been *Greed,* or *Ben Hur.* They say *The Wedding March* is as long as a Chinese opera—they last seven nights, you know. And *The King of Kings* was no half-reeler before it was cut, let me tell you! The most beautiful actress on the screen? Say, do you want me to get my head chopped off? I wouldn't dare tell you what I think, not while I value my fresh and blooming life.

FRANCES P.: You'll find Bebe Daniels, Clara Bow, and Esther Ralston over at Paramount, and Shirley Mason at the Columbia Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood. This is as near as I ever come to giving "personal addresses" of the stars.

BILLIE: Sigrid Holmquist played opposite Percy Marmont in *The Light That Failed.* Malcolm McGregor was the handsome young leading man with Ethel Clayton in *The Untamable.* Gertrude Olmstead played with Reginald Denny in *The Cheerful Fraud.* Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, and she is nee Bow. Jetta Goudal draws her pay check at the De Mille Studios in Culver City, and Lya de Putti is hard at work at Universal.

YVONNE B.: Surely, George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver send out photographs. Just don't forget to send 25c for each picture, to cover mailing costs. Janet Gaynor is now twenty-one years old. Lawrence Gray played with Madge Bellamy in *The Telephone Girl.* Sally O'Neil has recently been playing in *Lovelorn* out at M-G-M.

ROSIE F.: Jack Mulhall, Donald Reed, Natalie Kingston, and William Collier, Jr., can all be reached at the First National Studio, Burbank, California. Charles Ray is now at United Artists, Hollywood. Esther Ralston is under contract to Paramount, and Janet Gaynor can be reached at Fox Films. Trouble answering your nice letter? Your words are dropped petals, Rosie. Come again!

D. M. B.: Try addressing Betty Compson at M-G-M. Sally O'Neil gets her mail there, too. Dolores Costello is under contract to Warner Brothers. Clara Bow and Mary Brian are at Paramount; Vera Reynolds at De Mille, Culver City; Virginia Lee Corbin at First National, Burbank; and Olive Borden at Fox. Olive's name is not "Petite." That is just a French word meaning "tiny"—and she is.

ELIZABETH P.: Richard Talmadge was born December 3, 1898, and is 5 feet 8 inches tall. He weighs about 160. His real name was Richard Metzetti. Colleen Moore is 24 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs 110. She was born in Port Huron, Michigan. She is about to start on a new picture, but it is not as yet titled, so I can't tell you what it will be. *Lilac Time* and *Baby Face* are on her program this year, so look out for them.

FLOSSIE W.: Why, a feature player is one whose name is a box-office drawing card, and who usually works in support of a star, or in a cast made up of feature players. Mary Brian was born Louise Dantzler, while Richard Dix first saw the light of day as Peter Brimmer. Now you'd never have guessed it, would you? I'd say they have played in about three pictures together. Fie, fie! Of course Tom Mix and Buck Jones are daring men. They can do everything their doubles can do, and a good deal more. Why don't the doubles

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MOVIE HISTORY IN THE MAKING TEN YEARS AGO

Selected by the Editor from the Newspapers and Periodicals of 1918

AN EPOCH in aviation photography has been reached by movie men in the taking of sensational pictures from a plane at Miami, Fla. A few weeks ago, Second Lieutenant S. L. Rothapfel (now the famous Roxey) and his assistants went to the Marine training camp to secure aviation pictures.

The photographers placed one machine on the top of a tower and another on the ground in order to film the aviators. This proved unsatisfactory after one of the sergeants found that the planes just missed the top of his campaign hat and that he could not hold them within focus of the camera. So he got the bright idea to hop into a plane, placing his camera so that the stunt plane was always within proper distance. So gratifying were the results that it was decided to show the pictures in houses throughout the country.

TO take her mind off the illness of her mother, Anna Held who is fighting bravely with death, Liane Held Carrera has gone into motion pictures and is now supporting Virginia Pearson in a Fox production, which is in work at the Blackton studio in Brooklyn.

REX BEACH defines the making of motion pictures as a "publishing business in a new form with a dash of showmanship thrown in to make it harder." Beach thinks the author of a screen story should be consulted before the scenario editor and the continuity writer makes changes in the script.

COMEDIES have failed over and over again on the screen for the same reason. Some directors see to it that the reasons are not repeated but others seem to be unable to profit by mistakes.

The other day a comedy failed because a tiny baby appeared in the scene. The hero, a young man in a hurry, joggled the baby on his knee until it cried. This action was unnecessary on the hero's part and people stopped laughing to sympathize with the baby. This might have passed without notice, but in every scene the baby appeared thereafter it cried and was roughly handled. There was deliberate mis-use of good material—one or two smiles from a baby will often bring success to a comedy but a constantly crying baby excites pity and spoils the humor. This is an old offense and one of the biggest reasons why comedies fail to go over.

Colleen Moore, right, and Dorothy Devore as they appeared ten years ago in Christie Comedies. Colleen hasn't changed much, has she?

MARGUERITE CLARK, in a series of productions under the direction of Marshall Neilan, of which the first *Out of a Clear Sky* is another important event in our plans. The combination of Miss Clark and Mr. Neilan offers an unusual producing team. For years these two have been co-workers in our studio, Neilan having appeared as a leading man in many of Miss Clark's pictures. He now returns as a director, full fledged, as disclosed by his work in a recent Mary Pickford picture.

The debut of Fred Stone as an Artcraft star will be one of the outstanding events of the industry. Mr. Stone's first picture is a circus story by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Shirley Mason will be given a vehicle that fits her youth and beauty as will Ethel Clayton.

PAULINE FREDERICK is considered the biggest box office attraction of the year.

Six features have been secured for her including, *Zaza, Bella Donna, The Eternal City, The Woman in the Case* and *Sappho.*

THE return of John Barrymore to Paramount Pictures marks the reappearance on the screen of a man who is making first rank as a leading American actor in

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PULSATING PROBLEMS

Intimate Advice to Those in Love from Aunt Kate

DEAREST Aunt Kate: I am just a junior high school girl and I am madly in love with a fellow that graduated this June. He is very popular and I cannot get a chance to talk to him or see him personally. But he does not know me so well. So will you please, dearest Aunt Kate, tell me what is best to do to win him?—HELEN M. A.

My dear, if you do not know the young man very well, how can you possibly be in love with him? True love is based on understanding and a community of interests. These come only from knowing a person very thoroughly. Just be as popular as you can with your own crowd. If you have friends in his set, cultivate them, and in this way you will probably see more of this particular young man. When you are around him, be your sweet, natural self—that's the best thing you can do to win any man. But if I were you, dear, I'd have just lots of good friends but wouldn't think seriously of anyone for a long time—at least, not until you have finished high school.

YOUNG MOTHER: Yours is a very difficult problem, indeed. If you and the young man are genuinely in love with each other, it seems right that you should plan to marry when you are a little older. In the meantime, it is up to both of you to forget the past and build toward the sort of future that is the right of every girl. A mistake in the past does not mean a ruined future if you earnestly try remaking your life along a happier, better pattern. If it is possible to gain your sister's confidence, can't you ask her help in untangling your problem? Or can't you have a frank talk with your doctor, who knows you both and all the circumstances? He should be able to give you sane and unprejudiced advice. Write me again if I can be of further help; and if you like, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. I wish you a world of happiness.

Dear Aunt Kate: We're having an argument as to whether or not a brunette should wear blue or lavender. I can't wear either one, but my girl friend says these are two of the best colors, brunettes can wear. Who is right?—HAZEL R.

The chances are that both of you are right. Lavender is an excellent color for a brunette provided her skin is clear. If your skin has a yellowish tinge, you can not wear lavender, for it will make you look sallow. Avoid the extremely light shades of blue. You can wear navy or dark blue, of course. If your complexion is clear, you can also wear the new bright shades that are so popular. You see, it isn't so much your hair and eyes as your skin that determines your proper shades.

If your parents were going to force you to marry a man you didn't love, what would you do? Why, the intelligent girl would write Aunt Kate a letter asking her advice!

There is no need for a heart problem when things can be settled by this sympathetic adviser.

Dear Aunt Kate: How long an engagement is customary? Who chooses the engagement ring? Which is correct, "fiance" or "fiancee"? How is it pronounced? Many thanks.—J. L. B.

Engagements may be any length; but long-drawn-out engagements are less frequent now than formerly. The future bride selects the style of the engagement ring, as well as the wedding ring. Fiance is the man, and fiancee is the woman.

Dear Aunt Kate: I heard that a boy friend said something about me to another girl, so I wouldn't speak to him or let him try to explain. Now I've found out the other girl was just trying to make trouble between us, because she was jealous of me. What can I do to win him back to me?—BABS.

Stories like that are almost always spread simply to cause trouble, and you were very foolish to take it seriously enough to break into your friendship with the boy. Just be nice to him from now on when you see him. If he ever asks you why you have acted as you have, explain that you foolishly believed something that he was reported to have said—and then forget the unpleasantness altogether. Try, after this, to accept friendship as unquestionably as any other gift.

Dear Aunt Kate: An awfully nice young man wants to marry me, but I am not sure I love him. He is good

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Our Baby Starlet

Peggy Eames Won Screen Secrets' Contest—and a place in "Our Gang"

LITTLE Peggy Eames, who is literally one of "Our Gang" since it was SCREEN SECRETS that gave Peggy her big chance in pictures, has set to work in earnest this winter.

Peggy's manager believes the little star shows promise of becoming an actress of great ability and that if her youthful talent is developed properly she will scale the heights of success even as other child actresses have scaled them, Mary Pickford included.

Peggy's versatility and clever stage work was proven beyond a question of a doubt, the past year when she took the lead role with "Mickey" Daniels, the freckled red haired kid in "Our Gang," a juvenile comedy produced by the Hal Roach studios. Later Peggy and Mickey made a vaudeville tour of the country. It was on this tour that the two kids learned how many, many children in cities, towns and villages had enjoyed their antics on the screen.

ALREADY Peggy has had offers to work in Australia and England, but her mother, Mrs. Mary Eames, of Los Angeles does not believe in rushing the little girl at this stage of the game.

Unlike little boys, who, after quitting short pants in the so-called awkward age, must retire from the screen for a time as did Jackie Coogan, there seems to be no reason why Peggy should be interrupted. A longer skirt, a little more matured make-up and when Peggy gets ready to depart from her juvenile roles it will be an easy matter for her to slip into the sweet sixteen age of ingenue.

Miss Virginia Lee Corbin, now a contracted player, but who was a juvenile just a short time ago is a fair example.

Peggy got her chance in pictures through a contest conducted by SCREEN SECRETS MAGAZINE. Out of a number of contestants the little girl was chosen for a trip to Hollywood. Peggy, under the chaperonage of her mother, made most of opportunities. It wasn't long ere she came to the attention of the directors of kid comedies.

THEN when her big chance came and Peggy was signed for lead roles in the Hal Roach comedies, Peggy made good just as every one expected.

Between pictures, Peggy goes

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A Million or Bust

(*Continued from page 26*)

don't give a da—a darn about anything but you. I'll tear up my contract with Superior—"

For a second time Jimmy brought the roadster to a halt.

"Violet!" he exclaimed. "Now you're rubbing it in! You're kidding me!"

"I'm not—because—well, couldn't we get along on that, Jimmy?" She pleaded for an answer and smiled at him.

"You bet we could," Jimmy almost shouted, grabbing her tightly to him and holding her as though he'd never let her go.

"I know so. Let's try it, Jimmy."

Jimmy was stunned, too stunned to refuse, too stunned to do more than drive on and on in a sort of speechless, thoughtless stupor.

HE reached the Superior Studios and never knew it, would have driven past the place had not Violet stopped him.

The grounds were well lighted and he noticed a long line of actors and actresses piling through the gate. A small group or two were standing idly about, laughing, talking animatedly.

Jimmy jumped out and stood beside Violet. They stood there without speaking for a moment or two and then, suddenly, Violet threw her arms about him and kissed him fervently.

"Let's do it, Jimmy," she whispered passionately. "Let's get a license tomorrow and surprise them all!"

"But, Violet—" he protested feebly.

She kissed him again.

"I could stay with the Superior people for a while. Until you got straightened around again. It won't take you long. We could get a little apartment, Jimmy."

"I know. But, Violet . . . ."

"Promise," she begged, her lips close to his.

"All right. I promise."

And then a voice broke in upon them. A sharp, thin voice. Belknapp came down the walk, frowning, never knowing that Jimmy was near.

"You're just in time, Violet," the director managed to smile. He took her by the arm and led her up the walk to the gate. Jimmy waited until she turned her head and threw him a kiss. Then he started the car and drove furiously home.

At two o'clock the next afternoon he was at Violet's apartment and with her at his side, drove downtown to obtain the license.

The marriage license was obtained upon a Thursday; the wedding was scheduled for the morning of the following Tuesday. On Friday Jimmy thankfully received his pay-check from the cashier; and for one week he saved his money.

Monday came—and such a Monday! All of the future, nothing present—nothing that Jimmy was conscious of.

Nine o'clock saw Jimmy at his desk and caught up with his work. He returned from lunch at one and had scarcely seated himself at his desk when a coatless, hatless, wild-eyed and frenzied human wreck burst through the door. The wreck rushed to the center of the room, danced three steps of some crazy, savage dance, then flung both arms high above his head.

"Wheee-ee-ee! Superior Studio stock's gone crazy!"

The uproar brought Sam Danton from his sanctum. He forced his way through the clerks now circled about the wild-eyed herald.

"What in Sam Hill's all the noise about?" he demanded bruskly.

"Somebody's raising hell with Superior Film," Jimmy shouted at him.

SAM DANTON rocked on his toes and heels, thoughtful for a moment. Then he whirled his bulk and started back for the sanctum door. By the door he turned his head and barked over a shoulder:

"Jimmy! Come 'ere!"

Jimmy obediently trotted into the private office.

"Shut the door!" his uncle commanded.

Jimmy shut the door and stood with his back against it.

"You mentioned five hundred shares of that stock the other day," the elder Danton spoke crisply. "Shares you could buy cheap."

"Yes, sir."

"Think you still can get them? Tonight?"

Marion Nixon in her new peach karacul coat trimmed with peach fox fur can answer the question, "Ain't she sweet?"

"I—I—" It was on the very tip of Jimmy's tongue to tell his uncle that he could get them in about one and a half minutes; that the same five hundred shares of stock reposed in the upper right-hand drawer in his desk in the outer office. But his uncle might follow up the same telling with any number of embarrassing questions so Jimmy shut his teeth down on the sentence, bit it off and swallowed it.

"Can you get them—tonight?"

"I think so. Yes, sir; I'm pretty sure that I can."

"Then go to it!" snapped his uncle. "Go get them before it gets noised around the whole town that the lid is off. Here's a good chance for you to make some easy money. Beat it!"

Jimmy turned to the door, put his hand on the knob, turned it; then he hesitated. His uncle had cried for speed, but it would be just as well not to show too much speed. The chance to make some easy money was all right, but here was the chance to show a little cleverness, too.

"But—but" he stammered, and he did it nicely. "How much will a share be worth now?"

"Get it as cheap as you can, of course," said Uncle. He ran his fat fingers through his disordered white hair. "Get it as cheap as possible—that's the game! But pay par if you must!"

"Par! Five hundred shares would be fifty thousand at par!"

Uncle nodded.

"Sure! Pay it if necessary. I know you haven't that much money, but give 'em your check. I'll make up what you lack and have it at your bank the first thing in the morning."

THAT was enough for Jimmy. He swung out the door and sped from the office. He danced across the outer room, directly to his desk. Casting a sweeping glance about the room which was now deserted, he pulled open the upper right-hand drawer and snatched up the sheaf of stock certificates and shoved them in a pocket. Then he buttoned his coat and hurried into the corridor just in time to catch a descending elevator.

Out of the building and into the street he rushed. He made it snappy, full of pep, sort of excited. It was possible that his uncle was watching him from the sanctum windows. On the curb he paused, long enough to scan the traffic moving up and down the street. He scanned it for a taxi; luck was with him—one came in sight. Jimmy signaled it; the taxi swung up to the curb. Jimmy jumped in and gave the man a downtown direction. The chauffeur nodded, though he had the look of some surprise. The taxi shot away. A few minutes later the cab drew up before a movie theater. Jimmy debarked, paid the toll and sauntered into the theater.

At seven o'clock, in the darkened interior of the theater, Jimmy glanced at his watch. He reached under the seat, got his hat and left the house of the silvered screen.

He walked home at a brisk gait that developed into a sprint the last half

block. He was panting as though he had been running for miles when he reached his destination.

His uncle dropped his paper and jumped from his chair when Jimmy almost foundered coming through the library door. He was waving a sheaf of gilt-edged certificates aloft in his hand.

"Got 'em!" he panted. "Got 'em!"

He threw them toward his uncle.

"H'm!" the latter said. "Marsh's name on 'em! How much did you have to pay him?"

"For—forty thousand!" Jimmy puffed.

"That's eighty a share," figured his uncle. "Not so bad! Does Marsh know what's been going on?"

"N-no," Jimmy said truthfully. "I don't think he does. Not when I bought them, anyway."

"The old boy's hard up. About down and out. Anyway, he told me he needed some quick money to pay off a mortgage or something on the house."

"Um!" Danton suddenly recalled Marsh's visit to the sanctum of a few days before. "I guess that's right. I'd forgotten about that." He folded up the certificates and piled them neatly upon the table. Then he looked at Jimmy.

"Ever think of getting married, Jimmy?"

"Huh? Married?"

It was a bomb, no less. Jimmy's thoughts had been concerned solely with Superior Film stock, so much so that he had forgotten the calendar day. Now it came to him with a suddenness that actually jolted him that it was Monday. Monday—and tomorrow was Tuesday. And Tuesday was—

"Lord!" Jimmy breathed with a great deal of feeling. "Yes, sir, I have thought of it—lately, you know. I expect I'll get married some day—some day."

His uncle smiled. "Of course! It's the proper thing to do, Jimmy. But it takes money to be married these days."

"Ye-ah! About a million, maybe."

"Well, maybe! But that's stretching it out to quite an extreme."

Jimmy nodded.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking about it," he said. "First I thought maybe ten thousand would be enough."

His uncle chuckled. "Bet that was when you tackled this stock?"

"You win!"

"Then what happened?"

Jimmy flushed.

"Then—then I got the notion that maybe forty thousand odd wasn't enough, that I ought to make a million—or bust!"

"It's a might fine thing to be ambitious," laughed his uncle, "that is, provided you don't try to chew off more than you can swallow. That means—bust—when you do. I think I can get around that part all right. I just had Izzy Baum on the phone."

"Baum? Been fishing him for another tip?"

"Not this time. In fact, I handed him a tip."

"What about?" Jimmy was all interest.

"Superior Film."

Less interest. Jimmy just failed to get it.

"IT'S this way, Jimmy," his uncle proceeded to explain. "Baum's been rather heavily interested in the stock. Both he and Marsh. But Baum says there is going to be a great reorganization war in the film industry and he wants to get his share of the cream when it's over. Superior Film was driven down so the wise guys could snap it up. As it turns out now, Superior Film is the key—or will be—to the whole situation. Baum wants all he can get. The boys know he's willing to pay and the price has shot up sky-high."

"In that case," announced Jimmy, "I'd better hang on to what I've got."

"No, I wouldn't hang onto it. It's worth more to Baum than you can get for it on the market. Besides, it may shoot down again. As long as Baum is after control he'll cough up. He's been quietly picking up all kinds of film stock in bunches here and there. Well, I phoned him tonight after you left the office. I just talked with him again as you breezed in and he is within five hundred shares of owning fifty-one per cent of all Superior stock."

"Did you tell him I had five hundred shares cornered?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes."

"How much'll he give?"

"How much do you think?"

Jimmy pondered a moment. "A hundred thousand?"

His uncle struck a match and held it to his cigar. He was exasperatingly slow about it.

"Just two hundred—and fifty—thousand," he answered.

Jimmy closed his eyes to shut out the sight of the reeling room.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand!" he heard his voice say, off in the distance somewhere.

"And he won't give another jit, neither. Take it or leave it. Furthermore he wants your decision by midnight."

Midnight! Jimmy glanced at his watch. It was within two minutes of nine o'clock. Three hours of grace in which to make up his mind to accept or reject the offer—and Jimmy used just three seconds.

"Sell 'im," he yelled at his uncle. "Sell 'im. You tell 'im. I've got to make a call!" Then a thought struck him. "But don't let him have 'em, uncle, until he promises to throw Belknapp out of the Superior company!" he added. "Make him promise that or keep 'em!

"Make him promise to throw that bird right out on his head or I won't do business. You know that director has been making love to Violet and I won't stand for that," continued Jimmy quite heatedly. "No throw, no business and I. Baum must be made to realize that at the beginning."

(*Continued in February issue*)

Postal Pouch

(*Continued from page* 82)

get screen credit for what they do? Well, it's rather like mentioning the baking powder every time you eat a biscuit. They only help contribute to the whole. You see, if somebody is going to break his neck doing stunts, it had better not be the star, or there'd be a world full of unhappy people. If a double sprains his ankle jumping off a cliff, the company loses only $100 a day; but if Tom were laid up, Fox would be out just about $3000! Now you see. Or do you? I think several Latin stars have been publicized as Rudolph Valentino's successor; but nobody has really taken his place. Don Alvarado seems to be the nearest thing to Rudy, but it is still too soon to tell. Valentino himself played the part of the father as well as of the son in *Son of a Sheik*. His brother is still in Hollywood, but he is not acting. There, now, Flossie, don't ever say I've not done anything for you! But come again.

Joseph D.: Norma Shearer is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City. It is against our policy to give the home address of stars even in "a very important case." Write to Miss Shearer in care of her studio.

Margaret B.: Donald Reed played opposite Colleen Moore in *Naughty But Nice*. Both can be reached at the First National Studios, Burbank, California. Yes, I agree with you—they are mighty fine actors! By all means tell them so when you write for their photos!

Randolph Tye: Chanute, Kansas, announces that he has a Ronald Colman Club, to which the dues are twenty-five cents a year.

Ellis A.: William Desmond and Jack Perrin are playing in Universal Pictures. Buddy Roosevelt and Buffalo Bill, Jr., can be reached at Action Pictures, 861 Seward St., Hollywood, California; and Leo Maloney has his own producing center at 1442 Beachwood Drive, Hollywood. You seem to like the two-gun he-men of the plains. Well, I don't blame you—I take to 'em myself!

Hollywood Nights Entertainment

(*Continued from page 27*)

man," it seems, the fine three-masted schooner used by Zane Grey in sailing the South Seas. And it was only a few short weeks ago that she shouted to her congregation that "Mother has taken all I have and I am penniless! Give! Give! Give!"

The man in the case? It is whispered that Aimee was no more free from the courts in the Armiston charges, than she conceived a violent liking for a publicity man she engaged from the Hearst papers, **Ralph Jordan.** This well known Los Angeles newspaperman aided her in conducting her national campaign and accompanied her party on this journey.

And other hard working $40 a week newspaper men about town are looking at Jordan's new Lincoln car with envy and wish they could be asked on yachting trips, too!

★ ★ ★

ALL talk of **Ramon Novarro's** entering a monastery is all haywire according to his latest actions. It seems that when **Elsie Janis** began rehearsals here for *Oh Kay* she met Novarro at a party and they fell promptly in love. They have been together constantly and Novarro even gave a smart dinner party in honor of Miss Janis. When it was time for the Janis company to go to San Francisco and other way points, Elsie promptly "lost her voice" and let an understudy take her place. She is recuperating at her home in Beverly Hills and the romance goes blithely on. Elsie lost a fiance in the World War and it is said she has not been interested in any man until she met Novarro.

★ ★ ★

THE separation of the **Edwin Carewes** has amazed Hollywood. It was only a month before the parting of the ways that Mrs. Carewe (Mary Akin) gave birth to a second baby, and all was considered blissful peace in the Carewe menage.

Evidently, the trip taken by **Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Mary Akin** and **Carewe** to Mexico in May, 1925, is proving a matrimonial disaster all around.

Mary Akin was married to a Thomas Armstrong, Chicago business man, before she came west to play in the movies and to get a divorce. Carewe was also previously divorced. The director has left the magnificent home he built for his second bride in Beverly Hills and taken up his home at the Hollywood Athletic Club, the domicile of many men who have "had words at home."

★ ★ ★

YOUNG **Douglas Fairbanks, Junior,** must be feeling a bit embarrassed right now. When **Helene Costello** returned from New York, Doug, Jr., and his mother were right down at the pier to greet his lady love. That was in the early part of July.

In September, Helene wed her childhood sweetheart, **John Regan,** son of **Colonel James Regan** of Washington, out in Hollywood before all her friends but the fact has just been disclosed that Helene went through a previous ceremony with Regan at Port Chester, New York, on June 20. The ardent easterner would not let her return to Hollywood until the ceremony had been performed.

So, when the equally ardent Douglas went to the dock to greet his lady love, he, unknowingly, was welcoming a married lady!

★ ★ ★

THE gossip about town is that **Nils Asther** and **Vivian Duncan** will never wed. Not that Miss Vivian is not keen about the match, for it is said she is wildly in love with the foreign player and that she and her famous sister are giving up their stage engagements in London in order to return to Hollywood and make more pictures.

Nils, it is reported, in his fiance's absence has declaimed that "I will never marry Miss Duncan until I have as much money as she has!" Which is, in itself, a noble thought. But does that account for Nils evident inclination to flirt with every pretty star in town and to play the field, even to calling again on **"Bubbles" Wilson,** who brought him from abroad after her love fiasco with **Frank Tinney?**

★ ★ ★

NEAL BURNS, because he has been a Hollywood bachelor for thirteen years and played in comedies with pretty girls all that time, could easily be elected President of the "Love and Learn Club."

However, Eddie has fallen all in a heap this time, and is going to wed **Joan Marquise,** one of the beautiful maidens who graced the Hollywood Music Box Revue just before she went into pictures.

★ ★ ★

THE stork never does bring potential starlets to some Hollywood homes at all, but if he is on the way with a tiny comedian, he is very slow about flapping in with the news.

Now according to **Juanita Montanya,** nineteen-year-old dancer who is suing **Wallace Beery** for $1,000,000 for assaulting her, the girl was visiting at the Beery home in November, 1926, when said assault occured. But she sues in October, 1927, and baby has not yet arrived!

Miss Montanya has made herself known plenty about Hollywood since she arrived from New York two years ago. She was once arrested for hanging around the **Richard Dix** estate with an automatic wrapped in a blue hanky, and when the police came around to her hotel to question her, she let go six bullets before they overpowered her. Then she was sent to a home for the wayward for a time, and upon being discharged, enlisted the sympathy of the Beery family and was taken into their home for a few weeks. And now, a lot of damaging publicity for Beery.

"She's in the Hoosegow, Now," would be a fine title for the next Beery vehicle, for the district attorney's office has figured it a plain case of blackmail, and has caused the dancer to be locked up—the dancer who wants to be a tragedienne.

★ ★ ★

IS ALL this talk about a separation in the **Tom Mix** family so much "applesauce" after all? The Mrs. is back from a long trip abroad, but it is a well known fact that Tom tells his friends he wishes he didn't have the responsibilities of wealth—was without a nickel, in fact, and could lead a nomadic life again traveling about the world with western shows. And to prove that he means what he says, he has told the Fox Company and others that on the expiration of his contract, he is not going to play in pictures again, but wants to join a big circus and travel all over the land. And be-

ing independent financially, Tom will probably carry out his wish.

★ ★ ★

ESTELLE TAYLOR is coming in for no little amount of censure for her conduct during and after the **Dempsey-Sharkey** bout and just before the **Tunney** fight with her ex-champ husband. She developed temperament, became "ill" and it was even reported she was about to become a mother about the time the Sharkey bout was over. Then Jack hurried back to the coast, and the "nervous" spells were over and they appeared everywhere in public again, Estelle the picture of health.

Flynn and the other officials of his latest bout, did not want Estelle in Chicago during the training period, but East she came, and it is said, insisted Jack take her to movies and theaters in the evening. Flynn also wanted Jack to make golf a part of his routine, but it is said Estelle objected to the long hours consumed by this game.

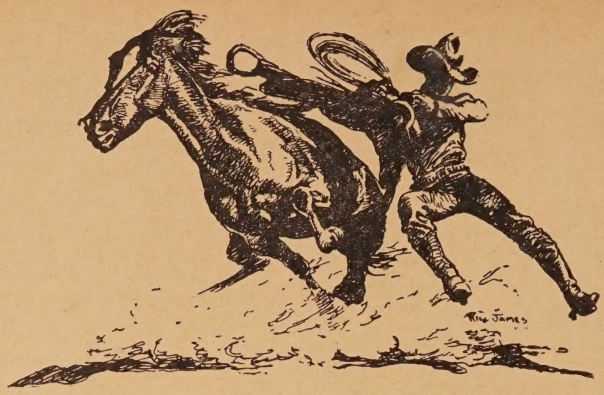
Anyhow, the fight was lost even if Estelle did receive two offers, one to play the lead opposite **Emil Jannings** in *The General* and another to play opposite **Conrad Veidt** in *The Man Who Laughed.*

Hollywood thinks Estelle has shown poor sportsmanship and is wondering how she will conduct herself when another Tunney bout takes place.

★ ★ ★

MAE MURRAY, because she had two rather bad stories handed her after her phenomenal success in *The Merry Widow* threw up her contract at M-G-M. in a huff and dashed off to Europe.

Now, since her return, Mae has involved herself in four troublesome law suits—one over her house and furnishings, one over an apartment house she owns and a couple of others over investment matters. United Artists, it is rumored, and several other studios do not want the temperamental and troublesome Mae on their lots. She has signed for a personal appearance tour in a dancing act in some of the big California Theaters at $50,000 a week and a share of the box office. Mae's new prince husband occupies himself chiefly with tennis and is of no business help to Mae in her lawsuits, it is said.



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Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 40)

A ROMANCE is hinted at between **Marion Nixon** and **Wesley Ruggles,** director. Miss Nixon was recently divorced from **Joe Benjamin,** boxer.

★ ★ ★

WILLIAM V. MONG has now joined the ranks of divorced picture actors. He was profane and abusive declared his wife, **Mildred Ella Mong,** in securing her decree. The couple had been married ten years.

★ ★ ★

HAZEL DEANE has secured her divorce from **Hugh W. Anderson,** Hollywood Turkish bath owner, concluding a tangled romance with many aspects of comedy in it. Miss Deane married Anderson in Nevada last July, the securing of a license being easier in that neighboring state, and Anderson was also supposed to be on a trip of inspection to a gold mine he owned there. After the ceremony was performed, however, Miss Deane found that he owned no gold mine in Nevada, but only a bath house in Hollywood. It developed, moreover, that he had married her in a fit of anger at a former sweetheart, a Hollywood milliner, with whom he had quarreled. The couple lived together only three days.

★ ★ ★

THE marital adventures of **Cullen Landis** still continue to engross Hollywood. A divorce having just been secured from his first wife, he immediately married **Loca Hearne,** a childhood sweetheart. Miss Hearne is a divorcee, but has never appeared on the stage or screen. The marriage ceremony was performed at Tia Juana. Landis' first wife, who recently had him thrown in jail for non-payment of alimony, is still making trouble for the actor. He was again arrested on a complaint by this ex-wife on the charge of failing to provide for his two minor children for whose support he is supposed to pay $350 a month.

★ ★ ★

EDNA MURPHY went to New York for the purpose of buying a trousseau with which to wed **Mervin LeRoy,** First National director. She has purchased the necessary clothes, but now rumors have it that it is not Mervin LeRoy whom she will wed.

★ ★ ★

TWO of Hollywood's famous "doubles" are about to wed. **Peggy Fortune** is the girl and she boasts a pair of legs so beautiful that film stars with less attractive underpinnings engage Miss Fortune to do pedular close-ups. **Duke Greene,** Peggy's intended, risks his neck for the big he-men male stars of the screen.

★ ★ ★

A NEWCOMER to Hollywood inquired of **Lowell Sherman** the state of the health of his wife, **Pauline Garon** the other day. The newcomer was evidently unaware that a divorce was pending.

"My dear child," advised Sherman, "don't you Hollywood girls know that you should only inquire after a man's mother?—Never ask about his wife."

★ ★ ★

JUST to prove what a rough life the Hollywood girls have, **Patricia Avery** had no sooner been engaged by **Trem Carr** of the California Studio for a part in a new picture, when Trem himself struck her with his automobile as she was crossing a street. Patricia's injuries were not serious, however, and other producers are commenting that it's poor business to kill your company before the picture is finished.

★ ★ ★

TWO hot headed South Americans who fell in love and announced their engagement just a little while ago, now tell the world that the romance has had time to cool, and it's all off. They are **Christine Montt,** well known Chilean actress and **Mario Marana** who also plays in pictures. Just a few months ago, our columns disclosed that Christine spent last winter in Buenos Aires and was much in the company of an American lawyer while in the South American city. A Hollywood youth committed suicide a year or so ago, naming a blighted romance with Christine as the cause. She was formerly the wife of the Chilean consul in Seattle.

Hollywood's Cradle Days

(*Continued from page* 50)

a shining light in the hearts of the world.

But Hollywood did not grow much. As late as 1903 there was a city ordinance which prohibited the driving of sheep in flocks of more than 2,000 down the street which is now Hollywood Boulevard. Such was Hollywood's first traffic problem. Now it is all one can do to drive a car through the traffic.

HOLLYWOOD was a good town in those days. There were no "town loafers." No liquor was sold there. It did not even have a jail. When someone offended against the law, or disturbed the peace, G. T. Gower, the town marshal, who is still alive, and for whom Gower street was named, would simply lock him in the spare bedroom of his home. It was Hollywood's age of innocence.

But influences had already been at work in far off places which were to transform Hollywood in the twinkling of an eye from a placid country town to a hustling city, which were to make it wealthy beyond dreams, and famous throughout the world.

At that time an obscure young man, was experimenting with penny peep shows in glittering arcades in the cheaper quarters of large cities, where you turned a crank and watched pictures revolve, simulating motion. It was the late Marcus Loew, whose death recently stunned the industry.

From this humble beginning came the motion picture. But films were well under way, in fact there were movie theaters throughout the country, in almost every town of any size, before the industry came to Hollywood.

The Hollywood of younger days still survives in those earlier families to whom it is only a home, rather than a hive of industry. Perhaps they resent the intrusion of the great dynamo of industry into their peaceful paradise. Yet to those who hung onto their land, or to their descendants, it brought a fortune.

However, they are almost lost among the great army of new comers, of immigrants from other countries and other parts of this country, to whom Hollywood has been the touchstone of fortune. Only once a year, they are paid homage, when Hollywood celebrates its birth.

In the year 1911, the motion picture industry came to Hollywood. Its beginnings were humble in the extreme, only significant as the cradle of the great growth that was to follow.

(*To be concluded in the next issue*)

NOTE: Read the remarkable story of what the motion picture industry did for a nameless country town in the space of a few years. Hollywood's own story beggars description in romance and wonder.

Reincarnating Venus

(*Continued from page* 81)

Ricardo Cortez are featured players. The casting over, work in the picture was great fun according to Alice. The director, Alexander Korda and his wife, Marie, who assumed the lead role and who were just recently imported from Hungary for the occasion, lent a continental atmosphere over the sets.

Marie is said to be quite temperamental and tempestuous, which always adds a dash of flavor in one's work.

MAE MURRAY and her Prince David Mdivani are still getting along it seems. When Mae came back alone from Europe, tongues were wagging, but Mae named the day that her Prince would return, and right on schedule, the youthful husband arrived just as Mae said he would.

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Sennett Gossips About Girls

(*Continued from page 60*)

dug down for a foot or two and struck solid rock! I've been drilling for a year now—things aren't always as easy as they look!" he added ruthfully.

A year or two ago a magazine published an article about Mr. Sennett—an article in which he was represented as a crude boor—a man who said "dese—dem—dose" when he talked. I was not surprised to find him so simple and so kindly but I was surprised to find that he talked a good deal like a college professor—philosophically and very intelligently. One can learn a lot of interesting things about life from Mack Sennett.

"WHAT is the secret of greatness?" I asked him suddenly. "Why is it that some people make a great success of life and others fail—fail in spite of the fact that their talents are as big and in spite of the fact that they have worked equally as hard?"

He thought a moment before he answered.

"Of course work and talent are necessary to success but I believe that the ability to relax, to do things simply and without straining for effect—that is a definite part of success, Have you ever noticed with what simplicity, what lack of effort for pretence the great artist plays the piano, or violin, or sings or acts, or paints? Perhaps inspiration carries them along? Perhaps it is love or reverence for what they are doing, or because they have so perfected their technique that they forget it entirely?

"Though technique is something earned and the great artist seems to be born with a sense of ease and familiarity toward his work. The feeling of relaxation is always there —I've noticed it!"

He sat, half sprawled, in his big chair as he spoke, his thoughts miles away pondering on the subject of greatness. Outside his door a dozen assistants were waiting to consult with him. Below in the hot sun the studio hummed with activity waiting for his final word before any new project was started, but Sennett sat there unruffled, unworried. He was mulling over an idea. If any man has perfected the technique of making comedies—that man is Sennett. He had a right to sit there unruffled and unworried.

As I made my way out of the studio the kindness, the frank friendliness of Sennett's handclasp stayed with me. The twinkle that had been in his eyes made me laugh whenever I thought of him. A man who was once a "Keystone cop" and who is now a national figure. A man who found for us Chaplin, Langdon, Turpin and bathing girls. A man who gives the world the thing it most needs—LAUGHTER. A connoisseur of girls, yes, and a philanthropist.

Brief Reviews of Current Films

(*Continued from page 6*)

MOCKERY—Lon Chaney wears Russian boots and shaggy hair. Just another characterization made ordinary by a mediocre story.

*RESURRECTION—To equal a Tolstoy story book with a Tolstoy screen play is no little task. Therefore, much praise to Edwin Carewe, to Rod La Rocque, to Dolores del Rio, to others.

HARD BOILED HAGGERTY—Sky high for entertainment. Milton Sills astride an airship much better than Mr. Sills hunting diamonds.

PAINTING THE TOWN—Clever film farce with Glenn Tryon doing well opposite Patsy Ruth Miller.

*CAMILLE—Norma Talmadge can be wicked when she wants to be, but she just has to be captivating.

*LES MISERABLES—Victor Hugo might have resented this not too successful attempt to boil down his classic into a two-hour entertainment, but then Hugo always was quite critical.

*UNDERWORLD—Let's see what it's all about.

*HULA—And now Clara Bow has been everything except a society queen. The title gives away her role here.

*CHANG—Proving that heroes, heroines and villains can be grown to order. A real big classic of the screen in which elephants are pictured in their private lives before signing up for the big tops.

*TWELVE MILES OUT—John Gilbert is arrogant enough in this story to be almost disappointing. Excuse this disposition and you will appreciate an absorbing picture.

TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS—We should say that a good thirteenth would be to see Esther Ralston in this play, prettier than ever before.

SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE—Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill are together again with a pleasing yarn and a lot of laughs.

*SEVENTH HEAVEN—The stage play cleverly done in pictures.

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE—Showing how collegiate capers can begin in a tenement town.

*THE ROUGH RIDERS—They do a lot of things you were taught in school and also a few you weren't.

*SUNRISE—The German touch again, well done and like a well done steak very hard to digest for some.

THREE MILES UP—Just another melodrama with Al Wilson, stunt flier, furnishing some breath-taking thrills.

*ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST—Romance that is splendidly enacted and beautifully photographed. Mary Astor and Gilbert Roland bear out the adage that all audiences love a lover.

RUNNING WILD—W. C. Fields shows that he can be really funny in the films.

*KING OF KINGS—Great. Must see it again before passing on the dope.

BARBED WIRE—Pola Negri plays capably, but she appears somewhat miscast.

Pulsating Problems

(*Continued from page* 84)

looking, and makes good money. I have known him for over a year, and we have never quarreled. He takes me out lots and is always most considerate in every way. Everybody tells me I'd be crazy not to take him, but I am not sure I love him. Should I marry him anyhow? I like him lots.—CHERRY.

You probably are very fond of the young man—more than you realize—but, like many girls and most men you aren't interested in the fish that's been caught. No man is going to make love all the time after he marries a girl. Happiness will depend on mutual interests and congeniality. Be very sure it isn't just excitement you're after, when you say you aren't sure you love the young man. But of course you should not marry him if there's any real doubt about your feelings. To marry just to get a husband would be the beginning of a good many troubles. Better wait until you are sure.

Editor of Screen Secrets Forecasts the New Year

(*Continued from page* 8)

garding it hitting the popular taste as it was far from the fairy-tale sort of picture. Such films of reality add much to the prestige of the movies but just what they add to the box office is something else again.

Film audiences the world over have been educated, 'tis true, to a noticeable degree.

Time was when the country girl just had to be a pure maid and the city feller was an out and out slicker. The city was the devil's own handiwork while the hick town was portrayed in pastoral shades of glamour and romance.

But the reality is entirely different. The flapper of the silo belt is just as jazzy as her urban cousin. Her knees are not encased in billowing calico, but they stick right out through rolled down socks. She is the Clara Bow and the Olive Borden of the modern age. If the purpose of the screen is to mirror everyday life, then things are heading in the right direction.

★ ★ ★

HARRY LANGDON said he had found a way, a few months ago, to discover whether a picture was a success or a flop. He said that he was going to invite the public to co-operate with him on the production of his new pictures. He said he was going to have at least eighteen thousand theater patrons pre-view each sequence of his new pictures immediately upon their completion. Approval or disapproval of each sequence would determine whether or not that sequence should be left in the finished picture. The plan sounds good. But when placed into practice, will Harry know more than he did before he started? We think not.

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Why We've Never Married

(*Continued from page 74*)

"I have been right on the verge of marriage a couple of times," said Bebe Daniels, "and always I backed out somehow—I've never taken the fatal step! The reason is just this: To me marriage is a sacrament, and when I do marry I want it to last forever 'until death do us part' and even after that. I do not believe in divorce, at least for myself, and that's why I must be absolutely certain before I take the sacred vows that my marriage has the best possible chance of being a successful one. Another thing, when I marry I want to be able to give up all screen work if my husband requests it. Just now I love it too much to even think of giving it up. Probably later I will change."

"Someday I'll find a girl for whom I care enough to ask her to be my wife," said Edward Burns. "During the past few years I have met many very charming young ladies, but I've never had the opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with a single one of them!

"Bachelor life, of course, has its advantages, too, but they say it grows tiresome and monotonous after awhile. Personally, I have been so busy in pictures that monotony has never had a chance to really catch up with me, and I hope by the time it does catch up with me I'll be safely married!"

"I've never married for one very simple little reason," said Clara Bow. "It's because I've never really been in love. The thing I love most of all right now is my screen work. I suppose sometime in the future I'll fall madly in love with someone. But let's not talk about that until the time comes!"

IT'S a long cry from a modest Brooklyn school teacher to the feathered costume of a jazz dancer. And yet the leap seems to have been bridged by our little May. According to the critics, Miss McAvoy has never risen to any great heights since her debut in pictures although she has had many of the good "breaks." "If her heart could only be broken," sighed a director one day while working on a production "then maybe she would emote a little warmth." But so far, no one has essayed to play the role of the heart breaker.

But then, who wants to break a heart, to say nothing of the lovely May's?

Movie History in the Making Ten Years Ago

(*Continued from page* 83)

pictures and on the stage. In *Hamlet* he is incomparable.

Lila Lee comes to the Paramount ranks ater a success of more than five years in the highly competitive conditions in America. Known from coast to coast as "Kuddles" Miss Lee is only fourteen years old.

MABLE NORMAND is doing something new in pictures. She is playing a dual role and is cast as the mother to her own self as the daughter. It is said the characterizations by Miss Normand are very realistic and if the title page did not give her name none of the fans would be the wiser.

"WE have few standards upon which to base our efforts in the picture business," Miss Olga Petrova said today. "If one artist raves impotently to express an emotion with wild wind milling of arms and superhuman contortions of the facial muscles while another relies upon a stony and impassive calm, how shall we tell—we seekers after truth—which is the altar upon which to lay our oblations?"

Our Baby Starlet

(*Continued from page* 85)

to dancing school. She is making herself as versatile as time and money and hard work will permit.

Right now, Peggy seems to have no peer of her own age on the screen and for that reason the coming year should be a banner one for our little girl.

Like all the other juvenile screen players, Peggy is not permitted to neglect her school studies. A certain number of hours is set aside for her lessons and her mother declares the youngster is just as quick to grasp her text books as she is to respond to a director's commands on the studio set.

Peggy enjoys her dolls more than anything else in her great playroom of toys.

SHE doesn't own half so many as the average little rich girl. Consequently when the little starlet gets a new doll baby, she plays with it until it is worn out.

"Peggy isn't spoiled the least bit," Mrs. Mary Eames, the mother said.

"I don't believe in giving a child everything she asks for. I do want to see my daughter happy, however, and from all appearances she is. She has more pep than six youngsters of her age. I am trying to rear her to be a sweet, happy girl. Just how well I shall succeed, the years will tell."

Making Pretty Faces

(*Continued from page* 35)

high points of the face and with a little cold water spread in a design to give the face proper shape.

The rouge spreads easily when the foundation cream is put on as described in step one. For wider faces—a trifle above the center line of the eye and below the center line of the mouth. Long faces just inside these two lines. Blend up to the eye. Do not leave a white ring under the eye.

Shadow the eye with shadow cream.

Pat (do not rub) on a quantity of face powder and brush off with camel's hair blending brush. Pat on a little cold water and pat this dry with towel or cotton.

Clean the eyelashes with a very small amount of eye wash color. Do not bead.

Shape the eyebrow with the cosmetic pencil.

Form the lips by making the bow on the upper lip and about half arc on the lower. Take a very small amount of cleansing cream and spread over upper and lower lip, rubbing in well and back of where the lips meet. Do not put this color on heavily.

Match the neck with the face by applying a lotion of the same color as the powder. Rub one way only, not up and down or round and round. It should also be put on the arms and limbs before going in bathing to prevent tan, freckles and sunburn.

After reading this article you will undoubtedly be prompted to grab your hat and take the first train to Hollywood.

Winners of Puzzle Contest

(*Continued from page* 29)

no restriction was placed on age, the contributions came from the old and the young and from folks in every walk of life.

It was a lot of fun while it lasted.

And just because you were not the lucky one in this contest, keep watching SCREEN SECRETS. You will have another chance soon to pick off something good.

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Yes, They Are Collegiate

(*Continued from page* 45)

holds the 100-yard dash record of 9 3-5 seconds with Charlie Paddock. Kenneth Grumbles does the 440 in 54.4 just as a foil for Buster.

Picture producers have not stopped at soliciting only the aid of students from established universities and colleges for their campus atmosphere, but have gone so far as to employ the middies of the U. S. Naval Academy and soldier-students of the West Point Military Academy for movie background.

Last season Ramon Novarro was featured by M-G-M in *The Midshipman,* which not only included the entire student body of Annapolis but scenes of the school as well. The same was true of West Point Military Academy which was employed as the background of Richard Barthelmess' *Classmates.*

This season there are two important pictures, *West Point* which is starring William Haines and *Dress Parade,* a Cecil B. De Mille picture featuring William Boyd. Both of these pictures show the entire military corps of the academy on parade as well as historic spots of the institution.

One of the most popular pictures of college life this season is Marion Davies' *The Fair Co-ed.* The picture includes a thousand college students, famous coaches, physical instructors, football players and the champion woman athlete of the world.

Johnny Mack Brown who gained a reputation as one of the football sensations of the country by his gridiron feats at the University of Alabama two years ago is seen opposite Marion Davies in the role of a basketball coach.

The cast also includes such famous college football players as Morley Drury, captain of the University of Southern California, Howard Elliott, Don Williams, Bert Heiser, Don Moses, Drew Percy and Earl Merritt.

Lillian Copeland, one of the best basketball players and all-round champion woman athlete of the world, is also in the cast.

Yes, Hollywood has its collegians.

True a greater majority has been recruited from the shops and factories and the streets. One famous director, Frank Brosage, received his education in the lead mines of Utah. Alan Crosland graduated from the marts of trade. And while the press agents are busy writing about the convent in France from which Miss Gloreen Swanford graduated it is more often than not a clever myth.

However, if the college student is finding his wings in the movies these days as directors claim, then all the more reason for shouting in loud acclaim, "Strawberry shortcake, blueberry pie, etc."

I Want to Be a Vamp

(*Continued from page* 56)

meantime she will content herself by acting the "nice" girl as she has previously done.

After all Mary might not like the siren type of role as much as she claims. Perhaps her present attitude towards the screen sorceress is most enthusiastic because of her having had to continually play opposite types.

For to meet her in person is to see the same sweet, demure and beautiful girl that you see on the screen. She is no different in the flesh than in pictures. Of course you miss her musically soft voice which has had exceptional training. And her mother—you miss her mother—for where ever you see Mary, there is her mother—they are always together.

We can hardly convince ourselves that Mary is, really down in her heart, insistent on playing vamp parts. We feel sure that her large screen following would much rather see her just as she has been, the sweet innocent type of young girl.

Even when we quote her saying: "I sincerely believe that it requires more real talent to be a successful vampire than a sweet 'tin-type' heroine," we feel like saying to her, "Now, Mary, is that nice?"

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sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, without starvation diet or burdensome exercise, often at a rapid rate. Let me send you proof at my expense.

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State of N. Y. 286 Fifth Av., N. Y.
Desk M

So This is Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 66)

tures for the same boss. In this instance the boss is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in all its corporate glory. And the pictures that are keeping Renee on the hop all over the studio are *Loves of Louis,* in which she is playing the leading role opposite Ramon Novarro, and *The Cossack,* wherein she is playing opposite John Gilbert.

MALCOLM McGREGOR, handsome screen leading man, was never a starving extra boy of Hollywood. Malcolm came west in his own yacht and has had a generous allowance to tide him along, but now his father, Austen McGregor, department store owner of Newark, New Jersey, has died and left Malcolm $1,000,000 or more. All of which is just a little discouraging for the boys and girls without backing from home. McGregor says he will not give up the films.

THREE directors have now had their fingers in the film pie which Samuel Goldwyn is producing as a starring vehicle for Gilda Gray. *The Devil Dancer* is the picture which has been turned out by the directorial triumvirate. Al Raboch started the picture. Differences with the ever differing Senor Goldwyn forced Raboch to resign. Thereafter Lynn Shores, who was assisting Raboch on the set, took the reins. He, too, differed with the boss, in the absence of Gil Boag, Gilda's husband, who is general supervisor of the picture and who had to go East on business connected with it. Then they called in Fred Niblo to finish the picture.

NATALIE JOYCE, a newcomer to Hollywood, is Olive Borden's cousin. Tom Mix will use her for leading woman of his next picture and then she will play a lead with Buck Jones. Relatives in some cases help a lot.

WILLIAM BEAUDINE, a former Mary Pickford director, who is now under contract to Universal at a salary of $3,000 per week, is showing his commercial versatility in more ways than one. He takes in washing for a pittance on the side, actually. Bill is a vicarious laundryman. Not only is he heavily interested in a laundry in Hollywood, but now he has gone into the business of washing motor cars, too. He has recently established an automobile washing station (laundry) on Vine Street. The movie folks certainly are patronizing his washery. Which is evidenced by the large number of Rolls-Royce cars seen there.

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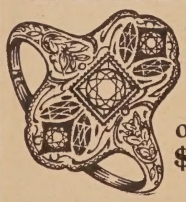

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I Have Never Really Been in Love

(*Continued from page* 21)

phase of life provided the two concerned are really in love."

Clara confided that there is an actor on the Lasky lot with whom she has been very friendly. But he is now persistently forcing the love element and making it uncomfortable for her. It worries her, she says, and while she does not like to hurt men, she often finds it necessary to become stern when they persist. She is not a heart-breaker by intention, and takes such things very much to heart. She hopes the young star will realize it is not love she feels for him and that he will not disrupt the pleasant friendship they have had.

She wants to marry, she confided, but is not going into it with the idea in mind that she can always get a divorce if it doesn't work.

"I approve of divorce, of course, in some cases. Everybody can make mistakes and it is only right to correct them. But I want to start with the conviction that it will last."

Clara Bow is critical, of herself as well as others. She says she hates to make personal appearances. "Who am I?" she says "to be standing in front of an audience bowing when many of them may be more interesting." She is a clever level-headed girl who doesn't want to be fooled by herself or anyone else. I think most men would profit by adopting her standards.

Some day a pleasant, congenial and probably dark young man is going to meet and fall in love with Clara Bow. That won't be unusual, most men seem to do that without any trouble. But if this chap is intelligent and sympathetic in addition to being about everything that is to be desired and seldom found in one mortal man Clara Bow will fall in love with him. And they will live happily ever after. At least she hopes so, and I'll bet on her.

Gay Paree

(*Continued from page* 77)

thirteen coups straight on both sides, and then sold the bank. He had won two million four hundred thousand francs in seventeen minutes.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead went home.

★ ★ ★

It Only Lasts Three Weeks

AH, Deauville, Deauville! Here are no invalids being wheeled about in wicker chairs. Here are no pot-bellied millionaires with gout and distended livers carrying glasses of water. Here are no "country club sets" and "golf club sets" and "polo sets."

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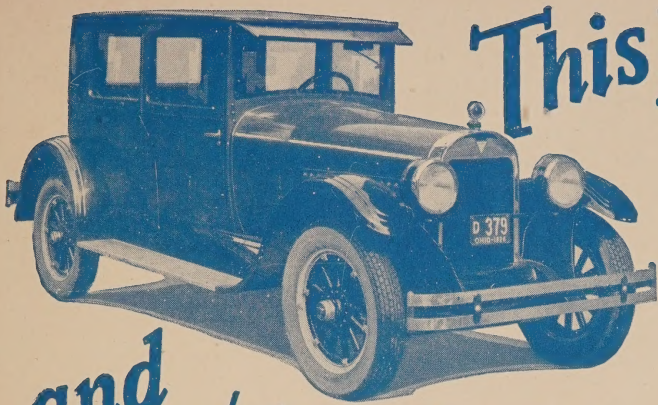
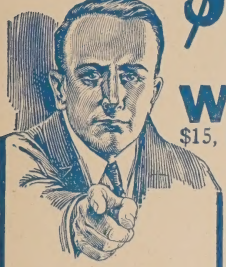
Afterwards, you can throw thrift and caution and wisdom to the winds. You have need for none of them. Lose more than you can afford, drink more than you can stand, flirt more than is safe.

For this is Deauville—and it only lasts three weeks.



This Hudson Coach FREE and $100 a week to you



WOULD you like to own this brand-new, high-powered, luxurious Hudson Super-Six Closed Car, and in addition have a steady, year-round income of $15, $20 or even $25 a day? Would you like to be your own boss—conduct a dignified, profitable, congenial business right in your own locality? A business that should bring you $50 weekly in spare time—$100 in full time—every week in the year? If you would, then seize this outstanding opportunity that has brought quick and amazing profits to hundreds of people like you!

YOU CAN DO THIS

"I was working for the Standard Oil Company for $100 a month. I now average more than that a week. Last week my profit was $125 clear. It is very easy to book large orders for ZANOL Products. Many customers order by phone. We are buying a cozy little bungalow. ZANOL has brought health and independence."

Laurence Van Alle., Illinois

"I am proud to be a ZANOL Representative. My customers have words of highest praise for ZANOL Products. I am making more money than I ever did before — my profits daily total from $18 to $20."

Mr. Esther R. Hodges, N. Y.

"I knew absolutely nothing about this business when I started. Yet, I have made as high as $125 in a week. I earned $47 clear profit in one day. I have a long list of steady customers."

Henry Albers, Ohio

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Anyone, anywhere, can earn $100 weekly this easy, pleasant, new way. No special schooling, experience or ability is necessary. No capital is needed. Here's the proposition in a nutshell: I make the famous ZANOL Products—Pure Foods, Delightful Toilet Preparations, Perfumes, Fine Soaps, Laundry and Household Necessities you've seen advertised in leading magazines. ZANOL Products are not distributed through stores—I appoint an Authorized Representative in every community to represent us and handle all of our business with our customers. Ours is the largest, most successful business of its kind in America. We have been in business 20 years. We are growing rapidly. Now we need 800 more ambitious men and women to handle our dealings with our customers.

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This is an astoundingly easy way to make big money. The profits are simply startling. Without any experience in this line, Edgar Morris, Ohio, cleared $210 profit the first two weeks. Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., with children and household duties to care for, makes $5 to $14 a day in spare time. H. C. Hanson, N. D., makes $75 a week in spare time. Miss Mabel Travis, N. Y., has made $22.87 in one day. Profits like these can be yours if you accept my special offer.

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I don't care who you are—or what you are doing. It makes no difference what your experience has been—how long you went to school—or what your age may be. Right now, I want to make you this special offer: I stand ready to supply you FREE, with all equipment you need to make $100 weekly in full time—$50 in spare time. I will guide you every step of the way—show you the way to success and prosperity. And, when you make good, I will give you this beautiful Hudson Coach absolutely free—to be yours and yours alone.

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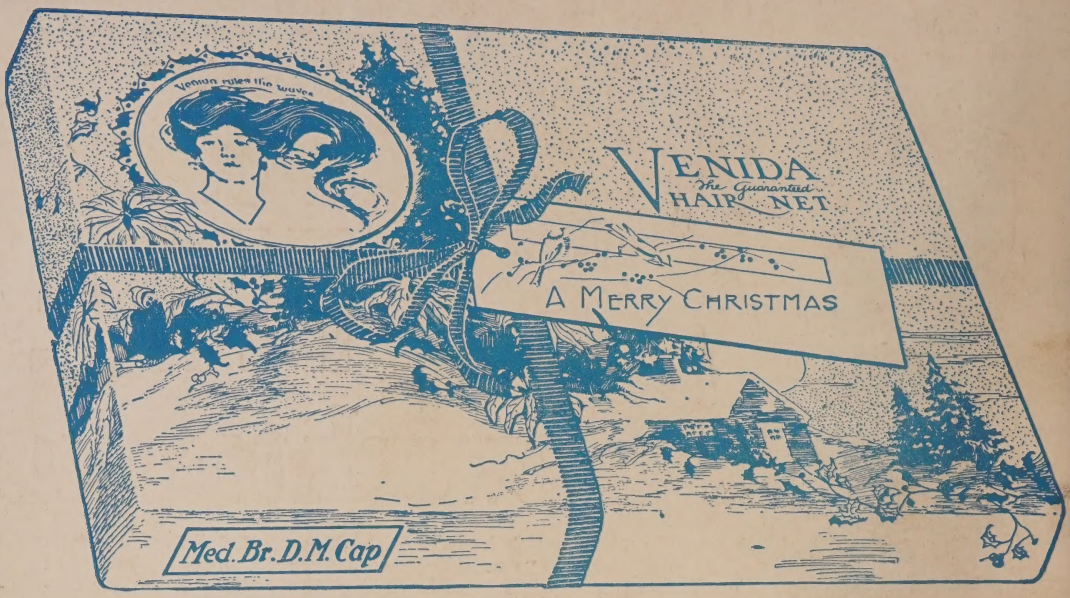

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FEBRUARY 25¢

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The Sky is *the* Limit *in* Hollywood!

being the first of a startling series revealing the truth about stars and films

by LEWIS RICHMOND

You can Now have a Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days!

MY! *what a beautiful new skin.* It is almost unbelievable. Soft new clear skin, like a baby. Look 10 years younger! Thousands of women and also men have used this new wonder preparation. Every woman who loves the beautiful will marvel at the remarkable transformation.

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"MARVO certainly is wonderful for skin blemishes. My skin was in a very poor condition, colorless and pimply. After applying MARVO the result was that my skin was like a baby's. I suggest that anyone suffering from skin blemishes should get a bottle of MARVO.

"I cannot find words to express my gratitude in praising MARVO. I am going to introduce it to some of my friends, as many have already asked what I have used for my complexion.
"Mary H. Brain."

Blemishes and Pimples Gone

"I wish to congratulate your company for putting out this famous MARVO, for it certainly has rid my face of blemishes and pimples, after 'creams' and 'clays' had failed.

"Thanking you for this wonderful treatment you sent me, and assuring you I shall always praise it, I am,
"Yours for success, Mr. Edward Weiss."

Best Beauty Treatment

"Just a word of congratulation. I have used Witol's MARVO with very satisfactory results. I will take pleasure in introducing and recommending it to my friends, as it does all you claim it will do, it is a wonderful treatment for bringing out youth and beauty to a faded complexion. I FEEL FREE TO SAY IT IS THE BEST BEAUTY TREATMENT OF TO-DAY. It is so simple and pleasant to use, and good results are sure if used properly, for it works like magic.

"With best wishes for your success, I remain,
"Gratefully yours, Mary M. Hill."

WE WANT NO MONEY!

It costs you nothing to learn about the WITOL'S "MARVO" treatment. If you are interested in your complexion and you want to definitely and quickly get rid of your facial blemishes, lines, and wrinkles, clip this coupon and mail immediately. We will send you in plain wrapper the fascinating story of WITOL'S "MARVO". Tells in full detail how treatment can be taken at home. No one need know the secret. If you come to New York City you are cordially invited to call at our offices. There you will see for yourself the wonders that we have accomplished.

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Kindly send me in plain wrapper, free copy of your book entitled, "Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days."

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Paris and Hollywood

SCREEN SECRETS

AN INTERNATIONAL MOVIE REVUE

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Yola D'Avril starts a Parisian style by carrying her vanity case on her stocking.

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The WOMEN who fascinate MEN

what is their dangerous power?

Is it a Mysterious Gift? Do you have it unbeknown? Is it Beauty, Knowledge, Sex—What? You can find out!

SOME women simply fascinate every man they meet, *at will*. Men know this from experience. Women recognize it. But women do not often know the reason. Only one woman in a hundred knows—and then perhaps only vaguely, instinctively. Women fear, envy, hate the siren for her power—yet would give everything to possess this very power . . . to use circumspectly, but still *to use*.

What is it? Beauty? Not *great* beauty, certainly. For with sincere truth, and complete bewilderment, you say of some woman: "I don't see what men see in her." Some of the world's most fascinating women are almost homely—if you *study them closely*. And some very beautiful women lack nearly every fascination. Strange—but absolutely beyond question.

Can it be knowledge? No; for often the highest intellectual development is an almost impossible barrier to fascination. Sex appeal, then? Again no; for thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as a reliance—with almost inevitable failure.

How Very Clever Nature Has Been

Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. *Her* plan is for limited charm, a little to every woman . . . enough attraction for mating . . . just the amount that keeps the world in its ruts and grooves . . . and only once in a hundred times the gift of supreme allurement.

And nature has made almost the whole world blind to the great secret. She has thrust forward sex appeal—and countless useless volumes have been written on this theme. She has made it seem that great beauty solved the riddle—and then flatly contradicted herself . . . again sending astray those who would solve the puzzle.

Then what is it that women have who fascinate men? "What is their dangerous power?"

At Last the Secret Is Known

One woman in the world—so far as it is known—understands the dangerous secret of supreme fascination *in full*. It came to her little by little over a period of many years. This woman is Lucille Young . . . once as homely and unattractive as a woman could be . . . now as fascinating and compelling in her charm and beauty as any famous figure who ever filled the pages of history, or graced the current times.

Lucille Young is the world's foremost beauty expert. Yes . . . but much more than that. She is the one woman who has found the mysterious key to fascination . . . who knows mere physical beauty, is not all. She has discovered nature's strange adjustment when she creates the world's sirens. Lucille Young understands *consciously* what even naturally fascinating women know but vaguely. She can tell the *average woman*, the pretty woman, the youthful woman, the woman of years, just what to do to become fascinating . . . just how to possess "the dangerous power."

An Actual Life Story of Experience

Lucille Young's marvelous book, "Making Beauty Yours," is different from anything else you ever read. It is not theory, but her own life history, the exact account of how she, herself, acquired the dangerous power. But Lucille Young cautions, too, against the use of this power to its full, or for any purpose other than legitimate fascination, the natural charm every woman is entitled to exert upon those around her.

When you have read the book, the mystery of fascination is no longer a mystery . . . instead every step of the way is plain. This book, indeed, may easily change the whole course of life for you, bring you happiness and power you would never have without it.

And the book is Free—absolutely and entirely Free. Miss Young believes that it is every woman's right to know the true secrets of fascination. It is her abiding faith and belief that women will not abuse these secrets, but use them circumspectly. So there is no obligation of any kind. If you want to know all about "the dangerous power," simply use coupon and send for the book.

Lucille Young

FREE LUCILLE YOUNG BLDG. CHICAGO

LUCILLE YOUNG,
862 Lucille Young Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book, "Making Beauty Yours." I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.

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SCREEN SECRETS

As Hollywood Looks to the Editor

THIS issue of SCREEN SECRETS comes to you as old Father Time turns over a new leaf, poises his stubby pen, and puts his tongue in his cheek. What will he write on the new page? With his eye on Hollywood, will it be some new, revolutionary invention in the movies—like three dimensional pictures and talking films? Who will win fame—what new names will flash across the cinema heavens?

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor.

THE new year marks the fourth birthday for SCREEN SECRETS. We've come a long ways down the pike since the old PARIS AND HOLLYWOOD days. Here's rotogravure in a generous quantity—more than you'll find in most movie magazines. Here are features with a note of fresh originality—gossipy, inside news from Hollywood to Paris—last minute photographs—diverting stories by those "in the know." Father Time, mark this down in your book: SCREEN SECRETS is going to live up to its good resolutions in 1928—to the letter!

THE wisdom of Secretary Wilbur in his blanket refusal to permit motion picture companies to secure further co-operation of the Army and Navy for films of military nature is to be questioned. His explanation that "such pictures do not contain anything of military, naval, educational, historical or patriotic value to the government" is a bit far fetched. *Hard Boiled Haggerty* and *The Convoy* may not have been much help to the navy in its 5-5-3 alarm propaganda. But what about Lon Chaney's *Tell It To The Marines*?

There is no reason why the whole industry should be made to pay for the improprieties of one or two producers.

SLOWLY, yet with painful regularity, high-salaried motion picture stars are being released from their yearly contracts. Young women and men, who were once looked upon as prized possessions, are now working from one lot to another. The last official notice of release came from the company employing Olive Borden. Her contract was not renewed. Florence Vidor's contract lapsed. Arlette Marchal packed her trunk and returned to France. Belle Bennett, Betty Compson, Priscilla Dean, Betty Blythe, Jetta Goudal, Bessie Love, Carmel Meyers and a score of others work from studio to studio. If the producers can't cut salaries they can at least reduce the overhead.

SMART aleck subtitles irritate and detract from the story. Realism cannot be obtained if the imagination is frequently halted to grapple with wise-cracks. Humor, when drawn naturally from clever situations or from the mouths of the characters, dances as lightly over the screen as sunlight upon a rippling brook. But forced humor creaks.

TO the soft strains of Irving Berlin's *Remember* you will doubtless recall how a great memorial and a new boulevard were to be named after a great screen lover. But the dear public and a princess who was never to smile again, have forgotten all about . . . . . Rudolph Valentino.

TALKING pictures are but a short distance away. Paramount is preparing a sound and talking device for its pictures. Warner Brothers is reported dialoguing a highly dramatic courtroom scene and General Electric is said to be about ready to cut loose on a sound machine to be used in conjunction with pictures. A player who can both talk and screen well is hard to find. This will be a possible deterrent or check on the picture industry going completely over to "talk" pictures.

AS A result of Charlie Chaplin's acquittal on a plagiarism charge it is expected that the picture industry will in the future escape many unwarranted suits of a similar nature. The interpretation of plagiarism as rendered by Judge Winslow preceding the jury verdict of "not guilty" made the point that proof of plagiarism must produce evidence that the plagiarized work was actually seen by and known to the defendant personally.

The Editor

"BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES"

Ramón Novarro.

Billie Dove.

Reginald Denny

Norma Shearer

Harry Langdon

Laura La Plante

Lya De Putti

Ken Maynard

Colleen Moore

Louise Fazenda

The Greatest Movie Book Ever Written!

AT last a TEXT BOOK of the Motion Picture Industry! If you contemplate getting into the movies—you need this book! Written by 27 of the leading stars, directors, cameramen, scenic artists, production directors, publicity men, etc. They each tell you in their own way exactly how to proceed to become a successful movie actor or actress. If you are serious in your intentions "Breaking into the Movies" will give you a wealth of vital information and expert advice. Every year thousands return from Hollywood miserable failures—

Because They Did Not Know The Ropes!

Laura La Plante, Colleen Moore, Dolores Del Rio, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, George Walsh, Billie Dove, Harry Langdon, Louise Fazenda, Allan Dwan, Reginald Denny, Lois Wilson, Lya De Putti and 12 others have contributed signed articles in this remarkable book—their contribution to the movie stars of the future. Those who profit by their advice will spare themselves much needless toil and heartaches. New workers in the movie industry are constantly required in every phase of motion picture productions. There are constantly many splendid opportunities awaiting the few who actually qualify for success. "Breaking Into the Movies" will help you analyze yourself. It will reveal to you how to ascertain whether you actually possess the essential qualifications that lead to success. This book will also explain to you how to capitalize your natural talents and ability. This knowledge, the life time experience of successful movie stars points the way so you can avoid the pitfalls that every beginner is confronted with.

BEWARE! MISGUIDED EFFORTS ARE ALWAYS FUTILE

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"Can he really play?" a girl whispered. "Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in his life."

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer, and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first bars of Liszt's immortal Liebestraume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound.

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim — unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight, that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies.

A Complete Triumph

As the last notes of the Liebestraume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight —plying me wth rapid questions . . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where *did* you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who *was* your teacher?"

"I have never even *seen* my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument *by note* in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and *without a teacher!* Best of all, the wonderful new method she used required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A. B. C.! And as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. I soon could be able to play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music."

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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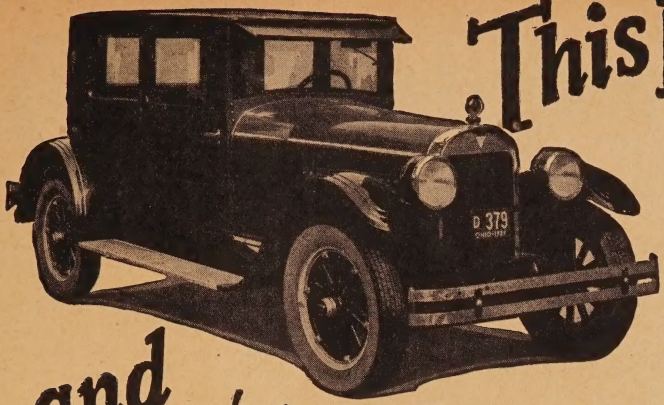

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This is an astoundingly easy way to make big money. The profits are simply startling. Without any experience in this line, Edgar Morris, Ohio, cleared $210 profit the first two weeks. Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., with children and household duties to care for, makes $5 to $14 a day in spare time. H. C. Hanson, N. D., makes $75 a week in spare time. Miss Mabel Travis, N. Y., has made $22.87 in one day. Profits like these can be yours if you accept my special offer.

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There are no strings tied to this offer. It is not a contest. You don't agree to do anything or to pay anything. I tell you all about it without cost or obligation to you. I give you the same chance that brought $15 in one day to Katherine Perona, Ill.,—and suddenly increased the income of Christopher Vaughn, Ohio, to $125 in a week. If you act quickly, you can make $18 to $20 a day like Mrs. B. L. Hodges, of N. Y. If you would like profits like these—without working as hard or as long as you do right now in your present job—send me the coupon right away.

Send No Money

Remember, I do not ask you to send me a red cent. I do not ask you to undertake any obligation. All I want you to do is give me a chance to prove you can make $100 a week. This is a worthy, straightforward business proposition—an opportunity to engage in honorable, dignified, pleasant work that will bring you more profits than you've ever dreamed of earning.

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That's all I want you to do. I don't want you to send me money or references. There will be no red tape or delay. When I receive the coupon I will send all the facts immediately. If you honestly are seeking an unusual opportunity—if $50 weekly for spare time sounds good to you, act at once. Don't delay. Every day you wait costs you many dollars. So—act quickly—for big profits.

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FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

Cable and Telegraph

News as we go to Press

LOS ANGELES—Two leading stars, Pola Negri and Thomas Meighan will be off the Paramount list when deals now in process are completed. The company is said to have refused the Negri offer calling for $10,000 a week. A cash settlement of $100,000 will be made with Meighan to cancel his agreement immediately, leaving two contracted pictures unmade.

★ ★ ★

NEW YORK—Florence Vidor is here on a shopping trip preparatory to her trip to Europe where she will make a series of British pictures abroad. Miss Vidor finished her contract with Paramount.

★ ★ ★

LOS ANGELES—Reginald Denny who is waiting for the final decree of divorce from his wife, Irene Heismann, will soon announce his engagement to Bubbles Steiffel, picture actress, it is said.

★ ★ ★

NEW YORK—Lillian Gish who came here to confer with Joseph M. Schenck regarding contract to make a series of productions for United Artists, will again, after many years work under the direction of D. W. Griffith, the man who "made" her a star. The deal is set, it is said, with the exception of the financial details.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD—Howard Hughes, Texas oil multimillionaire who produced *Two Arabian Knights* for United Artists, spent more than a million dollars in the making of that picture although he was only allowed $400,000 by United Artists for the production. Hughes paid $20,000 for the original story and increased the shooting schedule fifteen weeks beyond what the budget called for.

Dorothy Mackaill had to sit on a cake of ice to cool off because she worked so hard in "Man-Crazy."

★ ★ ★

LOS ANGELES—Zelda Sears, writer of musical comedies and who has been on the De Mille payroll for the past year is scheduled to direct for that organization. Her first story has not been selected.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD—The film colony was interested recently in seeing the three British Sopworth Snipe aeroplanes, purchased from the British government by Reginald Denny and placed in the Denny hangars at Angelus Mesa. Denny plans to press these planes into picture service in addition to serving as pleasure crafts.

★ ★ ★

NEW YORK—The Paramount newsreel laboratory is experimenting on a bulb light for studio photography as a means of cutting overhead, together with a new device for stills which will curtail studio expense. The latest device can take any number of enlarged "stills" from any single frame on a reel of film.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD — Charlie Chaplin has started something in the line of previews in this town. The comedian himself takes the cans of films under his arm, trots up to a theater around eight o'clock at night and says "I would like to throw this on the screen." In that way the sharpshooters who attend the previews are not tipped off. Chaplin has cut to the bone, the love interest between he and Myrna Kennedy in *The Circus*.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD—Miss Dupont, known to her friends as "Patty" has announced her engagement to Syl Stokes, Jr., son of a wealthy family of New York.

Miss Dupont for a time was featured by Universal but has had few good "breaks" in pictures since. Previously she was a cloak model and was married to a traveling man whom she divorced. Stokes figured in an adventure during a hurricane off the Florida coast a year ago when he lost a $80,000 yacht.

Our Family Album of Picture Favorites

COLLEEN MOORE lends her own charm to that of the blossoms that hang on the bough. Colleen, under the management of her husband, John McCormick, is working for a bigger and better year in pictures

A POWDERED wig and lots of bangles make an aristocrat of Corinne Griffith, but they also hide her own charming personality from those who enjoy seeing it in her photographs.

AFTER many years of helter-skelter roles Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., seems to be coming into his own under the Kleig lights. He has already proven that he can act before the footlights.

MARION DAVIES *wouldn't look natural unless she was dressed like a million dollars, therefore, we present Miss Davies in her beautiful holiday attire.*

—Ruth Harriet Louise Photo.

A NEW and unusual pose of the exotic Jetta Goudal who consistently maintains her role on and off the screen as being decidedly "different."

GWEN LEE'S sparkling personality and vivid individuality defies the camera man to do his best.

—Ruth Harriet Louise Photo.

A CLASSIC *profile with the customary trappings makes a bold ancient knight of Ricardo Cortez. What weak and willing maiden could withstand such allurement?*

Best Last Line

Announcing Screen Secret's new Flimerick Contest in which Ten Dollars is paid for the Best Last Line with a Wallop

PUT on your thinking caps and brush up on your rhymes.

Filmdom has turned to making jingles.

Beginning with this issue and running indefinitely, SCREEN SECRETS will award the sum of ten dollars to each and every person, man, woman or child, who submits the best—the very best—last line to the Flimericks printed herewith on the opposite page.

All of us from kid days have made up little rhymes. Now SCREEN SECRETS is offering you a chance to cash in on that juvenile ability. There are lines and lines, you understand. The money will go to the *best* line, of course.

THE line that has the snappiest punch; the most ginger and the right rhythm that fits in with the rest of the Flimerick is the one that is going to attract the attention of the judges.

The last line, whether good or bad, will be adjudged by the wallop it carries.

There is nothing hard or difficult about this contest.

YOU don't have to have a "gift" to do it.

You don't even have to be an ardent picture fan. It has been arranged solely for your entertainment and it is loads of fun.

Lois Wilson, Aileen Pringle, Pola Negri and a bunch of the picture players in Hollywood make up rhymes like these in their spare moments between pictures, their friends say. They get a big kick thinking up funny things about their friends.

ALL of us feel as if we have that well known poetic instinct hidden deep down, away somewhere. Well, here is the chance to step right out now and make some real money on that instinct.

The Last Line contest will run indefinitely.

Each issue of SCREEN SECRETS, unless further announcement to the contrary is made, will contain three Flimericks.

THAT means if one of our readers writes the best line for each Flimerick, he will be paid the sum of ten dollars apiece or a total of thirty dollars. Pretty soft, isn't it? If that same contributor gets but one of the last lines right, he will get ten dollars just the same, even thought the other two lines on the remaining Flimericks are wrong. Selah?

THE judges will make their decisions at the end of each month.

So come on, let's go!

Wheel out the old typewriter or dig up the pen and ink and smash the line for some of these money prizes.

We're waitin'.

BECAUSE SCREEN SECRETS wants to shoot absolutely square in this contest, one of the rules of the joust will be that no member of the staff of this magazine or their families may compete.

Our last Who's Lips? contest, the winners for which were announced in last month's magazine was one of the outstanding contests of the year. Thousands of men and women from all parts of the world rallied to the cause and sent in their contributions.

Of course everybody can't win. But in a flimerick game like this, everybody has a rattling good chance to win.

EVERYBODY these days is looking for a chance to earn some easy money.

What could be sweeter than this last line struggle?

If you don't win in the first joust, try it again the following month.

Remember that you have a chance to get ten, twenty or even thirty dollars each time SCREEN SECRETS is published, as the contest will run indefinitely. Who in the world would pass up a chance to get this easily made money?

Concentrate! Concentrate! And just as sure as you are born you will win a prize if it's the *best* last line.

Rules of Contest

1. **Supply a last line to each Flimerick. The author of the best last line will receive the sum of $10.00 apiece for each flimerick.**
2. **Each person is eligible to supply the last line to one or all three flimericks.**
3. **No member of the staff of this magazine or their families may compete.**
4. **The judgment of the Editors is final.**
5. **Answers will not be returned to the sender.**
6. **Write on one side of the paper only, in pen and ink. Number the last line to correspond with the number of the flimerick.**
7. **Write name and address plainly.**
8. **Tying contestants will be awarded duplicate prizes.**
9. **Money will be awarded thirty days after the best last lines are adjudged.**

Lois Wilson is one of the many screen stars who delights in writing Flimericks. Miss Wilson's pen packs a mighty punch

Everybody can make rhymes! It's the best last line with a new twist to it that will win the money prizes in this contest.

Start Today

John Gilbert is a hero brave, besides a lover tender.
He's always there to grab the gal and valiantly defend her.
He conquers women strong or weak
And makes love like any sheik

. . . . . .

Adolphe looks so polished on the screen,
Not a wrinkle in his trousers can be seen.
We wonder would he strangle
If his garters were to dangle

. . . . . .

A peppy young lady is Clara,
Who scores a success without error.
Tho her hair's very red
She's got "It" so 'tis said

. . . . . .

The Sky is

Millions of dollars go to the hair dressers and the negligee merchants annually. Women stars demand beautiful underwear and are willing to pay for it.

Movie stars, once poverty stricken, now pay fifty thousand dollars for swimming pools; own three and four homes, a fleet of motor cars, and sleep on beds of down

GOLDFIELD is the new name for Hollywood.

This little world-known colony, set in the midst of a country town, ruled by the winking eye of a camera, with its lanes, mountainsides and canyons dotted with palaces that only great riches can buy, displaying splendor unknown to foreign potentates of old, has only one slogan these days—the sky is the limit.

The atmosphere breathes millions.

Nowhere in this great wide world is there a place like Hollywood. It attracts, repels and baffles all who come within its boundary. It is a Kingdom of Luxury but a pasteboard kingdom built on sand and ready to topple when the dollars drop out of it.

The first intimation one gets of this mad spending comes upon approaching the "lot" of United Artists. Rolls-Royces and low slung foreign cars crowd each other for space in the nearby alley.

Each one of the bungalows had a brass name plate. On the first was Norma Talmadge. The middle one bore the name of Mary Pickford. The third announced that this was the home of Corinne Griffith. A long stucco row of cottages with porches in front right-angled the bungalows at the end of the street.

"What a pleasant place to live," I said.

"Live? No one lives here. These are the dressing rooms for the stars. Some of them refer to them as huts."

Inside Mary Pickford's bungalow was an atmosphere of gorgeous luxury. The "dressing room" contained two living rooms, a dining room, boudoir, kitchen and bath. The furniture was of Chippendale with rare silver and antique candelabra, most of it from the home of the Duchess of Albany. Heavy carpets and rugs and expensive hangings completed the furnishings. The average citizen would consider his life well spent if he could have achieved this hut.

Rare prints are part of the embellishments of Corinne Griffith's dressing room. Norma Talmadge has decorated her bungalow with equal splendor. The king of them all, however is the cottage which is at the end of the row at right angles to the others. Here are the dressing rooms and the offices of Douglas Fairbanks.

No royal potentate ever boasted a more pleasant arrangement of rooms. The central one is large and square with a huge round table on which are books, magazines and photographs. At one side is an enormous dressing table used for makeup. Across the room is a small office in which sits an attendant. Beyond is a vast clothes closet filled with costumes.

A riotous, furious orgy of spending goes on constantly in Hollywood. Nothing is too costly to buy, with the stars using the watchword, "spend today, for tomorrow we may be broke"

the Limit!

By Lewis Richmond

A stenographer rides in a private car; a Russian immigrant makes and spends millions while a cowboy counts his earnings with an adding machine

This would seem something more than adequate. Yet open a door in the right wall from your entrance, descend a flight of steps and you face a large, tiled swimming pool, cool and inviting. From these are steam and sweat rooms.

Back of the dressing room is a court for athletic exercises. Nearby is a large gymnasium in which Fairbanks plays his favorite game of "Doug" a combination of tennis and Badminton.

This is Millionaires' Row, set inside the stucco walls of the United Artists studio, in the centre of Hollywood.

TWENTY years ago Mary Pickford was little Gladys Smith, striving to earn money by acting child roles in a stock company. Twenty years ago Douglas Fairbanks was playing juvenile roles in a summer stock organization. Today they have every luxury that money can buy, invitations to their home are sought eagerly by the elite, they want for nothing.

Drive twelve miles from Hollywood to the huge studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Beside the barn-like building, which is one of its fourteen stages, something that looks like a sedan chair on rollers is standing.

"That is Marion Davies' portable dressing room. Look inside."

A miniature room, hung with brocaded blue velvet, contains a dressing table, chairs and electric lights. "It follows her from stage to stage wherever she is working."

Turn a corner and you find an imposing hacienda with patio and tropical trees. "That is Miss Davies' dressing room. There are ten rooms in it and it is said to have cost, with the furnishings, about $250,000." Does Miss Davies live here? No, indeed. Her real home is in Beverly Hills, an enormous palace, while if she desires rest she goes to her beach home at Santa Monica, its thirty bedrooms permitting any number of guests for a week-end party.

And yet, a few years ago Marion Davies was a little Brooklyn girl trying to get along in the chorus of a Broadway revue. No "extra" route for Marion. She jumped into pictures as a full fledged star backed by millions to put her over.

Twenty years ago Will Rogers was a cowboy. Then he went into vaudeville "because I couldn't make a living any other way," spun a rope around and displayed cowboy stunts. One night the rope hit the backdrop and Rogers made a remark at which the audience laughed. He became a vaudeville headliner, then the star of the "Follies" and, later, a motion picture celebrity. Today, Rogers has a home in Beverly Hills, which the driver of the sight-seeing bus points out to all the visiting firemen, and, farther out, toward Santa Monica, a great ranch, lying on a high tableland, its private road carefully locked off from inquisitive intruders.

Joan Crawford is ready to plunge into a fifty thousand dollar swimming pool. Practically all the prominent stars have them.

THE Warner brother, sons of Russian immigrants, came to Hollywood with only a few hundred dollars among them. Today they own a motion picture

This is a "still" from a reel scene but it is at just such parties as these that film folks throw away their money.

studio through whose financial department more than $14,000,000 was cleared last year.

Only the other day a girl who studied to be a stenographer, went into the pictures as a bathing beauty and has risen to stardom, paid a railroad company $12,000 for a private car for herself and maid from New York to Los Angeles.

Conrad Nagel who probably never earned more than $150 a week on the stage, signed a contract recently with a picture studio for only six weeks' work at $25,000.

Jeanne Eagels, who became a stage star, after years of trouping through the middle west with tent shows, completed her first picture for which she was paid $4,500 every seven days.

For writing titles for screen plays, George Marion, Jr., son of the famous stage actor, receives $2,500 a week.

Clarence Brown, the director, is now demanding $5,000 a week for his services.

To spend from $250,000 to a million dollars on a picture is thought nothing extraordinary.

William Koenig former burlesque house manager, through his business shrewdness, has secured himself a position with the Warner Brothers at a yearly salary which the president of the United States might envy. He owns one of the most beautiful homes in Beverly Hills and is a member of the exclusive Breakfast Club, whose members ride to the gatherings on horseback.

One home is not enough for most picture players. He or she, in addition to maintaining a huge establishment in Hollywood, or Beverly Hills, which adjoins it as the desired residential section, must have a de luxe bungalow at the beach and a luxurious suite at the Ambassador.

It is an amazing revelation of the power of the camera to interest people all over the world and to make possible a scale of living which none of these players, years ago, could have visioned even with the wildest imagination.

It is a painted kingdom of unreality with its own laws and customs, a democratic kingdom in which the girl or boy from obscure parentage stands an equal chance with those born in more favored circumstances. The girl from a wealthy home probably will be unnoticed in a group of extras surrounding the star—a girl who came from one of the first families of Richmond.

EACH celebrity has a maid or a valet. If the former she generally is a colored girl who follows her mistress about the set, carrying with her a portable makeup box, in whose mirror the star peeps from time to time. Each star must have a chauffeur and an array of house servants. A secretary is indispensable to answer the hundreds of fan letters that arrive each week.

More than likely the star has his own theatre in his home where to the accompaniment of pipe organ music, the latest films are displayed for the delectation of a few friends.

In the studios, the stars all have individual dressing-rooms in bungalow rows. Some of the studios have a little street car that runs up and down the various avenues of these enormous enclosures. Others maintain a fleet of automobiles to carry the celebrities from dressing rooms to stage.

Each director has his own office. If it is in a bungalow row, it usually consists of two rooms, an outer office with desks and tables and an inner sanctum, furnished in expensive wood and leather, where the picture plots are discussed. On the United Artists lot, the executives and the directors have their own restaurant, a little bungalow with a long table and heavy chairs. Here you will find Robert Fairbanks, Lewis Milestone, Herbert Brenon and D. W. Griffith. Japanese waiters serve seasonable delicacies with a service that could not be excelled in the finest clubs.

In the lunchrooms of the various studios are tables set aside for the favored few. Executives, directors and some of the stars gather at a huge round table on the porch in the restaurant at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and, after luncheon, match to see which

(*Continued on page* 98)

What is Love?

An intimate, heart revealing discussion by film stars in which they show what is in their hearts

By Grace Simpson

THAT age-old question "What is Love?" has been answered.

Hollywood has come forth with a frank discussion, straight from its heart.

Nowhere could be found more pertinent answers than those which have been given by our movie stars in whose lives, love, plays such a paramount role.

Consequently I betook myself to call upon John Gilbert, the screen's most passionate lover.

John's private life, as every one knows has been splattered in ink almost as much as his film acting has been placed on celluloid.

Such is Hollywood. The melody of love is forever singing. It is there the love theme, underlies and overlies all phases of the work-a-day world, the social whirl, the home life. Like a thread, woven in the pattern of the whole it may seem to break at times but it is ever there.

I WENT to Gilbert first because I thought he would know the answer if anyone did. Divorced from Leatrice Joy and in love, so they say with the exotic Greta Garbo, John should be versed and well up on the subject.

"Love?" echoed the star in answer to my question. "Love is ecstasy . . . . . but it doesn't last. It is the most perishable thing known," he sighed. "It doesn't bring happiness. Nor does anything else. It is an emotional illusion that breaks the heart and causes much pain."

Alas! for the screen's greatest lover.

So I hied myself over to the studio where the viva-

Rod La Rocque declares love to be that force which compels a bachelor to marry when he didn't intend to. His wife, Vilma Banky, is satisfied with his definition.

cious Leatrice Joy worked untiringly on the set. "Love is just a word in the dictionary," she said without hesitation. "It is unhappiness in disguise. That is all I can say about it."

Poor Leatrice, and to see her on the screen one would think the world was rosy.

THEN I moved over to the Fox studio where I met Ben Bard. Ben is considered the boy friend of Ruth Roland and ought to be an authority on the subject.

"Love?" he queried. "Ah, love is wonderful. It is far too wonderful even to discuss. No one knows much about it. But it speaks to me in the language of the angels."

Now this was more like it. So I hastened over to the set where Elinor Glyn, the world's crack author of sentiment held forth. "Love," she said dramatically, her eyes flashing fire "is the one vital spark that makes life. It is the expression of the soul. The very lowest of God's creatures are raised to a higher plane when they love. Because for the time being love holds them under its sway and they cease to be utterly selfish. Love is an essence beyond our sight, hearing and touch. It is uplifting and it is composed of three parts, the spiritual, the mental and the physical. When the three parts are of equal strength, then you have the perfect love."

So far so good.

THOMAS MEIGHAN, that "silent, strong man" of the films was induced to contribute his share to the conversation.

"Love is the result of a real chemical affinity," said Tom. "Two metals that have an affinity for each other rush together but when they have taken on all of each other's magnetism which is possible for them to assume, they drop apart and nothing can make them stay together again for a while. Let me add it is a good thing for married artists to part occasionally, only they shouldn't stay apart so long that some other chemical affinity comes along."

Warner Baxter declared love to be the measure of all things great or small. "It is the one thing we value more than life itself," he said "and so great is its power that none of us can truly comprehend nor thoroughly understand it."

AND then to Pola Negri, the great Russian tragedienne, a woman who has known the fire of many and various loves.

"I cannot say exactly in words just what love is," she informed, "although I have experienced it many times. This I do know—that all other pleasures are not worth its pains. Without love, life is dull and gray, with it, joyous and colorful. No one should be without love."

Pola believes in practicing what she preaches and maybe this is the explanation of her colorful and happy existence.

Ramon Novarro, that chap who guarantees to make the fair ones pale and tremble at his glance, has a little happier definition for the all absorbing passion of love.

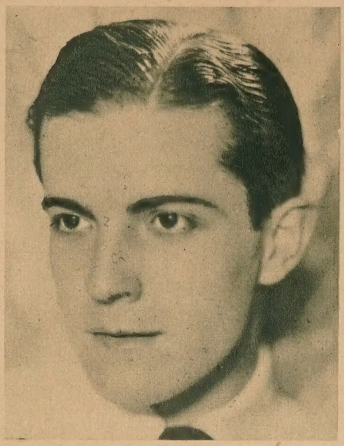
"Naturally," he declared "love is the ultimate of existence. It is an emotion that cannot be coldly analized. It is a flame that burns for what it is worth, like a Christmas candle. Love is everywhere, where

"All other pleasures are not worth love's pains," says Pola, who says she has experienced love many times.

"Love doesn't bring happiness," asserts John Gilbert, the screen's greatest lover. "It is only an illusion that hurts the heart."

"Love is service," interposes Corinne Griffith. "It is sacrificing one's joys for the happiness of others."

Dorothy Mackaill says a graceful figure, a good profile and taking ways are quite enough to make the average man fall in love.



Ramon Novarro believes "love is a flame that burns for what it is worth." But, Ramon, just what is it worth? Please tell us.

"Real love," says Norma Talmadge, "is tenderness and affection based on tolerance and consideration for the other fellow."

there is purity and goodness. Selfishness is unknown where love abides."

Norma Talmadge, who returned not so long ago from Paris, believes she knows what love is.

"REAL, true love," she said "is thoughtfulness in the little things as well as in the important matters. It is tenderness and affection. It is consideration, a willingness to sacrifice everything and anything with tolerance and open mindedness at all times. A love that is founded upon respect, unselfishness and understanding endures forever. And that is what all love should do."

Norma has a large order for love so we passed on to Dorothy Mackaill.

Now Dorothy is honest. She says she believes love can be based alone on the physical. A graceful figure, a good profile are quite enough, she says to make the average girl fall in what she terms love. Dorothy is married and maybe that is why she isn't so hard on the love problem.

Rod La Rocque, who recently married Vilma Banky was naturally expected to make a nice little speech, longer than the following one.

"Love," he said, "is that peculiar power that caused a bachelor to pursue with enthusiasm that which he has kept away from with all the skill at his command in the past—marriage."

The other half of this alliance spoke of love thus: "This thing love is just terrible. When it finds a person they just cannot get away. I was to fear it when I came to the so great America."

She continued in her inimitable way, "I see so many happy people love and marry and then to quit."

"My Rod and Vilma are veree, veree happy. He is the true American gentleman and he loves the home. We like not so much the parties and noise, but the quiet fireside with the books and music."

Marjorie Beebe, a new Fox comedienne handed a fast one when she declared "Love is like a sock in the eye. It makes the world go round. But," she added seriously, "love is very much like a fire bug. Marriage is Hook and Ladder Company Number, One."

Cecil De Mille had one of the most original definitions.

"Love is a delectable dish, the chief ingredients of which are intensified friendships, unselfishness and respect. It is spiced with passion, while jealously as a contrasting condiment brings out the full rich, proving flavor."

RUPERT JULIAN, director on the De Mille lot is somewhat practical in his opinions also. "Love," asserted Julian "is a common disease and marriage is a very effective vaccination. It is a series of mistakes that any old geezer would gladly make over and over again."

Then Corinne Griffith came along with a theory that made Pollyanna the glad little girl she is.

"Love," she said "is service. When one sacrifices his own joys for the happiness of another, then that is love."

Marie Prevost says of the subject: "Love must be a complete mutual understanding to survive marriage. It is a combination of service, thoughtfulness, tenderness and sincere regard. Without these it is as nothing."

So there you are ladies and gentlemen.

You can either take it or leave it!

Famous Flash Backs

Our little Dorothy emotes as Nuggett Nell. If you don't believe it take a look at that hand spread out like a ham and the pigeon-toed boots.

Stealing a little of Lillian's thunder, Dorothy pulls the pristine purity stuff back in the old days before she romped in comedies.

The screen career of Dorothy Gish has certainly gone through many stages. Nobody gets a bigger kick out of her old pictures than does Dorothy herself

Could anything be more fetching than this little madcap as the heroine in "Little Miss Rebellion"?

Hollywood Nights Entertainment

By The Insider

POST holiday season has brought on a round of gaiety in the little film colony and while the days are packed with long working hours the nights hum to the tune of revelry, sociability and good cheer.

Hollywood has more social "circles" than a wheel has revolutions. Each film player has his gang or crowd. Some circles are friendly. Some are very snooty. But between them all, the nights are filled with music and entertainment.

★ ★ ★

JOHN MILJAN gave a bridge party the other evening and invited about fifty of Hollywood's celebrities. His fiancee, **Victoria Hale,** who recently divorced **Creighton Hale,** was also there. She received the shock of her life when Miljan produced a minister and said the whole party was going to be a wedding. The lady in the case fled to a friend's house where she hid for two hours. All the guests constituted a searching party and finally induced the surprised fiancee to go ahead with her part in the marriage ceremony.

★ ★ ★

LOUISE FAZENDA and **Hal Willis,** who were present were asked to participate in a double affair but they refused. Then what did they do a week later, after the newspapers had commented upon their long engagement, but go out and get the knot tied. Louise will continue with her screen work and her husband, who is a publicity man, will carry on likewise.

★ ★ ★

POLA NEGRI has completely recovered from her heart attack which she suffered recently and is working hard these days. Pola's heart stood up pretty good under a recent spat with her husband, **Prince Serge Mdivani,** however the other day. Other Hollywood husbands when aggrieved go to the Athletic Club or to the Ambassador and take up temporary lodging until it all blows over, but it is whispered Pola wasn't going to stand for any public proof that there had been cruel words at home so she had the menials fix up a cot for Serge down in the trunk room and there he slept until they came to terms.

★ ★ ★

YOUNG **Buddy Rogers,** handsome son of a newspaper editor of Lawrence, Kansas, is squiring **Claire Windsor** all about these evenings. It is said the mother of Buddy is having eighteen fits as she considers the female star too old and sophisticated for her boy Buddy. Claire, who is now free of her former husband, **Bert Lytell,** is also seen a great deal with **Col. Tim McCoy,** the G-M-C western star. McCoy is married to a daughter of the late **Henry Miller,** actor and producer. Mrs. McCoy high hats the film colony but no one can discover why she does it.

★ ★ ★

A GOOD time is always had by all when the Writer's Club the WASPS give a dinner. This month, **Maurice De Mond,** president of the famous Breakfast Club, entertainingly disclosed many of the secrets of this interesting organization winding up his speech by inviting all of us to be his guests the following Friday at breakfast. **Commodore J. Stuart Blackton** was the second speaker who told us about the early days in the movies. **Anita Stewart, Mabel Normand, Clara Kimball Young,** the **Talmadge girls, Maurice Costello, John Bunny, Flora Finch** and others.

★ ★ ★

BLITHELY he tossed off the starry names on the old roster of Vitagraph. The "Vitagraph Girl" herself, **Florence Turner,** arose for her speech frankly wiping her eyes after the Commodore's loving

introduction. We soon forgot Florence's tears however. "Of course you all know what Harry Thaw said when he set eyes on **Sid Grauman's** new Chinese theatre in Hollywood," she began. "Good heavens, I killed the wrong architect."

★ ★ ★

WITH **John Barrymore** advertised as master of ceremonies and a glittering array of stars scheduled to appear, the opening performance of United Artists' *Two Arabian Knights* really required the donning of heavy armor and the good old battle axe for a more determined group of fans, it has seldom been my fate to meet. They were gathered hundreds deep outside the million dollar theatre and the small police force seemed quite unable to cope with them. But the picture was well worth the battle.

★ ★ ★

JOHN BARRYMORE at an opening performance the other day looked very much the sheik with his tiny new moustache. He created a whirlwind of laughter when he solemnly declared that United Artists had chosen him as master of ceremonies to help allay the rumor that he had died of old age. In his own inimitable way, he introduced the members of the cast, remarking when **Lewis Milestone,** the director, failed to respond to the spotlight that he remained "spotless," and keeping his temper beautifully when a befuddled man in the balcony attempted to heckle him.

★ ★ ★

LOUIS WOLHEIM carried off the chief acting honors, yet it seemed a pity **Bill Boyd** could not have been there to enjoy his own triumph. Poor chap, he was somewhere out in the wilds of "location." **Lionel Barrymore** came with the star of the occasion and lovely blonde **Mrs. Wolheim. Mary Astor** who appears on the screen for the first time as a vamp and who was accorded a graceful tribute by Barrymore was proudly escorted by both parents and **Kenneth Hawkes.**

★ ★ ★

DOLORES COSTELLO accompanied her sister **Helene** and the happy bridegroom **Jack Reagan. Douglas Fairbanks** and **Jaime Del Rio** were deserted by their famous wives for the evening and appeared separately and alone. **Doug., Jr.** came with a stag party and **Claire Windsor** was a prominent member of a feminine delegation.

★ ★ ★

CHARLIE FARRELL squired **Janet Gaynor.** They are reported to be engaged. **Roland Drew,** the Felipe of *Ramona,* made a dark foil for fair **Greta Nissen,** while—sh!—**Marshall Neilan** had under his wing the two flapper sisters, **Sally O'Neil** and **Molly O'Day.** Young **Bob Read,** a newcomer to the screen, didn't know whether to be flattered or annoyed upon being introduced as **Barry Norton** but an unknown little blonde was distinctly thrilled when announced as **Gloria Grey.**

★ ★ ★

SPEAKING of "old timers," United Artists gave a christening party for **D. W. Griffith's** first picture with that organization. The clever invitation read that the "baby's name is *The Drums of Love,* a lusty youngster immaculately conceived by the master." On arrival, Griffith was discovered rehearsing a lovely girl with soft blond curls; twice seven times, she screeched and fell at the feet of a costumed gentleman. The fair girl astonished us all by turning out to be **Mary Philbin** in disguise.

The week before **Helene Costello** became the bride for the second time to the same man, she kidnapped **Michael Curtiz,** Warner Brothers' Hungarian director. This reprehensible act took place one night after the director had worked hard until eight o'clock at night. When he came out of the studio, he found his car had disappeared. Helene Costello approached and offered to drive him home in her car. All went well until Mr. Curtiz realized he was being carried over Cahuenga Pass in the pretty actress' red sport car. To his objections, Helene accelerated her speed and airily informed the unhappy man that he was being kidnapped.

Suddenly, she brought the car to a halt outside the Zulu hut on Ventura Boulevard and dragged her protesting captive through the door where he was confronted by forty members of the *Good Time Charley* company, his current picture. All went well as the proverbial wedding bells once the director understood they were commemorating his first anniversary in America.

★ ★ ★

BREAKFASTS are not strictly in the category of Hollywood Nights' Entertainment but these Sunday affairs are getting to be such a habit they can no longer be ignored. Whether **Bodil Rosing** started the fad when she invited a few friends in for "Danish pan cakes" is not known. At any rate, **Ann Warrington** kept the fad going by serving her special dish—corn fritters—the following week. Then **Edith Ryan** took it up and invited twelve guests for good old American "ham and —." Young **Gordon Self,** a stage actor appearing in a local production, put on an excellent imitation of a butler, at the same time materially assisting his

(*Continued on page* 105)

A Buckaroo Romeo

Ha! No matter how tangled the woodland path, there's always a light in the clearing, if you ask the screen's new cowboy Romeo, John Boles. The way John finishes off these rural love scenes is nobody's business. Here are John and Molly O'Day featured in "The Shepherd of the Hills."

The Girl Who Laughed at Love

And when the first buds of spring broke on the trees I became conscious of my

I COULD have been a famous movie star. Everybody who came to Tristan's said I was wasting time; that I should go to Hollywood and enter the movies. I had to laugh because Tristan's grill and supper club was plenty exciting. You see my father owned it. My father is Arturo Tristan, the owner, manager, and the great personality behind Tristan's.

We are an unusual sort of family. Our mother, that is my sister Lilla's and mine, died when we were children. At the same time my father's brother, Pierre, ran away with another woman. My aunt May divorced her husband and married my father, so that my two cousins, Anna and Fae, became our stepsisters. We have one little brother, Walling, who is the brother of all of us, being the son of my papa and Mother May, as we had been taught to call our stepmother.

Yet there wasn't a happier family than ours in the whole country, I think. Mother May is a gorgeous woman, generous, fair and the typical wife of a restaurateur. But she was no mother.

Papa is big, bluff, generous. He never denied us anything. We could invite our friends to dinner, and none of them ever paid for a meal, even when they came uninvited. It was a known slogan that you could always get a free meal at Tristan's if you praised the girls to the old Arturo. Yes, papa was a peach. But he was no father.

In the winter we had a large apartment over the restaurant, and ate all our meals in the grill. In the summer we all went to Tristan's-by-the-Sea, papa's million dollar hotel at Asbury Park, New Jersey, where we had a beautiful suite of rooms for the family, and ate our meals in the big dining room. It was all very fine; right off Broadway all winter, and in the heart of the gaiety of a resort all summer. Everyone envied us.

Yes, we had everything except the most elemental necessities of life—a mother, a father and a home.

My girlhood was one grand song, just as was that of my sisters. But this is the story of my marriage and what marriage becomes when our type of people try to love and to honor. For I see now, only too clearly, that we belong to the gypsies of our

Beginning a new Hollywood serial by Helen Good, in which this talented young author reveals the depth of a woman's heart

Illustrated by
Edward Butler

own sister's fiance, Ira Stone. His piercing black eyes full of fire seemed to follow me wherever I went.

present day—the vaudeville troopers, actors, song writers and the rest of those whose business it is to amuse the other half of the world.

None of us had any particular talents, but everyone thought we were "interesting." We bobbed our hair almost simultaneously with Irene Castle. We all wore heavy, antique looking earrings, and our actress friends taught us how to dress. Not one of us ever did a stitch of work in our lives. Lilla and Anna went in for dancing. Fae took a few courses at the Art League, but I was content just to live and have a good time.

"Siri is the lazy one," papa used to say good-humoredly, "but she can afford to be 'cause she's the best looking!" And everyone thought that because I really was the best looking, that I'd make the best match.

FATHER believed in early marriages, like all Frenchmen, and so when Anna, who was the eldest of us four, fell in love with Georgie Kent, a picture comedian, who is now, under his real name, one of the wealthiest and best known comedians on the screen, papa was delighted, for he liked Georgie. Anna was twenty-two, and the first to go.

She was married in the African room, off the grill, and had her supper in the Jungle, as our supper club was called. It was a marvelous affair. Everyone in New York nearly was there. Champagne and wine flowed like water, and my father spared no

expense in making the wedding all that he believes a wedding should be.

Well, Anna and Georgie had a short honeymoon. Then they took a little non-housekeeping apartment a block away from us and naturally had all their meals with us. So that marrying off a daughter meant nothing more than having another person at the table reserved for us. Papa thought that was only proper, and we accepted it as the right thing.

It never occurred to my sister Anna to start a home of her own. Home? That was the most remote possibility in the world.

About six months later, just as we were moving back to Tristan's off Broadway, from Tristan's-by-the-Sea, Fae, who was then only seventeen, and the youngest of us four, eloped with Bob Hadley, who was then a medical student.

Papa was furious—not because Fae married, but because he was cheated out of making a big wedding. Since Bob was only a student, and had two more years at Columbia Medical School, they came to live with us.

"My table gets bigger and bigger," gloated papa. "Yet has to be be married our Lilla and my exquisite Siri, and then the grandchildren will begin to come. Ah, the house of Tristan will not suffer because we only have one son.

We used to laugh at papa's enthusiasm.

I loved the excitement of the restaurant. I never went to bed before two or three in the morning. I was always in the middle of the gayest crowd. At eighteen, I knew every haunt on Broadway, every actor—everybody who was anything, for everyone came to Tristan's. The place known everywhere.

MY HAIR is dark brown, like my mother's. I have wide, blue eyes, and I was always very pale, for I never had any exercise or air except in the summer at Asbury. I slept every day until noon. The afternoon was spent either at the matinee, shopping, or in the beauty parlors and, of course, the nights were spent in the grill.

But my pallor was part of my beauty, and I accentuated it with a heavy carmen lipstick and faint blue chalk under my eyes. My hair was thick in those days, and fluffed about my face and across my forehead in a heavy bang.

I thought I was the height of sophistication. My two married sisters used to air their marital life freely and, living in the atmosphere we did, it is no wonder that it failed to excite me. I never thought I would fall in love like Anna and Fae did. Secretly I thought both had married slightly beneath them, and I planned on making a brilliant and spectacular match.

Ira let go of me with such force that I flew to the other end of the couch.

But they say love moves in a mysterious way—or something like that anyway, and when I was nineteen I fell in love, madly, with Will Miller. And in less than five months we were married.

Will dominated my thoughts, my heart, my life. I

(*Continued on page* 100)

Cupid's Bulletin Board

Love, Marriage and Divorce Among the Picture People

By June Lee

NEVER, in the history of filmdom, has so many love entanglements arisen to capture the attention of the interested public.

Marriages, which were presumed to last a lifetime have gone on the rocks. Engaged couples have become disengaged over night. Weddings that have been postponed have been suddenly consummated. Cupid is the busiest fellow in Hollywood these days. Always on the job.

★ ★ ★

FRIENDS of **Gil Boag** and **Gilda Gray** are under the impression that their recent spat was just a temperamental outbreak and that things will be patched up pretty soon. The manager-publicity purveyor husband went to the Biltmore after a squabble, tis said, while Gilda continued her residence in Hollywood. Boag was formerly a cabaret owner in New York and was instrumental in bringing the dancer to high financial success.

★ ★ ★

BETTY JEWEL, who is traveling abroad, writes her friends she is lonely for Hollywood and will return soon. It was reported before Betty went away that she might wed **Ronald Colman** when he was finally divorced. And Colman has lately purchased Norma Shearer's house, which indicates things are going to be very domestic.

★ ★ ★

ALICE WHITE is going around with **Victor Fleming** these days. You may remember that Victor once gallantly allowed **Clara Bow** to say she was engaged to him when the flapper vamp wanted to punish **Gilbert Roland. Alice White** used to be seen with **Frank O'Neill,** an assistant director, and it was reported the two were married. This was never confirmed. O'Neill is now married to a niece of **Doris Kenyon.**

★ ★ ★

WHEN **Don Alvarado** and his pretty wife, Ann, take lunch at the Montmartre, everyone thinks Ann is a movie star, too. But she isn't and she gets all the credit on account of her unusual beauty.

★ ★ ★

MRS. J. STUART BLACKTON, who figured very prominently in an affair with a riding master about a year ago, has returned to Hollywood from a year in Europe, following the appearance of pages of unpleasant publicity attendant upon the man's suit for damage. Mrs. Blackton is now entertaining extensively among members of the film colony in an evident effort to reinstate herself.

★ ★ ★

IT SEEMS that **Mrs. Emil Jannings** has a fifteen-year-old daughter by a former marriage who is coming to Hollywood from Germany to enter pictures. The young lady is known as Ruth Maria and apparently has lost a last name while coming overseas. Mrs. Jannings was formerly Mrs. Conrad Veidt, but the appearance of this daughter discloses a third still previous marriage.

★ ★ ★

A FLOCK of recently married folks in Hollywood went abroad during the past holiday season. This group included **Irving Thalberg** and **Norma Shearer, Darryl Zanuck** and **Virginia Foxe, Laura La Plante** and **William Seiter, Edna Murphy** and **Mervyn LeRoy, Lew Cody** and **Mabel Normand.**

★ ★ ★

GRETA NISSEN and **Charlie Farrell** are still attending parties together in Hollywood and it is believed this famous pair may soon announce their engagement.

★ ★ ★

JOHN BARRYMORE has bought the King Vidor home high up in the Beverly hills and seems to be a permanent resident of the West. The film colony wonders if he will divorce or be divorced by **Michael Strange,** who persists in staying in New York and if he is planning this home for **Dolores Costello.**

★ ★ ★

MRS. ROSE VAN CLEVE, sister of **Marion Davies,** who has been extensively entertained by the film star since she came west to visit is now searing the nation for her six-year-old child. It seems **George Van Cleve** took French leave for parts unknown and carried his child off with him.

★ ★ ★

THEY tell a story on **De Mille** during the filming of *The Ten Commandments.* The director was so busy he didn't have a second for anyone. For days **Theodore Roberts** and **James Neill,** who played two of the leading roles, tried to speak to the great director for a second, regarding one of the scenes, but no luck. Finally, the actors sent De Mille a telegram which read, "Would it be possible for Moses and Aaron to speak to God?"

MEMBERS of the **Will Hays** organization have asked the film producers to keep hands off the book, "The President's Daughter," for filming purposes. The book concerns the affairs of the late President Harding, and is written by **Nan Britton,** who says Harding is the father of her eight-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann. It is possible that an independent company will produce the story on the screen.

★ ★ ★

NOW that the bonds between **Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny** have been severed, Mrs. Denny will make her appearance on the legitimate stage, friends say. Trips on the waters of the Pacific without his family was one of the reasons given by Mrs. Denny for their incompatibility.

★ ★ ★

AT A party in New York, it is said, **Gene Tunney** met a show girl. The chorine got his name all wrong when he was introduced and had no idea that Gene was a celebrity. So the romance waxed warm. Gene was a constant attendant at the theatre and took the young lady home every evening. Then a wise chorine tipped her off that her escort was the million-dollar champion, and the showgirl began to work at vamping. Gene flew the coop.

★ ★ ★

ALL SORTS of surprises anent contracts are happening in the motion picture business. **Olive Borden,** who two years ago was helping her mother run a little candy store and has since made a dozen pictures on that same piece of ground, has been let out at Fox, it is said. Eastern critics have not been too complimentary of Miss Borden's work, tis said.

★ ★ ★

MARY HAY is not taking very sweetly to the idea that her daughter, **Mary Hay Barthelmess,** is to have a new mamma. She will put in a claim for the sole rights to her child very shortly, it is said. Mary and her late spouse, **Vivian Bath,** rubber merchant, will again try the footlights in New York, while her ex-husband, Richard, and **Katherine Wilson** are going ahead with plans for their wedding.

★ ★ ★

RUMORS that **Renee Adoree** was about to separate from **William Gill,** her husband of only a few weeks standing, are evidently all wrong for they are on their way to France for a belated honeymoon.

Many film couples are so busy with productions at the time they wed that honeymoons are simply put aside until time provides for the same. **Captain Gantz** and **Lois Weber,** now married over a year, are just going on their first honeymoon trip. **Mabel Normand** and **Lew Cody,** already wed six months, are going to New York now for a honeymoon and **Laura La Plante** and **William Seiter,** married a year ago, have just returned from a short honeymoon journey to Honolulu.

★ ★ ★

KATHRYN McGUIRE, pretty blonde film star, did not have far to move when she became **Mrs. George Landy,** wife of the publicity director for First National pictures. Kathryn had previously lived right next door to George so all she had to do was throw her clothes through the windows and begin breakfasting at a new location.

★ ★ ★

EX-BROTHERS in law probably have much in common. Anyhow, **Ralph Ince** who used to be married to **Lucille Lee Stewart,** immediately engaged **Rudolph Cameron, Anita Stewart's** husband, for a lead in *Coney Island* which Ince is now directing. It is believed that Rudolph's appearance in Hollywood is a definite move toward a divorce from Anita. The pair have been separated for a number of years and Anita has often been seen in the company of a Los Angeles physician, but she has never before made a move toward a decree. Perhaps Rudolph is now interested in another lady and wants his freedom.

★ ★ ★

IS MARILYN MILLER going to be **Mrs. Ben Lyon** after all? It seems they were in the habit of having dinner together every evening in Paris pending Marilyn's divorce from **Jack Pickford,** but that during the last week Marilyn dined instead with **Maurice Lepeau,** an American dancer of the chorus of "No, No, Nanette." Lyon refused to be interviewed on the reported break when he arrived in New York. He is now in Hollywood working in pictures.

★ ★ ★

A love match that is going to "take" in the opinion of Hollywood is that between Milton Sills and his wife Doris Kenyon.

ONE of those innocent little baby Wampas stars of last year has put a fast one over on her Hollywood. This is **Adamae Vaughn,** considered a mere baby child, has been married, divorced and will remarry the same man again shortly, it has just been disclosed. Even the Wampas officials did not know that Miss Vaughn had ever been wed when she was chosen as one of this year's lucky thirteen.

Adamae was wed

William Haines is about the only eligible bachelor in the colony that Cupid can't spear with his arrow. "Love 'em and leave 'em," is the theory on which Bill works. Even Joan Crawford above, can't make him fall.

to **Albert Hindman,** a contractor, it seems, and having been divorced after a foolish quarrel, they have since made up and are going to re-wed.

★ ★ ★

IT IS said that little **Janet Gaynor,** star of *Seventh Heaven* is down in first heaven these days and not feeling so good. She broke her engagement to **Herbert Moulton** because she became so fond of her leading man, **Charlie Farrell,** and now Farrell, in turn has become enamored of a new love in filmdom and no engagement to Janet is going to be announced after all.

★ ★ ★

WHILE the first **Mrs. Francis Bushman** is suing for $50,000 back alimony, the second Mrs. Bushman, **Beverly Bayne,** draws her's each month and is among the dinner guests at many social affairs in the film city.

★ ★ ★

THE engagement of **Katherine Wilson** and **Richard Barthelmess,** screen player, has been broken off.

"Mr. Barthelmess and I are friends still," said Miss Wilson, "although we came to a decision several weeks ago not to go on with our marriage plans. He is now on the coast making pictures and I am starting rehearsals in New York."

Their engagement was announced a year ago, after Barthelmess was divorced from **Mary Hay,** dancer.

They tell a funny one on **Clara Bow.** It seems

(*Continued on page* 107)

The Screen

THE LEOPARD LADY — *Excellent*

All people with weak and palpitating hearts are earnestly requested upon advice of counsel to stay away. A rip-roaring melodrama against the background of a small-time continental circus with a first-class murder in the initial five minutes of play. Furthermore one of those rare mystery movies in which the mystery really remains a mystery until the end. Of course we aren't going to be mean enough to give away the secret now, but it wasn't either the boarder or Lon Chaney, if that's any satisfaction. Jacqueline Logan is the leading lady who is brutal to leopards but quails at a mouse.—Pathe.

HIS NIGHT — *Fair*

Don't be misled by the title and think you are going to see something of Elinor Glyn's. It is another one of those mythical kingdom romances proving how much harder it is to be a person of royal blood than an automobile salesman in Keokuk. Ramon Novarro is given an opportunity to display his excellent figure in one of those uniforms that he must get into with a shoe horn and a glove stretcher and that is about all. But there is Roy D'Arcy who is without a doubt the most engaging scoundrel on the screen in one of his delightfully villainous roles and Renee Adoree as the beautiful heroine.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

GALLAGHER — *Excellent*

If you haven't a little kiddie in your home you will want to go right out and adopt Junior Coghlan after you see him as the lovable little ragamuffin who makes good and discovers the murderer in the best Horatio Alger fashion in this screen version of the great newspaper story by Richard Harding Davis. And, if you don't like children there is the love story between Harrison Ford who plays the young reporter and Elinor Fair. Now that Jackie Coogan is busy growing up it is comforting to think that we will still have Junior in knee pants for a few more years.—Pathe.

THE LOVELORN — *Good*

If you have often wondered just what those girls look like that pour out their hearts to Beatrice Fairfax under the quaint aliases of "Anxious" and "Hopeful" here is your chance to see one on the screen. Sally O'Neil plays the part of one of those poor lost souls. Greater heart throbs than this hath no picture. It just goes to show what a hard time the poor working girl has to get on when alone in the great city. And the director, with great self-restraint, has refrained from the use of paper snowstorms. Yet there is something about this drama taken from the unsigned confessions of unknown girls that rings true in spite of everything. Molly O'Day in the supporting role.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

in Review

THE GAY DEFENDER — *Good*

Presenting Mr. Dix, yes, it is, too, Richard Dix, although you may not recognize him with the sideburns on, in a swashbuckling picture of the early days of California which the reviewers are certain to hail as colorful. Gayer and more light-hearted than the usual Dix films, it gives our hero a pleasant relief from those strong silent roles in which he keeps clenching his fists and scowling at the portrait of his Uncle Frank just out of range of the camera. And you'll forgive us Mr. Dix if we mention in an undertone that the sideburns and mustache are really very becoming after all. Thelma Todd furnishes the scenic embellishment.—Paramount.

THE STREET OF SIN — *Excellent*

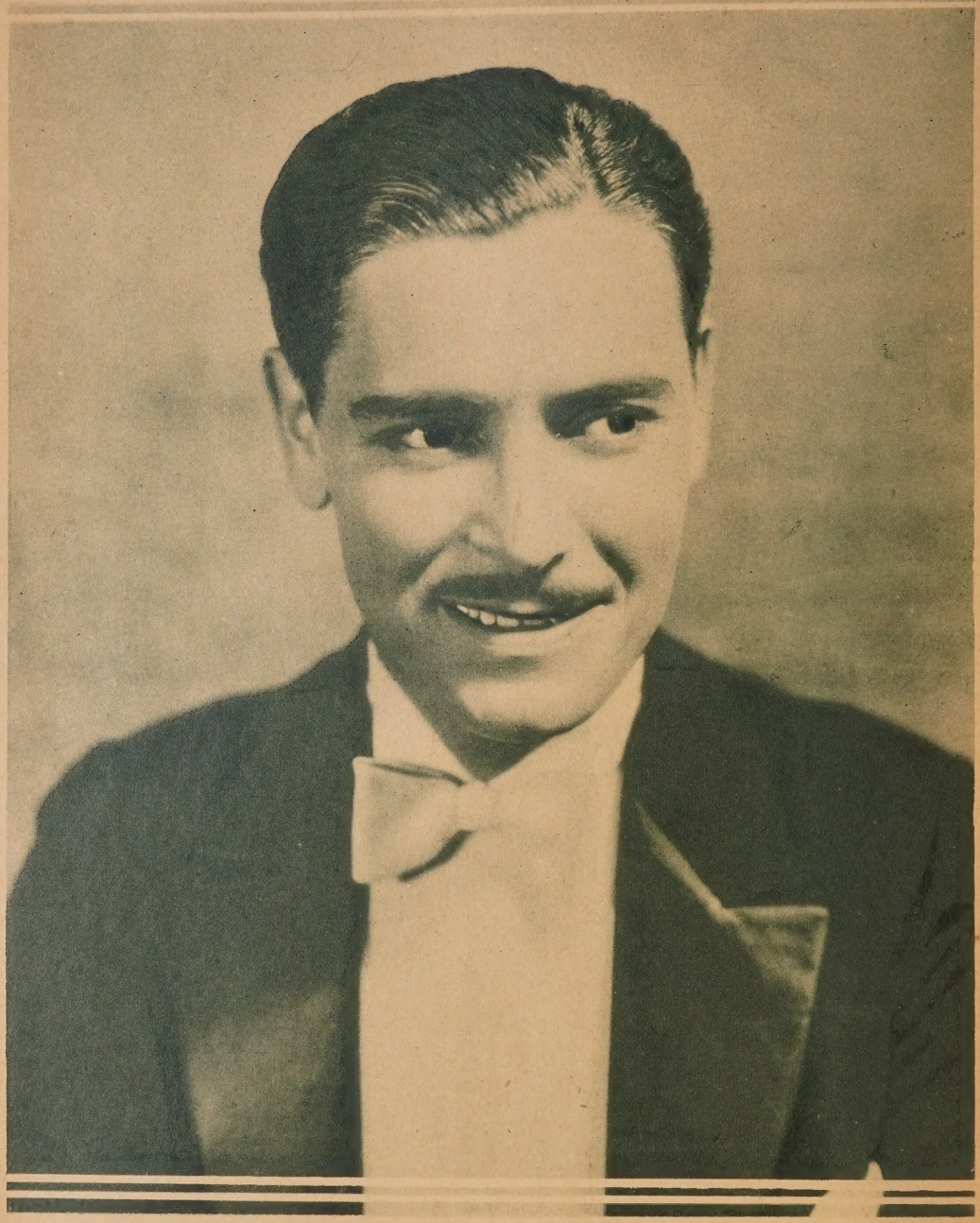
Emil Jannings contributes another one of his remarkable characterizations to the screen in a great drama of the lives of those people whom we infer it isn't the thing to know socially in Dear Old Lunnon. *The Street of Sin* is evidently one of the main seams in the seamy side of life. This time Mr. Jannings is an humble worker in the ranks of the Salvation Army, but thank heaven he isn't always looking on the brighter side of things. If you like your drama straight here is a picture you will enjoy. But when, Mr. Jannings, are you going to play Little Lord Fauntleroy? —Paramount.

SPEEDY — *Good*

Just a poor young man in a derby and a pair of indestructible spectacles trying to get along in a big city. And what a time he has of it! Of course by this time even the children in the back row must have guessed that the young man is none other than Harold Lloyd. If you have seen his last nine—or is it seven?—pictures you will know just about what to expect and can decide at once whether or not to go. The betting on Wall Street is that you'll go. The picture gets many a good gag out of a primitive conveyance said to have been used by prehysteric Americans known as the horse car.—Paramount.

JESSE JAMES — *Good*

Glimpses into the private life of the patron saint of all night club proprietors in which the greatest gunmen in the annals of American history, before Chicago came into its own, appears on the screen wearing a halo instead of his well-known sombrero. Fred Thompson, the accomplished horseman presents a glorified Jesse James with a heart of gold beneath his homespun shirt bearing little resemblance to the familiar figure of the dime novels who carved men's gizzards with gusto. But one is probably as true as the other, and at any rate the exploits of the dashing highwayman will keep you from falling asleep in your chair.—Paramount.



"TOLERANCE is about all this sad world needs", says Ronald Colman in this intimate, heart-to-heart talk----a talk which Colman seldom gives for publication.

The Dark Angel of the Films

A Serious Talk with Ronald Colman

By Edward R. Sammis

IT WAS one of those leisure moments between scenes. Ronald Colman and I were spending the idle period together. Colman was talking in that slow, low voice about life, about human friendships, about fame, about illusions, about tennis. It was one of those gorgeous California days, mild with a stiff breeze off the mountains.

I looked at Colman's face as he talked.

It was a dark, sad face. There is something about his eyes, smouldering, inscrutable that makes one think he has seen too much of the realities of life for his own contentment. It hold few, if any, secrets from him.

"Tolerance," he was saying when my mind wandered back to listen to his voice "is one thing this old world needs. Tolerance! Tolerance for the peculiarities of others. Live and let live is a good motto to follow. This old world is plenty big enough for us all. But the mob", he continued "is always cruel. It cheers a grudge and grudges a cheer."

THERE was a lapse in the conversation. We were both busy with our thoughts.

Here was a sensitive soul, I pondered, a man who suffers much from little; a man who sees the truth all too clearly and who is too much aware of the elusiveness of all things worth while. He sees too well the permanency of all things ugly, for his own peace of mind.

"I never had an overwhelming desire for the stage," he said simply when asked to give a sketch of his life. "I went to school in the south of England. My people were poor and my life as a child was like the lives of millions of boys.

"I really didn't begin to think until the World War. Then when the war was over and I came back to England, my whole world had changed. I had to have a job so did thousands of other men just like me. Jobs were hard to find. The only thing I knew anything about was amateur theatricals. So I turned to the stage. I took anything I could get and that was very little.

"I went along for a while. I was very unhappy in mind. London was an unhappy place to be in at that time. Then I got a job in an English film. I knew nothing about pictures. I don't even remember the name of the picture because my part was so insignificant.

"And so I drifted. Then suddenly I found I was unable to buy a meal. Broke, struggling for a bare existence. Life cut deeply into one's marrow those days."

Again his face took on that inscrutable, mysterious smile.

"America had left a strong impression on the British mind after the war," he continued. "I heard of the film opportunities over here. With high hopes I shipped for New York.

"To be broke, hungry and out of work in one's native land is bad but to be penniless and down and out in a powerful city like New York in a strange country is one of the worst experiences in the life of man.

Tennis lends a great deal of recreation for this distinguished Englishman, Ronald Colman, when he is not busy making pictures.

"FOR months I tramped the streets of New York, going from studio to studio. I was unable to get work as an extra. No one would lend a hand.

"Then I haunted the stage doors. I got some small parts in the theatre but always I waited for an opportunity to play in pictures.

"I don't know what the fascination is about Fame," he went on, "that makes a man struggle so to gain it. Personally I believe that the game is not worth the candle but I fought on.

"Then came my chance in *The White Sister*. From then on my whole life changed."

It is a matter of film history what Colman did in that picture. One part succeeded another until by graceful and easy stages he won his way, where he is today, at the top.

Colman has no false ideas about his magnitude in pictures. He does not conceive himself to be an idol of the screen. He regards himself an insignificant cog in the wheels of the industry which interests his restless mind extremely.

"The actor, you know is only fifteen per cent, after all of this business," he explains. "It is the industry that counts.

"I may seem blase," he said "but the is a fascination to work in picture

Colman, after one more picture co-starred with Vilma Banky, shown above, is to be starred alone hereafter, 'tis said.

There is a gratifying response—it may be that is is gratifying only to the ego of man—when I go into the projection room after a days work to see the rushes of the part I am trying to portray. Anyway I enjoy it."

OF ALL the parts that Colman has done he prefers the role of the blind soldier in *The Dark Angel.*

"It was a sympathetic part of course," said Colman "but it demanded a repression, a subdued tone that I try so hard to get into my work."

Right now Colman is on the threshold of his career. He is making one more picture with Vilma Banky and then he is to be starred alone. All the credit will be his.

The "dark angel" enjoys roles depicting he-men. Above he is seen with Gary Cooper in the filming of an outdoor mining scene.

"No one can foretell," he said, "just what their future is in pictures. I would like to play, in fact I have longed to play that wonderful role of Sidney Carton, that glorious wastrel in *A Tale of Two Cities.* The great character of Dicken's who justified his worthless life with a superb gesture at his death.

Then there is the part of Raffles, the gentleman burglar with its depths and psychological shades to the characterization which Colman has in himself and wants to do. Perhaps some wise producer will give Colman his chance. Time alone will tell.

Now, when he has conquered the struggle for material things, this actor is employed with the business of living. He is fond of sports, tennis in particular. He plays whenever he gets a moment away from the studio and he is often seen on the beautiful courts on Clive Brook's estate in Hollywood.

He motors for hours through the canyons and mountains of California. He reads and his taste is wide and diverting. Music, he believes, is necessary to happiness "for it is in music that I find rest for my soul," he says.

WHEN Norma Shearer went away to marry Irving Thalberg, he bought her former home in Glendale. This real estate transfer set all Hollywood predicting that Ronald must be thinking of getting married again.

But it seems that his final decree from his wife has not been granted and he appears to take very little interest in the beautiful women of the famous film capital.

COLMAN's tastes are very simple.

Contrary to the general opinion that all movie actors must have jade green bath tubs and mauve motor cars, Colman literally runs from such things. He shuns the exotic and the eccentric for himself. He does not condemn others no matter how loud their tastes or how bizarre they become.

"The world is big enough for us all," he explains, without hesitation.

One feels that one could know this man for a long time and yet never know him at all.

One has a feeling that this man lives within himself. That his great sympathy and tolerance for others is due to the fact that he realizes the uncertainty of all things.

He would make a wonderful father confessor, is the thought that comes to one after hearing his views on life.

Yet beyond all, he remains a baffling personality — like the smile of Mona Lisa.

The camera often plays strange tricks with people's faces.

But sometimes it catches a shadow on the face that is indicative of the mind and heart.

Thus is explained the winsome sadness of Ronald Colman, one of the most interesting, and at the same time, baffling personalities on the screen.

Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky and Henry King put in the hours between shots at the studio. This game is one of his favorites.

COLLEEN MOORE *is seen in the above photo wearing a costume designed by Max Ree to illustrate youth. She does this charmingly.*

Celluloid Cowboys

They are dark, handsome, tender, brave, courageous, true, chivalrous—these lovers of the ten gallon hats, the shooting irons and the wide open spaces

Ann Rork and Louise Fazenda play at cowboying in "The Texas Steer."

And what da yuh think this guy is saying holding his hand over the gal's heart?

String him up! But Hold!—clatter, clatter, clatter. Hear the hoof beats? Help cometh right in the nick of time. It's Jack Luden in "Shootin' Irons."

So This is Hollywood

Recreation among the picture girls makes life interesting for the photographers. Above we see a game of leap frog in progress.

Mary and Doug turn authors—Gloria put in her place by artist while Lon Chaney turns virtuous—Estelle's wise crack

By Don Juan

DOUG and Mary are going to write their memoirs one of these days, and of course this famous film couple will ultimately appear jointly in a super production. All of which is taken for granted in film circles. But what the picture colony isn't aware of is that Doug and Mary are planning to write a book jointly, in the near future—a book that will deal with conditions in Russia as the Fairbanks twain found them to exist during their visit to the Bolshevik country last year.

Neither Doug or Mary would talk about Russia for publication at this time, they told an interviewer, as they intended to write a book on the subject in the near future.

Those Naive Brothers

DESPITE their great wealth, business acumen, and film achievements in the two-reel comedy field with their Century Comedies, Abe and Julius Stern continue to remain the apparently naive butt of the smarties around Film Row. Recently, George Pallay, Hollywood's irrepressible man-about-town, ran into the brothers Stern on the Boulevard. He turned the conversation to Billy West, an erstwhile inconsequential rival comedy producer. George told Abe and Julius that Billy West had at last come into his two-reel own; that First National had taken Billy under its wing, and a building at the Burbank Studio had been named after West. When they expressed a doubt about this honor to Billy West, George called over Frank Lawrence, First National's ace film editor, who happened to be nearby. "Say, Frank," George asked, "haven't they got a West Administration Building over on the First National lot?" "They certainly have," replied Frank truthfully. Whereupon George walked off with Frank, leaving the Stern brothers to figure it out for themselves. Nothing was said about the East Administration Building on the First National lot, too.

She Who Gets Slapped

PERHAPS it really wasn't Gloria Swanson's fault that John Decker, the famous sketch artist, who is now practicing his art in Hollywood, failed to contribute a series of sketches for a dinner party that Gloria planned in honor of her marquis' return from Paris. Twelve guests were invited to the dinner—each a distinguished personage of the Hollywood colony. Gloria desired a sketch of each guest so that she might use the sketches instead of placement cards at the table. So she instructed her secretary to telephone

Yes, that is nice long fringe on the Spanish shawl, isn't it? Jean Stewart is her name. She is a newcomer to screenland.

Wouldn't the shivers run all over you if you were Alice Day and were caught in the arms of a gorilla? The picture, "The Gorilla," is said to be full of such spooky things.

Now isn't this quaint? Alice Adair is certainly upside-down in the movies. Who wouldn't be if they could make a display like Alice?

Decker. The secretary told the artist over the phone that Miss Swanson expected him to draw the personages from memory, since he probably knew them all; and if he didn't happen to know any of them, why, Miss Swanson would furnish him with adequate descriptions. Decker gasped. And when the gasp was over he curtly told the secretary to inform the film star that "I don't even know how Miss Swanson looks."

Leave It To Estelle

ESTELLE TAYLOR certainly is a great defensive banquet fighter for her husband, Jack Dempsey. She proved it at the Elks' Club banquet given in honor of Jack when he returned to Los Angeles after his last encounter with Gene Tunney. Estelle was sitting beside her feted husband at the honor table. Previous speakers had intimated in no uncertain terms that they would like to hear from the ex-champion's own lips his version of the fight. But just before Jack was scheduled to make his replying address, Estelle was called upon for a few words. "As a matter of fact," quoth Estelle, the while her silver brocaded costume glistened in the Mazdas' glare, "Jack saw less of the fight than any of the others that were there. He was too busy during the fight trying to duck." The Elk ensemble gave the little girl a big hand.

Poor Imogene

THE plight of Imogene Wilson, Frank Tinney's well-known sweetheart emeritus, has really touched a tender spot in Hollywood's sympathetic consciousness. Here's a girl who really is considered a glorious picture "find," and by no less a picker than John Considine, Jr., executive head of the Schenck producing organization. And despite the fact that she has adopted the simple name of "Mary Nolan," the stigma of her affair with Frank Tinney is retarding her rise to picture fame. "If I had been a gold-digger I guess it would have been quite all right; but just because I did it out of real love I'm terribly harrassed," mourns the beautiful Imogene.

Grieves For Friend

THE outstanding mourner at the funeral of Sam Warner, the young film executive who recently died here after a brief illness, was none other than Archie Mayo, the director. Archie's sincere manifestations of grief were heartrending to behold. He is a big man, is Archie. Yet he was so shaken by tears, especially at the cemetery just as the body was laid to rest in the crypt, that he would have swooned if stronger arms had not held him up. It was Sam Warner who had given Archie his first directorial opportunity.

Branching Out a Bit

TIME was when Bud Barsky sought fame and shekels for the Western "quickies" he produced on "Poverty Row." The picture was the thing, not the Barsky name. Now, what with the financial backing he has acquired through the Barsky enterprise, he is branching out a bit; an under the patrician patronymic

Eleanor Boardman, registering one of those "at home" looks. She dresses simply, but exceedingly well, doesn't she?

"Aren't you losing something?" Charles Rogers is getting unnecessarily uneasy about this dancer of the Marion Morgan troupe who appears as a wax model in "Get Your Man."

Helene Costello steps out as a dancer in "Good Time Charley." Some day Helene may be as popular as her sister, Dolores.

of Roy Fitz Roy, no less. And his principal director is Forrest Sheldon, who used to sign extras' checks under the name of Ben Cohen.

A Merger In the Offing

JOHN M. STAHL has left Louis B. Mayer and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization to go into business for himself. He has joined the Tiffany organization of which he is to be the director-general. In joining Tiffany he becomes affiliated with M. H. Hoffman, president of the organization, who some years ago bought Stahl's first directorial success, *Wives of Men.* This picture cost about $16,000 to produce, was purchased by Hoffman for $50,000, and grossed more than $1,000,000. Now that Stahl has become an official of the Tiffany organization with eight directors to work under him for a starter, (Tiffany has taken over the old Fine Arts Studio in Hollywood), the little rumor bird in film circles is saying that a merger or a working agreement with Tiffany and First National is not far off. First National has always been anxious to obtain the services of Stahl.

Another Star Looms

ON THE face of it, it would appear as if Carl Laemmle, Jr., brought Joan Lido to Universal City from Europe for the express purpose of making a potential star of the young woman whom his father recently discovered in the little town of Lido, near Venice. The girl was discovered while papa Carl, sister Rosabelle and Carl, Jr., were touring Europe together. She was brought to America and recently Carl, Jr., among others of course, accompanied the maid Joan from New York to Hollywood, the while papa Carl remained over in New York. But the intimate friends of the potential young film magnate declare that Carl Jr., has more than a passing romantic "crush" on the young lady who may now figure in the film annals of Universal.

What's In a Name?

WHEN Johnny Hines selected Edna May Adams for his new leading lady because he happened to prefer her distinctive type of blond beauty, he suggested that she shorten her name to Edna May. She shortened it. And thus she has been publicized. But now comes a Miss Edna May Cooper and complains to the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences that la Adams is infringing on the Cooper picture appellation. With recourse to the law threatened by Miss Cooper. And the one who says she's suffering sleepless nights on account of the alleged infringement is Miss B. Stephens, the Hines publicity director. Though Miss Stephens does add: "I hope the best girl wins. If that isn't possible I hope Miss Cooper wins."

Lon Must Be Virtuous

THE picture stars are becoming awfully "publicity wise." That is to say, despite their natural avidity for publicity, they are growing mighty careful in regard to the exploitation matter to which they lend their

(*Continued on page* 105)

Give the Little Girl a Hand!

By Grace Simpson

A FEW years ago Sally Rand left an Orpheum dance act that had become stranded and wandered into Hollywood. On an empty stomach and an empty purse she sought fame and fortune. Sally made the regular rounds of the studios and casting offices. She walked twenty blocks a day because she didn't have carfare. Three meals a day was unknown. A hall bedroom without windows was her castle. A slab of wires and boards with a few old quilts was her couch.

Mack Sennett saw her standing with a group of extras on his set. He needed a bathing beauty to make a dive into his pool. He walked over to Sally and offered her the sum of fifteen dollars if she would make a fifteen-foot dive into the water. Sally rushed into a costume, made the dive, and a friend out of Mack Sennett.

It was that dive that led to Sally's contract in the movies.

NOW Cecil B. De Mille comes into the plot of our story. He happened to catch a glimpse of Sally in a comedy and promptly decided she would be a very good candidate to train. Accordingly, he sought her out and the result was a long-term contract as a member of the famous Cecil B. De Mille stock company. This company has developed such fine stars as Gloria Swanson, Leatrice Joy, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Rod La Rocque, and others of equal caliber. Since signing her contract, Sally has appeared in many De Mille successes. Most notable of these are her last two pictures, *The Last Frontier,* and *Getting Gertie's Garter,* both in which she had fairly good-sized parts.

So far as personal appearance is concerned, Sally is very attractive. If I am not mistaken, it was De Mille himself, who once had her labeled as "the typical American girl" and "one of the most beautiful girls in America." Perhaps C. B. is right—he usually is. Certainly, Sally is very lovely with a clear, vivid blonde beauty. She is just five feet tall and weighs an even one hundred and fourteen pounds. Add to that flawless coloring, shingled hair of golden yellow, and a pair of deep blue eyes, and you have the complete picture!

For those of you who insist on having more facts, Sally is quite famous in the movie capital for her ability to add new and even more weird contortions to the Charleston and the Black Bottom. She has brains, too—quite a few of them, in fact, for such a volatile little person. Venus, as a rule, you know, rarely speaks with the intellectual brilliance of the goddess Minerva!

"My ideal man, laughed Sally, in reply to a question I put to her. "Well, I do like a sophisticated man—and one who is just a little bit re-

Sally Rand is one of those little movie girls who just now has "her own pair of wings and a pathless sky," which means that all she needs now is a "pushover" and she'll land on top.

Sally is buying fine feathers now but there was a day when she didn't have carfare in her purse. Sally is contracted as one of the Cecil B. De Mille players, which eventually will lead to bigger and better things for Sally.

served. He must be well-read, suave and a gentleman. And, of course, he's got to be tall and athletic and good-looking! Lewis Stone is a good example of my ideal man of the screen. I thought once I had found my ideal in real life," she continued, "it was at a party of some sort. I was admiring a certain young man who seemed so reserved and quiet. Then all of a sudden he jumped up and commenced to do the Charleston! Now what do you know about that?"

THERE you have Sally Rand. There is a directness, a sincerity, about her that puts to scorn all hypocrisy. For one thing, when she talks, she looks her visitor directly in the eye. No sham, no "put on" about Sally. Somehow, somewhere, she strikes me as one who has seen deep into the heart of things—one who knows life for what it is, and yet likes it.

She is treating her motion picture career with her characteristic sincerity and thoroughness. She says she doesn't want to just drift along with others. She wants to advance all the time, and later have a chance at big things. Not satisfied with merely acting before the camera, she studies every little detail concerned with the industry. She delves deep into the mysteries of photography, studies the art of directing and the business of cutting and assembling a picture.

"I want to succeed as an actress more than any-

(*Continued on page* 107)

Who's Who in Hollywood

Gilbert Roland

YOU may call him Luis Antonio Damasco Botana de Alonso if you like that better, for that is his real name. However, he prefers Gilbert Roland in business.

The son of a Spanish bull fighter at Seville, Roland's veins pulse with the spirit of adventure and romance.

Little Ann Rork, daughter of Sam Rork, a First National producer, is said to have given Gilbert his big chance in pictures. Ann saw Gil dining at the Ambassador, tis said, and she straightway told father about him. Father Rork signed the young man for four pictures—starting his successful career.

It has been his work as leading man for Norma Talmadge that has won him recognition lately. Gilbert lacks a half-inch being six feet tall. He weighs one hundred and sixty pounds and has dark brown eyes and curly black hair.

No, we do not have his telephone number.

Real Names of the Reel Stars

By Verna Saunders

SEVERAL weeks ago an elderly man, clad in a somewhat antiquated mackintosh, stopped his purring Packard at the gates of a Hollywood studio, alighted and asked an attendant where he could find Pete Bremer.

"Don't know," came the reply, "what kind of work does he do here?"

"Why, he's one of those picture actors—a movie star they call him I guess," retorted the white-haired gent.

The attendant smiled (which is very unusual), and informed him that he must be mistaken as to Pete Bremer's occupation.

"Everybody that works in the studios is thought to be a film actor," he continued, "sure he isn't an electrician or carpenter?"

The elderly gent insisted that "Pete" was a movie actor.

"He used to live right next door to me back in St. Paul—guess I ought to know what he does—he's a movie actor, I tell you."

Back in the dear dead days when little Kathleen Morrison attached a cowbell to her bicycle, few thought that she would become the famous Colleen Moore of the screen.

Louise Dantzler, would be an unattractive name in electric lights, so she decided to change it to Mary Brian, which was an improvement, don't you think?

At this point of the conversation a charming young girl descended from the elderly man's car and came to his side.

"What seems to be the difficulty, granddaddy?" she queried.

The attendant explained the situation and added rather emphatically that there was no person about the lot who answered to the name of Bremer—not even a movie actor.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, "granddaddy means Richard Dix — Bremer is his real name."

That was a different story to the attendant. After the usual formalities required to enter the studios had been dispensed with, Richard Dix's old neighbor had a hearty chat with the grown-up boy he knew as Pete Bremer.

IN ALL probability the old gent has often thought about his trip to the studios and wondered why Pete Bremer changed his name to Richard Dix. Perhaps he has taken the trouble to find out. The reason for a movie actor's adopting an entirely new cognomen from that of his birth is most logical.

When an actor enters upon a screen career he begins re-building himself to suit the public for which he is attempting to act. He remodels himself completely in an endeavor to meet with general favor. Even to the extent of having his nose made over —or his name changed.

Often in the case of the name—he is not blessed with a sur-appelation of euphonious distinction. His name is not one that rings in the ears and when once heard or seen is never to be forgotten. His name is as common as John Smith only not half so well known.

Thus the reason for Pete Bremer becoming Richard Dix. And also the cause for most screen players changing their ordinary names to uncommon ones.

For instance, there is charming Mary Astor, whose name in electric lights over a picture theatre carries an attraction. Would that her admirers knew Mary's real name, how they

Richard Dix discovered that his real name, Peter Bremer, didn't bring him any luck, so he changed it. Now he is glad that he did.

Sally Blane (center) troubled her little head many days before she hit upon the name of Blane. Her name used to be that of her sisters (left), Loretta Young and (right) Polly Ann Young.

would be disillusioned. What an elegant, distinctly refined influence comes from the name Mary Astor!

Can it even be compared with such a cognomen as Lucille Langhanke?

Of course not. Yet Langhanke is Mary's honest-to-goodness family name.

REMEMBER Richard Arlen, the handsome college youth in Clara Bow's picture, *Children of Divorce.* Prior to his film debut, his hometown folks in St. Paul knew him as Van Mattamore.

Twenty-some years ago a theatrically inclined youngster of Tampa, Florida, moved to Chicago, where she obtained the role of an extra in the old Essanay studio. Later D. W. Griffith began to develop her and she rose rapidly to cinematic heights. This little girl is Kathleen Morrison, a stranger until the alluring name of Colleen Moore is mentioned.

How many dyed-in-the-wool fans know who the three Noonan sisters are? Very few persons can place them and yet everyone who attends the movies at all is acquainted with at least two of them. Their screen names are Sally O'Neil, the heroine of *Slide, Kelly, Slide,* Molly O'Day, of Dick Barthelmess' *The Patent Leather Kid,* and Isabella O'Neil, who appears with her sisters in Stromberg's *The Lovelorn.*

Donald Keith, who appeared in such productions as Norma Talmadge's *Secrets, We're In the Navy Now,* and Emil Jannings *The Way Of All Flesh* is known by his personal friends by his Christian name of Francis Feeney.

In recalling *The Merry Widow* and *Altars of Desire,* one is instinctively reminded of the bizarre Mae Murray who cavorted throughout these pictures in a most pleasing manner. Her personality fairly oozed from out the glittering ostentation of her be-spangled costumes. Even her name in dazzling canopy lights seemed to foretell the lavish cinema spectacle in which she was being featured.

Mae Murray—a lure that has brought thousands of dollars into the box offices of picture theatres throughout the world. Would Marie Koening do the same? We are certain that it would not. And still Marie Koening is Mae Murray in reality.

REMEMBER Von Stroheim's sumptuous screen vehicle, *Foolish Wives,* that brought him fame as a director? If you do, there are two ladies, friends

The name Noonan was just not nifty enough for the sisters shown above so they called themselves, left to right, Isabella O'Neil, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day. But then roses by any old name would smell just as sweet, or words to that effect.

of the Teutonic nobleman, who loom prominently in your memory. They are Mae Busch and Miss Du Pont.

Few ever found out what Miss Du Pont's first name was. And no doubt they never will, unless they call her by her family name of Margaret Armstrong.

Think of the name of Olga Cronk flashing into the night from the biggest movie theatre in your town. It wouldn't draw anyone if the magic of names mean anything. But change Olga Cronk to Claire Windsor and all the elegance of the most exclusive drawing room drama is anticipated.

The same is true of Pola Negri, the tempestuous siren of *Passion, Bella Donna,* and many more sex dramas. Think of her once answering to the appellation of Paula Schwartz!

There are many more screen celebrities who are also hiding behind synthetic names in order to lure more customers to the movies.

(*Continued on page* 98)

She Blackfaced to Film Fame

By Madeleine Matzen

TOPSY, that famous beloved character of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* has made her advent upon the screen.

That fact in itself is not so much news, but the trials and tribulations and the fact that Topsy had to throw away all her youthful beauty and dignity is a tale in itself.

Mona Ray, the little girl who got the big chance to play Topsy, sat in her dressing room the other day, her pretty face smothered in black make-up and told us just how things came about.

"After the excitement was over that I was cast for the part," began Mona, "then I began to worry about my make-up. I have always prided myself on my straight nose, but the first thing I learned I had to put wooden plugs in my nostrils to make them look flat."

As if that wasn't bad enough the next thing Miss Ray had to do was to cover her shining chestnut hair with a hideous black woolly wig. Then black grease paint had to be smeared over her peach-and-white complexion with black powder on top of that.

"Honestly, when I saw myself in the mirror," said Mona, "I nearly cried. Because you see this was my very first appearance before the camera."

Mona had never given much thought to a motion picture career, it seems, even though her sister, Judy King, was making rapid strides and was well on her way to stardom.

Mona Ray as the beloved Topsy of the films.

The Ray family, a mother and three daughters, were well known on the vaudeville stage. Then, one of them, Judy King, the oldest girl, left them and went into pictures. Another girl married, but Mona had no yen for the "movies," she kept right on plugging along at the two-a-day. She was making quite a success as a headliner, too, for she has a magnetism that reaches right out across the footlights and makes the audience friends after the first few moments. After two years of hard work without any vacation Mona was tired. She took a months vacation and went to Hollywood.

THE day before she arrived, Judy, who had been playing in comedies opposite Lee Moran and others, heard that Universal was looking frantically for some little comedian with dark eyes to play the role of "Topsy" in their version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Judy is little and a comedian so she drove out to Universal City and applied for the part. The casting director shook his head, so did Mr. Pollard, the director. "You're just what I'm looking for—but you are too tall!" he said.

Judy drove home thoughtfully—as she skimmed along the highway a bright idea popped into her mind. Mona was much shorter than she was. Mona could act. Mona *must* play "Topsy."

The next day Mona arrived, but the wise Judy said nothing to her about her plan. Instead she drove over and called on her friend Mrs. Harry Langdon. Together they conspired. The difficulty lay in the fact that Mona had no screen experience —and directors are not keen about entrusting a big role to someone without any screen training, one must know something about the camera in order to appear at ease before it. Mona had never even seen a motion picture camera!

Finally, Mrs. Langdon had something that was close akin to an inspiration.

Mona Ray (left) owes her chance before the camera to her sister, Judy King, who literally pushed Mona into the famous role of Topsy. The girls are former headliners on the vaudeville stage.

"They are putting on a prologue for a Universal picture over at "The Forum." They want two pickaninnies for a dance in it. On the opening night all the Universal people will be there—if Mona could be one of those pickaninnies—" she suggested.

Judy rushed home, grabbed her sister by the hand and literally dragged her down to "The Forum"—but she made no mention of playing in the pictures, she merely begged Mona to try for the pickanniny job. Mona tried and got it. She was a little hurt to think that her sister wouldn't let her rest—a thing she had journeyed way across the continent to do.

On the opening night Harry Pollard was in the audience. He spotted Mona at once, and sent word for her to come and see him at the studio. Rather bewildered, Mona went.

"Be Topsy for me—act a little!" he commanded. Then without make-up or any assistance whatsoever the incorrigible Topsy came to life right there in his office and made him laugh at her drolleries.

Well, Mona signed a contract worth signing. Then she worked—ye Gods, how she worked! Smeared from head to foot with black paint, her nose distended with wooden pins, a tight, hot wig on her head—day after day all through the broiling hot summer. The only way she could get the black paint off at night was by using lard—it took a pound of lard and an hour's work to remove her make-up each day.

Sometimes she was so hungry after she got home that she just took the black off from around her mouth and from her hands and ate that way. The Ray family grew quite used to dining with a pickaninny.

Often she was so tired that she arrived home in tears

(*Continued on page* 106)

Meet the

Talent runs double in Hollywood—The movies are getting to be family affairs

Adolphe Menjou (right) has a younger brother Harry. He acts as Adolphe's manager and is beginning a career of his own in pictures.

You might be sure that Colleen Moore is supervising the career of her little brother, Buddy Morrison. Colleen isn't permitting Bud to make many mistakes in his picture career, and then again, Buddy, with a sister as rich as Colleen, just doesn't have to take any old part that is offered.

Edmund Goulding, director, is all wrapped up in his charming sister, Ivis Goulding, who is contemplating a movie future.

Brother!

Brothers and sisters are found on every lot—They are managers, directors, and stars

James Murray (left) has set a fast pace for his brother Harry in pictures. Both began as extras. They don't look much alike, do they?

You'd be proud, too, if you had a sister like Sally O'Neil, says Jerry Noonan, her brother. Seems like that Irish Noonan family has a corner on the picture business. Jerry acts as an advisor to Sally and Molly. Jerry has an urge to do a little acting himself, it is said. Well, they are always needing fat men in the comedies.

Isn't this a handsome couple? Joan Crawford doesn't worry about men friends when her brother Hal Le Seuer is around. They are often seen dancing together.

Peeking in

The ladies of the screen adorn themselves in the fussiest laces and fur trimmed negligees

YOU can tell a movie star by her lingerie, is a saying oft repeated in Hollywood.

No where in the world is there such a discriminating group of women when it comes to the apparel of the boudoir than those who are affiliated with the screen.

A peek in the keyhole of the homes of cinema's select reveals some ravishing pictures.

Without a doubt the most popular boudoir costume now is pajamas. Dainty Olive Borden, wears some of the cleverest suits ever created. Vivid satin with great zigzag flashes of gold-thread lightning; frail chiffon banded with luxurious fur; crisp silk with exotic applique—these are among the gorgeous pajamas especially designed for the beautiful young star. Olive is fond of trousered clothes.

For the sake of variety Miss Borden has very feminine robes, too. One of the most charming of these is a black and gold creation. The body of the garment is draped to her form to reveal the petite actress' perfect figure; while Japanese sleeves lined with cloth of gold, a medium length train banded with the same material,

Myrna Loy goes in for gaudy effects all slinky and gold with lots of yards and yards.

Billie Dove wears pajamas, but she orders them as simple as she can get them. But why adorn a rose? Billie would look good in anything. "Every once in awhile I get very fancy," she declared, "and I go in for filmy things. But for daily wear I prefer the modest things."

Olive Borden asks for a yard of lace, a bunch of chiffon and some ribbon and she's fixed for negligees. Olive is quite an avid shopper despite the fact that her contract with Fox was not renewed this year. But with a form like this little girl's who wouldn't buy and buy and buy?

the Keyhole

Brilliant hued pajamas are the rage with black lace nighties running second choice

and a wide gold ribbon looped about the throat and falling to the floor, suggest the flowing ease of the Japanese kimona. This negligee could be copied with ease by any SCREEN SECRETS reader who is clever with the needle.

Jane Winton, whose marriage last June to Charles Kenyon came as a surprise to the film world, possesses many beautiful negligees in her trousseau. One of the loveliest is a distinctive feminine creation of cream lace over yellow satin, made in a loose flowing style. Many yards of yellow ostrich feathers and rhinestones are used as trimming. A lovelier negligee cannot be imagined; but the average girl cannot afford one quite so elaborate.

Pajamas again! It is hard to get away from them in a fashion story these days. Estelle Taylor has many suits to wear about the house when she answers her fan mail or darns Jack Dempsey's socks. Her favorite is a pale green trimmed with gold braid. With it she wears a beautiful string of jade beads.

One of the most elaborate pajama costumes in Hollywood is that of Margaret Morris. The trousers are of black satin bound in rose, and worn underneath a jacket of rose and gold brocaded chiffon.

(*Continued on next page*)

Gwen Lee adores wide trousers, knife pleated ruffles and a long belted jacket.

Oh, look at Margaret Livingston! Oodles of lace, plenty of flowing stuff and ribbon, says Margaret. Miss Livingston has had an abundance of vamp roles and therefore she takes her vampire modes into the home. But just what becomes of these long, flimsy trains is another question. Imagine trailing yards and yards of lace behind you through the house? But, Sh-h! Maybe it was just placed there by the cameraman. Do you suppose it was?

Fur on chiffon demands Leila Hyams and she makes her trousers look like a riding suit. Miss Hyams, who recently became Mrs. Phil Berg, you know, has a fondness for pretty boudoir gowns. "I prefer the satiny, soft quilted robes," says Leila, "but I do buy pajamas every once in a while if they are distinctive."

Marie Corda, the Hungarian actress who launched her first American production, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy,* wears white Canton crepe pajamas, simply made, with the only note of color an embroidered motif on the blouse. She finds pajamas as practical for sleeping as for resting during the daytime. So does Gwen Lee, whose dainty orchid crepe de chine pajamas trimmed in knife pleating, can be copied at moderate cost by any girl throughout the country who likes these suits for night wear.

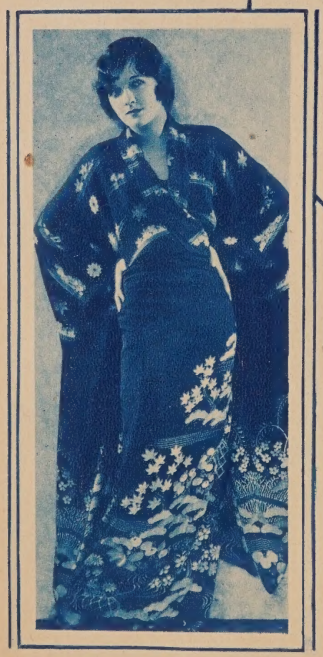
THOSE who prefer nightgowns would feel most luxurious in the bride's blush pink satin robe de nuit with its deep Valenciennes lace bodice, worn by Florence Vidor. The clever girl can copy almost any gown worn by a motion picture star at comparatively little cost. The leading stores of Hollywood charge at least twenty-five dollars for all hand-made garments with a little tucking and French flowers.

One black nightgown is included in almost every star's wardrobe. Joan Crawford has a simple one of black chiffon and lace, which she wears over a flesh satin slip. A black lace bow falling from the right shoulder is the only note of trimming. Margaret Livingston's favorite black nightgown is more elaborate. Made of all-over lace, banded in black chiffon ruffles, with a wide black bertha at the low neck, and trimmed generously with French flowers and a satin ribbon girdle, this is one of the truly beautiful creations worn by a screen player. Margaret designed it herself; for making clothes is her very special hobby.

Myrna Loy, one of the most exotic girls on the screen, wears a form-fitting cloth-of-gold negligee with a long train and bound at the waist with long gold rope ending in tassels. Another striking boudoir costume is a loose lacquer red robe with a long fishtail train that she brings forward over her left shoulder and allows to hang down in back weighted by a heavy Chinese tassel.

Sally Phipps craves black over pink satin and not much of it. Ostrich trims the coat.

Give me tailored robes to wear around the house, says Madge Bellamy.



A Chinese ceremonial robe is favored by Marion Nixon, of heavy black silk embroidered in gold. Black and gold mules are complementary.

One of the most beautiful—and expensive — negligees among the stars is owned by Bebe Daniels. Of cloudy gray chiffon with black fox collar and cuffs, and with a brocade design in shades ranging from gunmetal to pearl and appliqued in silver thread, it is a garment of rare loveliness, even in Hollywood.

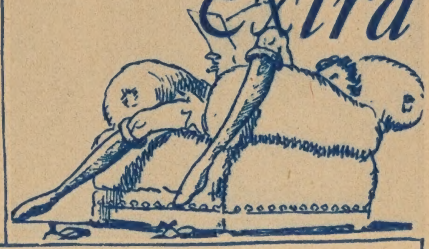
Lelia Hyams has also chosen gray chiffon for a coat to be worn over satin trousers tightly buttoned up the leg. A note of color is carried out in elaborate embroidered motifs, while her pocketbook must have staggered under the weight of the chinchilla trimming on the wide sleeves.

Billie Dove wears lovely negligees around her home. One is of silver lace with the sleeves cut in long falling points. The small cuffs and the train are edged in black curled ostrich, while the belt is a gorgeous cord of pearls falling to the edge of a nightgown of shell pink satin and French lace. This negligee could be copied in crepe de chine by a girl who cannot afford to spend a great deal on clothes, yet desires dainty and flattering apparel. The curled ostrich is not prohibitive in price, and can be used several times.

Very feminine is Betty Bronson's negligee of orchid georgette made of a

(*Continued on page* 99)

Letters of a Movie Extra



HOLLYWOOD

Dear Dolly:

Things are getting terrible out here so I have decided that I shall get me an angel. Most of these stars out here anyway, Dolly, have some man back of them and why not the little fish-and-game girl from Minnesota?

Honest, if they found a girl out here paying her own room rent, they would put her in a museum. With this idea in mind I borrowed a few clothes the other night from a girl who has an angel and I put on my two expressions, "May I" and "Can I," and sallied forth to the Montmartre, but it done me no good, because Billie Dove was there with the same two expressions, a red dress and an artist's tam o' shanter. Imagine ?

In which Fern, our little extra girl, gives a philosophical summary of the Hollywood situation

My luck turned yesterday however, for I worked for Charlie Chaplin. He might be a great artist, but I failed to notice the old S. A. that seems to get him into so much marital trouble.

All I had to do was to act as atmosphere under a circus tent, but I got my biggest kick out of watching Myrna Kennedy, the woman who is playing opposite Charlie and the one his wife kept her eyes on before she got her divorce.

I'm not really discouraged about pictures, Dolly, but I do sometimes get rather hungry. I know a lot of extras who have someone paying their rent for them. But I dunno; to date, I'm able to pay for my own breakfast.

Yours,

FERN FRANCOIS.

When Lois Wilson had to throw away her hoop skirts and put on tights she camouflaged them so that they almost looked like a dress. Lois is known as the "puritan" in Hollywood.

A Puritan in Hollywood

By Elsa D. Kircher

Lois Wilson neither smokes nor attends wild parties, and her pet aversion is a risque story. "I'm not afraid to be old fashioned," says Lois.

A GROUP of extras stood on a studio lot in Hollywood several years ago.

Some of the extra girls were smoking, others primping before their vanity cases. A number were chatting and gossiping about each other. Some were scantily clad. Others sought to attract attention to their physical charms. The whole place reeked of "looseness." Over in a corner a tall girl in tawdry red silk entertained a circle of friends with the juicy details of a story. From time to time the group rocked with laughter.

In looking about for additional audience the eyes of the girl in red fell upon another extra girl by the name of Lois Wilson.

"Come on over, Lois," the girl called. "I'm just telling the gang the richest one yet. Boy, it's a darb."

Lois hesitated. She did not wish to appear unfriendly yet she did not want to hear the story. But the girl in red settled the matter. She brought her group over where Lois was standing. Again the girl went over the story for the benefit of Lois. Shrill laughter followed. Sly looks and comments passed around.

But Lois did not laugh. The fact was mentioned by her friend.

"Well, I am English and such stories as you tell are entirely wasted upon me."

That was many years ago when Lois first started in pictures. She had her standards of conduct then and she has maintained that standard through the years.

"I'm an old fashioned girl," confides Miss Wilson. "While I may be hopelessly out-of-date I can't bring myself to listen to a risque story."

Here our Lois is quite the school marm, which her friends say, she intended to become until a beauty contest swept her into pictures.

MISS WILSON'S climb in pictures was just as hard as any other girl's. She started in at the bottom and she struggled heartbreakingly for a time. J. Warren Kerrigan chose her as the feminine lead in his series of domestic love tangles which "made" Lois on the screen.

"When I hear that a girl must cheapen herself in order to succeed, I want to wave Lois Wilson in the face of the world and shriek, "Here, you unbelievers, here, here is one. She is all you would want your sister to be," expostulated

Lois usually wears simple costumes like the one above. Seldom is she seen with her arms bare, rolled down hose and other forms of the Hollywood girl's habiliments.

Mr. Kerrigan when asked why he had decided upon Miss Wilson as his lead at that time.

"But she isn't gifted with real temperament," someone sniffs.

Does real temperament excuse loose morals? If so, then Lois Wilson may thank her stars that she is without it.

Lois Wilson's fans love her for what she is, a non-smoking, non-swearing, non-drinking girl.

One of virtue's rewards came when Paramount sent Lois to England as our most representative college girl type on the screen. Nor is she that type just for the policy-of-the-screen sake. She is like that all the time, no matter when and where you meet her. She has proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that one does not have to be cheap to be popular. I have seen the most brilliant men in a super-brilliant gathering hang on every word uttered by this demure little girl.

She is neither a prude or a prism, but just an unaffected girl with a store of kindness in her heart for others. Loyalty is another of the young girl's rare attributes. Ask Lasky. For nine consecutive years Miss Wilson had been with that company. This was a record never approached by an actor on the screen. She starred in such productions as, *The Covered Wagon, Only 36, To The Last Man, Call of the Canyon, Monsieur Beaucaire,* and *The Man Who Fights Alone.*

Our heroine is shown here with her little nephew and the great dog Dane, out on the lawn of the Wilson home.

NOT so long ago Miss Wilson was given a lead part in *Broadway Nights.* It was thought the star would relish something aside from the hoop-skirt type of role. But when Lois put on the tights of a chorus girl for the part, she dolled them up so that they looked like a dress. Lois

(*Continued on page* 107)

They Learned About Rhythm from Her

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er has it been our lot to meet."
to paraphrase the poet about Jeanne Morgan.

Jeanne Morgan is a sample graduate of the Paramount school for movie players. She first studied dancing; then she took a course in law and now she has made her debut in the films. Jeanne has been spared the trials of going "the extra route" for she jumped into minor roles right from the movie school class room.

Doris Dawson, Paramount-Christie queen, introduces a unique boudoir outfit that promises to be the vogue, at least in Hollywood. It is a semi-pajamas and wrapper garment that bespeaks of practicability.

Filmettes from France

By Rene De La Seine
Special Correspondent

Films depicting sex get by in Europe under the cloak of virtue—Revues shed more clothes toward daring, despite the severe restrictions placed on such films by the United States censors. One recent picture made in Vienna shows the interior of a sadic torture house. Another, being made in Paris now with the American Negress, Josephine Baker, in the main role, is said to be almost as "undressy" and daring as the famous Follies Bergere.

AN EFFORT to bring the silver screen to the same point attained by certain revue-producers is being made in Paris, and I hear that the first of these films will be exhibited in a Boulevard picture house about March.

It will be called *The Unfortunates* and will be a dramatization of Albert Londres master-journalistic effort *The Road to Buenos Aires,* an expose of the traffic in girls between Europe and the Argentine.

★ ★ ★

Trafficking In Girls

PORTIONS of the picture will show how the Jewish White Slavers work in Poland, offering lucrative "situations" to the parents of girls still in childhood, who, when they arrive at fourteen or fifteen years, are shipped under contract to the hell-holes of the Boca. Other scenes will depict the work of the White Slavers in Paris, how girls are smuggled to Buenos Aires from French ports under the coal bunkers and in other weird places, and the most vivid picturization will be that of the notorious "Boca" (the dockside of the River Platte) itself.

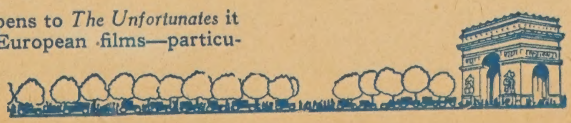
★ ★ ★

When Worn For Virtue's Sake

THE film is excused by its producers for its documentary and educational value. It is argued that if a book is valuable in exposing and helping to end such conditions, a motion picture is even more effective in bringing the facts home to a much larger section of the common people. Very much the same argument was advanced in favor of the play *The Blindness of Virtue,* which made Cosmo Hamilton's reputation as a playwright.

★ ★ ★

WHATEVER happens to *The Unfortunates* it is certain that European films—particularly German—are showing a new tendency



★ ★ ★

Shed Their Clothes Again

AS TO that notorious theatre, it is as unashamed as ever. The current revue is the last sensation in nudity. The Casino de Paris and the Moulin Rouge also have apparently abandoned the policy which led them a few months ago to "dress" their choruses.

I do not know whether there is steam heat back stage of these theaters (when I have gone back I have usually been too interested in other matters), but if not I should say that the Paris Chorus girl is about the hardiest female known to history since Mother Eve—and the Garden of Eden was in the tropics, at that.

★ ★ ★

Those Clever Sisters

THE Dolly Sisters are at the Casino de Paris, the marriage of Jenny and Gordon Selfridge, the multi-millionaire American owner of the biggest London department store, being temporarily postponed because Gordon wishes Jenny to quit the stage for good, and Jenny says that she will die if she does.

Whether this is true or not I do know that both the girls came mighty near dying in the early autumn. They were both taken ill with the grippe and the doctors advised them to go to the American Hospital.

"We have never disappointed an audience in our lives," said the sisters, "and we are certainly not going to start disappointing them now."

(*Cont. on next page*)

Plenty of Grit

AND those two plucky girls arose from their warm beds at six nightly and went through the show, in which they occupy the stage a total of forty-five minutes, without cutting an act. And each sister, if not a millionaire, is not far from it. At any rate, each has a millionaire sweetheart—Selfridge for Jenny and Jacques Wittouck, the famous Belgian sportsman. being Rosika's favorite.

★ ★ ★

Divorced But Friendly

THE day before the application for divorce was announced I caught Constance Talmadge and Alastair McIntosh, her husband, having a guilty cup of tea in a small out-of-the-way tea room near the Concorde.

"Ha!" I exclaimed. "This spikes those rumors about a divorce!"

"Doesn't it?" agreed Constance, demurely.

And twenty-four hours later the papers apprised me that the application had already been filed. Constance spent a week or so in Biarritz during the season just over and revealed herself as an accomplished mannequin, wearing as many as two evening gowns the same evening.

★ ★ ★

Yes, It Is Still News

I WONDER if it will still be news when this is published that the sensational marirage between Mary Lewis, famous Metropolitan-Follies prima donna, and Bohnen, the German star, nearly went on the rocks last August and may end in the courts very soon?

That's the tip the gossip mongers have here.

★ ★ ★

George Was There

GEORGE O'BRIEN was a visitor to Paris during the Legion convention and stayed for some weeks afterward.

★ ★ ★

Anti-American Movement

A DEFINITE movement has begun in France against the showing of American films.

The latest company to be formed to this effect is the "Pax Film," directed by one Daniloff.

The avowed aim of this company, which is a producing as well as a distributing organization, is to propagate European pictures only and to "preserve French screens from American domination."

Whether Pax Film will have any success in its campaign is doubtful, but *Ben Hur* is in its twentieth week at the Madeleine Theater and nine other American pictures are being played on the Boulevards.

★ ★ ★

New American Theatre

PARAMOUNT THEATER, erected on the site of the old Vaudeville, with the outer walls of that venerable edifice preserved, is to be opened next year. It will seat 3,500 people and will contain an extra auditorium for private trade exhibitions.

The decoration of the Paramount Theater is on the modern scheme and this house will follow the "no-tip" policy so revolutionarily introduced by the Madeleine when that theatre passed under Loew management last year.

★ ★ ★

The French Comedian

MAURICE CHEVALIER, considered by many to be the greatest comedian on the European stage, and the closest friend of Georges Carpentier, is to appear in a French film as co-star with his charming partner, Yvonne Vallee, to whom he is engaged to be married.

Chevalier has refused scores of offers to appear in the United States, from "legit," as well as picture managers. Chevalier's great reputation here dates from war days when he was interned in Holland.

Mistinguett, then his fiancee and his partner in several Casino de Paris successes, went to Holland and so the story goes, allowed the responsible official of the Dutch alien service to become enamored of her.

When she had cajoled the order for her lover's release out of the official he never saw Mistinguett again.

★ ★ ★

It Will Make a Hit Here

THE most amazing war film ever made has been shown at the Trocadero to an audience of 10,000 in aid of the fund for crippled veterans.

It was called *Verdun*, or *A Vision of History*, and consisted of authentic cuts from actual pictures made by the official French cinematographic corps during the several battles for possession of the martyr city.

Here we saw war as it really was, in all its stark, grim reality. Before our eyes thousands of men were mowed down by machine-gun fire, shells exploded, blowing soldiers to pieces, stretcher-bearers went about their heroic work under fire.

★ ★ ★

THIS was no imitation of war made in Hollywood. Here was the real thing — shown for the first time, for these films are owned by the French Government and are part of the National Archives. No independent operators had the same opportunities to film the actual war as these French members of the Cinematographic Corps.

After two hours witnessing the tragedy of Verdun unroll before our eyes all other war films seemed futile to the point of inaneness.

Verdun will be taken on a tour of the United States but the rights thereto will not be sold, I understand, to any exhibiting concern. The negatives and positives are placed in steel vaults and guarded by detachments of infantry.

When *Verdun* was shown at the Trocadero, nine women fainted and one died from emotion.

It was from the fields before Verdun that the body of France's Unknown Soldier came.

★ ★ ★

Ben Spoiled It

BEN FINNEY, who seems to have definitely abandoned all thought of ever going back to work, has now elected himself King of Barbizon. Barbizon is the famous little colony of artists and such on the fringe of the forest of Fontainebleau.

The Parisian chorus girls are hardy plants, they say, because few of the theaters have steam heat.

It was a good place to live until Ben and his gang went there.

★ ★ ★

A Joke On Tourists

THE TRANSATLANTICS, a satire on the American tourist, is just completed at the Gaumont studios and will shortly be shown.

All the phases of the *Grand Duke's Tour* will here be reproduced—the visit to the chateaux, the attack on the boulevards, the sight-seeing round in Paris, above all the assault on the night pleasureground of Montmartre

Aime Simon-Gerard, a capable artist, plays the principal role. One of the important scenes was filmed in Deauville during the height of the August season,

(*Continued on page* 104)

A Million or

By Herman Petersen

All my trouble has resulted from money," Violet answered. "Money! Money! I'm sick of it."

Synopsis

Brannock Marsh, movie financier, calls on his old friend, Sam Danton, for a loan of ten thousand dollars. Marsh gets the money as a gift, provided he, Marsh, succeeds in marrying off Danton's nephew, Jimmy, to Violet Budd, a dancer.

Violet agrees to marry Jimmy when he has ten thousand dollars in the bank. Jimmy later counters with the proposition that he will only marry Violet when she can get the same amount in the bank. Marsh has a hard time with Cupid. He schemes to take away forty thousand that Jimmy has made on a lucky trip. When this is accomplished he learns that Violet has made fifty thousand on the races. Later Violet learns that Jimmy has lost every cent. She wants to marry him. The marriage is arranged. Then another bombshell breaks. Jimmy discovers his worthless stock is worth a quarter of a million. He sells out to I. Baum, who promises to fire the director of Violet's movie company because he has been making love to Violet. Go on from here.

TEARS come easy to a maid on her wedding day. Violet found it so. When Tuesday came and the clock swung its hands around to 10 o'clock, then passed ten and on to eleven, and Jimmy failed to put in an appearance, the flood-gates opened wide. Violet flung herself full length on the day-bed and wept.

Came noon; also Jimmy. That he came for his bride was unguessable by his countenance.

He arrived amply attended by two squires, I. Baum and his uncle.

"Vell, Miss Violets," I. Baum jovially greeted the teary-eyed damsel. "How goes it t'at jingle—shouldt ve be here at ten o'clock, ve come along by noon? But, you know, better iss it late den not a'tall."

"I !!—I'll say you're—you're a ten o'clock scholar, all right," Violet choked brokenly. "Where—where have you been?"

"You tell her, Chimmy," I. Baum advised.

"I've been—I've been—making money," he told her; and he attempted to smile.

"Money!" cried Violet, aghast. "Money!"

Jimmy handed out a check. "Look, Violet! I'm not broke any more. I just sold Superior stock to Mr. Baum. For a whole quarter of a million! He controls the Superior people now! He—he—kicked Belknapp out, too!"

Violet looked—and broke into fresher and more copious tears.

"Himmel!" whispered I. Baum. "Himmel!" With fat hands he resoundedly patted his paunch. "You don' like it, Miss Violets—so much money, t'at you vork for me if you stay in de fillums?"

Violet shook her red head vigorously. "No!"

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed I. Baum, amazed beyond measure. "Couldt I belief it—such a voman? She don' like th' *geld,* Samuel! *Mein Gott!* Mebbe she's sore

Bust

Forsaken on her wedding morn, Violet, the beautiful movie star scorns her lover. "Do you think I'd marry you now?" she cried.

because I fired that director—they call him Belknapp."

"No!" sobbed Violet. "I don't—like—the *gold!* I don't like—you! I never did like Belknapp."

I. Baum looked pained. "No? Me! Oh, Miss Violets—vhat I done?"

"You—you gave it—to him!"

"Me! Gave it! S'elp me, *Gott*—no! I didt no! So much money I don' giff nobody—not even mine Esther. To Chimmy I pay it. For stocks I pay it. Th' stocks I buy."

"What did you want them for?"

I. Baum threw up his hands. "*Liebe Gott!* Samuel, you tell 'er."

"No," she stamped. "I want you to tell me why you had to buy stocks from Jimmy today of all days?"

"Oh! So t'at's how smells de vindt, iss it?" I. Baum said with much relief. "Vell, I tell it to you, Miss Violets—I didn't! I buy last night, maybe ten o'clock. T'at's right, ain't it, Samuel?"

Sam Danton nodded. "About ten o'clock, Izzy."

I. Baum smiled his broadest. "Noo, you see, Miss Violets!"

Violet saw. She saw Jimmy. Also she saw red.

"Now I'll hear from you, Jimmy Danton!" she snapped, forgetting her sobs. "What's kept you? Why didn't you get here at ten o'clock as you were supposed to do?"

"I—I couldn't, Violet."

"Couldn't? You weren't making another quarter of a million this morning, were you?"

"No. I—"

"Then what was the matter with you? Did it take you from ten o'clock last night until noon today to recover from the shock of selling that stock, or were you celebrating because Belknapp had been kicked out?"

"Aw, listen, Violet," Jimmy pleaded. "I just couldn't get here. I couldn't get out in time."

"Couldn't get out! My word, Jimmy Danton, where were you?"

"Aw!" said Jimmy shamefacedly, "Aw! I was in—in jail!"

"Jail!"

"Yes'm. Yeh! I got pinched—"

Violet waited to hear no more. She jumped to her feet and hid her face in her hands.

"It's all right, Violet," Jimmy declared with an effort at gaiety. "I didn't mind much. It's all over now, anyway. I'm sorry I'm so late. But here I am—with the license and ring, two witnesses and a quarter of that million too boot. Come on, Violet! Let's forget it—and go get married."

He advanced a step toward her. Violet whirled away.

"Married!" she gasped. "Married! Jimmy Danton, do you think I'd marry you now—a jailbird!"

So delivering herself, she rushed into the bedroom and slammed the door.

IT WAS then, and not until then, that Uncle Samuel turned from the window.

"Izzy," he said quietly. "Take Jimmy out and keep him amused for a while."

"You bet! I do it! Come on, Chimmy!" He winked at Uncle Samuel. Then taking Jimmy by the arm, he led the speechless youth from the apartment.

When the two had gone, Sam Danton tapped lightly on the bedrom door.

"It's me, Violet—Sam. Jimmy and Baum have gone. Open up! I want to talk with you."

A moment of hesitation—then Violet opened the door

and came from the bedroom, her eyes blinded with tears.

"Don't mind me," Jimmy's uncle soothed her. "Let 'em go! I know how you feel. It's pretty hard lines to have your wedding day busted up. Jimmy was so excited last night about selling that stock that he had to start right off to tell you. He was a little bit in too much of a hurry and was arrested for speeding. They locked him up and wouldn't let him communicate with me until this morning. Really, Violet, it was the money that caused all the trouble."

"It's the money! Not the jail! It's always money! And it's mostly my fault." She sobbed a little again.

"Tell me about it," Danton requested.

Violet dabbed at her eyes with her sodden handkerchief.

"It started when he first asked me to marry him. I was getting sixty a week then at Hilton's. Jimmy was getting fifty from you. Neither of us had ever saved a nickel. And it's no way to start married life—not broke."

"Right!" agreed Uncle.

"So when Jimmy asked me to marry him, I told him to get ten thousand dollars and then ask me again. I thought, by telling him that, that I could wake him up, make him work and earn his money—and save it. I was willing to give up my chance in the movies. Then he goes and plays the stock market and makes forty thousand and gets an awful swelled head."

"I'll say he did," chuckled Sam Denton. "He was going to start right out the next morning and ruin the exchange entirely."

"I know it. I talked with him, refused to marry him unless he stuck to his job and invested his money. I even let Belknapp make love to me thinking that jealousy might spur Jimmy on. He did put the money in a bank and go back to work. I was willing to marry him then—and he very politely told me to ginger up and annex wealth to equal his and he would consider the marrying idea."

"What?"

"He did! And I'm red headed. I took him at his word. Then I had a fool run of luck with horses. Jimmy was willing to call it a tie then, but I wasn't. Honestly, I'm afraid of Jimmy when he has money."

"It's quite a problem! But—would you really marry him if he was broke?"

Violet looked up quickly. "Uncle Samuel—I'd marry him tonight."

"Thanks for the confidence, Violet. Now do me a favor! Just write Jimmy a note. Tell him you might possibly overlook the jailbird stuff if he'll get busy and stir around and make that million."

Violet dried her eyes and went to her desk. She took out paper and pen and after a moment of thought penned a single line. She showed it to Uncle Samuel. He grinned when he read it. "A Million Or—Bust!"

"That'll hold him! Put it in an envelope and seal it up. I'll hand it to him when I see him. Then I'll attend to the rest."

IN THE privacy of his office, he called Brannock Marsh on the phone and commanded him to come over.

"Sit down!" Danton snapped ten minutes later when Marsh arrived. "What progress are you making with Jimmy and that Violet?"

"Don't kid me, Sam; you know what's happened."

"Yeah, I know. But this time *I* wanted him plucked. For a smart movie man, Bran, you pulled an awful boner letting the kid get away with all that dough."

"Huh!" Marsh snorted. "You don't savvy the movie game, Sam. It's too complicated. That Superior stuff wasn't worth the ink it was printed on when I handed it over. All film stocks are jumping up and down like a dog with the itch. Jimmy's a damn fool for luck. You might as well let him keep his quarter of a million to play with. Take it away from him and he'll go out and grab a million."

"Let him. But in the meantime nick him for that bunch he's got now. And no fooling, this time, either."

Marsh shrugged. "If you say so."

"Ten per cent for you," Danton added.

"I'm on. Any particular way you want me to begin?"

"No. Just trim him and do it quick. And when you've cleaned Jimmy, go after that girl Violet. You get her money and I'll see that Izzy kicks her out of the Superior lot. You get ten per cent of hers, too. And I'll add ten thousand to all of that, the day Jimmy and Violet perform with a ring."

Marsh grinned. "All right, Samuel. I'm beginning to see the light."

With an airy wave of his hand the movie magnate left the office.

If Brannock Marsh lost any sleep scheming out plans whereby he was to become touchingly intimate with Jimmy's bank account, he did not show any signs of it when, about mid-morning of the following day, he entered the Danton offices, trailing cheerfulness and much fragrant cigar smoke behind him. He carried a large paper bag in one hand.

Jimmy was at his desk, painfully engrossed with his morning's labor. Marsh walked up to him and held out a hand.

"Greetings, Captain Kidd," he said breezily. "And congratulations on the success of your second piratical

(*Continued on page* 90)

Screen Tests

1. **Who is the mother of Kenyon Clarence Sills?**
2. **What is the nationality of Monty Banks?**
3. **Who is Cleve Morrison?**
4. **Name the three stars of Sally, Irene and Mary.**
5. **Who is Mrs. Irving Thalberg?**
6. **What famous character once was an interior decorator?**
7. **Who directed "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?**
8. **Name a noted expert in heart affairs whose novel soon will be seen on the screen.**
9. **Is Richard Arlen married?**
10. **Who is Capt. Alastair McIntosh?**
11. **In what picture does a noted feminine swimmer appear?**
12. **What great picture shows the struggle of a native family against the terrors of the jungle?**
13. **The filming of "Seventh Heaven" brought fame to two young stars. Who are they?**
14. **Who lies in the crypt beside Rudolph Valentino?**
15. **Who is Hester Prynne, in the film version of "The Scarlet Letter"?**

Now turn to page 105 and check your answers.

Olive Borden, Fox star, chooses to do the Black Bottom in the horn of a saxophone just for the sake of doing something radically different.

What Do Their

Vilma Banky could have succeeded behind a delicatessen counter had Fates decreed, her writing shows

Ronald Colman

Mary Pickford

Douglas Fairbanks

Gloria Swanson

Norma Talmadge

THE oft repeated charge that the "movies have spoiled a good many waitresses" has at last been investigated.

According to the latest in handwriting science, things are not what they seem in the cinema world. In many cases the screen hero, who knocks 'em down as fast as they come up in celluloid is in reality a cry-baby, too proud to fight.

For there is a significance in these signatures, a far, far reaching significance, that had the actor or actress consulted their handwriting in crucial moments, undoubtedly many heartaches would have been saved.

Therefore, if your favorite has ever written you a letter or sent her autographed photograph, in that signature you hold more facts about the young lady than she would allow to be told in an exclusive interview.

For example there is John Barrymore's signature. It is filled with information. Of course you may have read that he studied art in his younger days, but this capital "B" tells just as plain as print that he still loves to handle a brush or pencil. He is not only an artist in acting but his whole nature is artistic. Also, when he likes anyone or anything, he likes unreservedly, for his emotions are intense.

John Barrymore thinks quickly, makes decisions immediately, and when he once decides to do anything, he is going to do it. That little knob or dot at the end of each name shows that.

Norma Talmadge will stick to a decision or an opinion which she has formed. If you doubt it just look at the way she brings that small "d" in the Talmadge, straight down through and below the line. Then there is the small "g" which does the same trick, so you can count on one thing: Miss Talmadge will go through with anything she starts—she will cling to a purpose with all her might—once she has settled on such a purpose. This signature is a splendid example of the woman who never knows difficulties, and for whom there is no turning aside; no giving up. Miss Talmadge has a good sense of humor, and if she cultivated the talent, would be a success as a writer. She is alive with enthusiasm. Her sentiments are fickle.

Signatures Say?

By Prof. M. N. Bunker

Norma Talmadge is headstrong, witty and fickle in her sentiments, her handwriting proves

Mary Pickford

Vilma Banky

John Barrymore

Gilda Gray

Charlie Chaplin

ONE couldn't have the "blues" around Gilda Gray. I should say not. She is too much of an optimist, has too much energy and pep for any case of gloom to hang around long. With Gilda Gray things come right because she knows they must. She is good company, is loyal and honest all the way through. Incidentally she counts the end achieved as much more important than the difficulties that lie between. Besides this she has her own ideas of right and wrong, utterly unaffected by current conventions. If Dame Fashion said that it was right to wear green and green only, and Gilda thought it was right to wear pink—well, she would wear the pink, and that is all there would be to it so far as she would be concerned.

Every stroke of Mary Pickford's writing speaks of good taste, and love of the beautiful. This doesn't mean, though, that she is extravagant or a spendthrift. Not at all. If she were the wife of a grocery clerk, living on a grocery clerk's salary, she would make an attractive home, and do it out of odds and ends that others, more careless, would discard. She's a friendly and unassuming little woman, I would say, knowing what her signature tells me. Moreover, from this self-same signature, I learn that the Mary Pickford you see on the screen isn't so much an actress as it is just Mary as she lives.

Hurry up! Douglas Fairbanks can't spend all day writing his name, as his signature shows. Some of the letters seem to be entirely missing, but it really doesn't make any difference, anyway, for it's Doug. Famous Doug, beloved by the small boys and the grown-ups as well, with all a boy's thrill in adventure, and getting out of every part he plays as much enjoyment as though it were all real. You may safely put it down in your notebook that Douglas Fairbanks lives every part he plays, and plays it because he wants to. Incidentally, he has as much will power as Norma Talmadge, so if he really wants to do anything—well, look out, that's all.

If Mary Astor lived in a small town she would be just the woman to put at the head of a Community Chest drive, or on a committee for improving the school system, or erecting a public monument. Mary just bubbles over

with enthusiasm, and it is the kind that lasts. She isn't at all demonstrative about it, but it is there just the same. Besides this, she is generous, has very high aspirations, and is perfectly willing to work hard to make here dreams come true. That hook on the end of her t-bar shows great tenacity of purpose.

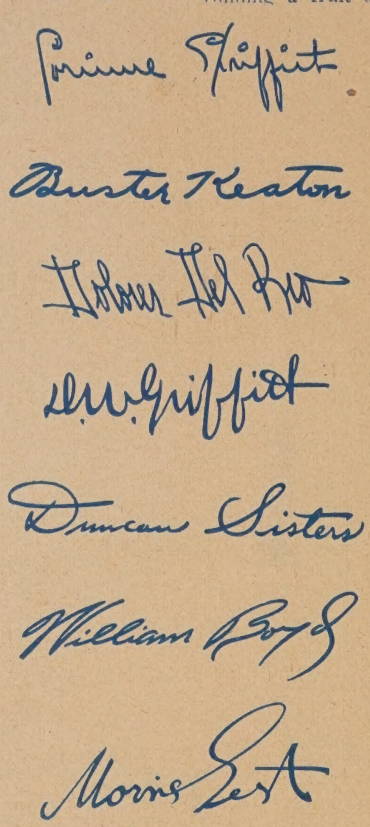
JUST to look at his signature we know that William Boyd likes to get with sociable friends, and have a wonderful talk-fest. Besides this, he likes to get things done without a lot of bother and delay, and wants them done right, too. That's plenty to get out of one signature, isn't it? But there is plenty more, as for example, here is positive proof that he is very emotional. Such a man gets a great deal of joy out of life, and just as much misery, because he isn't at all likely to have any "in between" feelings.

Aside from his business ability, D. W. Griffith tells two things very plainly whenever he signs his name. He would be utterly unhappy, and probably a complete failure, trying to sell real estate. He expects accuracy and exactness in everything, and is interested in beauty and that which is rich or luxurious.

Almost any place you might put Ronald Colman he would succeed. He is just that kind of a fellow. One of those men who seem to impress people, without any effort on their own part. Ronald is very generous, quick to do for others, is anything but a loafer. If he should ever want to quit the screen he has ability that will take him far in law, or in several other fields. For instance, he understands human nature well enough to make a good magazine editor. How about that? Wouldn't you like to read a magazine he would edit?

Of all the young men in the kingdom of movie stars, I'll warrant that Buster Keaton has the biggest surprise of any, for you. Just to see him act, you would never think that he has a very well defined sense of personal dignity, and has very high aspirations; indeed he is almost a dreamer of dreams, and a builder of air castles. More than this, Buster will never be a snob, for he likes people entirely too well for that.

Some day if Vilma Banky ever decides to do something else, and you should want a manager for a business, just get Miss Banky. She has administrative common sense, is gracious, practical, and would prove just as much a success behind a delicatessen counter as she is popular with the fans. Rod La Rocque was the man who was very fortunate in marrying this real home-maker.



No play would ever interest Morris Gest if it did not stir his imagination. This is one thing that he shows in that great loop in his "G." Also, he hasn't the slightest doubt but that he can do what he undertakes, whatever it may be. He has done the supposedly impossible just because he thought he could; that, and because he has a most stubborn streak that would never permit him to acknowledge defeat. If Morris Gest had started out to build bridges he would have made a success of it, because bridges mean big problems; they give a chance to think in big terms. Yes, Morris Gest could build bridges, but he would be an utter failure running a fruit stand or a one-horse hotel, because he would straight-way think of them as a chain of fruit stands, or a great hotel, and then he would commence to build them. Morris Gest is proud—the kind of pride that spurs a man on to something bigger and better in the future than he has done in the past, and that makes him stand and face trouble, as well as success, with a smile. And don't make a mistake on this point: Morris Gest can think in exact terms, and small terms, as well as those of big visions.

Gloria Swanson is another star with a world of business ability. She isn't extravagant, but careful, she is aggressive, has tact, and executive ability. With her a secret is a secret and not something to tell the next person she meets. She knows how to make friends, and has the graciousness to smooth ruffled tempers, which isn't true of everyone, in the movies or out of them.

The sister who signed "Duncan Sisters," has a vivid imagination—and at that *both* the sisters must have had imagination as well as the keen insight into human nature that this signature shows, to create their parts. Don't you think so? Besides this, that cross bar for the "t" shows remarkable tenacity of purpose. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if the Duncan sisters lived hunger, and every other kind of discomfort to get their show across. Maybe they did, at that, but if they didn't, they are the kind that could do it.

Charlie Chaplin's two capital "C's" are sufficient in themselves to guarantee that Charlie has ability. Plain, strong capital letters like those are never found without their owner possesses capability above the average. Theodore Roosevelt wrote his name with just such plain, strong capital letters, and if you keep your eyes open you will find many other men who have great ability using just such capitals. Love of luxury, good living, and physical activity are all shown in Charlie's writing. He is the type of man who wants thick, heavy

(*Continued on page* 107)

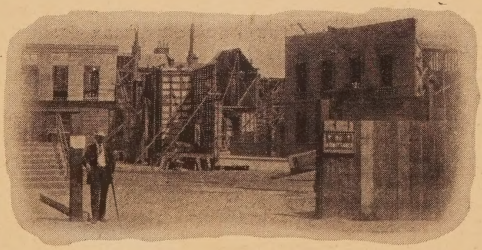
The rough, hard men of the frontier flourished in the days when Mary Pickford and Elliott Dexter co-starred and brought them flocking to the box office. Above is a scene from "A Romance of the Redwoods," an old timer.

Hollywood's Cradle Days

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS

WAS IT chance or a part of the romantic tradition of that vital spot of the Pacific Coast which brought the motion picture industry to Hollywood?

Almost any other spot in sunny Southern California might have been selected as the future home of the industry, but no other place would have been so admirably suited, either by historic tradition or by strategic location for the home of this great imaginative enterprise.



A glimpse of the old Paramount lot in Hollywood during the cradle days of pictures.

In Hollywood, the days are usually bright and dry and clear, ideal for the making of pictures. Within a few hours ride can be found "locations" for pictures of the desert, the sea, the mountains or the plains, old missions, or modern amusement parks, rustic solitudes or metropolitan clamor.

Yet it was largely chance that brought those early pioneers, and with them the seed of wealth and wonder, to Hollywood.

In New York, a young man who spent his youth as a train butcher was directing comedies for the old Nestor Film Company. Then he was sent, finally, to California, to locate a

new studio there. The man was Al Christie, head of Christie Comedies.

With him came David Horsley, who with his brother William owned the Nestor Company.

Some one on the train told them Hollywood was a pretty place, and they came out to look it over.

IN THE old Blondeau tavern, at Sunset and Gower, where the Christie studio stands today, they found just the place they were looking for.

But they had neither time nor money to spend in building sets. The first picture filmed in Hollywood, *The Law of the Range,* was taken on the lawn and porch of the Hotel Hollywood. In this humble manner did the gigantic industry come to the miracle city of the west.

The next year came Universal, starting their L-Ko comedies across the street, and in 1914, came Jesse Lasky, now head of Famous-Paramount-Lasky, Cecil B. De Mille, head of De Mille studios, and Sam Goldwyn, head of Samuel Goldwyn productions. The total wealth of these pioneers in the industry now extends into the millions. At that time, scarcely more than ten years ago, their combined capital was something under $10,000.

Rose Lane, in the good old days is the Connie Talmadge of modern times.

De Mille and Lasky likewise started in an old barn, with a few feet of cleared floor space as their studio. In those unpretentious rickety structures was cradled the industry that was to come, the large scale picture production of the west coast.

It is interesting to note the difference in production of pictures and the crude workings of those pioneers of that day as compared to now.

While making his latest spectacle, *The King of Kings,* Cecil De Mille stood on a high scaffolding, like a general directing a mass attack, while a veritable army of actors, camera men, electricians, wrought miracles with the latest wonders of science. He spoke in soft tones, and his voice was carried to every corner of the lot through amplifiers and loud speakers. Every second of production cost hundreds and hundreds of dollars.

What a contrast to the days when De Mille, whose experience had largely been confined to play writing, stood on the floor of the old Lasky barn at Sunset and Vine, a director at a salary of a hundred dollars a week, working with one or two crude sets and a handful of men and women to produce his first pictures.

THERE were no Kleig lights in those early days, no batteries of electricians on the bridge to give every desired effect, no "trick" photography whereby miracles were wrought on the screen. The only miracle was that they made any pictures at all.

Here no Gothic cathedrals reared over night, no street scenes from far off lands, wrought out of plaster and stone. A canvas flat or two with a couple of wings lashed to the side, made up the scenery, and often these props caused grevious trouble to the directors, by bellying and filling in the breeze.

The glare of the sun was the only light and in winter time when the clouds filled the sky, production simply waited for a brighter day while the little bands of troupers huddled about the oil stoves in the flimsy shacks that were the studios of yesterday.

Gloria Swanson has changed a great deal since her old Sennett days as a bathing girl.

There were no lavish dressing rooms for those early stars, with cheery fireplaces, elaborate reception rooms, marble showers, and maids at their beck and call. A three-legged table propped against the wall, a mass dressing room for the men, another for the women, costumes flung over chairs, hung on nails, a mad clutter of clothes, props and grease paint.

But they were happy, carefree days. The stars who have since won their way to wealth and luxury, and the great magnates loaded with the cares of a stupendous enterprise look back upon them wistfully as the glorious vagabond days of their youth.

Movie History in the Making Ten Years Ago

Selected by the Editor from the Newspapers and Periodicals of 1918

Mae Marsh who played the "sister" role in "The Birth of a Nation" and who made film history is no longer heard from.

TEN years ago the screen had many faces flittering on its celluloid that are seen no more.

Careers that shone brightly for a time then descended abruptly never to twinkle again. Perhaps the most spectacular of these stars were Mary Miles Minter and Mae Marsh. Once in a while we hear of Mary living quietly in Paris, her troubles with her family settled. But of little Mae Marsh, the girl who played the "sister" role in *The Birth of a Nation* and who made film history with her work is never heard from. What is she doing? Why did she leave pictures? Why doesn't she try to come back? is often heard from the lips of her admirers.

"FRED STONE'S debut in pictures" reads a movie notice of ten years ago, "will unquestionably be the most interesting and most enduring event in picture history. Mr. Stone is the pre-eminent star of musical comedy, a comedian of rare skill, an acrobatic genius who is known as 'the man who can do any stunt better than it was ever done before.'"

Alas! Fred's picture career as everybody knows was a flop and Mr. Stone is back on the legitimate stage.

ENID BENNETT, who thrilled picture fans in the good old days is content to keep house and entertain her film friends in Hollywood these days. But time was when Enid stood out with the best of them on the billboards. Remember her in *Coals of Fire?*

MARGUERITE CLARK, who is now happily married and living in Mississippi can look back upon her screen career with a great amount of satisfaction. Many of us remember her in *The Goose Girl* and in the *Bab* series. Marguerite in those days was "sold" to the public just as Mary Pickford has been trying to sell herself—the sweet Pollyanna type—these past years. No doubt had Marguerite stuck to the screen she would have given Mary a run for the title of America's sweetheart.

NAMES! Names! how they conjure up cinema history! Ethel Clayton, the girl who played big leads on stage and screen; Dorothy Dalton, ex-wife of Lew Cody and one of the strongest box-office attractions ten years ago; Pauline Frederick, the girl whom directors fought over to direct; Lila Lee who started when she was fourteen but looked eighteen, her press notices told you; Shirley Mason, for whom Anita Loos and her husband John Emerson wrote original screen stories—all have gone off the celluloid.

THESE things flourished in the historic past: The screen doctor with the Van Dyke beard; the rough but kindly sheriff with the tin badge; the faithful Negro servitor; the regenerated Western bad man; the irate landlady always demanding her rent; the underworld folks turkey trotting in a slum cafe; the princess of the imaginary kingdom; the brutal Russian Grand Duke; the guileless mountain maid; the beautiful slavey with her tatters and perfect coiffure.

CHRISTIE Comedies claim—ten years ago—that they have established a record. In filming one hundred comedies they have thrown but one custard pie.

THE little darkey who played in Baby Marie Osborne's pictures has been made the recipient of a new name. They are calling him Sunny Sammy now in preference to numerous other names he has borne in his short career as a screen actor. Sunny Sammy is now convalescing from an attack of measles. When his illness was announced at the Diando studio, Baby Marie asked "How can they tell when he breaks out?"

Now what has become of Baby Marie and Sammy?

Mary Miles Minter as she appeared in the films ten years ago. She is living quietly in Paris.

The Postal Pouch

Questions and Answers—What you want to know about your favorite Players and Pictures.

Address all inquiries to the Postal Pouch, Screen Secrets Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minn.

BASIL S.: Yes, Patsy Ruth Miller is a mighty sweet little girl. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 106 pounds, has olive skin, dark brown hair, beautiful dark brown eyes, and is about twenty-two years old. She is a St. Louis girl. Write her at Universal Studios, Universal City, California, where she is under contract.

VICTOR C.: Joseph Stricker has recently played in *Cradle Snatchers* for Fox Films, *The King of Kings* at De Mille's, and *The Climbers* at Warner Brothers Studios. Write him at the last mentioned studio, and very likely you will hear from him. Sorry, but we don't mail out photographs. You'll have to write directly to the stars for them.

MARIANA R.: So you're a Barthelmess and Boardman fan? I quite agree with your taste. A list of their pictures? Whew! Well, here are a few: Barthelmess productions include, *War Brides, Broken Blossoms, Tol'able David, Way Down East, Shore Leave, The Beautiful City, The Enchanted Cottage, Classmates, New Toys, Soul Fire, Just Suppose, The Patent Leather Kid, The Drop Kick,* and *The Noose.* Eleanor Boardman has made *Souls For Sale, Vanity Fair, Three Wise Fools, The Silent Accuser, Sinners In Silk, So This Is Marriage, Proud Flesh, The Circle,* and others. Dick is under contract to First National, while Miss Boardman can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

VIOLA E.: Yes, wasn't *The Magic Garden* a good picture! "Peter," as a child was played by Philippe de Lacey, and as a grown-up by Earle McCarthy. Margaret Moore and Raymond Keane had the romantic leads. Rex Lease gets his mail at F. B. O. He's quite handsome, isn't he? He's single, too. Thanks for your kind words about the Postal Pouch Department. Whenever you want to know anything, you know where to come for information.

BETSY J.: Moreno's real name is Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno—but I guess they thought that was too much of a mouthful to put on the cast sheets. What do I know about him? Mmmmm . . . Well, he was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. When his father died the Morenos were penniless, so Antonio went to school in the daytime and worked in a bakery at night. He came to America later and went to school in Northampton. He became very much interested in a stage career, and finally succeeded in getting small bits, then parts, in productions with Sothern and Marlowe and others. Then he did extra work for pictures—and now look who he is! He is divorced.

JOE J.: Greta Garbo, is five feet six inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has blue eyes, and golden hair. She was born in 1906. They all say she has "it"—and after seeing her on the screen, I'll believe them! Don't miss *Love.* According to all who have seen the preview, this is one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Are she and John Gilbert engaged? Now, Joe, I'm not a mind reader. Have you heard the song, "I didn't ask, she didn't say, so I don't know?" Ask another.

CURIOUS: Clive Brook was born in London, June 1, 1891. He has dark hair and gray eyes. Yes, he is married, and has two small children. He certainly has gained a large fan following as a result of his work in *Underworld.* Did you see him in *Hula,* opposite the dynamic Clara Bow? Write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Marathon Street, Hollywood.

SHIRLEY: How long does it take to become a motion picture star? How long is a piece of string? You see, it all depends. Some persons work for years before they gain any recognition, while others happen to strike the right note with the public right off the bat and become famous overnight. It's just a gamble.

JACK MACK: What's that—a game? So you think Constance Talmadge has more pep than any girl on the screen? And is she the same off screen as on? Well, every time I've seen her she has seemed pretty lively. Of course she's popular. Pretty? Judge for yourself, Jack. *Venus of Venice, Breakfast at Sunrise,* and *The Last of Mrs. Cheney,* are her most recent pictures. No, Connie is not married—now. She is through with the Greek, done with the English—and now maybe she'll cast a favorable eye on a nice young American.

ASKUM: Buster Keaton is married to Natalie Talmadge; Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan have been married for about three years. Dorothy Gish has been married to James Rennie, a New York stage actor, for a number of years. Harry Langdon is married. Yes, and Dolores del Rio. Yes, Corinne Griffith. No, Lois Moran. No, Joan Crawford. Yes—say—why the statistics? Are you wondering whether to get married this spring, and trying to be on the side with the majority of film folks? Better leap now—you will later, anyhow!

PAT: Noah Beery is under contract to United Artists, and Wallace Beery to Paramount. The former has been a villain primarily, but is being featured now in comedy roles. Of course you know Wally is one of the funniest comedians on the screen. Josephine Dunn was the girl in *Firemen Save My Child.*

STATION WOOF: Rin-Tin-Tin has just finished *A Dog of the Regiment,* and is about to start on another starring vehicle, *The Race for Life.* Your dog certainly sounds like an educated pup; but I am afraid you would not be successful in making a moving picture star out of him. There are hundreds of dogs barking for jobs in Hollywood, and most of them are college graduates! Better just let your pet be a nice little home dog, for he's very apt to go hungry in Hollywood.

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A Million or Bust

(*Continued from page* 80)

raid." He found an unoccupied chair, slid it up to Jimmy's desk and sat down. He deposited the paper bag carefully on the floor. "Doggone you!" he went on, "you certainly nicked me! I'll hand it to you. You know more about the film stock market than I do. How do you get that way, Jimmy?"

"I called you up twice the day your note was due, Bran," Jimmy declared.

"Forget it! Necessity took me out of town. But it wouldn't have made any difference had I been home. I couldn't have met the note, Jimmy."

"Well, it's too bad you couldn't have held onto those stocks," Jimmy apologized.

Marsh grinned. "Don't I know it! Didn't I tell you that something was due to break any day?"

"However, Jimmy, one acorn never did make an oak forest. I slipped up bad in that stock deal, but you can't hold a good man down. In a few days, I'll be riding easy."

"Another tip?" Jimmy asked lightly.

For an answer, Marsh picked up the bag at his feet, opened it, and brought forth a large, golden banana.

"Jimmy, have you ever considered the banana?" he asked.

"I've eaten them."

"That's it," Marsh beamed. "And there you are! Everybody eats 'em! I tell you, Jimmy, there's a million dollars at least in bananas!"

"Gosh!" Jimmy faltered. "If a man could only corner bananas! Hey, Marsh?"

"S-sh, not so loud," Marsh cautioned dramatically. "That's just the scheme."

HE leaned forward and dropped his voice to a whisper—"Jimmy, the Central American banana crop has failed. Failed the day before yesterday."

"Failed? How come?"

"Banana weevil. Ate up the entire crop."

"Too bad! Will that mean a banana famine?"

"Figure it out for yourself, Jimmy. What other part of the world produces bananas?"

Jimmy scowled darkly. "It's right on the tip of my tongue, but I can't say it.

"Fiji Islands," Marsh said it for him.

Jimmy snapped his fingers. "That's right! Do they raise many bananas there?"

"Lots of them. But—"

Jimmy slid on to the edge of his chair. "But what? They got the weevil, too?"

"No; but they don't harvest their present crop until next July. Season's different there, you know."

"That's nearly a year from now."

"Almost. And in the meantime! A year and no bananas! Can't store bananas, you know."

"But aren't there other places where they raise bananas?"

"China," Marsh let him in on the secret. "And the crop's ready now."

Jimmy's face fell. "Then I see where the Chinese corner the market."

"They will—in a holy minute," agreed Marsh, "once they know how things are. But they don't know, not as yet. The news hasn't leaked out of Central America. They're having the monthly revolution down there. Lots of the telegraph lines are pulled down. My old camera man, MacReady, happens to be one of those radio nuts. He has a powerful apparatus. Last night he gets in touch with a ship and the ship relays his message on. It was in code. Some land station picked it up and wired me."

"That's all right—but the news is liable to leak out any time."

"That's just it! I've got to act quick. I've got to let MacReady know. And I'm afraid I've got to disappoint him."

"How?" demanded Jimmy.

"It's this way, Jimmy. MacReady's got a ten-day option on five million bunches of Chinese bananas at ten cents a bunch. That's cheap, dirt cheap, but you know, Jimmy, labor's awful cheap in China. Ordinarily it doesn't pay to ship the bananas out of the country."

Jimmy began to jot down figures.

"Five million at ten cents—that's five hundred thousand dollars," he figured it.

"Right!" said Marsh. "MacReady is about done up with the failure of his crop and the revolution and everything and he can only raise half of that amount. He wants me to dig up the other half. And you know how I'm fixed. Maybe I can slip a mortgage on the house again and raise fifty thousand, and that's my limit."

"How much'll those bananas sell for here?"

"They'll clear about a dollar a bunch."

"That'd be five millions." Jimmy's head reeled.

"You and MacReady let me in on this and I'll put up the two hundred thousand."

"Good! Make out your check, payable to me and have it ready when I come after it. Then I'll add fifty thousand and we're set."

Promptly at two o'clock Marsh telephoned Jimmy. Half an hour later he was again in Danton's office. He pocketed the check and started for the door.

"How long will it be, do you think?" Jimmy asked, "before we have the stuff here ready to sell?"

"Why, the whole affair ought to be settled by the eighth of next month," Marsh informed him.

When Marsh walked out of the Sam Danton offices, he walked directly to his bank where he deposited Jimmy's check. This done, he went to the counter and wrote his personal check to the order of Samuel Danton and for one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. On the back of a deposit slip he made a brief notation:

By Jimmy to corner Chinese bananas $200,000.00
Shrinkage 20,000.00

With my regrets $180,000.00

He placed the check and note in an envelope which he sealed, stamped and addressed to Sam Danton.

SORROW must often seek relief in recklessness. Perhaps such a reaction is a nervous form of expression. Anyway, Violet plunged into an orgy of gaming whenever time off the lot permitted. She had fifty thousand dollars in worrisome cash and a job with the Superior Films at the rate of five hundred a week. She had gained her release from her dancing contract at the Blue Moon and had signed on the dotted line to a contract that Belknapp had written up. Her heart thrilled a little bit, despite her sorrow, when she

(*Continued on page* 92)

Marie Prevost uses her new super wheel skates to scoot along the sidewalk at her beach home.

Going! Going! Gone!

"So you're another prize looker!" the director exclaimed, "Well, beauty's dirt cheap in Hollywood."

"I OFFERED myself on Hollywood's auction block!" With this astounding statement, Geraldine Jordan begins her remarkable true life story in the February TRUE CONFESSIONS Magazine.

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Hollywood's Auction Block

as told in Geraldine's own simple style is one you will never forget. It's the kind of a story that every girl who thinks she can "get by" on good looks should read and read carefully. **Hollywood's Auction Block** appears in the February number of TRUE CONFESSIONS now on sale.

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Sometimes the message of love is too urgent to be ignored. Sometimes the heart goes where the head cannot follow. This is the vibrant story of a girl who could not still her love for an unworthy man.

Perils of a Chorus Girl

Doris thought that the grass was greenest over the river, and so she left the elm-shaded streets of a small town for the tinseled and dangerous life of the stage.

The Seventh Commandment

Sometimes through evil a woman may do good. This girl had to choose between protecting her own good name and saving a loved one's life. Which did she choose? Which would you have chosen?

12 Other Great Real Life Romances

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A Million or Bust

(*Continued from page* 90)

thought that she was definitely launched on a movie career. She gave up her modest apartment and moved into a sumptuous suite of rooms in the new Spensor. When she wasn't working under the Kleigs she racked her brains in an effort to think of some original plan of getting rid of her money.

So it was that Brannock Marsh, when he sought her out, found her in a very receptive mood.

"I know just one way to lose money," he told her. "Try oil. But why do that? My guess is, of course, that you'd be willing to lose whatever you had, just for the pleasure of seeing a certain young man go sliding down the financial toboggan."

"Your first guess hit the bull's eye," Violet told him.

"I thought so. Now a question: How much money have you, in cash?"

"Fifty thousand."

"Willing to invest forty-five of it in the prospect of getting that thrill of bumping Jimmy?"

"I am," she answered wonderingly.

"Good! Now for it! We're going to flush Jimmy from his own grounds. We're going to play dead against him. We're going to make money and he's going to lose it. We're going to make what he loses and quite a little more."

"Suits me," agreed Violet. "How does it work?"

"Suppose I hint to you that I have two clients. One of them is a wealthy oil man. He is secretly buying up large tracts of New Mexican desert land, cactus, and all. What would you think? And suppose I could buy options on some of this land—what would you advise me to do?"

"That depends upon what I thought of the oil man's judgment," laughed Violet.

"So far his judgment has never failed him."

"Then I'd buy the land."

"Fine! Now suppose I went on further and dropped the secret that the other client of mine owns this one hundred and sixty acres and is very anxious to get rid of it and that the client's name is—James Danton."

Violet gripped the edge of the table.

"Jimmy owns that desert land?" she asked incredulously.

"A ranch. And he wants to drop it."

"And the oil man is buying all around him?"

"Yes."

"How much does Jimmy want for that land?"

"Forty-five thousand and a smile."

"I'll give him forty-five thousand. Later on I hope to hand him a laugh."

The next day Violet, at the Spensor, handed Marsh her check for forty-five thousand in exchange for the deed to one hundred and sixty acres of land admirably fitted to produce painful sunburn, a great thirst, and an abundance of thorn-studded cacti.

Marsh went directly to the office of Sam Danton. He had phoned Sam from the Spensor lobby and Sam was alone in the office waiting for him. It was after five o'clock.

"Got any idea just how much Jimmy had in cash?" Marsh asked.

"The cashier at his bank gave in his

(*Continued on page* 94)

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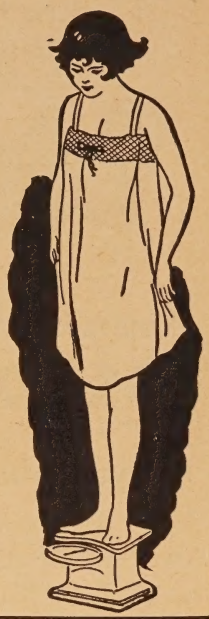

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Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

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A Million or Bust

(*Continued from page* 92)

balance as a thousand seven hundred and fifty without Baum's check. But he just bought a new car, so he's out most of that old money."

Marsh grinned. "Then the deed is done. Two hundred thousand for Chinese bananas—and yesterday I sold him an oil ranch. A movie friend of mine owned three hundred and twenty acres of sun-blistered New Mexico. Bauglit is for "location" purposes. I bought it of him for thirty-two hundred. I sold half of it to Jimmy for fifty thousand and half to Violet, today, for forty-five. Ten per cent plus thirty-two hundred out leaves eighty-two thousand and three hundred. Here's my check for it."

He put the check on Danton's desk. Sam picked it up, carried it to the safe and put it in a drawer.

"Jimmy's flat then," he remarked returning to his desk. "But how about Violet?"

"According to her own report she's about five thousand to the good.

WHILE Marsh, Jimmy, and his uncle were dining that evening at the Danton home, the Jap butler came in quietly with a silver tray on which lay a telegram. He carried it to Sam who glanced at the address and scaled it over to Marsh.

"We are for you, Bran," he said.

Marsh caught the spinning deftly and ripped off an end. He pulled out the folded yellow sheet of paper, unfolded it and took one glance at its message. Then he sagged in his chair and covered both eyes with a hand. He wailed:

"My God!"

Jimmy jumped anxiously to his feet.

"Gosh, Marsh! What's the matter? Got some bad news or something?"

Without a word Marsh held out the telegram. Jimmy took it gingerly and squinted at it—

TYPHOON WIPES OUT ENTIRE CROP OF BANANAS PERIOD WE ARE RUINED
MACREADY

"Ruined!" gasped Jimmy. "Ruined!"

He dropped the telegram and stared at Marsh. The lawyer still held his hand over his eyes. He was bent forward in his chair and Jimmy observed that his shoulders were shaking. It very suddenly occurred to Jimmy that his own shoulders felt like shaking.

"Ruined!" he whispered huskily; he turned and stumbled from the room. He left the telegram lying on the floor. Marsh snatched it up as soon as Jimmy was out of sight. He held a match to one corner of the paper, then dropped it flaming into the fireplace. Then he sighed with great relief, for Jimmy had failed to observe the place where the message had been filed—San Francisco.

Violet ate breakfast in bed the next morning—leisurely, and with an appreciable appetite. She was strangely happy. No longer was she burdened with accursed weight of accumulating wealth. She was broke, and better, she was in debt. And better yet, she was through with the films. She closed her eyes and reviewed the incident that had occurred in Belknapp's luxurious office not twenty-four hours since. A sharp, rather dramatic struggle while she had to make

(*Continued on page* 96)

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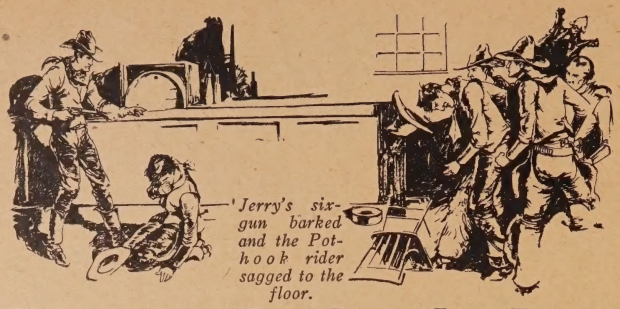

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A Million or Bust

(*Continued from page* 94)

him understand that his kisses were as unwelcome as his boresome, heavy love making. A typical movie scene following closely the formula of Belknapp's screen thrillers, but all too real and perilous to the former dancing star.

"I'm glad I'm through with the movies," she whispered to herself—"but I'll never tell Jimmy so. "No job, no money, oh, what a life!"

The maid came in.

"I think I shall wear my brown traveling suit today," Violet said. "I am going on a little trip—a business trip."

"Yes, Miss Violet. Will you be gone long?"

"Long, but not far, Marie. You'll have to pack my trunks for me."

Her clothes were stowed away in the lower dresser drawer. Flimsy things they were, of sheerest silk, and Marie lifted them tenderly, almost lovingly, in her arms. As she did so, there tumbled from the drawer a leather wallet.

"My word!" Violet exclaimed. "I'd forgotten all about that thing. Marie, throw it here!"

Marie handed it to Violet who opened it and shook its contents onto the bed—five one-hundred-dollar notes. They were the original bills she had found in the wallet and in the leather case they had reposed since the night of the find, their existence entirely slipped from Violet's mind.

"My, Miss Violet!" Marie protested. "You shouldn't have so much money lying around your rooms."

Violet smiled. "I promise never to do it again, Marie. I'll get rid of it immediately."

She took up the envelope containing the Spensor bill and poked the five bank notes inside. Then she handed the envelope to Marie.

"Run down to the office with this, Marie. Have the bill receipted and keep the change."

A FEW minutes later the manager came from the office to meet her.

"Ah—Miss Budd," he greeted her. We want to see you in the office for—ah—a moment. It is rather important."

There was another gentleman in the office. He rose quickly to his feet when Violet entered. His coat swung aside as he turned to face her and she observed pinned to his vest, on the left side, an emblem of gold.

"This gentleman, Miss Budd," said the suave Spensor manager, "is Mr. Kelly of the Department of Justice. He wishes a few words with you on some really important official business."

"I shall be as brief as possible, Miss Budd," said Kelly. "I would like to ask you a few questions. That they strike you as being extremely foolish I trust you will overlook and answer them to the best of your ability.

"First, I understand that you recently settled your account here, in full. Is that correct?"

"Yes, so was the account." No chance for an argument here.

"Would you mind telling me how you paid the account?"

"With five one-hundred-dollar bills."

"Thank you." Mr. Kelly thrust a hand into a coat pocket and drew out five new one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Are these the bills, Miss Violet?"

"I'd say they were. They look like them, anyway."

"Thank you, again. How much was the total amount of your bill?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Thank you, Miss Budd. Now, I'm very sorry to inform you, I must place you under arrest."

"Arrest!" cried Violet, rising from her chair. "Arrest me—you! What's the grand and glorious big idea?"

"That is what the Department of Justice would like to know, Miss Budd. These bills—" tapping his coat pocket—"are counterfeit."

Violet sank back weakly into the chair.

"Counterfeit!" dully. Then at once she laughed merrily.

"Then you'll probably have to murder me when I tell you that there's ten thousand of the same brand gone ahead of them."

Mr. Kelly's jaws came together with a snap.

"Do you mean to tell me that you passed ten thousand dollars worth of this queer stuff?"

"I'll say it was queer! I never had such queer money before in my young life!"

Mr. Kelly reached for his hat.

"Miss Budd," he said grimly. "You'll have to come along with me."

The chief was very glad to meet Violet. About the middle of the afternoon he grew very apologetic about keeping Violet so long from her lunch. He expressed the thought that possibly she was quite hungry.

"Which isn't all of it," Violet told him. "I've got to look up a hotel for the night."

The chief beamed.

"Oh, don't let a little thing like that bother you, Miss Budd. We've seen to that, you know. We've arranged for accommodations for you for tonight. Perhaps for several nights. Kelly, he will take you there now."

SHE was amazed only when she walked into the lobby, guided by Kelly's firm hand upon her elbow. It was not a regular lobby, not of the kind to which she was accustomed. To be sure, there was a desk and a clerk. The clerk wore a uniform and he registered for her. When he had finished scratching the entries in his book, he pressed an electric button on the desk. A uniformed bell boy responded, and he was not much of a boy, either; he was a man full grown.

"Send down the matron," the clerk said to the bell boy.

Presently the matron came. She was buxom and she wore white.

"Show the young lady to her room," said the clerk. "Give her one that's well ventilated."

The matron smiled. She took Violet by the elbow, as Kelly had done, and led her up a couple flights of stairs to a room. She obeyed the instructions about the ventilation. Violet thought she had never seen a room quite so well suited for ventilation. The door, which clanged when the matron shut it, herself on the outside, was wrought entirely of steel in a very open-work pattern, a lattice design. The room itself was very clean and very simply furnished. There was a cot and also a chair—and nothing else.

"Well," she said to her hat as she whirled it about on a finger, "I guess this is what you might call 'keeping it with Jimmy.' He's got nothing on me now—not even jail."

And strangely enough it was Jimmy who made the first call—Jimmy and Uncle Samuel and Brannock Marsh. They were in the reception room—the matron called it the "visitor's room"—that evening when the matron escorted her to the door.

"Violet!" wailed Jimmy when she opened the door and walked into the room. There was a husky dampness in his voice.

"Jimmy!"

Marsh offered Violet a chair.

"What's all this mess about, Miss Violet?" he demanded when she was seated. "Where in the world did you get hold of that queer money?"

Briefly Violet told him about finding the wallet from the court the night she had lost her hat. She mentioned the advertisement she had inserted in the papers.

"What was the date of those insertions? Remember?"

Violet told him about what date she thought it was.

"Now the wallet? Have you got it yet? If you have, where is it?"

"It's in one of my trunks at the Spensor."

Marsh turned to Uncle Samuel.

"It's not much to work with, Sam. But, of course, I'll do what I can."

He took his hat and left the room.

"We're pulling all the strings we can, Violet," Sam Danton said when Marsh was gone. "But it's rather difficult work to pull strings with the Department of Justice. Of course, we know well enough that you didn't make those bills, but it seems that passing them is just about as bad as making them. We've got to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that you didn't know that they were counterfeit."

"That's easy," said Violet. "I didn't know."

"We'll try to make them believe that. Marsh will do all he can. In the meantime, I've got some sad news for you. It's about that oil land you bought. The oil man who bought the property adjoining your land wasn't looking for oil after all. He was just buying ranch land."

Violet sighed.

"That's the finishing touch then. Now I'm completely broke."

"I'm broke, too, Violet," Jimmy said. "Jimmy!"

"That's right, Violet," Jimmy's uncle broke in. "Jimmy stepped on a couple of Chinese bananas and fell down bad. But he still has his job with me if he wants it. I'd be willing to make him a wedding present of a partnership, in the business, at ten thousand a year."

Jimmy sighed and looked at Violet. Violet did not sigh, but she looked steadily at Jimmy. The latter opened his lips to speak, but before he could do so, the door swung out and Marsh, slightly disheveled, rushed into the room. Violet's chief of the afternoon followed him.

"Well, children, I'm back. And back of me is the chief. Miss Violet for the time being is paroled. She is just to give her word that she will not leave Los Angeles and will hold herself in readiness to appear in Federal Court at any time. Promise, Violet?"

"I promise," Violet said.

"I'm sure," announced the chief, "that when investigations are completed we shall find nothing against the young lady. We've been checking her up all afternoon and evening. We haven't anything on her, except those five notes passed at

(*Continued on page* 101)

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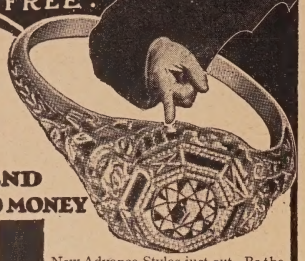

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Real Names of the Reel Stars

(*Continued from page* 61)

Buster Keaton, the frozen face of the celluloid, before his nickname, was known by his family as Joseph. Marjorie Daw was Marguerite House; Irene Rich was Irene Luther; Blanche Sweet was Blanche Alexander; Vera Reynolds was Norma Reynolds.

BEFORE going into pictures Hope Hampton answered to the name of Mary Elizabeth.

Here are a few of the more difficult kind—

Norman Kerry, the dashing hero of *The Love Thief,* was at one time Norman Kaiser. Alice Terry, beautiful wife of director Rex Ingram, as a girl went by the name of Alice Taafe. Mary Brian, charming leading lady for many of Richard Dix's pictures changed her name from Louise Dantzler.

Signe Auen, a few years ago at her cinema heyday, was known as Seena Owen. Another old timer who had an unusually large amount of anxiety brought upon herself by her name, was Wanda Hawley. Upon her film debut, she changed her name from Selma Pittack to Wanda Petit. Then to change her luck she changed it again to Wanda Hawley.

Then think of your favorite Mary Pickford running around in her school days as Gladys Smith. And Mary's virile husband, Douglas Fairbanks, entering his theatrical career as Douglas Uhlman.

Worse than that. Can you believe that Antonio Moreno, the romantic lover in Constance Talmadge's *Venus of Venice,* is known in Italy as Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno? Or that the dark complexioned chap who is starred in M-G-M's screen production, *Lovers,* was known to the world as Ramon Sameniegos before he began to be admired on the screen as Ramon Novarro?

The Sky is the Limit!

(*Continued from page* 32)

one pays for the crowd, the bill ordinarily running from $40 to $60.

LAWRENCE GRAY, juvenile actor, had a watch of a special make, stolen from his home the other day. "What is its value?" he was asked. "Well, I paid a thousand dollars for it," he answered, with a wry smile.

During the filming of *Helen of Troy,* Maria Corda, the Hungarian actress, rode from her dressing room to the outdoor set, a few minutes walk, in an automobile.

European trips are so common they are without novelty. Now Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are planning a jaunt around the world with some big-game hunting in Africa. At present Ricardo Cortez and his wife, Alma Rubens, accompanied by Winifred Westover Hart, are on a tour of foreign lands.

A few years ago Lloyd Bacon was a member of his father's company trouping the sticks of the west. Then his father, Frank Bacon made his Broadway hit in *Lightnin'.* Today Lloyd Bacon has a fine position as a director and owns a beautiful house in Hollywood and has his private yacht.

Among the yacht owners are John Barrymore with the "Mariner;" Corinne Griffith with "Wanderlust;" Cecil De Mille with "Seaward;" Colleen Moore with a new craft called "Cojo;" Richard Barthelmess with "Pegasus;" Lewis Stone with two boats, "Wetona" and "Phantom;" John Gilbert's "Temptress;" Conrad Nagel's "Ruth Margaret" Lloyd Bacon's "Ruby B" and Raymond Griffith with "Donna Bertha." These yachts are often seen at Catalina when travelers visit the magic isle. Nothing like the sea for seclusion.

STAGE actors are known as an easy-going, liberal spending class of people. Yet stage players, coming to Hollywood, are amazed at the scale of living of picture people. It is a good-natured, good-humored devil-may-care environment with the only fear that of finding a few wrinkles.

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Peeking in the Keyhole

(*Continued from page* 68)

straight piece of cloth, with the upper corners brought over the shoulders to the waist and joined there with French flowers. This forms sleeves that are clever and entirely original. The negligee, ending in a long train, depends for trimming on cream colored lace an inch or two wide whipped on all the edges. Certainly nothing could be simpler to make than this, and Betty vouches for its attractiveness.

Victor McLaglen, who learned that I was writing an article on fashions in Intimate Apparel, persuaded me that he has the most original costume in Hollywood. Daintily made of opaque cotton goods with two-inch polkadots of alluring Turkey red, and trimmed with wide imitation crocheted lace that can be bought at any five-and-ten-cent store for a nickel, he claims this nightgown to be not only the most flattering to the figure, but by far the most economical. He wears this amazing creation in *Carmen* as an example for Dolores Del Rio. But the gorgeous Latin star seems to prefer a robe de nuit of Canton crepe, form fitting, and elaborately trimmed with many yards of rose-point lace.

If winter comes—and who can stop it—the stars cannot depend on their frail creations of chiffon and lace for warmth. Madge Bellamy, who went to Paris a year ago to purchase an extensive wardrobe, claims that the most practical garment for boudoir wear is a plainly tailored striped French flannel bathrobe, belted at the waist, with roomy patch pockets. A girl who delights in sports will prefer this type of lounging robe to the French creations of her less active sisters. It can be bought or made for almost as little as Victor McLaglen's nightie, and is the best all-round garment of all.

The kimona enjoys a popularity second only to pajamas. Those who believe that trousers are hardly feminine, even when made of brilliant hued satin, choose the heavy silk robes of Japan. Marion Nixon, one of the loveliest and most feminine members of the film colony, owns a gorgeous kimona of heavy black silk, lavishly embroidered in gold. There is something distinctly flattering in the long sleeves of the Japanese costume. Carmel Myers' kimona is hand-painted in Oriental figures of blue and white.

(*Continued on page* 106)

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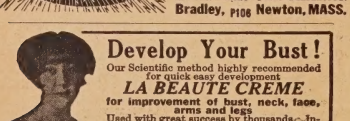

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The Girl Who Laughed At Love

(*Continued from page* 42)

couldn't bear to be parted from him for a minute. The touch of his hand set me atremble, and when he kissed me, I was willing to die.

It may sound melodramatic, but even as I write, I relive the ecstacy of our courtship and early married life, for with all my sophistication and blase manners which I assumed, underneath, I was highly emotional. We might have been happy . . . Yes, all women have the same chance at happiness who live normal, regular lives. The trouble with us —me, rather, is that I had never lived a normal, even life.

Will was the last man in the world I should have believed I could be in love with. I shall try to look at him coldly, and in the light of what happened. First of all, he was nine years older than I. Secondly, he was a college graduate and rather intellectual. I graduated from high school, but I never was a student and I used nearly to drive Will insane by my inaccuracies of speech and thought. I had picked so much up from life, that I never bothered to read much and an evening at home was unknown to me.

Will is a well-known illustrator and when we were married, he was making over two hundred dollars a week. Money never bothered me much, and I didn't know whether that was a lot or a little, for we never had any household expenses, of course, and papa gave us money and paid our bills without question.

SO WHEN Will tried to talk to me practically about his affairs, I put my hand over his mouth and cuddled into his arms.

"Oh, bother money, darling. You're so much more practical. You manage everything. I never know what I spend and grubbing over money is so hateful."

"But, Siri, you're a married woman now, and must have some idea of running a household. Suppose we map out some sort of budget plan, not economically, but just so that you know how much you'll need to run a house and I'll give you an ample allowance for your clothes. I think it is degrading, darling, for a woman to be so dependent on a man."

"Degrading? Household? I asked, bewildered. "Aren't you my husband, and can't I ask you for money if I need it?"

We were in Los Angeles on our honeymoon, I remember, when we first mentioned our winter plans. It had been blissful, those two glorious months at the Ambassador. The days we consumed in motoring lazily through the picturesque streets of Hollywood, Cahuenga Canyon and the little towns spread out all along the coast. I recall now how excited I was when Will secured through an artist friend, passes, that would enable us to visit the big motion picture studios. What a thrill came over me when I watched Norma Talmadge, the famous movie star, go through one of her scenes. Ah! Hollywood! I thought, maybe I, too, could become a movie star had not my life been spent at Tristan's.

Will brought back the subject of housekeeping, I remember, when we returned to the Ambassador.

Will laughed. "Gosh, Siri, you're such a child. Of course you can ask for money, but I thought you'd rather be independent and have a checking account of your own."

"Oh," I said happily, "I don't mind being dependent, but if you want me to be independent, I don't care. As long as you love me . . ." I finished.

And so our first discussion was dissolved in kisses and love, underneath the low hanging moon at Coronado.

On our way across the country, we stopped off for a week's visit to see Will's mother and father, who lived in Washington, D. C. I had never met Will's people, and I sort of dreaded doing so, for Will always raved about his mother, who was a very wonderful woman, from his description. I stood in awe, too, of his father, who was a lawyer and an important person in Washington politics.

But Will assured me they were simple people, and that they would love me like a daughter. I wasn't so sure of that, for I had never known simple people, and I had no idea what to expect.

I might say here before I forget, that I didn't meet Will in Tristan's off Broadway. We met for the first time at Asbury. I had been terribly run down after a strenuous winter, so I went down to the hotel the first week it was open in June. The beach was deserted, and I was grateful for the quiet and the lazy sunny afternoons. My brother-in-law, Georgie, was just getting over the grippe and Anna insisted that he stay at the beach for a week while the decorators and painters were getting the hotel in order. Georgie came, and with him came Will Miller.

When I first saw Will, I was wearing a sport skirt, white sweater and low oxfords. And we were married at the end of that summer, so that Will only knew me as the summer Siri, always in white, flitting about the beach, the tennis court and the verandas.

He didn't know the winter Siri in wispy evening gowns, who danced until dawn every morning. In the summer, I never used much makeup, and I left off lipstick when I heard Will say he loathed it.

IT WAS November when we reached Washington in time for Thanksgiving dinner with Will's people. Already I was a little lonesome for the gaiety of the restaurant and for my old friends, although my love for my husband was not one whit less. I was crazy to show him off to our friends and I was anxious to have him join our family circle.

The Miller house in Washington was a brownstone affair, very grim and imposing looking from the outside. A colored man admitted us, and then I found myself being kissed by a short, motherly looking woman with white hair and many wrinkles. Will's father, too, was not the least forbidding. He was tall, like Will, with a good humored face and fine eyes.

I was a little relieved and I was glad that they seemed to like me. We were shown to Will's old room, and I was amazed at the rag rugs, open fireplace, poster bed and Windsor chairs. Our rooms at home were thoroughly modern, and our tastes were bizarre. And the

(*Continued on page* 102)

A Million or Bust

(*Continued from page 97*)

the Spensor. If that five hundred will be made good—"

Sam Danton produced a roll from his pocket.

"Let uncle do it!" He counted out the money.

"I think that's all there is to it," the chief said. "Miss Budd, you are free to go."

Violet murmured her thanks.

"Jimmy, take Violet home," his uncle commanded. "I'll be along in a few minutes."

When Jimmy and Violet went out arm in arm, the three men in the visitors' room grinned at one another."

"Well," said Marsh, "those two kids lived up to their motto, anyway—the bust end of it. We'll have to give 'em credit for that."

Uncle Samuel ignored a sign on the wall and lighted his cigar.

"And not so very much bust at that, Bran," he chuckled. "I've got something like two hundred and sixty-five thousand of their combined cash on my conscience. I've managed to invest it at a little better than ten per cent. They'll have an income of about thirty thousand a year. But I'm not going to tell them about it. I'm going to 'rent' their ranches for them for about ten thousand a year. The balance I'll re-invest. The 'rent' with what Jimmy pulls down at the office ought to be enough for a couple of years."

"Got it all figured out, haven't you? But watch out, Sam," Marsh cautioned. "They may fool you yet."

Uncle Samuel shook his head vigorously.

"Nope! They're cured! I'm so positive of that, I'm willing to hand you that ten thousand right now."

Marsh grinned.

"Give it to the kids as a wedding present, with my compliments, Sam. They'll need it. I've got enough."

Outside, on the street, Violet stopped under a street lamp, turned up her blue eyes and searched Jimmy's face.

"On the level, Jimmy—are you broke?"

"I've got ten dollars," Jimmy replied, and there was that in his voice that told Violet he was speaking the truth.

"I'm glad, Jimmy."

Jimmy nodded.

"So'm I. Doggone, but I've been an awful yap. But I guess I had to be."

"Perhaps," said Violet. "That goes here, too. We tried to get acquainted with that Dame Fortune and we connected with her daughter, Miss Fortune."

Jimmy snapped his fingers.

"It's all over now—and I've got ten dollars. I think more of that ten spot than I did of that quarter of a million." He grinned cheerfully. "I do for a fact! Just to show you how much I do think of it, Violet—I've got that old license in my pocket and I've got the ring. Violet, do you suppose that minister would be home now?"

"I don't know, Jimmy," she said softly. "Let's find out."

"Let's go!" He took her arm. "We'll have to walk."

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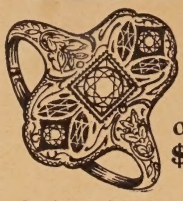

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The Girl Who Laughed at Love

(*Continued from page* 100)

thing that impressed me most was the spotlessness of the house. I marvelled at it and Will was delighted.

"My mother is the best little housekeeper in the country," he told me fervently. "Wait till you see her kitchen and taste her ol' fashioned strawberry shortcake!"

Yes, Will's mother was a model housekeeper in every respect. Never had I seen such orderliness and cleanliness. The meals were simple, but Will seemed to find them perfection. I marvelled at the lovely linens and silver, and I told my mother-in-law that I couldn't see how she could manage to be so efficient on such a small scale.

"What do you mean, dear?" she asked.

"Why," I explained, rather embarrassed, "papa runs our restaurant very efficiently, but everything is done on such a vast scale that I didn't see how it could be done on such a small plan."

My mother-in-law laughed and tried to teach me how to run a home. We stayed in Washington a week and I was never so relieved in my life as I was the day we left. For when my mother-in-law showed me her bills and how she checked them, I was bored to death. Imagine, I thought, checking up a grocery bill of thirty dollars for a week! Why our grocery bill at the restaurant was nearly eight hundred dollars. Our wine bill a thousand; meat, three thousand . . .

I tried to explain this to Will, but he seemed annoyed. "But you and I are not going to run a restaurant, child. We want a home."

"A home?" I asked, frightened. "Why the restaurant is a home."

"Yes, for a short time, until you get used to things, Siri, but then we want a home in Westchester or somewhere, where we can entertain as much as you like and have plenty of room to live and grow for ourselves and the children."

I was silent, terrified. Westchester sounded as remote as Timbuctoo. I was restless in the dignified old house on West K street. It was lonesome. Yet Will and his father and mother seemed to be content! We spent the day sightseeing and motoring, which was pleasant enough, and I enjoyed the dinner parties and the theater and the receptions in our honor. But the two evenings spent quietly at home I thought would never end. My jaw ached from stifling yawns. And I was terrified lest my mother-in-law notice. Yes, I think she looked at me first with surprise, then with displeasure. Oh, how I wished our visit were over! I nearly died when I heard Will enthusiastically promise to come Christmas.

ON SUNDAY, the day before we left Washington, I accidently overheard mother-in-law and Will talking. We had just come back from church. It was the first time in my life—and this is the truth—that I attended Sunday services.

So attending church was something of an experience for me. I had left my bag in the living room and was coming down for it when I overheard voices.

"She is beautiful, I admit, Will, but she seems so utterly lacking in wifely traits, dear. She cannot sew or cook or manage servants. What sort of a wife will she make you?"

I stood frozen. Then I heard Will's laugh.

"But she's young, Mother. She's only going on twenty. And she's very sensible and willing to learn. You see she's been brought up in a restaurant and a hotel and has never had any home training; but once she gets her own home, she'll be different."

There was a little silence.

"I'm afraid, dear, you are going to be greatly disappointed. I hate to say anything, but I'm your mother and I want to see you happy. Once a girl is brought up in such an atmosphere, she can never change! Never, my son. She has never had a home—she will never make you one . . ."

I heard no more, but staggered up the thickly carpeted stairs to our room. I threw myself on my knees before my bed.

"Oh, God," I sobbed, "make me a good wife. I want to give Will a home, and all the things that make up a good wife. Please teach me how," I choked. "I want to show her that I can . . . I want to make him happy. I love him so."

The tears poured from my eyes down the snowy counterpane, and I cried as I had never done in my life before. Suddenly I felt myself being lifted into dear arms.

"Siri, sweetheart, little wife, what is the trouble?"

"She—she says—I've never—had—a home—" I sobbed brokenly, "and—I'll nev—never make you one. Well, I want—a home—I want to—to make you happy and—be—be—a good wife, Will. Can't I darling?"

"Of course you can, my baby," laughed my husband as he crushed me to him. "Don't cry, dear. Mother is old-fashioned. We'll have a home and children, and everything else in good time. But in the meantime, we must only be happy." He kissed my wet eyes and I could see his own eyes were moist.

He crooned to me and held me in his arms until I was calm. All the while he insisted that we live in the old way until I became more used to the idea of going in a home of my own. I wanted then and there to take a house in the country and to throw myself into domesticity, but Will said that would be foolish, and that we should go about it slowly.

When at last we went down to dinner, I was serene again, only I loved Will more than ever. His tenderness and sympathy, and his sweet understanding seemed

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to bind us together into one great throbbing union.

Papa cried with joy when he saw us, and there was a gay party around our table that night. Lilla's fiance was there, too, and papa was insane with happiness, for now his four daughters were mated. Lilla, I thought, was making the most distinguished match, for her Ira Stone was a lawyer, the son and grandson of well known lawyers.

Lilla was marrying the type of man I had secretly hoped to marry, but one look at Will, quiet, dignified Will, with his fine features and sensitive face, and I hated myself for even a disloyal thought toward him.

We took a furnished apartment in a hotel, and before I realized it, we had drifted into the old life at the restaurant.

And here is where I made my first big mistake. I mistook my husband's acceptance of the situation as an evidence of his satisfaction. In my blind selfishness, I failed to see that he was only marking time until we had a home, or at least a housekeeping apartment of our own.

THE storm broke at Christmas, when I flatly refused to go to Washington. Christmas at Tristan's was gay and lively, and I told Will I would die if we had to spend another week in that dreadful house in Washington.

"Siri, I did not marry New York City," said my husband, bitterly. "I married you and I have the right to a home. I want a wife, not a night hawk, and I tell you I cannot stand eating in that madhouse night after night."

For a moment I cringed at the anger in his voice—quiet anger, but the kind that really frightens.

"Isn't the hotel a home?" I asked. "Aren't you happy?"

"No, that is not my idea of privacy. Siri, we've come to the end of my patience. I married to settle down. I am twenty-nine, and instead, I keep worse hours than I did before. It has got to stop!"

It was a long bitter struggle but in the end, because I saw for once I could not have my own way, I gave in, and the result was that we took a five-room apartment on Riverside Drive and Eighty-first Street.

At first it was fascinating to furnish it. During that time, of course, we ate "out," which meant in my beloved grill room. But by the first of the year, our apartment was complete, charming in every detail, and then came the business of "keeping house." I had ample help, a good maid and cook, and a woman who came in to clean.

Honestly, I tried to be interested in my home, but outside of showing it off to my friends and having late parties at night, it bored me to death.

"Anna," I said to my sister one afternoon as we were having tea in the restaurant, "how do you run your home?"

She laughed.

"I don't. It just runs itself. Stop fussing about it. And if that precious husband of yours fusses, make him stop. Do you know, dear," she said confidentially, "I think Will is a pill. I never knew he'd read the husband act so heavily."

I went home for dinner in a thoughtful mood. Yes, Will was selfish making me live so far away from my people. Instead of turning to my home with joy, I entered the white marble apartment house with dread in my heart. How would we get by the evening?

Yes, Will would read. But what would I do? Tinker with the radio? I hated the thing. Read? Bosh! my eyes bothered me and the house was so quiet, so lonesome. Will promised me a car in the spring, but even driving, as I knew, was boring.

And so I took to staying at the restaurant nights, telephoning Will that I was needed there. Or else, right after dinner, one of the girls phoned me and I would tell Will that Mother May wanted me. Will was sullen, but so long as he didn't make a scene, I escaped to my old haunts joyously.

At first he used to call for me, but as the winter warmed into spring, we drifted farther and farther apart, and once more I slept in my own room at home.

THEN my restlessness began to urge me from one thing to another, and as the first buds of spring broke on the trees, I became conscious of Ira Stone, my own sister's fiance.

Ira's piercing black eyes, full of fire, seemed to follow me wherever I went. He bumped into me in the halls, always managing to press my hands.

I was in a frenzy—first of self-hatred, for I knew that I could take my sister's fiance—my own blood sister. And then there was Will. Suddenly Will seemed pale and colorless against Ira. But, yet I was happy in a delirious way, for I had a new interest.

I was playing with fire, dangerous fire, but the flirtatious game was intoxicating, and I plunged into it. At first we had whispered conversations at the table, and then we met secretly in a remote tearoom on Park Avenue.

It was beautiful spring weather, and I got some stunning clothes. We used to walk along the avenues where I knew none of our friends or family ever strayed. Will, I knew, was in his studio, working. He wanted to keep me cooped up in a flat. Well, I was an independent woman and would live my own life.

Justifying my actions, I became more and more fascinated with Ira, and little by little our casual talks became intimate disclosures.

Ira had a foreign roadster, and as the lovely days continued, we motored out to fascinating inns along the Hudson, and out on Long Island.

"Why are you married, Siri? I could love you so. What made you marry a man like Will Miller anyway?"

"I don't know," I heard myself saying.

"I suppose he fascinated me. But what about Lilla?" I asked suddenly, conscience-stricken.

"Lilla is a charming girl. I'm very fond of Lilla," he said in his darkly fas-

(*Continued on page* 104)

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The Girl Who Laughed At Love

(*Continued from page* 103)

cinating manner. "But it's you, Siri, with your smouldering eyes and teasing mouth, that I love. Oh, Siri, Siri, you siren, if you could only break the bonds that hold you and come to me."

"I don't understand," I said frightened.

"You don't love your husband. You can get a divorce. Then let us go away somewhere together where we can live." And into my ears, he poured the old tempting tale of his love for me.

Suddenly we realized it had grown dark. A storm was coming. We were driving toward the city. Just as we hit the Drive, the storm burst—thunder and lightning and sheets of rain. Ira turned his whole attention to the car.

"We are almost at Eighty-first Street," I said suddenly. "We can stop at my apartment until this hurricane blows over."

Ira left the car at the curb, and together we rushed into the lobby, nearly drenched even that short distance. It was only four o'clock. Will wouldn't be home, I told myself, until six. Besides, he would not object to my entertaining . . . But wouldn't he?

It was too late, however, to turn back. Soon we were before the open fireplace. Tillie, my maid, served tea from the samovar and I was proud of the simple elegance of our apartment. I could see Ira's glance take in the details of the room approvingly.

Quite naturally he sank down on the couch next to me.

"What a joy you would be, Siri. You are an exquisite flower, only you should be planted in luxury—in an exotic garden where your loveliness and charm would not be wasted."

Over our teacups we chatted lazily, while the rain beat steadily on the panes. The room was warm. I was conscious of the admiration in his eyes. Then in a moment I was in my sister's fiance's arms.

AS FROM a long distance, I heard a voice. Ira let me go with such force, that I flew to the other end of the couch. Black spots danced before my eyes.

My husband stood in the doorway, so white that I thought he was a ghost. And he was saying four simple words:

"I beg your pardon."

There was a silence that was terrible. Ira stood on one side of the couch, my husband on the other, while I huddled miserably among the cushions. It was like a drama on the stage—only I was suffering intensely—fear, remorse.

The clock ticked insufferably—the rain beat against the window harshly. I wanted to scream. What would happen? Would they fight—would Will shoot?

"I had better go," said Ira, in a strained voice.

"I think you had," answered my husband.

I cowered lower. Sounds of his leaving came to my ears—a door slammed. In an agony of terror, I turned to face my husband.

(*To Be Continued*)

Filmettes From France

(*Continued from page* 77)

while some particularly daring scenes were taken on the beach.

★ ★ ★

HE LEFT Chicago because of one episode of this sort and enlisted in the French ambulance corps during the war. When America came in he went into aviation. After the war, when dancing was forbidden, he opened up clandestine dances, changing his meeting places so swiftly that the police never caught up with him. Then he became "King of Montmartre," with a big place on the hill," following an abortive attempt to introduce ice cream to Paris.

★ ★ ★

He Gives the Glad Hand

BILLY REARDON, who formerly danced with Irene Castle, has a new job. He is handshaker at Bobby Cornuche's new smart dance club, The Blue Room, on the site of Oscar Mouvet's old "Jardin de ma Soeur," which saw the rise and fall of Maurice, Oscar's brother.

The Blue Room has become the smartest place in town, and Billy correspondingly wealthier. Bobby Cornuche is the son and heir of the late Eugene Cornuche, the man who made Deauville. He is a personable youngster and shows signs of having inherited his father's keen sense of business.

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Hollywood's Night Entertainment

(*Continued from page* 38)

hostess. **Lionel Belmore,** jolly old soul, led **Bodil Rosing, Rene Cordona, Francesco Maran,** two handsome young foreigners bent on getting a foothold in the films, and myself, in hissing **Percy Heath** because he was late. Fortunately, Lionel had long since departed for his morning tennis before **Fritzi Ridgway** appeared. What he would have said to her would doubtless not be fit for print—even in SCREEN SECRETS.

★ ★ ★

THEY are telling a funny one on **Ham Beall,** well known Hollywood press agent.

If you have visited Grauman's new Chinese Theater in Hollywood you have seen the impression in the cement floor of the lobby of the well known feet of **Douglas Fairbanks** and other stars. Beall, press agent for the house, wanted to obtain the impression of **Lindbergh's** heroic feet when the flyer was in the west. It is said the honor was declined, but Ham persisted and followed Lindbergh all about the Ambassador Hotel with a small concrete mixer the day of his welcome in Los Angeles. Then, mixer in hand, he followed to San Diego, but the cement became adamant and no Lindy consented to step his foot therein.

So This Is Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 55)

names. Recently a representative of Lucky Strike cigarettes solicited Lon Chaney with a view of publicizing him throughout the country if he would endorse the cigarette. He turned the offer down on the ground that it might tend to prejudice him in the eyes of his many non-smoking fans.

RUTH RENICK, film and stage actress, admits her engagement to Louis Weadock, playwright. Miss Renick was previously wed to a "Major" Wellington Belford, who turned out to be an imposter and who disappeared from sight when Federal officers exposed him.

JOAN LOWELL, actress, has at last carried out her desire. It is said that while playing in pictures she frequently expressed a determination to wed Thompson Buchanan, playwright. A mere wife of Buchanan's seemed to serve as no barrier to the girl's wish. Mrs. Buchanan divorced her husband a short time ago and cleared the pathway for the ripening romance.

Answers to Screen Tests on Page 80

1. Doris Kenyon (Mrs. Milton Sills.)
2. Italian.
3. Colleen Moore's brother.
4. Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neil.
5. Norma Shearer.
6. Lon Chaney.
7. Harry Pollard.
8. Beatrice Fairfax, author of "Lovelorn."
9. Yes, to Jobyna Ralston.
10. The recently divorced husband of Constance Talmadge.
11. "Swim, Girl, Swim," with Gertrude Ederle doing some swimming.
12. "Chang."
13. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.
14. June Mathis, who discovered Valentino and gave him to the film world.
15. Lillian Gish.

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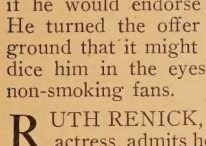

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One day a friend who had just returned from abroad gave me this wonderful secret discovered in Egypt, which preserved the youthful appearance of the fairest Egyptian Beauties. I tried it—results were amazing—I could not believe my eyes. After a few applications wrinkles and worry lines faded away. In 3 days my skin became firm and youthful freshness was restored.

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Our Laboratories have secured a limited supply of these costly ingredients. **10,000 $5.00 jars of Ruga Creme** at this special offer to introduce. Just pay postman **$1.79** to cover laboratory expense plus a few pennies postage. If after third treatment you do not notice a decided improvement, return balance and we will refund your money. Don't miss this amazing offer. **Just send name and address TODAY!**

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Peeking in the Keyhole

(*Continued from page* 99)

A broad sash lends an added feminine note. Titian haired little Janet Gaynor wears a brilliant orange kimona in her dressing room at the William Fox studios.

BY far the most startling boudoir costume among film folk is an ermine bathrobe worn by Esther Ralston. There it is—white ermine dotted abundantly with black tipped ermine tails. Step up, folks!—and don't shove! Wouldn't that be grand?

From this fashion parade of motion picture stars, surely there is a negligee to please the fancy of every reader of SCREEN SECRETS. Almost every one can be duplicated in a city store for a price ranging from two or three dollars to a couple of hundred. But particularly fortunate is the girl who can make her own negligee, copying in her favorite color and material the garments worn by the foremost stars of the screen. The girl who can do this will have the enviable satisfaction of knowing that she is wearing—and at a very small cost—the very styles that have enhanced the loveliness of her favorite actress, and that will as certainly reflect her own charm. For, as the French have said, there are no homely women—only those who do not know how to make themselves attractive. A woman is never more alluring than in a beautiful negligee.

———o———

She Blackfaced to Film Fame

(*Continued from page* 63)

—the tears making furrows through the black paint and dripping in black pools on her coat.

"I used to drive back and forth in my roadster. I must have looked funny with my own straight hair and my black face! Even the traffic cop, used to weird sights in Hollywood, stared at me!" she related, her brown eyes dancing at the thought of it.

"Oh, it's great to be in the movies! Such an easy life—especially if you play a blackface role!"

A wise little head has Mona Ray—and those big brown eyes, that look at you so directly, miss nothing.

She can act, too—and she is a new and refreshing personality both on and off the screen.

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729 Seventh Ave., Studio 233, New York City
Free list on request **Special Price to Dealers**

A Puritan in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 72)

has not been cast in similar roles since that time.

It may be that it was Miss Wilson's first decision to follow the career of a school teacher that influenced her movie work. At any rate, an Elk's convention knocked the idea of teaching out of Lois' head, for she won a beauty contest conducted in Birmingham. The prize offered to the winner was a trip to the San Francisco exposition. Lois was then a student at the Birmingham Normal School. She entered the contest and won it, because, as her brother Elks declared, "pretty is as pretty does."

Girls do not have to lower their standards in the picture world any more than they do in other professions, in Miss Wilson's opinion.

"The screen today," declared Lois, "offers boundless opportunity and it also offers protection. Everything depends upon the girl. It is the girl herself that sets the pace. Not Hollywood. She can be either good, bad or indifferent. It alone depends upon the young lady in question."

Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 45)

Clara and **Gilbert Roland** a year ago had a love affair which ended with such a violent emotional eruption that the excitable red head was determined she was going to announce her engagement to someone immediately and "just show" the handsome and fickle Roland person. So, at the time, **Victor Fleming**, the director, was shooting scenes miles and miles from civilization in the backwoods of Texas. Victor was the man Clara chose to fasten her engagement news upon. So, as the news was speedily given to reporters and came out in the news sheets. A couple of publicity men from the Lasky studio had to speed 100 miles an hour in order to get into the interior of Texas before any newspapers could reach there, and to beg Fleming to be a good sport about the thing and not deny it. So, the amazed Fleming agreed to play his part in the plot like a gentleman, and in due course of a few weeks the "engagement" was "broken" and announced to the world. And Mr. Roland's goat was thereby considered "got."

What Do Their Signatures Say?

(*Continued from page* 84)

carpets on the floors, and beautiful leather bound books, and furniture designed by an artist. He wants them, and is aggressive enough to find a way to get them.

The handwriting of Corinne Griffith is all personality. It is that of a strange mixture of reserve, love for travel, and fads and fancies. If Miss Griffith isn't a collector—if she isn't attracted by strange odds and ends from all corners of the globe, then her handwriting tells me nothing. By the way these odds and ends that attract Corinne are not all things you can see, but ideas, and choice or unusual bits of thought. Combined with this disposition there is a good deal of precision and determination.

Dolores del Rio—individualist, artistic, thrilling with life, loyalty, but not a waster of time nor money. Such is the story told by Dolores del Rio's signature — and much more. Miss del Rio is keener mentally than she is beautiful, so you know she hasn't a dull second. She is very generous; she has a will of her own—and uses it. More than this, she would be utterly lost in a drab atmosphere and fortunately will not be likely to be, for she changes the atmosphere in which she finds herself by her own personality. That is the real secret of her success—this ability to create her own atmosphere by means of her own vivid individuality.

Give the Little Girl A Hand!

(*Continued from page* 57)

thing," she said. "I don't mean just faint success, either—I want to be in time a really good actress. Of course, I know that one has to always start at the foot of the ladder, and that is just exactly what I have done."

Everyone who knows Sally, believes that some day she will realize her ambitions. Everyone who has come in contact with her electric personality firmly believes that nothing will stop her from eventually reaching the pinnacle of fame. Certainly, she has everything to back her up!

So let's give the little girl a hand!

Engaged!

And to the one man in all the world that she really wanted! It had been love at first sight with her, but he just couldn't seem to "see" her at all, that is until she read an advertisement, just like you are now reading this one, which told her that she could win the man she loved by simply understanding certain little peculiarities of man's psychology. She had sent for "Fascinating Womanhood," that amazing book that tells you how to win the man you love by applying simple psychological principles. It is written in language that anybody can understand. You, too, can attract and win the man of your choice with the help of this wonderful book. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.

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Prof. TITUS' FREE COPY of Famous Book "Better Built Bodies"

Panther Muscles or CLUMSY BEEF?

Under the silky hide of the lions, tigers, leopards and panthers, long, rippling muscles and thews of spun-steel crawl and flex in eternal readiness. Their action is swift and sure. Are your muscles like that? Are you a panther?

The superiority of that agile animal lies in its uncanny speed and absolute control of its magnificent muscular system. Just how well can you control yours?

Does strength mean beef to you? A bull is strong, but can you imagine the outcome of a one-round bout between a panther and a bull? Place your bets, gentlemen! Place your bets. What odds would you want if you were backing the bull? A great mountain of stupid, clumsy, useless beef—led by a ring in his nose! You know men just like that. Big-necked fellows who require an acre to turn around in. Is that your idea of strength? Are pictures of these cow-like "strong men" going to put a ring in your nose? Are you willing to be led?

It was the speed and agility of the panther that made "Gentleman Jim" Corbett heavyweight champion of the world. It is the panther system of body building that has made my method the most famous in the physical culture field. The heaviest tackle on the gridiron can't touch "Red" Grange when his supple body gets into action. That's the kind of bodies I build!

You don't want to be all shoulders; all neck; all arms. You want a body that fits together and works together, each muscle helping the next.

Your biceps, chest, thigh, and calves are bound to get larger as your muscles gain the strength I put there. They can't help bulging in spots. Your muscles will be growing and the growth will show. But I swear you won't look like an elephant if you follow my instructions.

TITUS
Builder of Builders

I trained most of the present-day trainers! I taught them what a real body was. Today they make their living—and a good one—with the muscles I gave them. All over the world products of my system of body building are leading physical directors, the strongest, best-developed men in their locality.

You can have that reputation. Do you want it? The system that developed the only man Sandow ever refused to meet can transform your body. The training that built the weight-lifting champion of all Europe and hundreds of other marvels of strength can remold your body and give you new life.

Let Titus Train You!

Let me show you what it feels like to be a panther. Let "the daddy of 'em all" prove his right to that title by building YOUR body.

The enormous advantage of TITUS training over all other kinds lies in the perfect co-operation of brains, nerves and muscle which it alone can achieve.

"Better Built Bodies"

My New Big Book is a Knockout and it's yours FREE

FULL PARTICULARS OF MY $2000.00 PRIZE CONTEST FOR 1927

Get your copy of my big new book NOW. Fill in the coupon and mail it at once. Its contents will astound you. It contains true stories more wonderful than fiction. Stories of miracles worked in muscle-miracles that can be worked by you! Don't wait! Don't even turn the page. Tear the coupon out and see for yourself. "BETTER BUILT BODIES" is Free to you. Address Dept. P. H.

TITUS, 105 East 13th Street, New York City

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Sure! I want your book. Send me "Better Built Bodies" packed with a muscle-building facts, health hints and photographs of famous strong men you have trained. I don't pay a penny—I don't obligate myself to anything.

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"PENCIL POINTED PEN"

The Perfect Writing Instrument

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NEVER before has any manufacturer of a standard writing instrument which is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, offered you so great a value. Remember, the Inkograph answers the purpose of both pen and pencil combined. Its point is shaped like a fine lead pencil point and writes with ink free and easy without a miss, skip or blur. The steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your handwriting. Won't blot, scratch, leak or soil hands.

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The lead pencil smudges, the point breaks and its writing soon is obliterated. Most fountain pens skip, scratch, flood, clog, leak, blot, soil hands and clothing. The old stylographic ink pencil dries up, balks, blots, writes heavy, flows unevenly and is never reliable. The Inkograph feeds as fast and uniform on the 20th page as it did on the first

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Not the tiniest drop of ink will spill, although one filling is sufficient to write thousands of words. Will write on any quality of paper.

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Without smearing, smudging or blurring the paper. Writes with any color of ink.

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The ink dries as fast as you write, because the flow is fine, even and uniform.

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Prevents clogging. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order. A year's guarantee certificate with full directions accompanies each Inkograph and is your absolute protection.

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In appearance, quality, workmanship and material it is the equal of writing instruments which sell for a great deal more. It's beautifully highly polished finest quality of black, hard rubber, it's 14 Kt. solid gold point and feed, safety screw cap, self-filling lever and clip make it an instrument of distinctive elegance and refinement. Each Inkograph is designed and finished to please the eye and fit the hand of all.

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Try the Inkograph—remember, all we ask you to do is try it, for if it does not prove thoroughly satisfactory and if it is not handier and does not write smoother and is not far superior to any fountain pen you ever owned, whether it cost $5, $6, $7 or $8, return the Inkograph to us and we'll refund your money—no questions asked.

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That hard smooth round ball-like point, which glides with ease over the coarsest paper and makes possible writing in ink as rapidly as with the softest lead pencil.

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Inkograph has proven so satisfactory and has elicited considerable favorable comment am enclosing money order, please send me three more. T. J. Trow, Traveling Claim Agent, Joplin, Mo.

The Inkograph fully justifies all claims you make. I own a Waterman but Inkograph is far preferable. Frank R. Sargent, Oakland, Calif.

You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price. I use the lo vest grade stationery and there is never a blot or scratch because of its round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention. L. H. Orley, Albuna, Va.

Oh boy, I am tickled skinny to have the Inkograph, it's a darling. I can now make carbon copies in taking orders and send original in ink to factory instead of a penciled sheet. It surely flows over the paper as if it was grease instead of ink. No trouble at all and a thing I could not do before to trace straight lines very fine and clean. No smear, no muss of any kind. It's just great. E. A. Simms, Jersey City. N. J.

My Inkograph is the smoothest writing instrument with which I have ever written. That is saying a lot. I am a teacher by profession. I have a $7.00 pen and another that cost more than the Inkograph, but Inkograph is better than either. It is the greatest improvement in writing instruments since the Babylonians recorded their thoughts on clay tablets with a triangular pointed reed. John R. Atwell, Chadwick, N. C.

My Inkograph is the first and only writing utensil I ever owned that I can use with pleasure. To be without it for any time would upset my business day. It has always worked perfectly. I have never had any difficulty with it. Arthur L. Fox, Centerville, Mich.

I am a bank teller, have used all kinds of fountain pens but can honestly say for my work I never found a pen so easy and tireless to write. You can pick it up any time in any position and write immediately and all numbers and words will be the same. Try and do it with any other pen. My buddies all agree that it is best for our work. O. R. Morley, Allentown, Pa.

Delighted: It writes bully—you have invented a pen that is perfection. It is so much more rapid than my $9.00 fountain pen. I wish you abundant success. S. L. Carlton, Aurora, Ill.

I am very well pleased with my Inkograph. It is just what I have been looking for. I have had several ink pencils but nothing like the Inkograph; it writes like the point was greased and it makes no difference what kind of paper, it is fine for shipping tags. S. T. Jarrett, Harrisville, W. Va.

The Inkograph is all that you claim it to be. Enclosed find order for two. Robert Heller, Craigsville, Pa.

The Inkograph, I am thoroughly convinced, is the best writing instrument I have ever used. It is sure, sane and clean and always ready to use. I am very well pleased with it. J. E. Rampton, Pensacola, Fla.

Received my Inkograph. Am surprised to know how well I can write with it. The Inkograph is a wonderful little writer, it's my friend now for good penmanship. I am writing this letter with it; can you tell the difference between Inkograph and pen letters? I Can is my answer. C. R. Fuller, Patterson, Mo.

I received my Inkograph with which I am writing this letter. I have purchased at least one dozen ink pencils. Yours seems to be the only one that gives perfect satisfaction. I believe you have solved the problem of the perfect writing instrument. Dr. Richard T. McLaury, Dunkirk, Ind.

The Inkograph is truly the best pen I ever had the pleasure to use barring no price or make of pen, after I take into consideration the high price I usually paid for a Parker, or a Waterman pen, I cannot see how such a low priced pen as the Inkograph can be put on the market and give such unusual service. Harvey L. Winston, Brentwood, Calif.

In making out local requisitions, it is necessary to make an original and two carbon copies on very heavy paper, and the Inkograph does this twice as well as the hardest indelible pencil, and is much neater and the original is much more legible. Wm. L. Fortney, Placerville, Ia.

Your Inkograph is everything you state. It is just wonderful. So send me two more. Arthur Ollcott, Tucker, La.

Gave pen thorough tryout. Enclosed find sample of work I have to perform. Have been using pencil. Never got entire satisfaction. Hard pencil makes original too pale and soft pencil makes poor copy. I am highly pleased. S. M. Cooper, Inquiry Division, P. O., South Bend, Ind.

I found the Inkograph all you represent it to be and I was very well satisfied with it. I made a great mistake when I bought the Inkograph, as I did not take out Loss or Theft Insurance on the pen, for the pen is gone. I am writing this to ask that you send me another Inkograph by return mail, charges C.O.D. I can recommend the Inkograph very highly to anyone who needs a pen which will stand up under very hard usage. George B. Moore, Columbia, Fla.

It sure has improved my hand writing—I never took home any medals for penmanship but I can almost read my own writing since I got this pen. M. F. Johnson, Medina, Wis.

I want to thank you for the return of my Inkograph pen, which you repaired for me. I feel rather lost without this pen in my pocket. I prefer it to any pen I ever carried principally because of the ease with which one can write with it, not having to be careful whether you slide the pen to the North, East, South or West, it flows freely in all directions. Wm. B. Brown, New York, N. Y.

Received my Inkograph and same is filling a long-felt want. Kindly send two more of the same style by parcel post collect as soon as possible. Theodore Priestley, Akron, Ohio.

I bought one of your pens a year ago. You sure build the best pen on the market to my notion. Frank R. Ellsworth, Fargo, N. D.

I wouldn't take $5.00 for the pen I am writing this letter with. I have a good fountain pen but don't write more with it. I am proud of the Inkograph and that I can say this to you and mean every word of it. R. H. Wilson, Beckley, W. Va.

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Your name and address are sufficient. Pay postman $1.50, plus postage on delivery. When remittance accompanies order, Inkograph will be sent postage prepaid. If within ten days the Inkograph does not prove satisfactory return it and we'll refund your money without further correspondence. It is because we are sure the Inkograph will meet your requirements to perfection that makes it possible for us to make you so attractive an offer.

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Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow.* Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public.* Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way.* There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow,* if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.
Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.
Mlle. Heffelfinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

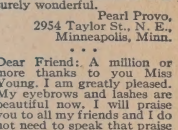
Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.
Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"
Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,
8352 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

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Screen Secrets

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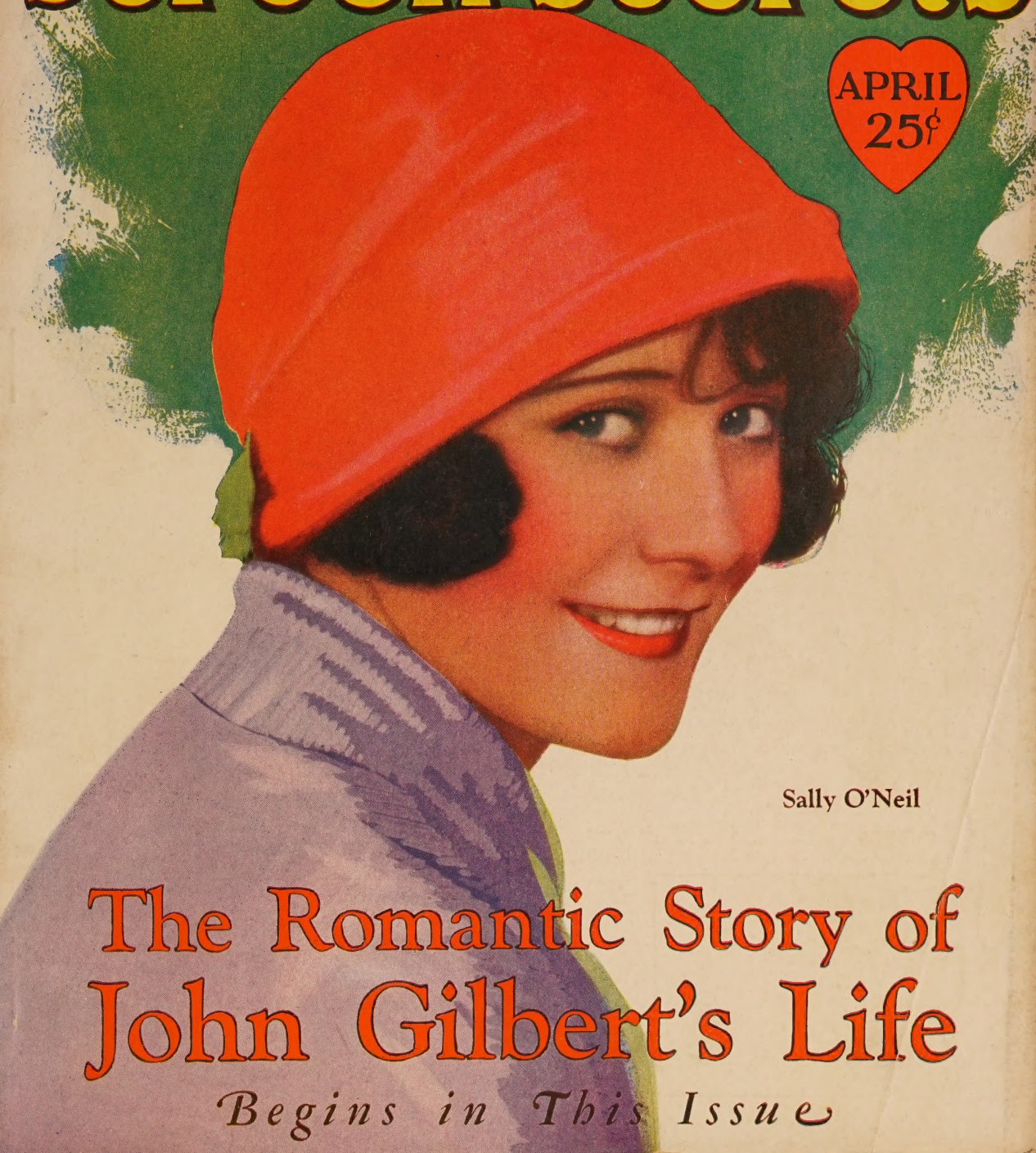

Sally O'Neil

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Two uses—one price. Two rooms—in one room. *Double duty—double beauty—double comfort—double saving.* Never before such an astounding value in a fine Bed-Davenport. Worth $50; our price $29.95... *Actual manufacturing cost.* The manufacturer had to raise cash. He slashed his profit to do it. We wanted to give you the world's greatest bed-davenport value. We slashed our profit, too. Two profits slashed. Send $1. Take 365 days to pay. Try it for 30 days FREE. See for yourself!

It's new—as new as the latest Paris style. It is fashionable, beautiful, roomy, restful. It is convertible, with one easy motion, into a comfortable big bed for two. Just like adding an extra bedroom—at no added cost.

Inspect it closer. Look at the lovely Brown Mahogany finish frame, beautifully turned. Note the shapely arms. See the striking panels. How sturdily it is built of seasoned hardwood.

What handsome, long wearing Figured Velour covering—how velvety—how colorful the rich blue and taupe shade. Now note how nicely the covering is tailored to fit the frames, the whole giving a luxurious overstuffed effect. And then the things you can't see but probably appreciate most—18 resilient coil springs in the seat—well padded seat and back—honest construction that prevents sagging and assures utmost comfort.

You do not sleep on the upholstery, however. The bed section has its own comfortable link-fabric spring. Bedding is concealed in the interiór during the day. Width overall 54 inches. Between arms, 50 inches. Height of back from seat, 19 inches. Size of bed section open, 72 x 48 inches, full double bed size—room for 2 adults.

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Use your credit. Send $1—take a year to pay. Use as your own for 30 days FREE. If you are not enthusiastically satisfied, return it and we will refund your $1 and transportation charges both ways. You can lose nothing; you can gain a lot in genuine comfort and home happiness.

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Send me at once the Velour Bed-Davenport as described above. Enclosed is $1 first payment. It is understood that, if at the end of 30 days trial, I am satisfied I will send you $2.50 monthly. Order No. BA 1545. Sale price $29.95. Title remains with you until paid in full.

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Blank Cartridge—Automatic Home Protector—**Not a toy**—Built like a real automatic. ***No permit required to own this automatic.*** Handy for self defense—Frightens tramps, makes a loud report, like a big expensive automatic. Scares away dogs—**Absolutely safe and harmless**—Play a practical joke on your friends. Blue steel case hardened frame, a duplicate of the Internationally Famous German Automatic. **Shoots 5 shots**—Jiffy automatic ejector—Can be reloaded instantly. Uses any standard make of blank cartridges—Checkered Grip—Convenient size. Can be carried in pocket. ***Box of 100 blank cartridges free with each automatic.***
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Target Practice Air Automatic
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The New Improved Air Pistol. No permit required. Endorsed by Pistol Experts as a truly—reliable—**accurate**—**hard hitting pistol.** ***Excellent for hunting small game, birds, rabbits, etc.*** **The ideal automatic for target practice.** Become a good marksman in short time at very little expense. **Shoots lead pellets distance of 40 feet with accurate precision.**

A wonderful weapon for Home protection—without the usual danger of having firearms around. Ammunition costs next to nothing—Built and looks like a real Pistol—***Usually sold all over for $15.00***—**order today—Save money.**

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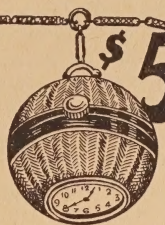

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This Men's Pocket Watch—Knife—Chain and Pistol Cigar Lighter Combination, sold separately would retail for over $15.00.

Here's an opportunity to buy this combination for only **$3.59. Pocket Watch** is an extra thin model—Beautifully engraved case, white gold finish—Handsomely designed dial with vision letters — jeweled movement and really a perfect timepiece. Comes to you with the latest style **Waldemar chain** and a **fine gold plated knife.**

The Cigar Lighter charm at the other end of the chain is a unique but practical cigar lighter and will delight you because of its oddness and of its usefulness.

Order this $15.00 combination today at the Bargain Price of $3.59. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.

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SCREEN SECRETS

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Announcement

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SCREEN SECRETS

to twenty cents

BIGGER than ever, with an increase in the number of pages and with more lively features and photos than ever before, the May issue gives you the only motion picture magazine of its size for *twenty cents!*

Featured for May: Helen Starr's article on players who have lost their pull; John Gilbert's First Great Romance, and a brilliant new novel, *Helen O' Troy*, by Ben Conlon.

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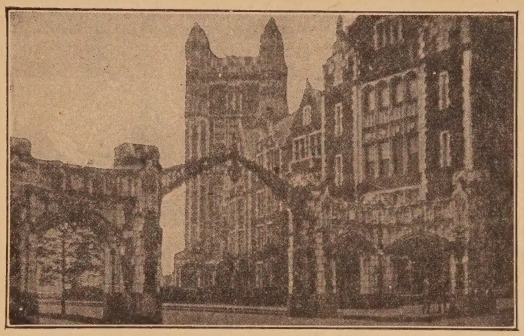

Above, a glimpse of the College of the City of New York. one of the higher institutions of learning in which Owen a-b-c Shorthand is taught. Among the well-known schools and business colleges which have adopted the system are The Paine School, N. Y., Rahway Vocational School, N. J., Simmons College, Boston.

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The girl got $6 a week—and was lonely. "Piggy"—you know his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where music and champagne could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night—O. Henry tells about it in one of his inimitable stories.

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New York had seemed so wonderful—art had seemed so big—but New York turned a cold shoulder—art proved hard and bitter. Alone in a big city, at the end of her resources, she was too weary to cry. This special day, she went out to seek—not glory or fame—but just for something to eat. She found—but let the story be told by O. Henry.

To Love, Honor and Obey

He was a little, short, bumptious looking man and old!

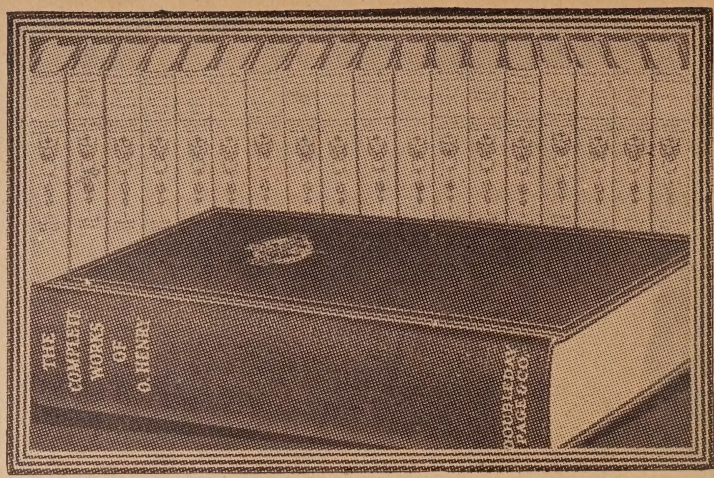
So all Newport was electrified when Miss Van Dresser married him—"Old Beaupree—that shrivelled up little old Beaupree"—Miss Van Dresser being beautiful and lovable and of unquestioned social status. From mouth to mouth flew the query—"Why?" Only one person knew it was because she had shut her heart to everything but one thing. But the unexpected happened, as it always does in a story by O. Henry.

When the Rattlesnake Struck!

Judge—When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was disgrace and poverty together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned rattlesnake, all right. Look out when I strike.

Yours respectfully,
Rattlesnake.

That is the beginning of one of the stories by O. Henry.



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When the Police Cut In

Bright and sunny and joyous New York looked to them. Then, on this first gorgeous day of their marriage, across their path there fell the shadow of the police, black, grim. To the man it seemed as though the sun had set forever on the promise of life. But the girl knew better. And so will you when you read this romance of everyday life by O. Henry.

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SCREEN SECRETS

As Hollywood Looks to the Editor

IRVING BERLIN hung his Christmas stocking in Hollywood.

Between acclimating and egg nogs, he told Joseph Schenck and Sid Grauman that his latest song would be "Good-bye Prologue."

This wise crack brought forth a knowing nod from Schenck and set Sid Grauman, owner of the famous Egyptian and Chinese Theaters of Hollywood to scratching his head.

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor

There is a national scratching of heads going on among theater owners at the present time. The big theaters that have run wild with expensive vaudeville, prologues, musical attractions and stunts to augment a feature picture are facing their ledgers with horror. Fear of half empty auditoriums in the huge houses holding from 4,000 to 6,000 people are said to have first led theater owners into this "added attraction" scrape.

And although the public was drawn in for a brief time, it is believed they miss their "blue heaven"—that cathedral-like quiet and beauty which characterized the houses without jazz or vaudeville—the musical theme which followed the picture, and the picture itself, rendered in restful, thoughtful fashion and standing on its own. It seems to have proved that the quality of silence is part of the psychological success of a picture house.

JOSEPH SCHENCK, probably the world's wisest showman, has seen the light. The gorgeous new United Artists Theater which opened in Los Angeles during the holidays and features Mary Pickford's "My Best Girl," has no vaudeville or prologue. The orchestra is superb, but music is the only attraction aside from the picture. And the crowds troop into this huge new house from noon until midnight.

Al Jolson was given $17,000 to appear for one week at the Metropolitan Theater in Los Angeles. He was offered $25,000 by two New York houses and a contract at one million a year to appear in various houses throughout the United States. Jolson refused. He is the star of Warner's "The Jazz Singer" and he has an interest in the picture as well. He turned down the rest of this cold cash because he believed that it would hurt the business of "The Jazz Singer" itself, and he, like other picture magnates are realizing, that pictures can stand on their own and that vaudeville and pictures should not be combined.

Mae Murray is making a personal appearance tour of the country at a huge salary, but managers know that the wild stampede for expensive talent can not be continued. The Colony Theater in New York has discarded every attraction except its picture.

The picture theaters started something that is hard to finish and they must go way back and begin all over again. They are going to chance half empty houses and let vaudeville disport itself in other houses on other streets. But it means that the picture going public will benefit by seeing better pictures, for costs in the future will not have to be cut down in order to support an expensive vaudeville program.

TRAVELING along in the wake of Lindbergh's sensational aerial exploits, "Wings," the Paramount epic of the air, seems to be doing nicely at the box office. "Wings" is one of the outstanding pictures of the year and one of the really great war films despite a lot of cafe bubble blowing that detracts a bit from the spectacle.

William Wellman, who directed the picture, saw service in France with the Lafayette Escadrille and came back after the war somewhat the worse for wear. At that time—along about 1920 or 1921—ye editor of this page was drawing pay from Uncle Samuel as a squadron commander in the U. S. Air Service with station at Rockwell Field, San Diego.

I shall never forget my introduction to Wellman. He came popping into camp one afternoon in a tiny French Spad hopping fences, skimming over the heads of bathers along the beaches, chasing moonbeams and doing other dizzy stuff that would entitle him to the Croix de Luna with palm in any man's army.

Captain Lowell Smith—the same who later piloted an American flight around the world—suggested that the surprise visitor had been looking too long at the moon and had got that way himself.

Three other great air pictures are now in the making. Paramount is just completing "The Legion of the Condemned." Howard Hughes will soon release "Hell's Angels," and "Warbirds" is on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production schedule.

Where do YOU *want to Grow New Hair?*

Decide NOW! Let me cover that spot with new hair in 30 days, or I'll mail you a check—I'll be the LOSER, not you!

WHEN approaching baldness threatens—when hair gets thinner and thinner on the temples, the forehead, the top of your head—*that's* the time to accept this no risk offer. I positively grow new hair—or you pay NOTHING!

New Hair in 30 Days—Or No Cost!

Thinning hair, falling hair, dandruff, dry scaly scalp—DANGER SIGNALS ALL! Stop delaying. Stop wasting time and money on ordinary salves, massages, tonics and oils, which you *know from experience* cannot possibly bring worth-while results! Save yourself from baldness this quick, easy way—through my iron-clad contract—*without risk!* For I GUARANTEE to end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new healthy hair in 30 days—or *I don't want a penny of your money!*

Why does baldness begin to appear? Why do ordinary tonics fail to help? In most cases of baldness the hair roots are dormant—*sleeping* through lack of nourishment. And tonics fail to help simply because they treat only the *surface* skin. To make a tree grow you don't rub "growing fluid" on the bark. You get to the roots. That's the simple secret of my scientific treatment. It goes *beneath* the surface—nourishes dormant roots directly—stimulates them to new activity — encourages quick and healthy growth of new, vigorous hair.

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FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

Cable and Telegraph

SANTA MONICA — *The Mysterious Island* will resume filming soon after an eighteen months' delay. Work was suspended on the picture after the prologue had been completed in colors and $500,000 had been spent. M-G-M have not announced who is to be given the megaphone. We nominate Irving Thalberg for the job.

★ ★ ★

NEW YORK—*Tenderloin* is the new Vitaphone picture starring Conrad Nagel and Dolores Costello. It is the picture which has the greatest amount of Vitaphone interludes that has been produced up to this time, and Conrad's got a job again.

★ ★ ★

PARIS—*The Gaucho,* Douglas Fairbanks' last picture, has proven the most popular American film to be shown in Paris. It has been playing at the Marievaux Cinema Theatre since January. Hats off to Doug!

★ ★ ★

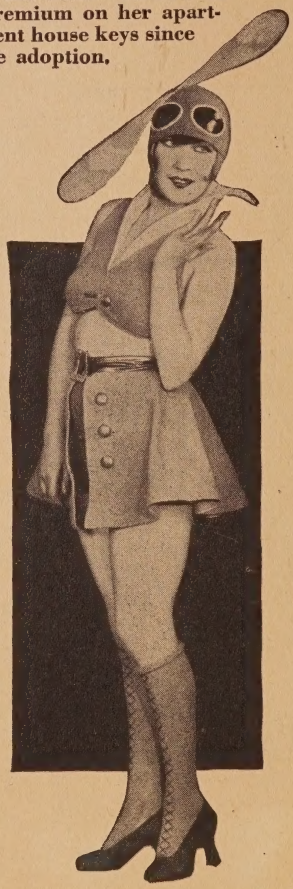
LONDON—The Variety Theatres Controlling Company promises to monopolize the motion picture industry of England, according to British exhibitors, when that company announced that they had purchased 200 theatres in and around London valued at $50,000,000. They plan to combine films with vaudeville, a plan which the American exhibitors have tried and are now abandoning, but old Lunnon refuses to profit by our experience.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD—After the completion of *Tempest and Sunshine,* their newest picture, the Duncan Sisters are definitely to separate for the first time in their lives. Vivian is going to Europe, where she will be the guest of the Italian ambassador, and Rosetta is to be the guest of William Wrigley at Catalina. While with the chewing gum king she will write *The Heavenly Twins,* which will be produced by the sisters in the fall, providing something doesn't gum up the plans.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD—Jacqueline Logan likes leopards, and it's no press story either. She became so attached to the leopard in *The Leopard Woman* that the owner of the zoo gave her a baby leopard of her own. There's no premium on her apartment house keys since the adoption.



Yola d'Avril, First National player, says things are flying this year.

News as we go to Press

NEW YORK — Vilma Banky is now returning to her native Hungary, following the completion of *The Passionate Adventure,* said to be her last picture in which she will be co-starred with Ronald Colman, so they say, but we say no.

★ ★ ★

LOS ANGELES—Sidney R. Kent, general manager of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Company, has paid his wife $140,000 divorce settlement and $40,000 for their daughter Peggy Kent. It pays to divorce a man sometimes, and do you notice that the film stars always get a complete settlement, not a monthly check. A bird in the hand is worth . . . . don't you think so, too?

★ ★ ★

BIG BEAR LAKE, CAL.—Clara Bow was elected queen of the Winter Sports Carnival here by the Junior Members of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. More than 3,000 attended the Carnival, at which, for once in the year, the Californians go to the snow when it doesn't come to them, and Clara kept the party warmed up anyway.

★ ★ ★

TORONTO—*Wings* has broken the record of any other single motion picture in Canada. In its three weeks' run at the Tivoli Theatre, in Toronto, it played to 700,000 people. The weather was sub-zero and during the second week-end of the play there was a terrific blizzard, but the gate receipts of those blizzard days was $85,000, enough to pay the expenses of the entire run.

★ ★ ★

BEVERLY HILLS—Mary Pickford was the first person to fete the new 1928 model of Wampas stars, when she gave a tea-luncheon for them at her home here in Beverly Hills. Will Hays, movie czar, was presented to them. Other film notables were present.

NEW PORTRAITS

***DOLORES COSTELLO**, Warner Brothers' star, endows this Easter portrait with the beauty and delicacy of the Madonna such as one of the old Italian masters might have painted.*

Ruth Taylor

THIS pretty little comedy star got the most coveted role of the season when she was given the part of Lorelei Lee, in Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Mary Nolan

UNIVERSAL'S newest star is Mary, once Imogene Wilson, of the Follies. She is now playing with Norman Kerry and Lewis Stone, in "The Foreign Legion."

Greta Garbo

***NO FOREIGN** star has ever attracted the attention of the movie world as Greta has. She is on our roll of honor as one of the few great screen tragediennes who has been successful.*

Donald Reed

A SCORE of new young men are making their way into pictures and promise to give some of the veterans a run for the public favor. Donald is by no means the least attractive of the new group.

Renee Adoree

THIS smart young lady seems to do her best work with John Gilbert. First in "The Big Parade," and now in "The Cossacks," she scores heavily as the leading lady of the Great Lover.

Billie Dove

THIS star of "The Heart of a Follies Girl," has given us some excellent entertainment. She is in the first rank in acting ability—and beyond it in beauty, and can she emote?

Here's the Great Lover in action. (Above) Renee Adoree seems to be getting some personal attention, and in the circle, Jack is telling Joan Crawford a few things *Twelve Miles Out.*

The Romantic Life of John Gilbert

The startling life of the young Mormon who worked his way to a high place in pictures but who could not hold the affections of a wife.

OUT in Utah they breed men. Strong, broad-shouldered sons of the outdoors, born of long-limbed, full-bosomed women.

John Gilbert is of that breed. His father and mother were Mormons. They were of the tribe that Brigham Young led in his conquest of the desert. In many ways, John Gilbert is like Brigham Young, who dreamed of an empire. Gilbert dreamed of empires also—but of a different sort, for he was born to be a ruler of women, he has found his kingdom in their ever willing hearts.

Mists enshroud those early days of John Gilbert's life. He emerges from the past, trailing wisps that few can see through. Yet those early days shaped his career and modeled his future life.

John was born in a tent, part of the equipment of a traveling show which his father, John Pringle, followed through the Mormon settlements thirty years ago. On one of these trips, Pringle landed in Logan. There he saw and fell in love with the girl who was to be the mother of John Gilbert.

Here's the smile that is responsible for husbands staying home at night with their wives, and can you blame them, the wives we mean?

SHE was a Mormon girl, with the inbred love of the drama characteristics of this people. She loved the stage from afar, and then Pringle brought it close to her. Certainly there wasn't much of attraction in the lumbering show wagons, the rough men, and the torn canvas tents. But the lure of the stage was strong in the girl, and this was the only theater she knew. When the show went on, the girl went with it as Pringle's wife, to follow the smoky flicker of the oil torches of the traveling theater.

In less than a year Romance took off her mask, and Realism stalked across the stage. A boy baby came. Whether this was an offer of unwelcome responsibility, or whether there was a quarrel, we do not know, but the father and mother separated. Mrs. Pringle, however, had become an actress now. It was her only livelihood, and she went on with obscure dramatic companies touring the one night stands in western towns.

Pringle dropped from the picture, and at one of these stops, the pretty young mother of John Gilbert married a physician. She continued, however, with the traveling show company.

So it was in this atmosphere of grease paint and melodrama that John Gilbert was reared.

John was a handsome child. When the play called for a baby, John was lugged in, and when, later on, there were child parts to be performed, John was given them.

HE HAD a manner that appealed. Even at that age he attracted women with his curly hair and brown eyes. Then came another step in his education. He was sent to Hitchcock Military Academy at San Rafael and very handsome in his uniform, he made further discoveries about

Greta Garbo and John seem to be engaged in a very positive scene, but they say they are not married although they almost were once. They are the most talked of players in Hollywood. . . . . and how?

the attractions which had been given him. He learned that the verb "amour" can be conjugated in more places than a class room.

But the boy grew tired of military restraint. He left the school and found a job on a newspaper. This cub reporter liked his calling, until the stage beckoned again. His mother had died, his father's trail had long since been utterly lost, yet the old lure of the footlights called the youth.

Up and down the Pacific coast traveled debonair young Jack in those day, proud as a peacock even if his place in company was hardly more important than a piece of baggage. The natal urge was inborn—he was happy on the stage. And then came reports of fame and fortune to be won in the motion pictures. True, the old troupers scoffed at the flickering shadows that danced on a ghostly screen, and declared it was all a passing fad.

But Jack was interested. He paused and took stock of himself, and nodded his curly head. He would try it. So, at the age of seventeen, John Gilbert came to Hollywood. The city that would some day see him a renowned actor, character player and famous lover on the screen.

Renee Adoree's husband must be a very broadminded man, but lovemaking is all in the day's work. Here they are in "The Cossacks," their first picture together since "The Big Parade."

TODAY the penniless young man or woman is warned against seeking employment in Hollywood. Hollywood doesn't want to feed starving young actors, but no such warnings were waved in the days when John Gilbert went to his first joust with the movies. He wouldn't have heeded them anyway. John doesn't ask—he helps himself.

John seized the first chance offered, and faced the camera for the first time as an extra, at Inceville, a little north of Santa Monica. Thomas Ince built this studio as his monument. Fires and movie politics demolished it.

The extra struggled up from the ranks and by force of personality set himself apart from his fellows. Bits came his way, and Ince, master observer of talent in the rough and super-sensed scout for "it", long before Elinor Glyn made use of the word, and rewarded John with small parts, in some of which he made love with the vigor of an Apache.

MARY PICKFORD heard about Handsome Jack, and, as her leading man in *The Heart of the Hills* used him to put some pep in this blonde curls pastoral. She did

(*Continued on page* 92)

BEHIND *the Fitting Room Door*

One of the few dresses that Clara Bow has ever worn in the films that it is not tight fitting. Clara likes 'em tight and short.

A FAMOUS student of psychology once stated that the color of green transmits a decidedly soothing effect to ruffled spirits and saw-edged tempers.

Can this possibly be the reason for the seafoam walls and jade carpets of Fitting Room Number One in the wardrobe building of the Paramount Studio?

Perhaps this renowned student of mental machinations never experimented with the spirits and tempers of motion picture stars, for we regret to state that the soothing green walls of Number One Fitting Room have winessed every form of emotional outburst possible in a studio housing some forty stars.

A seam is one-eighth of an inch off-side—*Voila!* The ether sends out volcanic waves. The designer attempts to conceal a great star's slightly bowed legs beneath a long skirt—MON DIEU! The seismograph registers a tremor—so much for peace found between green walls.

Now another student of human mind has declared that the nearest thing to a woman's soul is clothes. But the clothes of an actress, those she wears before her public *are her soul.*

No, my reader, it isn't an easy job, cutting, fitting, trimming the soul of an actress for her enthusiastic approval. Some want souls with waistlines, others insist on souls with flowing lines, some demand theirs adorned with barbaric splendor, some in nunlike severity.

But, back to our story, for here are a few secrets that Fitting Room Number One reveals.

POLA NEGRI has an appointment at ten o'clock to pass judgment upon her costumes for the next production. She arrives in austere silence followed by a retinue comprising one middle-aged, harried secretary and a black shrouded tremulous maid. Enter the head seamstress, the head fitter, the assistant designer, the head designer in awed silence. With uncertain fingers they slip garment number one over the famous white shoulders.

Electric stillness ensues, while piercing gray eyes inspect minutely the reflected silhouette.

"Ach! you make me look fat—like an old woman—bah!"

Off comes the rejected gown, to the accompaniment of ripping seams.

The designer is quite accustomed to take the blame for the extra poundage put on between pictures.

Gown number two is offered for inspection.

"Oh, Miss Negri, you are so bee-utiful in that frock," this from the timorous maid, who immediately looks startled after the uncalled for outbreak.

A cold glance from the famous gray eyes—the maid retires to the background.

Once more La Negri surveys her figure. This gown pleases. She appears slim and youthful.

"Yah, vurry nice," in deep throaty voice, "Pola look young, yah? ? ? ? ? How thin she iss—hips like snake, yah? ? ? ?"

The breathless chorus nods in accent. La Negri is quick in her decisions. She does not haggle over details. The effect is right or wrong at one glance.

MADAME NEGRI may have her portion of temperament and idiosyncrasies, but her designer acclaims her every inch an artist, yah, an genius. She will sacrifice all trace of beauty and youth if a role calls for such sacrifice. If she must be the unkempt slavey as she portrayed in *Hotel Imperial* every garment is relentlessly realistic, not a

Would they still be your favorites if one of them were to tear to shreds the gown you had worked all night to complete, just because the sleeves were a bit loose, when they would not even show? Read what happens in the green room before the famous triple mirror at the Paramount Studios.

By JUDITH MARCH

flattering touch in her entire makeup is permitted. Blouzy hair, shiny skin, bunchy grotesque clothes are worn and demanded by this actress for such a characterization. In *The Secret Hour* Negri plays the part of a waitress in a cheap San Francisco eating house.

Just how does a waitress appear during the rush hour on a hot day?

Trim, pretty,—?

No, indeed. Negri's hair straggled over her face, the prespiration oozed unbecomingly, her uniform was rumpled and soiled—yes, only a great artist can afford to do that.

ELEVEN o'clock rolls around on the rediculous enameled clock in Fitting Room Number One.

The lovely Florence Vidor is due for an hour's tucking, snipping, draping.

An hour did I say? If the seamstress, designer and fitter find time for a ham sandwich around four o'clock they will call it a lucky break. Miss Vidor believes in details and her miscroscopic inspection would put an Adjutant General to shame.

This orchid like lady arrives within the green portals, faultlessly attired in a tailored suit, unadorned felt hat, guiltless of jewels or ostentation.

In slow measured words with a dash of English accent to heighten the flavor, the duchess of the screen announces that she is ready for the day's business and proceeds to forget her tea and tennis engagements long enough to complete the tedious work at hand.

A shoulder tuck appears ever so slightly to the left when it should appear ever so slightly to the right. Said shoulder tuck is ripped, repinned, unpinned, repinned, unpinned, rebasted and so on while the clock knocks off an hour or so.

A beaded gown for a ball room sequence is offered with hope.

Horrors! Does not the designer know that Miss Vidor very much dislikes beaded frocks? Oh, really very, very much—no well dressed woman wears a frock contaminated with even as much as one bead. The chic *femme* dresses with disarming simplicity. However, the designer argues that Iowa and Nebraska do not always understand fashionable simplicity. They often mistake it for misplaced economy—and thus another sixty minutes slips by while the debate to bead or not to bead is propounded.

Extra pounds never worry the designer in Miss Vidor's case. She is delightfully slim and wears the latest gasp from Paris with just the right flare. She is marvelously patient and will stand for hours on end while she directs minute adjustments to infinitesimal seams, tucks and shirrs.

The enamel clock ticks four o'clock.

Ruth Taylor, in one of the breath-taking costumes designed for her in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Notice the perfect lines.

CLARA BOW, titian haired goddess of the Paramount studio waltzes in for her appointment—or as Clara puts it—ordeal. An ordeal for everyone, including Clara. She considers the minutes spent before the triple mirror in Room Number One a total loss. Clothes are of slight interest to this young star.

She demands but one thing—that they fit tight. Yes, we mean tight—around the waist and that they do not conceal her figure. During the minutes of adjustment and pinning, the restless Clara jerks, jumps, dances about the sixteen square feet of the fitting room. After her, on hands and knees, crawl the harrassed dressmakers, pins in mouth and catching as catch can at the twisting, whirling figure.

Clara is one reason why designers go to early graves. The production moguls demand that she be dressed in chic and striking costumes. Clara demands that her breathtaking curves be revealed *en toto*, and doesn't give a darn

about the chic part of it. Try to meet both demands—you've got a fortune awaiting you if you can.

However, if all Clara's costumes for her screen work do not meet her entire approval she can run the gamut of sensations in selecting her private wardrobe. She adores brilliant colors and doesn't give a whoop how she combines them. Peacock blue is her favorite color so a scarf of this shade will be tied over the brilliant tresses. Chinese red is the next favorite so a dress of this color is selected. Black and white slippers complete the costume.

No matter how late Bebe Daniels' appointment for a fitting may be, a group of stock girls and seamstresses will be found hovering around the fitting room door.

BEBE is the unanimous favorite of the Paramount Studio. Her contagious enthusiasm, her interest in other people's accomplishments, her hearty good nature draw the hero-worshiping employees of the lot like a magnet. Bebe knows and remembers everyone's name—she never forgets to ask if you've recovered from that cold or if the baby has another tooth. It's not affectation—not a bit—she's just a darned good scout.

Most of Bebe's fittings are for period costumes as her productions call for everything from bathing suits to Nautch girl dancing robes. There is never a moment lost in argument or temperament when this black-eyed favorite goes through her fitting paces. Bebe knows what she wants, (it is never unreasonable) and she gets it. While she stands before the green framed mirror, some ten or twelve girls crowd into the small room just to have a word and a look at their idol. Bebe never seems too tired or nervous to welcome them during her fitting appointments.

She's just one of those Hollywood miracles you've heard about—is Bebe.

Mary Brian, Paramount player, discussing her wardrobe for a new picture with Travis Banton, costume designer. He has just submitted the sketch of a gown for her O. K.

THE Junoesque Esther Ralston, of the pale golden hair and Mediterranean eyes has stepped into the niche left by the best dressed woman of the screen, Gloria Swanson. The Paramount designer has found in the statuesque Ralston a figure and carriage that can do justice to his most precious creations. Esther's height allows her to wear with impunity the feathered frock, the exotic bouffant tulle costume, the trailing, heavily ornamented tea gown.

Esther has very decided ideas about the sort of clothes she thinks she looks best in. However, she never attempts to induce the designer to change his sketches. She knows that she has won success in the gowns that Banton has created for her and she is quite willing to let well enough stay that way.

But believe it or not, Esther does not like the dignity of trailing ostrich, the decollette of shining velvet or the smart sophistication of pearls and metal cloth. This blonde maiden likes her hair curled fluffily about her head. She adores a baby blue ribbon running through these curls. tied in a piquant bow at the exact middle of her head.

Esther prefers cunning little gingham prints to satin, girlish tams to smart felts and chiffon party dresses to the dignity of beaded velvet.

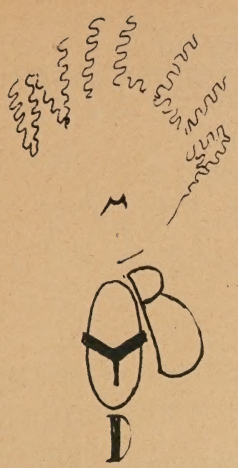
THEN there is Mary Brian. Her fans would, of course, like to know how "the darling of the screen" performs before the three mirrors in the green room. There is nothing to tell about Mary. When an actress is always even tempered, sweet, quiet, charming, thoughtful of others, there is nothing left for the reporter to do but close his note book and look for news elsewhere.

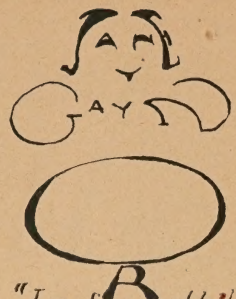
As for news—here's a delectable bit.

Ruth Taylor, a youthful Mack Sennett player who played Lorelei in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, has now become a full fledged star. Her performance in that gold digging opus established her status for all time. However, Ruth has other qualities than her acting ability. She is the most perfectly gowned player that has ever entered the portals of the Paramount Studio. She knows instinctively what is right

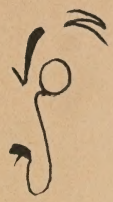
(*Continued on page* 94)

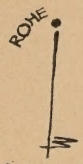
Just notice this silk slip Virginia Lee Corbin is wearing. It's too bad it won't show in the film.





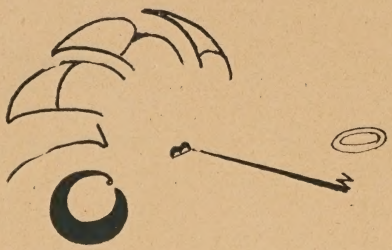
"In Seventh Heaven"
(JANET GAYNOR)



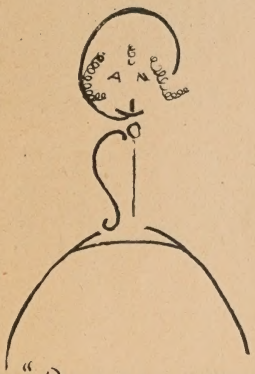


"Sophisticate"
(VON STROHEIM)

"There's a Boatman on the Volga"
(WILLIAM BOYD)



"Modern"
(CLARA BOW)



"Bonnet and Bustle"
(LILLIAN GISH

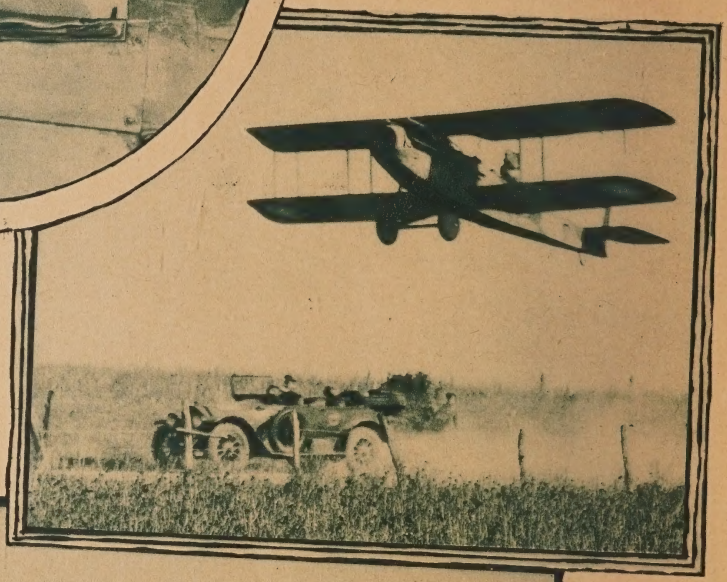
What's in a NAME CONTEST

LET'S sharpen our pencils and get busy. What's the last movie you saw? Well, see if you can draw the star's picture with the letters of his name. *Screen Secrets* will pay five dollars for every name portrait accepted for publication. It isn't hard, just try and see. Address all entries to the "What's In a Name Contest," Screen Secrets, Robbinsdale, Minnesota. No entries will be returned, but don't let that worry you, just get them accepted and it's O. K. All right, let the old bean start working and get them in here by April first.....get hot.....Camera....

Drawn by A. Stevenson, Palo Alto, Cal.

The Movies Are *Growing* Wings

Richard Arlen looks down at his companion, who is being attacked by three German planes. Arlen's acting in this picture placed him in the front line of sure-fire box office attractions with a bang.

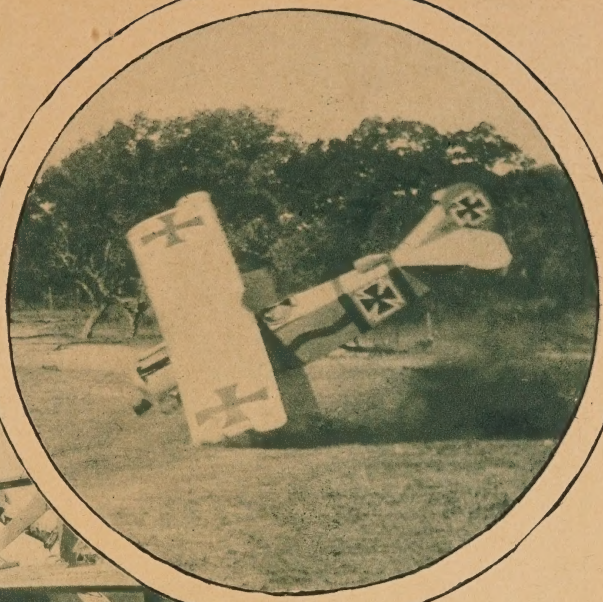


A plane piloted by the hero, who, by the way, had never been in a plane before the filming of the picture, swooping down upon an enemy officer in the auto.

Arlen coming down in flames. There were two serious accidents during the filming of the tremendous picture in which 300 airplanes were used.

In spite of the great number of aviation pictures that have followed the success of *Wings*, we nominate Sam Wellman's epic of the air as the greatest of them all and place it beside *Hearts of the World*, *The Big Parade*, and *What Price Glory*, as the war pictures that will always be remembered.

Here are a few of the highlights from *Wings*, Paramount picture, as we saw it from the tenth row aisle for the sixth or seventh time.



Here's a German plane crashing to earth, and it's real enough for anyone. This plane turned a somersault and burned up right after the crash.

Now look at the darn thing, says Buddy Rogers as he gazes at his plane after it has been brought down into a barbed wire entanglement by the enemy. This scene was not in the picture but we read between the films.

A low dangerous swoop as the American fliers put the Germans to rout in a critical moment of Paramount's super-production, "Wings."

Edna May, leading woman for Johnny Hines, looking at her screen tests for the lead in "Chinatown Charlie", and she seems satisfied with the results.

RAGS to

From poverty to stardom is the career of Edna May who worked around studios for years to get her big chance.

IF ANY rags can be glad, those cute little flapper togs hanging in the boudoir closet of Edna May's house are just about the "gladdest rags" in Hollywood!

And Edna's is a real "rags to riches" story for she used to sew in the Paramount wardrobe department on the beautiful glad rags designed for Gloria Swanson, Florence Vidor and other stars. Now she has been signed as Johnny Hines' new leading woman and can have lovely things of her own.

Edna was a very wise little Cinderella when she parked her slippers in the wardrobe department of a big Hollywood studio. Although she didn't do anything so crude as go out on a set and drop a shoe in front of a studio prince, she did realize that even a wardrobe department offers an opportunity to meet the directors on the lot and leads to a chance to play in pictures. And because she had all the necessary attributes and had already made good in her niche in the wardrobe department they gave her a chance. Studios are like that. They will take an interest in those on the lot nearest at hand, promote them and give opportunities if the shoe seems to fit, and Edna was the Cinderella with the right slipper!

QUITE a step wasn't it for a young girl who a little over a year ago was selling toys over a counter at Woolworth's five and ten cent store to the position of leading woman for Johnny Hines, a star on both stage and screen? And while Edna May may be virtually unknown to the movie fans right now, she is following a line of predecessors who have all come into fame and stardom. Johnny Hines engaged such leading women as Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Jacqueline Logan, Doris Kenyon, Norma Shearer, Jobyna Ralston, Clara Bow and Dolores Costello.

All these former leading women in Johnny Hines' pictures have attained fame and fortune. Edna May has a still greater opportunity. Johnny Hines has previously always followed a policy of engaging a different leading woman for each new picture venture but Edna May has been signed on a long contract and while, of course, she may be "farmed out" occasionally to other studios who want her services, she will undoubtedly appear in a number of leads with Hines himself which will place her in the front rank as a leading player of Hollywood and will acquaint exhibitors and fans all over the world with a lovely new face. Her name is to follow Hines in no uncertain billing and electrics in many cities and bill posters too will carry Edna's visage and her name in big print before many more months have passed.

"Take any old job offered you in the movies and watch your chance," advises Edna, whose own "any old job" happened to be as a seamstress and model in the wardrobe

RICHES

by
Helen Starr

The romantic story of a ten-cent-store clerk who crashed the studio gates to stardom and success.

department although it might have happened to be as telephone girl, or marceller, script girl or waitress! "Just get in somewhere," says Edna, "and plan and plot, watch and wait and hope and you may get your chance as I did."

AND with the beauty of Laura La Plante—lovely blonde hair, blue eyes, warm hearted dimples and a tip-tilted nose; the pep of a Clara Bow or an Alice White, the charm of a Billie Dove and the friendliness and sweetness of a Mary Pickford, who could possibly fail when the chance came? For all these natural qualities of success belong to Edna May at the start and it doesn't seem as if she is going to have to cultivate any additional attributes beyond learning something of the art of acting. Even after she has mastered the technique necessary to a screen player, her natural spontaneity and likableness are not going to be lost for she is far too sensible to pin much faith on tricks of artificiality.

SOME years ago, on the Universal lot, everyone was shocked to hear that Lina Basquette's father had "bumped himself off"—committed suicide—and "walked out" on a little girl not yet in her teens who was working in pictures, and her mother who helped sew on costumes. Things went hard for the Basquettes for a few years until Lina became a great dancer and a New York musical show star.

There are many other mothers and daughters who can tell similar tales of "strandings" in New York and Hollywood. Edna May and her mother are among these. Just three years ago Edna's stepfather went out the cottage gate and left Edna and her mother with exactly fifty cents in the house. And to make the continuity of past events complete, I am told that her own father had also decamped from all marital obligation some years previous in a similar manner!

EDNA'S ambition to get into pictures had become something more than a dream when her stepfather was transferred from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Los Angeles, but hope went a glimmering when the mainstay of the family left a mere fifty cents for the start of a career which the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce solemnly warns a nation not to attempt without ample funds for long time subsistance in the film colony.

BUT fifty cents in some hands is just fifty cents more than nothing and can in no way discourage a real ambition. It was ample capital for one little girl to build forward to a nice contract, an attractive home for her mother with possibilities of automobiles and travel, pretty clothes and bank accounts ahead. That is one of Edna

This is the girl who rose to the films handicapped by having to care for a sick mother, but who carefully made the most of every position she had to further her ambition.

May's delightfully interesting qualities. She is frank and truthful; she makes no pretense, and I am sure she will never be "high hat" or "arty." She resurrects no imaginary Southern mansions or obscure and wealthy relatives to impress the populace; nor has the fifty cent episode or the Woolworth experience made her feel downtrodden or embittered. She is just a pleasant, genial little girl, easy to know, and very likable when you do know her. Her experience with "glad rags" which paved her entry into the movies wasn't gained in a moment.

"I sewed on doll clothes from the time I could thread a needle, and mine were the best dressed dolls in St. Joseph, Missouri," she proudly asserts. "I was born in that town October 23, 1909, you know. After my doll days, I went through the Neely grammar school in St. Jo and then went into the largest wholesale house in the middle west—to work on hats. I did have a trip or so over to St. Louis but never have been as far as Chicago or New York.

"A short tour in a musical show called 'Billie Dale's Pansy Girls' gave me a little idea as to what stage work was like and I knew then I wanted to be an actress and would never again be content to sew on pretty clothes for other people all my life.

"But, I was destined to do a lot more sewing before I got my chance in pictures. When my father was transferred west, I could at least see the outside of the studio walls.

Pretty little Edna May on the California beach, tossing the medicine ball after a hard day's work at the studio.

"YOU will think I had a great case of swell head and self assurance when I went to work at Woolworth's toy department and still kept my ambitions in my mind. In the "Five and Ten" we wore a black uniform with a white waist. There was no chance to look well in pretty clothes or to meet anyone in pictures and in this condition of total obscurity there really did not seem to be any opportunities ahead.

"From Woolworth's, I went to a position in a dry goods store. One day King Baggot directed scenes for a picture in our store with Alice Joyce and other well known players and I was one of six clerks chosen for extra bits. That was my first experience before a camera so in the very store where I had another sort of position, fate came right in to help me on my way into the movies. But that first chance led me nowhere for the moment.

"My mother had been an excellent dressmaker in the east and was engaged to fit gowns in the Paramount wardrobe department. She helped me get into the same department where the first thing I did was work as stock girl. I kept track of the small items of apparel being used by actresses on the sets such as gowns, handbags, lace fichus, slippers, parasols and accessories.

"So many times a small wardrobe item becomes damaged out on location or by a careless actress on set and if she does not return it in good order, the company charges her for it. Or a complete wardrobe is not returned, or perhaps someone tries to "borrow" a becoming hat. As stock girl, I had to check on all kinds of details like that with the assistant directors in the course of the daily routine and that made it possible for me to know them quite well. Later, I became a model for gowns worn by the stars. The directors always came in to look over the gowns for a new production and in that way, I came to know all the Paramount directors.

"NOW, even if I did know all the directors on the Paramount lot, it was still difficult to get a chance in pictures that amounted to anything. I was too unknown in the realm of acting and too untried. Any director thinks several times before he takes a chance in casting a girl of no experience in a responsible part.

"You see my problems were largely financial. I had a steady position in the wardrobe department with a regular pay check each week. If I had had an opportunity to give this up for a good part that paid a fair salary, I could have taken the chance, but I did not dare give it up for extra work which is very uncertain and pays hardly anything.

"However, I finally took the awful gamble when Paul Bern, the well known Paramount director, gave me a chance to play a dancing girl in Pola Negri's picture *Flower of the Night*. That opportunity led to others and I was given small bits in *Padlocked*, in *Children of*

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Here's the way Edna May used to have to puzzle over a hat in the costume rooms of the Paramount studios where she worked for over a year before she got her break.

An Artist Sketches *an* Artist

THE wistful comedienne of the screen, Colleen Moore, as drawn by James Montgomery Flagg, well known artist.

ADOLPHE MENJOU, one of the screen's perfect lovers, with Katherine Carver who is soon to become Mrs. Menjou. Note her resemblance to Connie Talmadge.

"I Wouldn't Be Caught Wearing A Slave Bracelet" Says Adolphe Menjou

By MADELEINE MATZEN

MENJOU is, of course, an American in spite of the French name which he possesses.

He was born in this country, went to college here, served gallantly in the World War and he had a hard time gaining recognition in pictures. Today he is a famous screen personality, one with *savoir faire,* poise, sophistication and manner. There is about him always a feeling of the old world, of the continent. He represents on the screen the blasé boulevardier as no one else can.

Those who are jealous of Menjou declare loudly that he reminds them of nothing so much as of the head waiter. That is (when we think it over) a tremendous compliment. For manners make the gentleman, and today it is only the headwaiters who have manners—they have to have them.

On the screen Menjou is the world weary wanderer searching for love or a dream that is not tinsel. We feel sorry for him, always. We felt sorry for him when he played the suave Satan in *The Sorrows of Satan*—and when a man can do that—WELL!

We admire Menjou's ease, his elegance. We wait expectantly for him to utter some charmingly sophisticated sub-title—and we are never disappointed. If the title proves dull, the expression on Menjou's face more than makes up for it. Menjou of the screen is the despair of the uncouth and unmannered—a man-of-the-world model for every country lad.

Here's the polished gentleman, himself, all dressed up to the monocle.

BUT off screen it is quite a different matter. He is the most unpretentious person in all of pretentious Hollywood. He is now a rich man as well as a famous one. He hates ostentation of any sort. He thinks large, showy houses are vulgar and lives in a small modest one himself.

He does not (as you would expect) parade the boulevard in a frock coat and top hat, with cane and monocle, a gardenia gracing his buttonhole. He never wears a flower in his buttonhole. He never wears jewelry. He wouldn't be caught dead wearing a chain bracelet, or gaudy socks. He doesn't sleep in mauve brocaded pajamas (at least he says he doesn't).

He wears old tweeds and a careless felt hat. He drives a Ford coupe, oftener he walks. He is the first to admire and praise loudly the fine work of any other player. He never talks about his own work and I doubt very much whether he gives a damn how he photographs; whether he looks young or old on the screen as long as he is permitted to play the human roles which he loves and not ringletted, he-vamp heroes. He hopes that his fans will continue to like him. But more than anything else he hopes that they will continue to like the type of stories which he has elected to play in. He does not believe that the great American public are a mob of yokels. He be-

lieves that they enjoy seeing breeding, gentleness and charm on the screen. That they are quite able to appreciate the continental viewpoint so strongly accented in his plays.

MENJOU'S first marriage went on the rocks, as so many movie marriages do. I believe he was the most surprised man in all Hollywood when it did break up for he had always been devoted to Mrs. Menjou and his young stepson. Before Menjou became famous and was struggling along fighting for recognition in cinema circles Mrs. Menjou did publicity to help out the family finances. No one seemed to see any possibilities in Menjou as a screen type—except his wife. She went about interviewing directors, producers and people in power pointing out to them that her actor husband had a great amount of distinction, both in manner and appearance.

And distinction (at that time) was something rarely if ever seen on the screen. So emphatically did she insist upon this value of his, so often did she point it out and expound upon it that finally the producers began to look at Menjou twice, gave him his chance and he made good.

No one appreciates more fully what Mrs. Menjou did for him than Mr. Menjou.

But as he grew more famous and more in demand (playing often in two pictures at once which meant night and day work) they drifted apart, as the old novelists have it.

Mrs. Menjou grew restless and dissatisfied and finally sharply ill.

There were misunderstandings and finally they each went their separate way and Mrs. Menjou sued for a divorce and got it. With it went a generous settlement.

Monsieur Menjou coming home at a none too reasonable time, but it is in "Serenade," his new picture — not in reality, we are told.

AFTER wandering through a lonely year by himself, growing more bored with life each day, taking little interest in his work, Menjou met Katherine Carver, the divorced wife of Ira Hill, the New York photographer who first became famous because he took such marvelous photographs of the then well known Mrs. Vernon Castle. Both Menjou and Miss Carver were unhappy and disillusioned. Misery loves company so they began to go about together. Now they're engaged! They are to be married in June the latest report has it.

Menjou gave Miss Carver a marvelous engagement ring. This ring is the only pretentious thing that Menjou ever purchased. You see he had fallen so desperately in love that for the moment he quite forgot his prejudices and behaved exactly like any other ardent lover.

He and Miss Carver are playing in pictures together. Their teamwork may lack the ice and flame quality of the Garbo and Gilbert combination, or the lyric quality of the Gaynor and Farrel combination but it has a certain precise charm and quaintness. When you see them together you are reminded of a lace paper valentine.

I KNOW a man who collects such old valentines and on one of them is written in fine old handwriting this sentiment:

"Oh, darling lady, sweet and fine,
Was never face so pleased my mind!
I did but see thee passing by
And lo, I'll love thee till I die!"

and somehow that particular sentiment reminds me of the teamwork of Miss Carver and Menjou on the screen. Perhaps he is losing some of his utter assurance since he has met the lovely Miss Carver!

The Menjou unit at Paramount is a clannish one. H. Abbie D'Arrast who directs his pictures is the man who worked as Chaplin's assistant while the famous clown made *A Woman of Paris.* Menjou and D'Arrast put over some fine touches in that Chaplin picture, touches that Chaplin

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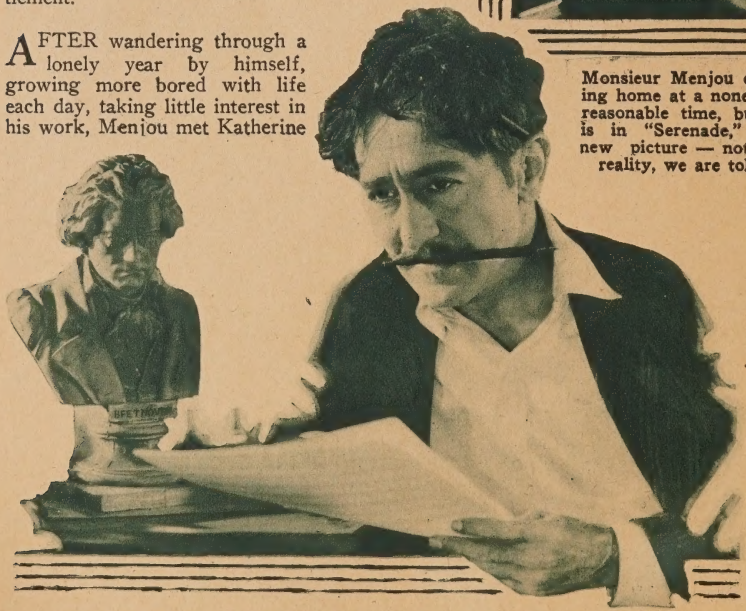

Looks like Adolphe is a composer in his off hours, doesn't it?

SO THIS IS Hollywood

Dorothy Mackaill and her gang take a plunge in the pool of her Hollywood home. Dorothy's bathing suit is the very latest thing; notice the roll collar of soft wool. She has a nice coat of tan, too.

What are they like off the screen? Are the comedians funny when they are home at night or are they simply dull? Read what our correspondent tells you about the intimate life of the movie folks of Hollywood.

By DON JUAN

CHARLIE CHAPLIN it seems gets as much fun out of being spoofed by his friends as he does out of imitating some of them in his incomparable mimic way. Recently he was one of the guests at a party which B. P. Schulberg, Famous Paramount Lasky executive, gave at his home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. (Norma Shearer) Irving Thalberg. A song poking fun at Charlie's most recent marital bloomer was introduced and proved the hit of the evening. Its title was *Don't Cry Little Girl, Don't Cry, You'll Be Mrs. Chaplin By and By.* Charlie was especially convulsed by the song's last line, which reads, "Throw yourself upon the court, and your family I'll support—don't cry little girl, don't cry".

MOTION picture stars are sometimes negligent, to say the least, in keeping appointments with their publicity men. So the publicity department on the Universal lot has devised a rather neat method of disciplining players who fail to toe the mark, as it were. The picture of every important player on the lot hangs in a frame on the walls of the reception room in the publicity department. And since every player has occasion to visit this department more or less frequently, they are all familiar with the location of their pictures. When a player gets in bad, for failing to show up for an interview or a photograph or something, the picture of the erring one is turned with the face to the wall; and thus it remains until his Publicity Highness Sam B. Jacobson orders a reversal of the hanging. Doubtless there are less erring ones.

Not for nothing was Mervyn LeRoy a famous "gag" man before he became the foremost "baby" director at First National. At his recent marriage to Edna Murphy he knew that the traditional old shoe and tin can stuff would be pulled on him so he adroitly planned a miscarriage of the well known carriage gag. The marriage was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. (Colleen Moore) John McCormick in the Rossmore section of Hollywood. Mervyn parked his new Packard coupe at the curb in front of the house. In reality it was a new car similar to his own which he had obtained for the occasion from a local Packard agency. His own car was parked and loaded with necessary luggage at the curb a few houses away. That evening when he left the house with his bride to motor to Del Monte, Calif., for the honeymoon, they got into the Packard coupe parked in front of the McCormick dwelling all right—the car that had been

Ruby McCoy, once cigarette girl at the Montmartre Cafe, and now star at Stern Brothers Studio, straps her scooter to the back of every auto she goes riding in.

Here are the big four of "Abie's Irish Rose." (Left to right) Victor Fleming, director; Ann Nichols, author; Charles Rogers, who will play Abie, and Nancy Carroll (seated) will play Rose.

underslung with shoes and tin cans—but merely drove it a few houses away. Then they halted alongside of their own car, jumped out, got into their own vehicle while an agency man took charge of the apparently abandoned car, and drove off to the accompaniment of disappointed giggles from the group of guests who had witnessed the proceedings from the front lawn of the McCormick house.

EVER since Rosetta Duncan was biffed in the nose by a Chicago cop, four years ago, she has been unable to tell a piece of cheese from an orchid (eyes closed) but has lately had an operation that has restored her sense of smell. Rosetta now enjoys Caron and cheese with equal facility.

IF THE well known California weather had applied to Harry Langdon for work recently he would have hired it for a single day at a fabulous wage for his *The Chaser* picture. He needed a rain sequence, Harry did, so taking it for granted that it wouldn't rain, Harry had a sylvan setting constructed at a cost of several thousand dollars and had sprinkling pipes fixed in below the stage rafters. The same scene could have easily been shot on location at a fraction of the cost. The point is, however, that on the day Harry assembled his company on the set to shoot the wet sequence, it rained!

CORINNE GRIFFITH is leaving United Artists and is returning to First National. About a year ago the lovely Corinne became dissatisfied with what she considered was an invasion of her stellar rights on the First National lot and went over to United Artists. Now, it is an open secret in Hollywood film circles, that the esprit de contractual relations between herself and the Schenck organization hasn't been what it might be. Her first picture under the new arrangement is to be *The Divine Lady*, which Frank Lloyd, also a returning First National prodigal, will direct.

THERE'S quite a geographical note in the film career of Phyllis Haver. As a Mack Sennett bathing beauty her Pacific sand witchery brought her into stellar favor. Recently she moved into a high place in the *Chicago* picture which the De Mille organization produced; and now she seems to have migrated to the banks of the good old Hudson River in New York. For she has been assigned to play the leading feminine role in *Tenth Avenue*, the well known New York stage play which William De Mille will direct for the screen. Joseph Schildkraut and Victor Varconi are also being featured in the cast.

WHEN Eileen Sedgewick played in serial pictures work was plentiful. Then it occurred to her that she would like to see her heroic film gestures unreeled in the better known film palaces. So she decided to give up her serial calls in favor of the more polite genre of film plots. But somehow, due mainly to her serial affiliations, she found it difficult to crash the super-production gates. Now she has started practically all over again by changing her well known name to Gretal Yolst, and she seems to be getting the picture break she craved.

Jack Mulhall is one of the stars that is not married to an actress, although Mrs. Mulhall is very often mistaken for that well known lady of the screen, Lila Lee.

Dorothy Gulliver take her work seriously. Here she is at the Universal lot, a member of the great army of the employed, carrying her own lunch.

BETTY COMPSON, Olive Borden and Dorothy Mackaill, among others, have gone into the garment business. Which doesn't mean that these well known film players have retired from the screen. It's just a gesture of commercial enterprise on their part. They took some of their easy and hard earned money and invested it in a fashionable feminine attire shop which has been opened in Hollywood by Howard Greer under the name of Howard Greer, Inc. In addition to the aforesaid the list of stockholders includes the following well known film salary grabbers: Betty Bronson, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, Jetta Goudal, Bebe Daniels, Dolores Costello, Pola Negri, Lilyan Tashman, Florence Vidor, Daphne Pollard and Peggy Wood.

A WELL known romantic figure on one of the Culver City lots recently paid a bill of $2,146.53 to be exact, for a month's long distance calls. The Telephone Company charged the bills to the studio whose production head was privy to the romantic one's telephonic urge. The party at the other end was a socially prominent young woman in Norfolk, Va. There were times, it was stated, when the film star spoke to his Southern "heart attack" no less than five times a day from the studio. And when the girl's mother learning of the affair, held the girl incommunicado before whisking her off to Europe, the film star, through his local production manager, hired a private detective agency in the South to learn the reason why his letters and wires remained unanswered as well as his flowers refused at the Norfolk door; and the only reason why the long distance calls ceased was because he learned that the girl had been taken to Europe.

BERT LEVY, the Los Angeles Times staff artist, was assigned to make the rounds of the studios and sketch his impressions of the players. While at the De Mille Studio in Culver City, Cecil De Mille noted the artist's likeness for a part he had in mind in the *Chicago* picture De Mille was directing. He asked Levy to enact the role. Levy agreed. A few days later he received a check for $500 from Cecil De Mille personally, supplemented by a letter of commendation for his acting ability. Levy wrote back thanking De Mille for his praise and at the same time also returned the check; explaining that, since his newspaper contract forbade him to render professional service elsewhere for pay, he felt it to be his duty to return the check with thanks.

KARL DANE and George K. Arthur have finished their work in *Monkey Business,* their initial joint starring vehicle for M-G-M and which Edward Sedgwick directed. Others featured in the cast are Louise Lorraine, Sydney Jarvis and Fred Humes.

THERE is a circus set on the back ranch at Universal which was built in connection with the filming of *The Man Who Laughs,* which is being directed by Paul Leni and in which Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin are being co-starred. Recently this reporter went out to take a look at the set. Several hundred people, all in costume,

were being used in the scene. The direction was being broadcast through a "mike" over a series of loud speakers. And in addition to this innovation there was the spectacle of a corp of assistant directors all garbed in striped costumes for the occasion.

CLARA BOW'S father, Robert Bow, is known to Hollywood as "the husband of the world's greatest gold digger." The distinction was conferred upon Bow by Judge Bowron who annulled Bow's marriage to Idella Elizabeth Mowery Bow.

The father of the celebrated actress married Miss Mowery in 1924 he told the judge and then it was just one demand for money after the other. Bow said she first demanded $350, for a wedding gown. Then she asked for $100 and a box of candy. Bow said he supplied both.

"THEN she told me," said Bow, "that she was not a dancer as she had pretended but that she was a nurse. She served me with a summons in a separate maintenance suit from New York. She changed her mind and wrote me from there that she wanted to come back to Hollywood if I would pay the transportation of her family. I assembled her list of relatives after I reached New York and bought $1,000 worth of tickets. I brought them to Los Angeles and then she would not consent to live with me."

THE wife's mother was called to the stand and said her daughter was not a dancer or a nurse but a drug store clerk. "Idella was always a harum-scarum," she sighed philosophically. "And doubtless the world's greatest gold digger," the Judge sighed sadly. "The marriage will be annulled on account of fraud."

WHEN Carl Gottlieb paid his tuition fees in advance at a New York movie school some ten years ago film hope filled his assistant-janitorial breast. Up to that time, it seems he had merely cleaned up in the room-brushing profession. But with the payment in advance of $100 for the full course in the pantomimic art at the old Victor Studio he hoped to make a clean sweep of the realm called Movies. He was taught the art of make-up and grimace; and if the District Attorney of New York County, ss: hadn't intimated to the Faculty that the curriculum at their institution of movie yearning was becoming distasteful to the Grand Jury, then in session, Carl might have been induced to take a post graduate course. As it was he "graduated" in record time. And presently instead of facing the grease as a janitor he began greasing the face in unequivocal reel life. Warner Bros. hired Carl to enact the role of Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg in the *My Four Years in Germany* picture. Now Carl is in Hollywood, where he is being pointed out as the most famous Picture School alumnus in the film colony. The picture that really made him sit up and achieve great film favor was *The Big Parade.* Now he's one of the stellar players under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. All honor to Karl Dane!

NOW they stroll down Hollywood Boulevard, the envy of all tourists who are able to recognize them. But once upon a time: Frank Borzage was a breaker boy in the coal mines of Utah. Adolphe Menjou was a student of mechanical engineering at Cornell University. Al and Charles Christie were telegraph operators in Hamilton, Ontario. Gary Cooper was a newspaper cartoonist. Ernest Torrence was a music teacher. Richard

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Here's evolution for you in the ups and downs of gowns exhibited by Sally Blane. First the Empire style of 1870, next the crinolines of 1880, the bustle of 1890, the Floradora girl of 1900 the up and coming girl of 1910, and finally, the one we see daily, the flapper of 1928. What could we do to this picture for 1940? Time'll tell.

HERE'S "The Godless Girl," Lina Basquette, one of the new Wampas babies, who made her reputation in her splendid acting with Richard Barthelmess in "The Noose." Lina was the wife of Sam Warner, who died during the filming of the picture that made Lina.

THE girl who was a well known dancer won her screen reputation as the cabaret dancer in "The Noose," which is one of the best emotional roles of the year thus far. She did a very naughty dance in Adolphe Menjou's new picture, "Serenade," but—on with the dance!

Sue Carol

June Collyer

Dorothy Gulliver

Ruth Taylor

WAMPAS *Chooses* the BABY QUEENS

THIRTEEN is usually considered an unlucky number, but every year in Hollywood there are thirteen girls whose inclusion in that fateful number is one of the luckiest "breaks" thus far in their budding careers. These fortunates are the "baby stars" elected annually by the Wampas—the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers—and started on the almost certain road to fame and fortune. Thirteen young starlets face their film futures with greater confidence; for it is estimated that to be chosen as a Wampas Baby Star saves five years of a hazardous screen career.

The thirteen girls whom they select are supposed to be the pick of the talent that has developed during the past year, and by their election Wampas prophesy that these girls will soon attain signal success on the screen. Such a publication of faith has become almost sufficient to raise them to leading roles.

The lucky thirteen for 1928 are: Lina Basquette, Flora Bramley, Sue Carol, Ann Christy, June Collyer, Alice Day, Sally Eilers, Audrey Ferris, Dorothy Gulliver, Gwen Lee, Molly O'Day, Ruth Taylor and Lupe Velez.

THIS year's selection bears striking testimony on the oft-repeated saying that acting ability runs in certain families. Two of the new baby stars are sisters of Wampas stars of former years. Alice Day is a younger sister of Marceline Day, who was a Wampas star of 1926. And Molly O'Day is a sister of Sally O'Neil, who was also a 1926 selection. Two other famous sisters who both achieved Wampas stardom are Dolores and Helene Costello.

But all this time we have had thirteen girls eagerly awaiting to tell you the intimate facts of the story of their life, so without further ado we will present you with a thumbnail sketch of each of the new satrs.

SUE CAROL began her screen career in *Slaves of Beauty*, a Fox Films production. *Soft Cushions* with Douglas MacLean followed, bringing her very forcibly to the notice of the great fan public. *Pigskin* and *The Skyscraper* have since added fresh laurels. Sue is one of the few society girls who have ever crashed into pictures. Before coming to Hollywood, she studied in Paris and Holland. Sue is a Chicago society girl and is 19.

RUTH TAYLOR attracted national reputation when she was chosen from hundreds of candidates to play the lead in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. But she had had an extensive film career before that, starting in 1925 with Universal. She then became a Mack Sennett leading lady. She was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., but has spent most of her 20 years in Portland, Ore., where she was

—Wide World Photo.

Here's the complete Wampas nursery. The baby queens are (from left to right, standing): Gwen Lee, Sue Carol, Sally Eilers, June Collyer, Molly O'Day, Alice Day. (Lower row): Dorothy Gulliver, Lina Basquette, Anne Christy, Ruth Taylor, Lupe Velez, Flora Bromley, and Audrey Ferris holding the 28. Want to adopt one?

about to return, abandoning a doubtful career in Hollywood, when she was notified of her selection to play the part of Lorelei Lee.

ALICE DAY, sister of Marceline, made her debut on the screen in *Secrets*. Two years as a Mack Sennett comedy star followed. She was chosen as Jack Mulhall's leading lady in *See You In Jail*. *The Gorilla*, another First National production, followed. She is 19 years old, still single despite the many marital rumors that have been linked to her name, and is one of the few younger players that have had the courage to free-lance.

LUPE VELEZ, the flashing senorita who made such a sensation in *The Gaucho*, also graduated from comedies. She served a term under the Hal Roach banner before she was discovered and placed under contract by Douglas Fairbanks. She is 18 years old, single, and a native of Mexico City.

DOROTHY GULLIVER is the only girl in the group who has played in the good old Western melodramas. Her first picture was opposite Jack Hoxie in 1926. Twenty episodes of *The Collegians* series of Universal comedies followed, and then *The Arm of the Law*. She has just finished a co-featured lead in *Honeymoon Flats*. She is only 19 years old, but is already married.

SALLY EILERS, a Mack Sennett comedienne, is among the fortunate Wampas Babies. She began her picture career in March, 1927, playing a part in *Cradle Snatchers* for Fox Films. *Slightly Used*, a Warner Bros. picture, followed. She is now being starred in *The Goodbye Kiss*, a Sennett feature production. Sally Eilers is probably the least known of the thirteen lucky starlets; but her beauty and talent are comparable to the best of them.

GWEN LEE has packed a lot of screen experience into her 22 years, at least since she came to Hollywood from Hastings, Nebraska, in 1925. She has played important roles in *Lady of the Night*, *After Midnight*, *Adam and Evil*, *Upstage*, *The Boy Friend*, *There You Are*, *Heaven on Earth*, *His Secretary*, *Pretty Ladies*, *Orchids and Ermine*, and *Her Wild Oat*. She is under Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

AS A stage dancer Lina Basquette had already won a national reputation before she started making pictures for Warner Brothers upon her marriage to Sam Warner. With the visit of the stork, she retired from pictures, but soon after the untimely death of her husband she returned to the screen. Despite her long career she is only 20 years old. She played the leading feminine role in *The Noose* with Richard Barthelmess, and did a very

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HERE'S Gilda Gray, pondering perhaps on the question of divorce from her manager-husband, which now looms up in her colorful life. Notice the latest in diamond studded garters which Gilda is wearing.

Cupid's Bulletin Board

Love, Marriage and Divorce Among the Picture People

By June Lee

THE battle front of Dan Cupid in Hollywood has been a very busy place during the past month, and sadly enough the little god of love has met with a number of unpleasant defeats, which more than balance his victories in this sector. The official count is as follows:

A SHORT while ago the marriage ceremony had all but been read over the heads of **Alice Day** and **Carl Laemmle, Jr.** Then the affair was broken up, and young Carl was seen escorting other girls to Hollywood functions. Lately Alice and Laemmle have been seen together frequently again, and rumors of their engagement are again rife.

★ ★ ★

ALL hopes for a reconciliation between **Edwin Carewe** and his wife, **Mary Akin,** were destroyed recently when a property settlement was concluded between the couple, and a divorce suit started. Miss Akin has agreed to a cash settlement of $110,000. In addition Carewe has established a trust fund of $22,000 for their two children, and will pay $3,600 a year for their support until they are of age. The marital difficulty between the pair came as a great surprise to Hollywood. Mrs. Carewe became the mother of a son only last September. The Carewes were married in May, 1925, in Mexico City in company with Bert Lytel and Claire Windsor, also since divorced. Prior to her marriage to Carewe, Miss Akin was the wife of **Thomas L. Armstrong,** a Chicago business man.

VILMA BANKY who refuses to remove her wedding ring before the camera and had a special ring made to fit over it.

★ ★ ★

CONSTANCE HOWARD, a sister of Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, and a film actress herself, recently wed **Wilson Jones,** a young law student. The marriage is the result of a friendship of six months' standing. The couple will not leave on a honeymoon until after Miss Howard completes her part in a picture now being filmed.

★ ★ ★

ELEANOR BOARDMAN and **King Vidor** are playing hosts to a baby daughter, who tipped the scales at seven and a half pounds. They were married at the home of Marion Davies, September 8, 1926.

★ ★ ★

THE days when knighthood was in flower have been revived in Hollywood with the reported duel between **William Nigh,** the director, and **Edward Usher, Jr.,** erstwhile University of Michigan football star, over the affections of **Jean Jarvis,** dancer and picture actress. Instead of lance and shining armor, however, an automobile crank and a section of lead pipe were substituted for weapons. Usher, who had the girl with him in his car, fought unassisted, it is said, while Nigh was attended by a page, disguised as a chauffeur. Usher came off second best in the fray with a severe scalp wound and several other bruises on his head. This is the second time that Nigh has become involved in an altercation over the same girl, court records show. He is already facing a $25,000 damage suit because he is alleged to have deliberately wrecked a car last summer, and left another suitor lying injured in it.

★ ★ ★

THERE'S no chance of a rift in the happiness of **Vilma Banky** and **Rod La Rocque.** Vilma won't even remove her wedding ring to conform to the action of the picture she is filming. The difficulty has now been overcome with the manufacture of another ring that fits over the wedding circlet.

★ ★ ★

CARTER DE HAVEN, dapper star of screen and stage, has become infatuated with **Betty Byrd,** screen and stage actress, and has deserted his wife and three children, according to the complaint made by **Mrs. Flora Parker De Haven.** According to Mrs. De Haven, her husband has twice taken Miss Byrd across the continent with him, has showered her with costly gifts, and permitted her to select the furnishings for his new home in Hollywood. The De Havens were married on November 4, 1905, and separated November 5, 1926.

★ ★ ★

WHEN **Charlot Bird** went to New York recently it was rumored that the object of her trip east was to take a trip to the altar, but Miss Bird came back to Hollywood still single. But soon after it was

ALICE DAY broke her engagement to Carl Laemmle, Jr. but is still going with the director.

VIVIAN OAKLAND who is on a second honeymoon with her actor husband, John T. Murray.

YOLA D'AVRIL denies her rumored engagement with her director, Lewis Milestone.

learned that she had become engaged to **Harry Breen,** a senior at Yale, while in the east. Marriage is expected to follow shortly after Breen's graduation in June.

★ ★ ★

MRS. MABEL KENT, wife of **Sidwell Raymond Kent,** general manager of the Paramount studio, greeted her husband on his arrival from New York recently with a divorce summons. Mrs. Kent asserts desertion and mental cruelty. She asks alimony of $5,000 a month, with an additional $500 a month for the support of their ten-year-old daughter, Peggy. They were married in 1911, and separated in September, 1925.

★ ★ ★

NEAL BURNS, pioneer bachelor of Hollywood, and **Joan Marquis,** screen comedienne and former musical comedy actress, were recently married in Hollywood. Both will remain working in film comedies at the Christie studio after a brief honeymoon in Northern California. Burns was the founder of the famous "Love and Learn Club" composed of film bachelors.

★ ★ ★

CHARLES J. WHEELAND, father of **Natalie Kingston,** recently obtained a divorce from his wife after efforts extending over seven years. Several years ago Wheeland obtained a decree in Mexico, but the California courts refused to recognize his single status established in the courts of the southern republic.

★ ★ ★

PEGGY MARSH, chorus girl de luxe, who basked in the limelight a few years ago when she sued the Marshall Field estate to establish the paternity of her child, whom she declared to be a natural son of **Henry Field,** is again being featured in the divorce courts in London. She is seeking to rid herself of **Capt. Keldrobert George Fenwick,** whom she married January 1, 1923, immediately after the Field episode.

★ ★ ★

RONA LEE, screen and stage actress, and **Roger Manning,** business manager at Paramount, were recently married secretly in Hollywood. The wedding culminates a two-year romance.

★ ★ ★

FOR seven years **Grace Elliott,** former Paramount star, and **Emory Elliott,** aviator, lived happily together. Then came their first quarrel, followed by a divorce. Miss Elliott was planning to remarry when she received word of his suicide, and the request that his ashes be scattered over the hills where he and his wife had spent so many happy hours hiking together. It is said that despite their tragic quarrel the pair had never ceased to love one another.

★ ★ ★

IN THE character of Lightnin' Bill Jones, **Thomas Jefferson** appeared hundreds of times in a dramatized divorce scene of the Nevada courts. But there was no reconciliation when Jefferson appeared in Reno recently, and got a real divorce from his wife to whom he had been married forty-eight years. Cruelty was the charge. They have been separated since 1912.

★ ★ ★

BY THE time a poor working girl shakes and shimmies her way through a performance with **Gilda Gray,** she has no energy left for wild parties, said **Erdeen Kreer** recently in obtaining a divorce from her husband. "He wanted to step out nights, but, believe me, maybe that shimmy stuff looks like fun down front,

ELEANOR BOARDMAN and her husband, King Vidor, are playing host to a baby girl.

BEBE DANIELS says she is not going in vaudeville and would like to see the person who said she was, and so would we, afterwards.

CONSTANCE HOWARD, sister of Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, recently stepped to the altar.

but it takes the pep out of you. It's hard work, and I don't mean maybe."

★ ★ ★

HELEN MENKEN has been granted a divorce from her actor-husband, **Humphrey Bogart.** She complained that he treated her cruelly and told her that he did not love her. The decree provides that he pay her $2,300 that he owes her. They were married May 20, 1926, and separated in April, not quite a year later.

★ ★ ★

LORNA VELAN, Filipino picture actress, recently obtained an annulment from her husband, a student at the University of Southern California. Miss Velan said that her husband told her she was so fat she couldn't eat any breakfast. They were married about a year ago, but lived together only a few days.

★ ★ ★

BEING a picture actress isn't all that it's steamed up to be. The latest to discover this is **Dimples Lido,** European find of **Carl Laemmle, Jr.** Her proportions were perhaps just right for a continental picture audience, but now that she is in America she must lose fifteen pounds before she will be acceptable to the public. Consequently she is undergoing a weight-reducing siege before she starts her film career.

★ ★ ★

NICHOLAS SCHENCK, new president of M-G-M, and brother of Joseph, is displaying his bride in Hollywood. She is **Pansy Wilcox,** a recent graduate of the University of West Virginia.

★ ★ ★

DOROTHY CUMMING, the Madonna in Cecil De Mille's *The King of Kings,* stepped forward recently and asked for a divorce from her actor-husband, **Frank Elliott Dakin.** She was granted, her decree along with the custody of their two children, and community property worth $17,000. The divorce action was delayed because of a suit brought by De Mille to prevent her from obtaining a divorce during the making of a picture in which she played such a sacred part. Miss Cumming complained that her husband refused to recognize as legal their marriage in Santa Barbara, April 4, 1922, on the grounds that he was a British subject, and had not been married according to the laws of his native land.

★ ★ ★

THERE'S no romance between **Yola d'Avril,** little French screen actress, and **Lewis Milestone,** the director, despite the fact they are seen together of late.

★ ★ ★

WHEN relations became strained in the dovecote of **Vivian Oakland** and **John T. Murray,** after what is said to be the first quarrel in the ten years of their domestic bliss, the fair lady packed up her roller skates and tooth-brush and announced her intention of leaving, never to return. The train was to depart on the following day from New York, bound for Hollywood. Meanwhile, the dove of peace, in the guise of John T., did some fast work, with the result that the armistice was signed and he and Vivian departed together for California on what they term "a second honeymoon". Vivian Oakland will be remembered as a former Hal Roach star and a First National player. Recently, however, she has been in vaudeville with her husband.

★ ★ ★

THE marriage of **Rheata Hoyt,** former Greenwich Follies girl, and **Harry Collins,** a member of the Fox films Publicity Department, took place at the Church of the Angels in Pasadena. Rheata came to Hollywood about eighteen months ago to crash the studio gates. She played the part of Belle Bennett's younger sister in *The Lily,* and thereafter tried in vain

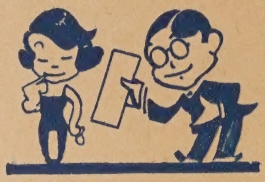
to land another job. For the past few months she has taken orders among motion picture people for a certain line of cosmetics, and has been reported as doing very much better as a high-class saleslady than as a motion picture actress.

★ ★ ★

DIANA MILLER died after a year's illness. She was Mrs. George Melford, wife of the motion picture director. She was in pictures about three years before her death.

★ ★ ★

GILDA GRAY is about to divorce **Gil Boag,** according to the statement of her lawyer, William Shaughnessy, of Milwaukee. It has been rumored from time to time that all was not well in the Gray-Boag household, but both parties have until now vigorously denied that a divorce was in the offing. Miss Gray was married when she was fifteen to Joseph Gorecki, a Polish saloon keeper. She has one child by this marriage, a boy, who lives with her parents in Cudahy, Wisconsin.

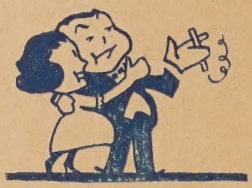


★ ★ ★

NANCY HELLMAN, Mack Sennett bathing beauty, married **Clifford Slater Wheeler,** motion picture director, on December 14. Miss Hellman revealed herself at the marital altar as a daughter of one of San Francisco's wealthiest families. She recently broke her engagement to William Watkins Davies III, of Louisville, on the plea that she couldn't combine a screen career and marriage. However, she has availed herself of woman's prerogative, and changed her mind. After a honeymoon tour of the Northern States, the young couple will live in Beverly Hills.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER film colony death is that of **Romaine Fielding,** following a tooth extraction at the Hollywood Hospital. In 1912, when he was at the height of his popularity, he was chosen by "fan ballot" as the most popular male actor in films. Recently he has been playing supporting roles, the last being in *The Shepherd of the Hills.* Mr. Fielding is survived by a widow and three children.



★ ★ ★

BEBE DANIELS is vigorously denying the report that she is about to embark on a vaudeville tour with **Charles Paddock.** The fair Bebe, who has one of the keenest business heads in Hollywood, figures that she'll make more money in pictures; and besides, she's under contract to Paramount-Famous-Lasky, which organization has no intention of releasing her. The Daniels-Paddock engagement seems to be off entirely.

★ ★ ★

RANDOLPH BARTLETT, film title editor at F. B. O., has wed **Frances Leonora Bermudez,** descendent of a pioneer Spanish family who settled in Los Angeles in 1825.

IT WAS only a sun-shower for **Hal Roach** and his wife, the former **Margaret Nichols.** After a tiff and a brief separation, a reconciliation was effected, and the reunited pair set off on a trip around the world, leaving their two children at home. A second honeymoon, as it were, for the couple have been married some ten years.

★ ★ ★

ALICE DAY appeared recently wearing a brand-new diamond ring. Of course, everyone jumped to the conclusion that her engagement to **Carl Laemmle, Jr.,** with whom she is being seen again frequently, had been consummated. But it was not long before the more observing observed that she was wearing the ring on her little finger, and questioning elicited the information that the ring was a gift from her mother. False alarm, but just the same we are really going to have something to announce about Alice one of these days in the near future.

★ ★ ★

AND while we are speaking of the Days, it might be mentioned in passing that **Marceline,** Alice's sister, has been receiving considerable attention lately from **Richard Dix.**

★ ★ ★

THE surprise marriage of the year to date is that of **Iris Stuart** to **Bert Mackinnon,** wealthy New York magazine publisher. Iris was a Wampas star of 1927, but soon after her election ill health caused her retirement. Recently she again returned to the movies. The first intimation of her romance came when she appeared at the Paramount studio wearing a wedding ring. After that secrecy was of no avail, and Iris admitted having just married Mackinnon in Nevada under the name of **Iris McCann.** Despite the romance, Iris will continue with her screen career where it was interrupted at the time of her breakdown. Iris was formerly an artists' model in New York, where she was known for the beauty of her hands.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER surprise marriage also concerns a Wampas star, **Blanche Mehaffey,** who has married **George Joseph Hausen,** big-game hunter and oil-well supply dealer. Blanche was supposedly engaged to a San Francisco banker at the time of her wedding. The couple are honeymooning in India. Blanche, a former Follies girl, is only 22, while Hausen admits to 46 years.

★ ★ ★

AFTER such a long vaudeville tour, and considering the somewhat unusual circumstances attending their marriage, it is small wonder that rumors were afloat concerning an estrangement between **Lew Cody** and **Mabel Normand.** But these rumors, if not entirely unfounded, were at least a little previous, because when Lew returned to California Mabel moved in with him at the Cody residence in Beverly Hills.

(*Continued on page* 102)

Film Folks Foibles

By Mabel Martin

WHAT passes for "foibles" in Hollywood is considered just "nut stuff" on Main street.

Idiosyncrasies are common in filmdom. John Barrymore can wear his hair long until it flows over his collar, yet nobody says a word about it. Greta Garbo can attend an afternoon party pulling a monkey on a chain and get by with it. Things are expected from great artists.

Those who mingle with cinema celebrities soon become accustomed to their foibles.

Sometimes, they are so ridiculous, that they cause a laugh, 'tis true. But always a great artiste can do as he pleases.

EMIL JANNINGS, for instance, realizes that when he is working in a picture that he is not the most agreeable spouse in the world rumor has it. Therefore for the third time since Mr. and Mrs. Jannings have come to Hollywood, they have separated during Jannings' work in pictures. Jannings and his wife whom he calls "Gussie" have agreed that when he becomes so thoroughly engrossed in his role that their domestic felicity is jeopardized, they will separate until he concludes the film. Mrs. Jannings left Hollywood recently until Emil finished *The Road to Glory*.

Mrs. Jannings explained her husband's little foible like this:

Charlie Chaplin never arrives anywhere on time. Appointments mean nothing to him and he comes and goes when he pleases, but, he is an artist.

Billie Dove takes longer to dress than any other woman in Hollywood. She spends hours each day trying on dresses.

John Barrymore whose foible is a pet monkey that has a specially built room in John's house.

"MY husband simply carries the roles he plays home with him. He can't seem to step out of any part he is playing. Otherwise at any other time he is a model husband. But, what I don't understand is, why doesn't he play a romantic part once in a while and bring the character home?"

Picture if you will the chaotic condition in the film colony if all husbands asked their wives to vacate during their engagements in pictures!

JOHN BARRYMORE, is America's greatest stage actor, many say. Most certainly he is a Hollywood lion. No party in filmdom is complete unless John Barrymore is there. He is noted for his wit and entertainment ability. And yet John is devoted to his pet monkey. A special room has been built in John's home for Jocko and Jocko's virtues are told to the world by his master. There's a foible for you.

Harold Lloyd has a great Dane dog, one of the finest in the world. The Dane is a great big loving creature, so large in fact that he almost fills a house. Harold loves to turn him loose and let him pounce into the drawing room when guests are there. If the guests are dressed up the Dane usually musses them up. This gives Harold a laugh. Quaint little trait, isn't it?

Norma Talmadge is the person of the films who does what she pleases wherever she is. She is one of the most independent stars of the industry, from producing a tragedy to ordering a ham sandwich at the Ritz.

JOHN GILBERT has an odd little way about him, that is said to be the bane of his producer's existence. John loves to pan his own pictures in public.

He hates to have his picture taken and often refuses to do so no matter how much the publicity derived from the pictures mean to him. Mr. Gilbert has another funny little foible about him. He defies the police of Los Angeles to arrest him when he is speeding. And they usually accept his challenge.

And there is Pola Negri. Pola has a passion to act when she is in a crowd. Her desire to share the attention of throngs, is said to be considered one of her greatest achievements. She loves old jewelry and while she usually wears as much as she can gracefully get by with, she owns vast quantities that she keeps for future wear.

BILLIE DOVE has a mad desire for beautiful clothes. She stands for hours before her mirror trying on one garment after another. It takes her longer to dress than any actress in Hollywood her friends say, because she is so particular.

"Billie dresses," said an admirer the other day, "just as if everybody in the world were going to look at her."

Charlie Chaplin, a genius by the way, is accorded all the little idiosyncrasies that geniuses are assumed to possess. Charlie, when invited to social functions, is never expected to arrive on time by those who know him. Charlie cannot live by the mechanical hands of a clock. Time means nothing. He goes and comes at the hour he pleases. Naturally this has worked hardships upon Charlie's many wives.

NORMA TALMADGE will be "herself" on all occasions. Norma was dining in the Ritz one day and defied the glares of the high-hat waiters to the extent that she ordered a lowly ham sandwich.

Little Dorothy Gish has a passion for doughnuts. If Dorothy is away from home and Lillian wants to find her

Connie Talmadge, the girl who'll always take a dare. She recently went in bathing at Deauville, France, in a half-piece bathing suit. "People like to talk," she says, "so I might as well give them something to talk about."

she usually goes forth to visit the pastry shops. Dorothy is sure to be in one of them.

Marion Davies is probably the most sociable girl in Hollywood. While she has her exclusive crowd, she is always planning some kind of a party. Marion is said to have a reputation for original gatherings, which makes an invitation to her house, a welcomed thing.

"Let's have a party," is the phrase forever on Marion's lips.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has a flare for the daring. The last time she visited Deauville, she wore a "half-piece" bathing suit, on the beach, press dispatches related. Connie was the first girl to wear a bracelet on her ankle. Like Irene Castle of a few years ago, Connie likes to set them talking.

Conrad Nagel has a yen for smart dressing robes. He likes rich materials in subdued tones. Nothing loud speaking for Conrad but he must have plenty of them.

Lew Cody is an admirer of good hats. Lew has his closets packed with hats that he will never wear. Seldom does he resist a hat shop if he has time to make a purchase.

ERIC VON STROHEIM has a beautiful little habit of giving his wife jewels. Mrs. Von Stroheim gets jewelry, usually diamonds, for Christmas, birthdays, wedding anniversaries and she has received beautiful jewels in the past upon the arrival of the young Von Stroheims.

Irving Thalberg, the smart young husband of Norma Shearer is wild about candy. He lugs boxes upon boxes of it home every day. His car is full of it and he must have it after dinner each night. Of course Norma doesn't dare to eat it because she must keep her figure. So Irving gets more than his share.

A genius has been defined as anybody who can get away with anything.

Filmdom is full of them.

The Screen

THE DRUMS OF LOVE — *Excellent*

In which D. W. Griffith, the god-father of the films, comes back. P. S. And how! This will probably contain more cents worth of heartaches, tears, laughter, drama, and what have you, than any picture seen in these parts for many a moon. Concerns the love of two brothers for one girl—Mary Philbin. The answer to that is, how could they help it. The story is worked against a tremendous and beautifully picturesque typically Griffith background of a mythical South American country. Terrifically tragic, but magnificent. For those who like their emotions straight. Not to be missed even if you have to sell those cigarette coupons at a discount.—*United Artists.*

BEAU SABREUER — *Good*

Now is your chance to see some more of those characters that proved so intriguing in that great story of the Sahara Desert, *Beau Geste.* And there is even more desert if possible, in this one than in the other. Now you know just how it feels to be a camel. Excellent acting contributed by Gary Cooper and William Powell who never fails in providing a good characterization with his villainous roles. Not quite so strong in dramatic incident as *Beau Geste,* but a good evening's entertainment.—*Paramount.*

HIS COUNTRY — *Excellent*

A worthy successor to *The Country Doctor,* establishing the elder Schildkraut firmly in the front rank of character actors. One of those immigrant stories that have been absent from us for a long time, with an undercurrent of Bolshevistic plottings furnishing the dramatic interest. The poor old bewildered gentleman will just wring your heart until you will want to put an arm around his shoulders and whisper in his ear that everything is going to be all right. Sex appeal fans had better miss this one, all others join in the line forming to the right.—*De Mille.*

THE DOVE — *Good*

Norma Talmadge has a thrilling time of it down below the Rio Grande where men are men and eat tamales for breakfast. This screen version of the famous stage play that held the boards consistently in its day does not offer as great an opportunity for the display of our heroine's emotional powers as *Camille* but provides ample opportunities for her to be devastatingly beautiful in picturesque Spanish settings. Take a good deep breath before you go in because it is the last one you will draw until Miss Talmadge is safe again in the final 100 feet of film.—*United Artists.*

in Review

FEEL MY PULSE — *Good*

Bebe Daniels in another one of her rollicking roles as the lady champion comedienne. This time the unsuspecting gal tries to run a complete sanitarium full of nuts, cracked, hardshelled and assorted and you can just imagine what a time she has of it. Funnier by far than any of her late comedies, and thank Heaven she hasn't tried to hide her comeliness under any trick disguises. It is all such an unending round of mad merriment that when it is over you feel as though you ought to apply for admittance to Miss Daniel's Sanitarium yourself.—*Paramount.*

SHARP SHOOTERS — *Good*

Lois Moran sets a new style in the way of Navy Mascots. Here she is a sailor's sweetheart, but never, never can be accused of being an officer's mess. Lois is a lily that remains pure white even though she neither toils nor spins and renews George O'Brien's faith in women. She is the one dance hall girl that is different from all the rest. A sweet, lovable picture with lots of good clean fun, done in the same tone as *Seventh Heaven.—Fox.*

SKYSCRAPERS — *Good*

A peep into the lives of those mysterious persons that keep us awake nights and ruin our nerves by playing jazz tunes with pneumatic riveters half way to Heaven while they toss red hot rivets and hotter wisecracks back and forth catching them in buckets, (the rivets not the wisecracks.) Another story of life and love among the pipple. It is human. It is real. It might have happened. Why go to foreign countries for our drama when we have so much of it right under our noses, or to be more exact, above our hats? William Boyd and Alan Hale are the riveters to the life.—*De Mille.*

DOOMSDAY — *Good*

Here is the answer for all you girls that have been biting your nails all these years trying to choose between love and riches. And it is such a problem. What to do? What to do? But just go and see what Florence Vidor goes through in this great story by a famous English novelist and then maybe it will help you decide. Or if you are a struggling shoe clerk and your sweetie is stepping with a millionaire take her to this one and then she'll be sorry. Florence Vidor thought she would like riches and see what happened to her. This one really lives up to the much-used caption, *Gripping Dram.—Paramount.*

The GIRL Who Laughed at Love

Synopsis

Siri Tristan, a beautiful New York society girl, preferred the excitement of her father's restaurant, the famous Tristan's on Broadway, to a career in the movies. Her frivolous life of luxury had not taught her to hold a husband and after her divorce she adopts her brother's child and goes to live in the cottage where she and Will had lived the summer before.

MY CHANCE encounter with Will, walking with Janet French down the hot, dusty street of the little village where he and I had known more happiness than at any other time in our tempestuous married career, was too much for my frayed nerves to stand.

I had not seen him since our divorce, and all that time I had missed him, yearned for him more than I would admit even to myself. The shock of meeting him face to face made me sink to the road in a faint.

When I awoke I was lying on the couch in the little Gloucester studio I had rented for the summer. Strange visions swarmed through my mind. Everything seemed distorted. At times I opened my eyes, and saw the tall figure of Janet moving about. Then I would close them again and dream feverishly of old days with Will, our life at father's hotel; at our apartment. I thought that my brother came to stand beside me and tell me about his daughter, June. Where was she? I sat up and called for her. Janet came over and stroked my hot forehead. "June is with Tilly, Siri," she whispered. "Lie quietly. You will be all right soon."

"What happened? I fainted, I suppose?"

"Yes, and we carried you here."

Gradually my head cleared. I heard sounds of a man's laughter in the next room, and then Will came in, carrying little June. She was rosy from her nap, and crowing with delight in Will's arms.

"All right, now?" Will asked me.

"Yes, I feel better now. I—I guess it was the heat," I replied.

Will and Janet stayed to chat with me a few minutes, and to play with June. Both seemed delighted in her, and I watched Will look into Janet's eyes and smile when the child pulled his hair. I shut my eyes to the hurt of that intimate look he gave her. Presently they said they must go, and Will patted my shoulder impersonally when they left. I got up and went to the window, watching them climb the hill through eyes blurred with tears, unconscious of Tilly's sympathetic gaze and little June burrowing at my dress and lisping about sea shells.

How tall and straight he was—how airy and carefree Janet French seemed! And she looked not a day older than she had two summers before.

SUDDENLY my eyes were hot with pain; my whole face ached, my head, my jaws from their fixed smile. Then the floodgates broke and hot tears drenched my face. I sobbed into June's curly hair. I heard Tilly quietly close the kitchen door. When finally my tears stopped, I felt calm, soothed.

"I'll fight it out!" I exulted. I'd show him that a Tristan was, if nothing else, a thoroughbred. No more fainting like a mid-Victorian clinging vine—no tears, no reproaches. He was Will Miller and I was Mrs. Siri

HER own romance wrecked, Siri must now watch her divorced husband woo another woman—in retribution for her folly. Yet—the artists' ball is here to mask sorrow in its mad whirl, and maybe Siri will find a new heart to conquer

Illustrated by
EDWARD BUTLER

I was in a reckless mood, and my ex-husband's warning angered me. "You have nothing to say about what I should do," I flared.

Miller—but there was the relationship ended. In that half hour I planned my actions, I lifted up my chin and, I think for the first time in my life, I was a poised woman of the world.

There was nothing unique in my position, I discovered, and no one thought it strange that I, a divorced woman, was friendly with my former husband and his fiancee. And I think I managed to conceal my hurt vanity when I saw their devotion. Daily they marched off to paint, for Will was now interested in scene painting and was doing some miniatures for a play that was opening that winter.

Janet, too, had contracts for the coming season for covers and book illustrations and both of them seemed immersed in their work.

"What a good looking couple," I heard people say as they went off together. And I envied them. I envied their companionship, their apparent joy in each other's society—and Will seemed so courtly, so charming.

AS I became finally convinced of Will's indifference as far as I was concerned, a new man was introduced into our circle. Our circle, I forgot to mention, was rather cliquey and "to belong" to the real artist group was to have spent at least two summers in Gloucester or to be either a recognized artist or the wife or sweetheart of one.

Yet Sidney Vreeland should not have "belonged." First of all, he was not an artist—he was the owner of a chain of women's specialty shops and immensely wealthy. Yet he slipped into our group as easily and definitely as if he had known us all our lives. Sidney was as handsome as a pagan god. No actor that I had known had his physique, his mop of red gold hair set on a head as handsome and powerful as Belasco's. His shoulders were a delight, and everything about him was perfect.

Sidney Vreeland and I met on the beach and as soon as his eye lighted on mine, I felt myself powerfully attracted. I was free and perhaps if Will saw he loved me, maybe. . . .

Will . . . Will. I was furious at myself even for thinking of Will . . . . yet . . . . So I deliberately set out to make myself as fascinating as I could to Sid Vreeland.

THAT first afternoon he told me much about himself. He talked lazily. The kind of man a woman would have to cater to, I mentally decided—not like Will, who entertained and played up to the woman.

I invited him to supper at my studio and he accepted with flattering alacrity.

Over my yellow china, heaped with appetizing cold cuts, salad and brown muffins, I told him about myself. He seemed surprised that Will, whom he knew well, was my husband.

"I suppose you know the relationship between him and French," he said in his slow way, as he puffed at his cigarette.

"What do you mean?" I cried, half indignant, half frightened.

"French doesn't believe in marriage, you know and she and Will——"

"I don't believe it," I flared. "Will is the soul of honor and goodness and fineness. He would never consent to such a plan!"

Vreeland laughed. "For an ex-wife, you're an unusual champion. Usually the ex-wife is prepared to believe the worst. I should not have told you about it but of course I thought you knew. Everyone else knows."

I got to my feet, suddenly weary of this man. I wanted him to go. I wanted to be alone, to think.

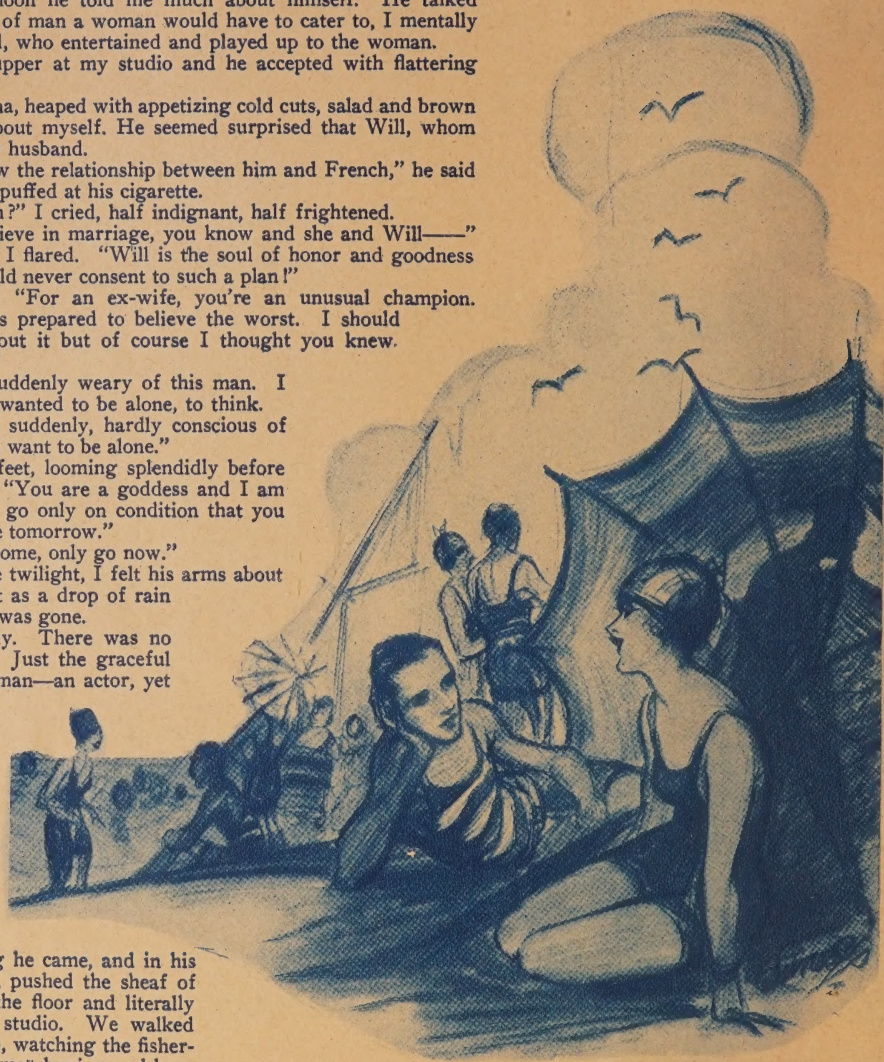
"Please go," I said suddenly, hardly conscious of what I was saying. "I want to be alone."

Sidney rose to his feet, looming splendidly before me in the dim light. "You are a goddess and I am yours to obey. I will go only on condition that you promise to let me come tomorrow."

"Yes, yes, you can come, only go now."

And suddenly in the twilight, I felt his arms about me and a kiss as swift as a drop of rain upon my brow and he was gone.

I sat down suddenly. There was no sincerity in that kiss. Just the graceful gesture of a graceful man—an actor, yet my body throbbed into a million nerve centers in that one moment. I was essentially a woman — a woman starving for love. Yet was Sidney Vreeland the man to fulfill that great yearning for love?



I hardly realized it, but our talk veered around to Will and Janet.

THE next morning he came, and in his sweeping manner, pushed the sheaf of typewriting paper to the floor and literally swept me out of the studio. We walked along the sunny streets, watching the fisherman and the native women buying and haggling over prices. Then we turned off the sidewalk onto the marshes and out to the rocky shore beyond the bathing beach.

I don't remember our conversation except in snatches. It was intimate conversation, for Sidney is the sort of man who bridges the past in one big leap and who makes you live in the present. Although I distrusted him, I found myself talking to him freely. I was telling him about Tristan's when suddenly he took my elbow and halted me. In our path, seated on camp chairs before easels, were Will and Janet French.

During our walk, Sid had thrown his arm carelessly about my shoulder. Twice I had brushed it off, but he lazily put it back and now as we faced them, both so brown and clear-eyed working in the sun, I was conscious, more than of anything else, of Sidney's arm possessively across my shoulder. Will was his old cordial self. He rose to his feet and let us see his painting. Janet seemed to know Sidney quite well and I detected a sort of contemptuousness in her treatment of him which I couldn't understand from one in the position Sid had hinted at.

I brushed away these distasteful thoughts and gave myself up to the stirring personality of the man beside me.

His soft, slow drawl enchanted me, while his gray eyes, compelling and intent, drew from me my reserve, and we talked as though we had known each other for a long time.

Finally we turned back to the bathing houses, and Sidney suggested that we go for a swim. He was waiting

(*Continued on page* 86)

MY! Isn't HE Handsome?

By ROSE RATHBURN

An Interview with Don Alvarado

Don Alvarado and Mary Philbin in D. W. Griffith's production, "The Drums of Love," considered the best picture of the year thus far.

NOT long ago D. W. Griffith, the famous director, had an occasion to introduce Don Alvarado at a banquet table. Mary Philbin, Lionel Barrymore and other big stars were there. Griffith arose and to the astonishment of the timid actor, he said, "Gaw-d, ain't he handsome?"

But that seems to be the verdict of everyone in Hollywood.

Alvarado's face has been his fortune as truly as the proverbial milkmaid's. He has climbed to stardom quicker than you can say "scat" all because he is the typical lady's man—the Valentino type coated with aristocratic veneer.

When Alvarado was first seen on the screen he was said to look like Ramon Navarro. Since he acquired a mustache he was likened unto Ronald Colman. Many of the picture fans write him and tell him he looks like Gilbert Roland, and yet Don doesn't believe that he looks like any of these stars.

"True we are all the dark type but our mannerisms or facial expressions are wholly unlike."

Don says he has and never will try to imitate anyone in his picture work. "Originality or nothing for me," he declares.

And indeed in real life Don is nothing like these other stars. He is tall, very dark of course and is distinctly Spanish in type.

He was born in the state of New Mexico "and I am not a Mexican as many people suppose," declared Don.

His family is of Spanish extraction. His wife Ann is a decided blonde and most any day one can see the Alvarados in the popular Hollywood cafes dining together. Everybody takes Ann for a movie star but she says she has no screen ambitions being content to let Don carry off the honors for the family.

SIX years ago Don said his ambition was to go to Spain. "I wanted to go there and study. There has always been something about the home land of my fathers that I longed to know," said the star. Financial troubles kept the boy from realizing his ambition however so at the age of seventeen he decided to come to Los Angeles instead.

That decision was the best he ever made.

From the minute he arrived his heart was in a picture

career. But what should he do? He had no money and the wolf had to be kept from the boarding house.

Consequently he got a job in an office.

"I knew I would never be a success in business," said Don, "but I followed the line of the least resistance."

A few years rolled around and the picture ambition became stronger. He realized that his office job was getting him nowhere. So he looked around for a better job that would pay more money. He figured that in a short time he could cut loose from the paycheck, buy a good wardrobe, save a few hundred out for room rent and storm the studios.

SO HE went after the office job, which would enable him to save the money. Just when he thought he had it cinched it slipped away from him. That made Don sore. He quit Los Angeles and went job hunting for things cinema.

Necessity is often the mother of invention to use a trite phrase. So Don went out to Culver City and half-heartedly asked for a job.

To his surprise he got it. He was cast to play a minor role with Mae Murray in *Mlle. Midnight* because he was good looking.

From there, Don decided he would not let any grass grow under his feet. He went over to Warner Brothers and they signed him on a contract.

Don Alvarado reading a Spanish novel in his dressing room between scenes of "The Drums of Love," his recent picture.

In "The Heart of the Big Snows," Don Alvarado showed that he was not afraid to sacrifice his good looks to the role.

Don Alvarado and Dolores Del Rio in the Fox production of "The Loves of Carmen" in which he established himself as a lover.

But as many other contracted stars have discovered his contract didn't mean a thing. They kept Don idle for almost a year. At the end of the contract it was not renewed to their mutual consent.

"Then," said Don, "I began my tramping all over again."

Through a friend the actor heard of a chance at Metro-Goldwyn. He went to the extent of cutting his long wavy hair very short in hopes that he would look the part asked for by the studio. But his efforts were to no avail. His hair was sacrificed for nothing. Somebody else got the job.

But again Don was lucky and his handsome face stood him in good stead. For within a few weeks he was signed to play the lead opposite Dolores Del Rio in *My Wife's Honor*

After that picture was finished, Don had a little money saved up so he decided he would go home to New Mexico and see his folks whom he hadn't seen for six years.

A GRAND welcome was in store for him and it was in the midst of his home-coming that Fox wired him to come and take a test for *The Monkey Talks.*

Every day his fan mail is loaded with romantic letters. One young admirer has threatened to commit suicide if Don doesn't write to her.

But most of them, like D. W. Griffith, start out with "Oh, Gaw-d, but you're handsome."

THE only trouble with this new polo costume of Dorothy Dix's is that the horse is getting wall-eyed trying to look in back of him.

Results of the Flimerick CONTEST

HERE are the results of the Flimerick contest that appeared in the February issue of *Screen Secrets*. Is May McAvoy wondering why her last line didn't win ten dollars? Do you like contests? Then turn to page 35 and start in the "What's in a Name Contest?"

JOHN GILBERT is a hero brave besides a lover tender.
He's always there to grab the gal and valiantly defend her.
He conquers women strong or weak
And makes love like any sheik,
His gallantries bring "Ohs" and "Ahs" from all the female gender.

Last line submitted by Mrs. A. C. Anderson, 3641 Stevens Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

ADOLPHE looks so polished on the screen,
Not a wrinkle in his trousers can be seen.
We wonder would he strangle
If his garters were to dangle.
No—he'd suavely pull them up and start to preen.

Last line submitted by Miss Florence Klann, 32 E. Adler St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A PEPPY young lady is Clara,
Who scores a success without error,
Tho her hair's very red
She's got "It" so 'tis said,
And lots hotter than Theda Bara.

Last line submitted by Mrs. Vera Lampman, 2213 Dayton Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

TEN dollars was sent to each of the winners and checks of one dollar each were sent to all those receiving honorable mention. For the first Flimerick honorable mention was awarded to Miss Eleanore Kenny, 143½ North Street, Salem, Mass., for the following line: *But alas for pretty Leatrice, his joy he could not render.*

For the second Flimerick, Ernest R. Lowe, 73 Cherry Street, Waltham, Mass., was awarded honorable mention for this last line: *For on being Fashion's plate he's always keen.* Two contestants were awarded honorable mention in the last Flimerick. They were Miss Rose Trotter, 621 South Adams Street, Peoria, Ill., for, *Can she love? Holy Gee, she's a terror!* and Irene Clark, 446 E. Chestnut St., Lancaster, Penn., *For in Hollywood she is the Red Terror.*

ABOUT nine out of ten of the Flimericks submitted had some one *surrender* to John Gilbert and managed to call Clara Bow a *terror*. In the Menjou Flimerick there was more variety, although Adolphe's bean came in for considerable comment.

It's a lot of fun, isn't it? Answers came from all over the United States and Canada. One woman in Canada sent in over 60 last lines for the three Flimericks.

I SUPPOSE you noticed the new contest starting in this issue, but perhaps you were discouraged because you can't draw. Well, watch for the contest that will start in the May issue of SCREEN SECRETS; *Are You Related to a Movie Star?* It's a lot more fun than Flimericks and more chances for prizes, too.

FILMETTES *from* *France*

By RENE DE LA SEINE
Special Correspondent

In which our correspondent tells of the proposed abolishing of all censorship of the motion pictures in France and talks of the great American censor, the Clubwoman.

PARIS

THIS correspondent has been hijacking news in queer places since he wrote you last.

First he went to the hot little hell they call Havana, lingered a while in the beautiful Sevilla, hobnobbed with old Jack Bowman, king of the island, and spent just sufficient time in the casino to advance his return sailing by three weeks and from first-class on A deck with room and bath to second-class on the La Salle with no bath.

★ ★ ★

Anything But Azure

HOWEVER, after the hot clime of the Antilles he couldn't stay to freeze in Paris. So he gathered up a check kindly sent by Cap'n Bill and hied downward to the Dollar Coast, called by the French the Cote d'Azure, though the "a" ought to be "u" for if anywhere in the world the usurers flourish it's on that favored strip of land lying between Marseilles and Mentone, happy hunting ground of retired Hebrews, fat mammas, sleek Spanish gigolos, prohibition-dodging Babbits, and gambling Greeks.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations

THE new Paramount Theater has opened on the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris and is a wow.

The opening night was so smart this writer rubbed his eyes and thought he was in the Ritz on a Sunday night. But Al Kauffman, the geni who rubbed the lamp, seems to find that sort of stuff pie. Europe, he says, is twenty times easier to put a theater over in than Los Angeles, where he ran a Paramount house before coming to this side.

★ ★ ★

The French Au Grautin

THE reason for this is, of course, that press-agent wheezes are almost unheard of here. Al simply made a list of all the old gags discarded long ago in the States as descrepit and worked through them from A to Z. And the French ate them up like cheese—the French not sharing the Yankee preference for pie.

Blame It On Eve Again

IN A previous letter I mentioned that a revolt loomed in continental producing circles against the narrow restrictions of the American censorship.

The fight is now reaching quite definite proportions and this month's *Cinema* reproduces a letter from Jane de Balzac on the subject, together with a most attractive picture of the young French star in the costume popularly believed to have been worn by Mother Eve before she discovered the fig-leaf.

★ ★ ★

How About A String of Beads, Jane?

"I SAY it unhesitatingly," says Mademoiselle Jane, "that the nude in motion pictures is a beautiful thing provided it is artistic and chaste above all else. I am proud to have acted in the nude in each film I have appeared in. Certain critics criticised me in *Salammbo,* and these same warped minds even saw evil in the beautiful and esthetic German film, *Strength and Beauty,* in which dozens of splendid creatures dance in all the chastity and loveliness of their natural bodies. The critics found fault in this film as they find fault in others, on the score that children could be tainted by the spectacle.

★ ★ ★

Oh! Far Less Shocking!

"I REPLY to that that the beauty of a young girl, nude, is far less shocking than the ugliness of certain old ladies in knee-length gowns. I will go further, and say that in my opinion the chaste human body can never shock—above all the admiration of a child, untrained and unversed in the narrow tenets of his elders."

★ ★ ★

Those French Films

QUITE a number of recent French films feature scenes in which the nude plays a part and some of these pictures have gone to America—to what fate I am uninformed. Among them are *l'Arriviste, La Chatelaine du Liban, La Cle de Voute, Le Roi de Camargue, Mon Cure Chez les Riches, Paris en Cinq Jours,* and *Le Chasseur de Chez Maxim's.*

As for Jane de Balzac, she has just been engaged by Gaston Ravel to play Madam Tallien in *Madame Recamier.* Any student of the *beaux jours* of French history will recall that lady's irresistible *penchant* for exhibiting the supple beauty of a renowned figure.

★ ★ ★

Why Bring Up Such Things?

TALKING about nudity and the pictures, I notice that the French producer Germaine Dulac has signed up Edmonde Guy and her dancer, Van Duren, for a superfilm to be started shortly.

Edmonde is not unknown to American audiences, where her semi-nude dances were appreciated at Ziegfeld's ill-fated Palm Beach *Follies* two winters ago. But the funniest story about her concerns an incident of which I was a witness.

★ ★ ★

Horrors! Horrors!

IT WAS at Deauville, in the big Ambassadeurs Restaurant. Edmonde Guy and Van Duren were doing their specialty dance, Edmonde's costume consisting of seven or eight strings of pearls, all fastened together.

Suddenly a big pearl was seen to break from Edmonde's "dress" and roll to the floor. With one terrified scream Edmonde, hands clutching "costume," sped from the floor, shedding pearls as she went.

The pearl that had fallen was the button.

★ ★ ★

Josephine In The Films

HOLLYWOOD experts who have seen rushes of *The Siren of the Tropics,* now being completed in Darkest Africa, declare that the St. Louis negress, Josephine Baker, has a talent for pictures which will one day put her in the big star ranks.

Well, why not? Black skins have for a long time been fashionable in the theatrical and cabaret world. Why not a Negress as a picture star?

★ ★ ★

Hollywood, We Have Moved

WE HAVE with us just now: Eugene Zukor, representing the Great Adolph for the opening of the new Paramount Theater in Paris; Ricardo Cortez, to play in the *Orchid Dancer* under direction of Leonce Perret; Arlette Marchal, who says she has quit Hollywood for good; Charles Christie, of Hollywood, over on a vacation, and Pearl White, back from her first visit to the States for years.

Pearl must have astounded some of her old friends across the water by her vigor, health, youth and slenderness. She looks, as a matter of fact, younger than she did ten years ago. The secret?

"Well," Pearl told me, "it's mostly in taking care of myself. I don't go out nights any more, I don't drink more than one glass of champagne at a sitting, I restrict my diet to the plainest things, and I never miss my morning canter in the Bois."

Incidentally, it is hinted that Pearl may become a princess before long. But I've promised not to give out his name.

★ ★ ★

The Shadow of Zukor

A MOTION picture trust is by way of being formed in Spain with a capital of 15 million pesetas, or about two million dollars.

The chain-theater system will be followed, and nine proprietors have already entered into the group. As the headquarters of the group is in Barcelona, where Paramount have their distributing center for Spain, I suspect the Zukor hand in this somewhere.

★ ★ ★

Paramount On the Riviera

THE STORY is around down here that Paramount, like Metro, is soon to invade the Riviera producing field and that Emil Jannings will make Paramount's first venture in this direction.

Since Gloria Swanson made *Madame Sans Gene* in Paris and Compiegne, Paramount have not done much in the producing line in France, although they have done much to encourage the French film industry by buying and marketing the outstanding native releases.

★ ★ ★

Two Bucks For Extras

EMIL JANNINGS is making $8,000 a week with Paramount under his new contract, so the chances are Paramount thinks more money can be made on him

The pageant of the Riviera and Deauville pass on and our correspondent remarks, "The

by selecting the rest of the cast in Europe, where stars are lucky if they make $200 a week and supers flock for $2 a day.

★ ★ ★

Star Contest Flops

THE recent motion-picture-star-discovery contest organized by *Cinemagazine* and Metro-Goldwyn at Gaumont Palace was a disappointment. Very little talent was discovered, despite press-agent yarns.

It is probably true that the day has gone by when a girl can walk in from the street and become a picture star overnight. Today the business has become too technical. Lack of brains is no longer the prime requisite.

★ ★ ★

R. R. Station Movies

THE first railroad station picture shows are to be given next month in the Gare de Lyon, the station from which the most famous French trains leave for the Riviera, Italy, and the near-Orient.

It is an innovation of the P. L. M. Company and deserves extended mention. Some bright lad on the Paris-Lyon-Méditerannée road bethought himself of the large numbers of persons who waste hours of valuable time in railroad stations waiting for trains or people to arrive on trains.

He asked himself why this surplus time couldn't be used to the mutual advantage of both the railroad company and the passengers, and the result is this motion-picture showing in the main waiting room.

No admission is charged and about 5,000 feet of positive are shown. The program contains at least one good comedy, but is mostly confined to travelogues made by the company's own picked cameramen.

After this, Paris cannot be charged with justice of lagging behind progress in a motion picture sense.

★ ★ ★

Censorship Abolished

HARD on the heels of my last letter, in which I said that the French picture censors were gradually growing more broadminded, comes news that the censorship may actually be totally abolished and "the good sense of the public taste" take its place.

This looks like a real step in the right direction. The public do not want deliberately salacious or lascivious pictures in France or anywhere else, and any producer who thinks they do is apt to lose a lot of money trying to prove his theories. Removing the censorship does not mean that France is at once to be flooded with pictures on the general idea and style of the Folies-Bergere.

★ ★ ★

Artistic Nudes

ON THE contrary the constant trend of French producers is toward the artistically beautiful and technically perfect, and nothing that is vulgar can be either.

What the abolition of the Censor will mean is that the hands of directors producing genuinely artistic pictures will not be tied by a lot of absurd regulations. At present any child can walk through the Tuileries Gardens and see anywhere from two to five hundred statues of ladies and gentlemen in Garden of Eden costume, and nobody is shocked. But if one of those statues is actually protographed in a scene in a motion picture the censorship rule provides that it should be draped.

Yet, if a French producer wishes to use a fresco of nude figures as a background he may do so providing the figures are flesh-and-blood and not stone.

Removal of the censorship will cause paradoxes like that to cease to exist. France has no censorship of its stage and the shows which make the most money are the clean ones. The biggest money of recent years has been made by *No, No, Nanette,* and *Rose Marie,* both clean American shows running in open competition with the undressy Casino de Paris, Moulin Rouge and Folies-Bergere, to say nothing of a lot of the smaller and even more daring theaters such as the Palace, the Concert Mayol, the Boulin Bleu, or the Abri.

Censorship usually means the suppression of beauty and art, and when these two are deleted only vulgarity remains.

★ ★ ★

Battle of Verdun Filmed

THE *Ils Ne Passeront Pas* picture which is to show the real story of the greatest Battle of Verdun as a frame for a real-life romance of a general intimately concerned

(*Continued on page* 95)

beauty of a young girl nude, is far less shocking than to see old ladies in knee length gowns"

TIPPING *off the* Screen's Secrets

DURING the filming of "Paris or Bust," Al Wilson, Universal aviator star nearly lost his life, this plane burned in mid-air. Here is Patsy Ruth Miller in the pilot's seat with Glenn Tryon, right.

HERE'S the way they film a ballroom scene to give the appearance of a large room and bring the leads directly into the focus of the camera while the other dancers will be merely atmosphere, and will try to be "found."

VICTOR SEASTROM is directing Lars Hanson and some French soldiers from the hurricane deck of a bus in the filming of Greta Garbo's last picture, "The Divine Woman."

HERE'S the way it looks from the inside. Some of the tricks of the lot shown you of those who seem to be enjoying themselves, and are perhaps working under extremely difficult and uncomfortable conditions.

A VENETIAN canal is a mere trifle in the life of Hollywood. Luther Reed, Paramount director, is telling the camera man just how he wants Florence Vidor to be filmed in this scene from "Honeymoon Hate."

RICARDO CORTEZ with his chariot and director Alexander Korda with the camera car are about to start off on a race in the filming of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

DIRECTING trained animals is lots harder than directing people according to Al Rogell, who directed tons of them when he made "The Shepherd of the Hills" for First National.

Letters of a Movie Extra

Dearest Dolly:

Hollywood, California.

Why haven't I heard from you? Isn't the R. F. D. working any more? I know I should of written you before but I have been terribly busy. Work is getting to the stage now where I can almost afford to be choosy. I get a great kick out of having someone call me for a set and being able to pitch my voice up a few notches and say, "Sorry, old thing, but I'm working tomorrow."

Lasky's decided recently that I would be an added attraction and gave me a couple of calls. One was for that song-writin' director, Victor Schertzinger. He's what you would call real cute—he has gorgeous brown eyes and a Santy Claus figure. He is nice and calm, directs without bellowing at the extras the way most directors do—his assistant does the loud act for him. The picture was about an oil strike originally intended to be called "Oil" but someone with a salary larger than his brain decided *Honky Tonk* had more "it"—or box office value so another good title went wrong. It was supposed to be a celebration scene in a joint in Mexico and we were called upon to participate in a little broad action. I fell down in the shuffle and a few heavies piled up on top of me. I didn't mind that—I'm broad minded and perfectly willing to sacrifice a lot for art but imagine my embarrassment when the director asked me to get back in the same position for a still.

At noon, Nadine and I, she's a girl friend, went into the new Lasky Cafe for lunch. However, we must have gotten into the wrong stall because none other than Jesse L. Lasky himself came in and sat at the next table. I dropped a soup spoon to attract attention but evidently he is used to noise for he never even so much as looked up—"Hollywood girl didn't get a Break"—I'm still an extra.

The other Lasky picture was one starring Clara Bow and we worked at the beach—$7.50 and $2.50 extra if we got into the water. We wound up by drawing straws to see who donned the one-piece and I won. I met an interesting man on the set—Perry Vekroff, one time famous director, but now he is as I (I love that expression, don't you?).

One producer in this town is going back to San Quentin if he doesn't lay off his Hollywood antics. I was working one night and he called up three times—very, very anxious to get in touch with me. I imagined he had run out of leading ladies or something so the next day, minus my beauty sleep; I rushed breathlessly to his office all prepared to sign a contract and this fool said, "Oh, I was just lonesome." I told him that as far as I was concered he could die of the same disease.

Love,

Fern Francois.

P. S. you mentioned about seeing Rube in the Kozy Kafe several times. I wish you would take a meal in there and then tell me whether it's the food or the waitress that attracts him.

Wanted!

ONE of the great problems of directing a ballroom scene is to keep extras from dancing in front of the camera and posing so that some director will see them and make overnight stars of them.

New Faces for the Box-Office

By MADELEINE MATZEN

"Old lamps for new!
Old wives for new!"

WE HAVE heard these cries before. That canny peddler *Life* is forever dinning them in our ears. Just now he has a new cry—we hear it most frequently around Hollywood way—and the news of it extends to the farthermost corners of the earth.

"OLD FACES FOR NEW! ! Old faces for new! Come and try your luck!" the peddler calls, dallying outside the walls of the studios. And the producers, always gentlemen in search of a bargain (and also gentlemen who cannot forget their old tricks of dickering) listen with both ears, brand-new contracts in hand.

About a million years or so ago there lived a man famed for his justice. He was called "Aristides The Just." But people grew tired of hearing him called The Just—and, because they were tired, they demanded his death. Needless to say they got what they demanded—the public generally do get what they want.

And so today, when the public turns wearily away from their old favorites and demand new faces—very naturally the producers give heed. "Old faces for new?" "To be sure," says Mr. Producer, "Give 'em what they want—give 'em new faces!"

To date we have had almost every type of beautiful and pretty face. So it must follow that the new faces be not only beautiful or pretty—but be, besides, distinctive, characteristic and "different."

"OLD faces for new!"

Let's look about and see what we can see up and down the boulevards that lead to the studio gates—and almost every boulevard in Hollywood does lead to a studio gate.

New faces? Dozens of them! Riding proudly up and

HERE'S Thelma Hill, of the Mack Sennett Studios, who has box-office appeal, and how!

MEET Jeanne Morgan, of F. B. O. What this little girl's face value is, is nobody's business.

JEANETTE LOFF is one of Cecil B. De Mille's new faces, and Cecil has a reputation for picking them.

through the gates. Trudging hopefully into the casting offices. And the gates are being unlatched—newcomers are watched carefully. Brand-new contracts are being signed each week by youngsters who have never even seen a contract before.

Just as an experiment, and possibly because his sharp ears were the first to hear the peddler, William Fox signed up a group of youngsters, clever kids all of them, but quite inexperienced either in stage or screen acting. He began with George O'Brien and Olive Borden—and followed along with Janet Gaynor. These kids are now big stars in the movie sky to the great astonishment of the film colony.

"Well! Well!" said Mr. Fox, "More power to the kids!" and began to look about him for more new faces.

He found one holding down a job in his own studio. A kid with curly hair who made "stills" for the publicity department. His name was Richard Walling.

"Want to be an actor, son?" inquired Irving Cummings, who needed a juvenile in *The Pelican* and couldn't find one.

"Quit kidding!" replied Richard with dignity.

But they made a test of him and handed him a contract.

BARRY NORTON was a blond kid with a profile and a manner. Ambition literally stuck out all over him. More tests and Barry landed a contract. You remember him in *What Price Glory?* and in *The Lily.*

The success of the Fox finds made a big noise in Hollywood. Hearing the gossip Culver City (our rival cinema center) grew excited. The Metro-Goldwyn people quickly imported Greta Garbo from Sweden. They showed her in a single picture and she carried the country by storm. A blue-ice and northern-sunlight storm!

The M-G-M people were astonished—they looked around hastily for more finds and found a baby star pounding a typewriter in one of their offices.

They took tests of her—her name is Patricia Avery—and being of the smartly pretty type she landed a contract.

The town of Burbank caught the fever and the First National studios there signed up a one-time script girl—Alice White. Now Alice never attracted any particular attention before, but she happened to be "on the lot" and new faces were needed. Now she is a pert young starlet with oodles of "socks appeal' and her own limousine.

Universal introduced new faces in the *Collegians* series—De Mille found Sally Rand.

Over on the F. B. O. lot they did some house cleaning. Then they made some hurried trips to New York to grab off a few "new faces." They grabbed five, and they were known as F. B. O.'s *Five American Beauties.*

With a tag like that a girl ought to go a long way on the screen.

AND they are all pretty—these five "beauties." They are unspoiled, too—unusued to adulation—most of them fresh from school, their heads filled with dreams and with brand-new contracts to frame and hang on the wall beside their high school diplomas.

The first one is Eileen King. She hails from Colorado. She won a beauty contest there. She became a chorus girl in Fred Stone's review and at that time her name was Goldie Flyn. Along came a picture producer, gave her

HERE'S Edna Marian, of the Hal Roach comedies during the final shots of Charlie's Chase.

DOROTHY DIX, of the Hal Roach Studios, has box office appeal of the "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" variety.

LOOKS like Eileen King was going to read something heavy, but it's just part of a role at the F. B. O.

a contract and changed her name to Eileen King.

The second beauty is Lorraine Eason. She is from Virginia and played for a brief season in the *Follies.*

Jeanne Morgan is a graduate of the Paramount School. Sharon Lynn hails from Texas. She is also a graduate of the Paramount School. The fifth beauty is Thelma Hill—one time a Sennett bathing girl. Dick Jones happened to see her peeking in the studio gate and engaged her as an extra because she greatly resembled Mable Normand. For a short time she was a bathing girl—then she played in comedies opposite Turpin and Langdon—now she's with F. B. O.

Vera Voronina came to Hollywood from Russia. She began her movie career as an extra in *The Toy of Paris.* Her part in it was totally insignificant—she was one of a mob that danced in a big ball-room set. This extra work might have continued indefinitely had not it been for an accidental meeting that gave her the first big chance. While she was dining in a Viennese cafe one night, a man came up and introduced himself as Louis Seemen, a prominent Austrian director. He was just casting for a big picture and had been unable to find a girl suitable for the leading role. He asked her if she would consent to having a test made. She jumped at the opportunity, and the tests proving successful, she was given her first leading role in a picture titled, *Madame Suzy.*

And then we have Fay Wray. She was just an extra girl not many days ago and she worked hard and was faithful. But her slaving days are over now for she is a "featured" player.

THEY come from all walks of life. Sue Carol, the little society girl who was skyrocketed to stardom is with the Cecil B. De Mille organization and is playing excellent roles opposite William Boyd.

Gary Cooper another youngster who is new to the films and Hollywood has that intangible "something" that enables him to grab off some of the finest parts. It is the ease with which these youngsters get contracts that is causing such an upheaval among the older stars—but youth shall prevail.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers is getting about the best roles obtainable in Hollywood and he is practically a new comer, too.

But they all have one thing that makes everyone take notice. They are ready and willing to work, and work hard. It's this willingness and their new fresh faces that is putting them over.

Being a wash woman for Gloria Swanson in her picture *Madame Sans Gene,* gave Yola D'Avril her chance and from the washing scene on, the French actress started to climb quickly in pictures. Her's is one that quells the public's cry of "New Faces." Yola's charming personality might satisfy the most exacting public.

Old faces for new? Every time!

Old and established stars are free lancing or resting. There is much bitter comment up and down the boulevard and in the cafes. The old-timers resent the new generation. But the old generation always has resented the new. And it is time for new blood. The older stars have waxed rich. It is time for them to retire and enjoy their prosperity.

LOVE *Ain't She Grand!*

Here's the way hundreds of feet of the John Gilbert-Greta Garbo films are consumed.

—*Photo by Melbourne Spurr.*

Norma Talmadge knows how to give the public what it wants. Here she is with her screen lover, Gilbert Roland.

If you don't believe there's a Seventh Heaven just look at this pair of lovers depicting the ecstasy of tragic French love. These are the kind of scenes that are responsible for cold suppers and dirty breakfast dishes.

Hollywood Nights Entertainment

MARRIAGES, premieres, and fortune tellers take up the time of the film favorites when they play.

By **The Insider**

THOUGH *Sunrise* had been shown in New York for some time, its opening at the Carthay Circle Theatre in Hollywood preceded by **Jack Laughlins** spectacular prologue *Love Lights*, was unusually brilliant.

This is the picture which is said to have made Fox Studios feel the pinch of poverty, so that **Murnau**, the director, has been dubbed **Mr. Overhead** and irreverent youngsters sing about him to the tune of "Over There." At any rate, customary press tickets were withheld.

★ ★ ★

THE male stars at this studio believe in keeping romance strictly to their own lot. So **George O'Brien** escorted **Olive Borden** and **Charles Farrell** brought **Janet Gaynor.** George, having just done a Prince-of-Wales in his latest role, came on crutches and waved one of them cheerily in response to the ovation given him after the picture; while Janet was so buried in flowers that **William Farnum**, master of ceremonies, having piled them about her until only her head stuck out, began running about calling "help!" under the burden of the last offerings.

In the long courtyard before the theatre, a tremendous throng of lookers-on were gathered, applauding their favorites. **Estelle Taylor** seemed to receive the biggest ovation.

★ ★ ★

RICHARD BARTHELMESS, apparently not grieving over his broken engagement, escorted a glittering stranger, and the early part of the evening was enlivened by surmises as to her identity.

Bodil Rosing entertained a number of guests after the premiere, including her son-in-law, **Monte Blue,** and his lovely wife. Monte says that Bodil gives the lie to those who think of actresses as non-domestic, for Bodil was up at six that morning preparing the Scandinavian goodies for our delight. As is the pleasant custom at parties given by foreigners in Hollywood, every guest who could entertain did so, **Albert Gran** carrying off the honors with an excruciating imitation of a village cut-up.

★ ★ ★

ALBERT GRAN was himself host for *The Blue Danube* cast the other night. Another shock was given the stock conception of wives when **Mrs. Jack Luden** was overheard insisting that **Leatrice Joy** dance with her (Mrs. Luden's) husband. No, we have no jealousy!

Nils Asther, arriving late, laid the blame on what he called his "hard-baked" director. It has been rumored that his engagement to **Vivian Duncan** is a thing of the past, but Niles denies this. It seems that Vivian called him up yesterday at seven-thirty in the morning to ask the age-old question: "Do you love me?"

"I told her to call again at ten-thirty," drawled Nils, "I never love anyone so early."

Charles Buddy Rogers faithfully escorted **Claire Windsor** and danced most of the evening with her.

★ ★ ★

THE sensation at the opening of *Old San Francisco* was the appearance of **John Miljan,** *twice* as master of ceremonies—once in the Vitaphone production and again to present the stars in person. John demonstrated that a master of ceremonies need not necessarily be dull.

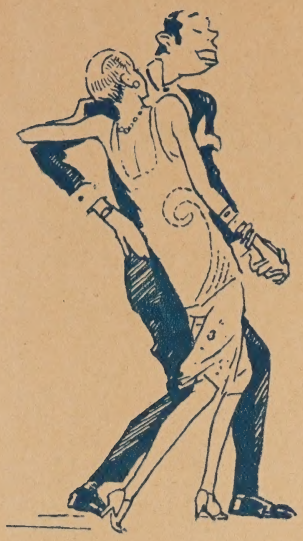
Dolores Costello, as usual, accompanied sister Helene and Helene's husband. **Alan Crosland,** director, was host to a gay party, including **Bill Boyd** and **Elinor** (who are terrified of being called "Hollywood's happiest couple," because the minute the term is applied a divorce seems to follow), **Holmes Herbert, Montague Love** and **Clementine Gory.**

Joan Crawford was on hand, too, but she told me privately that the man "wasn't anybody. My heart's in San Francisco!" **Doug Fairbanks, Jr.,** was in San Francisco at the time.

★ ★ ★

IT SEEMS only the other day that **Arlette Marchal** arrived from France with a fanfare of trumpets about beauty, etc. Lasky's "did not choose" to renew her contract, so this month finds her on the seas sailing for her homeland. The Sunday before she left, **Julanne Johnston** gave a tea in her honor; among those who dropped in to say goodby were **Hedda Hopper, Carmelita Geraghty, Billie Dove** and **Virginia Fox.**

That same night, the French actress gave a farewell of her own. Most of the foreign colony attended and all were sad to see her go. "She is wise," said one, "Arlette has fine offers from France and Berlin." Julanne and Carmelita dashed in with **Michael Cudahy** and his sister Anne. **Phyllis Haver** kept several gentlemen amused. **Gloria Swanson** came just as we were leaving. Her marquis had been there all evening and



Mrs. Luden insisted that Leatrice Joy dance with her husband, Jack Luden, no jealousy about it . . the whirl continued on into the morning at Albert Gran's

greeted her with a low bow. "Fancy meeting one's own wife, socially!" he murmured.

★ ★ ★

LOUISE FAZENDA and **Hal Wallis** took one another for better or worse, on a bright day, and if good wishes can make it "for better," it's sure to come true. **Jack Warner** was best man and **Jule Wallis,** the groom's sister, acted as maid of honor.

"Mother's to have the first piece!" insisted Louise, as she cut the wedding cake. Mother was the most considered soul present, and all her friends had been invited. It was a double ring ceremony, and Louise and Hal displayed their wedding-rings, small circlets, with hearts entwined.

Eddie Sutherland distinguished himself by being the only gentleman in a high silk hat. He blamed it on his wife, **Louise Brooks,** but **Estelle Taylor** said he probably wanted to show he had one.

★ ★ ★

MRS. JOHN MILJAN, who was married just four weeks earlier, told me how John had planned the marriage, invited all their friends and led her to suppose it was a bridge party, but when she caught sight of the judge, she guessed and fled in a panic. While the distracted hope-to-be-husband was out searching for her, other guests tried to persuade Louise Fazenda and Hal to substitute. "I'm going to be leading lady at my own wedding!" declared Louise. Mr. Miljan returned with the bride and all was serene.

★ ★ ★

SAILING for Tahiti, on the island of Papeete, to make a picture called *Southern Skies* . . . **Robert Flaherty,** who fathered *Nanook of the North*, and *Moana of the South Seas*, told us his plans for the future, at an intimate luncheon given by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who are sending the explorer to the South Seas.

"This time it will be different—I am taking a Hollywood actor with me to play the leading role, and we have a script," Mr. Flaherty explained. "It will take from six to eight months, as first we must live with the natives, earning their trust and confidence day by day. After we start taking the picture, we have to show daily rushes, as the natives love to see themselves on the screen. To them, everything is humorous; they shout and roll on the ground with mirth, no matter what the action."

★ ★ ★

MRS. FLAHERTY and their three small daughters accompanied the explorer when he made *Moana*, but now Mrs. Flaherty has a commission from the Eastman people to make pictures of American Indians, so she and the youngsters are making their winter home on the Painted Desert.

★ ★ ★

HERE'S a secret, but it's too good to keep.

Not so long ago, **Gertrude Olmstead** "discovered" a new fortune teller. Anyone who can do that in this town gets immediate attention. **Laura La Plante, Billie Dove, Ruth Roland,** and a few others eagerly accompanied the modern Columbus to the dingy abode of the seer, where they were seated in an airtight room with the lights out.

"Only the living can harm you—the dead cannot!" chanted the seer's gloomy husband. "Remember, whatever happens, don't be frightened, and don't scream. Everybody sing a hymn."

Somebody suggested "Nearer My God To Thee,"

Charles "Buddy" Rogers faithfully escorted Claire Windsor and danced with her all evening housewarming in Hollywood Nights Entertainment.

and the group sang this several times. Nothing happened.

"We need a male mind," sighed the seer.

"I've got one," argued Ruth, but the arrival of **Mervyn Leroy** and **Edna Murphy** settled the point. They sang another hymn. Still nothing happened.

After an hour of feebly rendering a line or so of hymn, coupled with "la-de-da-da," where they couldn't remember the words, the girls decided to sing Irving Berlin's latest efforts. Then came "Always," and "What Does It Matter?" No spirits put in an appearance, either terrifying or otherwise.

"Come next week," moaned the seer, when the collection of stars were on the verge of exhaustion.

They couldn't go home to jeerng husbands and admit that they had been singing for hours in a stuffy room for nothing, so they decided to invent items about **Bob Leonard** (Gertrude's husband) and **Bill Seiter** (Laura's). Dark hints, you know. "What she said about you—oh my!"

I saw Bob on the lot the other day. "Gee, I'm going to see that woman," he cried, "just what *did* she say, anyway?"

★ ★ ★

ALBERT GRAN'S latest party was in the nature of a "house warming" for his new home on Canon Drive. The **Conrad Nagels, Monte Blues, Jean Hersholts, Jack Ludens, Paul Scardons (Betty Blythe)** and **Bodil Rosing** all loyally helped their host with a particularly delightful program. Two sons of famous parents — **Ferdinand Schuman-Heinck** and **Harry Reinhardt**—with **Charles Buddy Rogers, Captain Von Hartman** and the Austrian Grand Duke made the evening pleasant for the unattached feminine guests.

JOHN GILBERT is going off to the South Seas in his yacht, "The Temptress" and has invited **Lawrence Stallings,** author of *The Big Parade* and **Robert Flaherty,** film director to go along.

Greta Garbo says that Jack is her best friend in filmdom, but a culmination of this romance seems rife with nothing more than speculation. Gilbert when asked to choose a new leading lady, invariably picks **Renee Adoree,** so a former romance, reported with the French star has also resulted in friendship.

But Gilbert calls often on his former wife, **Leatrice Joy** and it would not surprise Hollywood if Gilbert was again reunited to his wife and child.

★ ★ ★

HOW funny it is to see a maiden who has grown up in lusty health close to the sod, be the sudden recipient of every delicate attention when she comes to stardom. Out on the *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* set the other day, assistants on the set were rushing for plaid blankets in case **Alice White's** little tooties were chilly, and dashing for tea, and so on with infinite pains.

Not long ago, Alice was a script girl working hard for a small pittance on the sets. She lived with her grandparents who, it is said, had plenty to do watching their lively grandchild. And she contracted a secret marriage with **Frank O'Neill,** one time assistant director to **Marion Davies,** which was subsequently annulled or something. O'Neill has since married a minister's daughter of Bridgeport, Conn., a niece of **Milton Sills,** and an extra girl in pictures.

Alice White has had a number of bits on the First National lot and was given the part of Dorothy, in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* after every other brunette in Hollywood had been considered for the part. Alice

(*Continued on page* 108)

Does this look like Emil Jannings?

Malcolm St. Clair, the director, says it does—he drew it!

TWO men stand high in *Screen Secrets'* Hall of Fame; Emil Jannings and Malcolm St. Clair. Emil Jannings, the great tragedian who couldn't live in America without his German cook, who couldn't act without his koenigsberger Klops, is here drawn in the style of the moderns by Malcolm St. Clair, the director with the greatest amount of finesse of any man now wielding a megaphone directing the most finished actor, Adolphe Menjou. His last triumph of directing is *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, while Emil Jannings' most recent picture is *The Last Command.*

Mary Goes WEST

Mary's teaching her dog a few tricks, for she plans a screen career for Flitch, the Russian wolfhound. Flitch is playing with her in her new Western picture

Not the clinging vine for Mary Astor this time. She departs from the wistful heroine to go West and live on her ranch.

Aren't they beautiful? Not everyone in Hollywood gets up to see the sun rise, but Mary is different from the general run of stars.

—Photo by Kesslere.

NORMA TALMADGE of the United Artists, posed in the likeness of an Artzibasheff painting. This is one of a series of screen stars' portraits done in the likeness of the old masters.

Movie History in the Making Ten Years Ago

SELECTED FROM THE NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS OF 1918

THE development of the five-dollar actor into the ten-dollar class came about during the making of *The Wedding,* a two-reeler dealing with the delicate subject of marriage. In the cast are Owen Moore, Arthur Johnson and Mack Sennett.

THE boys in borrowed frock coats were told by their director to make merry about a festive table. They were asked to strike the attitude of the well-bred clubmen, toasting the forthcoming marriage of one of their members. None of them had ever been a clubman. The poses were, according to D. W. Griffith, very very stiff and awkward. The situation was impossible.

"I CAN SEE that none of you have ever been a gentleman," said Griffith. "Your acting is rotten. We can't go on this way." Three actors drained their champagne filled goblets with striking realism. Johnson turned to Griffith. "What do you expect for five dollars a day—Union League members?"

GRIFFITH studied the matter. "Do you think you could act at ten dollars?," he asked. Three heads nodded." Then go to the cigar store around the corner and study how the clubmen stand and drink in the Hoffman House cigarette posters. (In those days Hoffman House cigarettes were the kind you'd walk a mile for).

THE trio studied, returned to the studio and before the astonished eyes of Griffith, they struck graceful poses, holding their goblets aloft. Lifting his glass higher still, Sennett started the toast, which will go down in history.

"Biograph, Biograph, rah, rah, rah!
Ten dollars, ten dollars, hah, hah, hah!

THEY got their money. History was made and the first ten-dollar picture actor was a fact.

"And yet," predicted Griffith to the boys later, "the day will come when I shall direct a picture, in which one actor will earn as much in a day as a hundred of my players are earning today." (The day is here).

Louise Glaum in the hey-day of her popularity when bobbed hair and the sleeveless gown were unknown.

OF THE following group of stars, how many are on the screen in stellar roles today?

May Allison, Hazel Dawn, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Elinor Fair, Geraldine Farrar, Pauline Frederick, William S. Hart, Peggy Hyland, Elsie Janis, Harold Lockwood, Bert Lytell, Mae Marsh, Tom Mix, Tom Moore, Mae Murray, Nazimova, Mabel Normand, Albert Ray, Madlaine Traverse, Lillian Walker, Earle Williams, Alma Rubens and Charles Murray.

TEN years ago Douglas Fairbanks was already a veteran of the screen. Just look over the list of pictures he had made and see how many of them you can remember having seen. *The Americano, In Again, Out Again, Wild and Wooly, The Optimist, Close to Nature, The Man From Painted Post, Reaching for the Moon, A Modern Musketeer, Heading South, Mr. Fixit, Bound in Morocco, Say Young Fellow, He Comes Up Smiling,* and *Arizona.*

DO YOU remember Olive Templeton in *Damaged Goods;* Olive Tell in *To Hell With the Kaiser;* Mabel Taliaferro in *A Wife by Proxy;* George Beban in the first filming of *The Sign of the Rose,* or Maurice Costello in *Tried For His Own Murder?*

MACK SENNETT announced the release of a score and more new comedies, with an eye to the tastes of his fans, the comedy creator promised "pretty girls," burlesque, thrills, animal stunts—a joyous stew of gurgling glee. Sennett's productions carried the Paramount—Artcraft trade mark.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS press-agented himself into movie stardom, the stage player, for that is what he then was, having himself photographed with two celebrities of the cinema and then sending the picture broadcast with the caption assurance, "Doug will soon be in the same class with Charlie."

The Girl Who Laughed at Love

(*Continued from page* 64)

for me when I came out, dressed in one of the scanty suits rented by the concession holders at the beach.

After a dip we sat under the shade of a big umbrella and discussed the people in the artist's colony.

I hardly realized it, but our talk always veered around to Will and Janet, and always with the result that my suspicions regarding their relationship were fed by Sidney's veiled allusions.

IT WAS impossible to think of such a thing with Will—yet think of it I did. It had been two years now—and much may happen in that time. Will apparently had cast off any remaining tatters of his love for me. In all our contacts these days, I might as well have been only a casual acquaintance of his, instead of his former wife. That was the hard part of it all—his indifference.

"Yes, Janet landed a good contract for illustrating some French perfumes," Sid was saying. "Will got it for her while they were studying in Paris. I understand they are going back. . . ."

I jumped up. "Come, we are wasting a beautiful day," I exclaimed. "Let's swim out a way."

About a half mile from shore was a buoy with a float. I could see that it was deserted, and I pointed it out to Sid.

"We'll head for that, shall we?"

"I'm on, if you think you can make it. I don't want you to tire yourself too much, Siri."

I felt equal to anything, however. I had swam much farther than that at father's resort. So we plunged into the water and started out with long, easy strokes. "Making it all right?" Sid asked, coming close, after we had gone half the distance.

A movie queen takes the day off and does a Prince of Wales.

I nodded, and turned to a sidestroke, so that I could watch his bronzed shoulders and glistening muscles. He smiled at me, and I found myself thrilling to the look in his eyes.

Sid drew nearer, and put his arm out to me. "Rest a bit," he commanded. He swam with one arm quite easily, and I allowed him to half support me for a few moments. He was so strong, so sure, that I felt the warm sense of haven that his presence brought. I was such a lonely girl, with no one to take care of me, who had been as dependent as a child.

"Siri, let's swim the rest of our lives together," he said suddenly.

I looked at him, startled. Was he proposing? I only smiled at him. "There'd be too many storms, I'm afraid," I said.

WE WERE almost to the float when a terrible pain clutched at my knees, then at my thighs. I could not straighten my legs. With a cry of fright, I sank under the swells.

I opened my eyes to see nothing but green water—and bubbles coming up in front of my face. My eyes smarted with the salt water, but I hardly felt it with that awful cramp in my legs. Dimly I thought—"this is how people feel when they drown."

Then a grasp of steel was about my shoulder and under my arm. I felt myself being pulled upward, and the sun was warm in my face again. I lay limp while Sidney supported me through the water and up to the float. His voice was in my ears, soothing, sustaining.

"You are safe, little princess. Don't fear."

He held me in his arms on the warm surface of the float, while my breath came back, and the pain eased away.

"I owe my life to you, Sid," I said at last. "I would have drowned."

Sid covered my lips with his strong fingers. "Hush, little girl," he said. "I must swim back for a boat. You won't be afraid to stay here?"

In that instant I was engulfed in a wave of gratitude and thanksgiving. Will was lost to me—Sid had shown himself my protector. He had saved my life. Did I not owe him much in return? After all, perhaps I did love him; if I could make him happy by giving myself to him in marriage, the debt would be paid. We might even find happiness.

I did not reason this all out, of course, but in the midst of my confused thoughts, I heard myself saying:

"Come back soon, Sid, and never leave me again!"

With a happy cry he seized me and roughly pressed kiss after kiss on my salty lips.

"Siri, dearest Siri," he whispered over and over. I lay in his arms quietly, comforted by the thought that at last I had found a harbor, and that I was repaying Sidney for his saving my life.

THE next day Sara Jobson, one of the free-lance artists, came to my bungalow to talk over costumes for the masquerade ball. It was to be that evening, but I had almost forgotten the event in the excitement of the last few days. We enlisted Tilly's aid, since she was handy with a needle, and together we fitted up our costumes.

Sid came to get me for a walk, but Sara shooed him away, and we completed our masquerade by dinner time. Then Sid called for me in his roadster, and we sped down to the old village hall the artists had hired for the Masquerade of the Full Moon.

Sid's skin was stained brown, and he went as Pan. I was Circe, the enchantress. We laughed and talked in high spirits on the way, and though I steered Sid away from discussing our future plans, and from love-making, he did manage to kiss me once during the short drive.

Within the hall was gay confusion. A huge round lantern at one end hung between festoons of leaves, to represent the moon. Its dim radiance was augmented by small lights behind silver stars. The orchestra was in the midst of a wild orgy of jazz when we arrived.

It seemed so much like old times on Broadway that my heart leaped. My face felt flushed, my spirits soared, and I knew that I could forget anything in this riotous scramble of masqued fun-makers.

There were pirates and fishmongers, gypsies, fairies, ballet dancers, vampires. Janet French won the first prize, as Joan of Arc. She was truly magnificent, and everyone applauded loudly when Will, dressed as a monk, carried her on his shoulder for a triumphant tour of the crowd after the awards.

(*Continued on page* 97)

Wampas Chooses the Baby Queens

(*Continued from page* 51)

naughty dance in her role as a siren with Adolphe Menjou in *Serenade.* She is now under contract to Cecil B. De Mille, and is playing the leading role in his *The Godless Girl.* Lina is a native Californian, having been born in San Mateo.

AUDREY FERRIS is another California product, and has been for 19 years. In 1926 she started as a leading woman in Educational comedies. She has now been signed by Warner Brothers to a five year contract, and has already appeared for them in *Ginsberg the Great, Sailor Izzy Murphy, The Silver Slave, Beware of Married Men,* and *Powder My Back.* Audrey is a very accomplished musician, and has won twenty-seven cups for ballroom dancing, besides numerous other trophies for solo dancing.

ANN CHRISTY came from Logansport, Indiana, in 1926, to play girl leads in Christie comedies, although she was no relative of the bosses at that comedy-factory. Then she was engaged to play the girl lead for Harold Lloyd in *Speedy,* and so satisfied that comedy king that he placed her under a long-term contract. Ann also is 19 years old.

FLORA BRAMLEY has strayed a long way from home for a little girl of 18, for she is an English lassie from old London. Before leaving England she played in stage revues, and then started in at the United Artists studio in June, 1926. While with them she played opposite Buster Keaton in *College,* and had roles in *Sorrell and Son* and *We Americans.*

MOLLY O'DAY came to the West Coast from the East Coast—Bayonne, New Jersey, to be exact. She played in *The Patent Leather Kid, The Shepherd of the Hills, Hard Boiled Haggerty, The Lovelorn,* and *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.* In two of these pictures she has appeared opposite Richard Barthelmess, and she is at present working with him on another picture.

JUNE COLLYER has been on the screen just six months. During that time she has made four pictures, in each case playing leads. Like Sue Carol she was a member of the social elite. When George O'Brien made *East Side, West Side* in New York, a campaign was launched to find a suitable leading lady. June Collyer was chosen. She was brought to the West Coast on the completion of her first picture, and placed under contract by Fox Films. Since then she has made *Four Sons,* a John Ford special, and *Womanwise,* and is now at work on *Hangman's House.* A world of promise lies before her.

THE 1925 group has as yet produced no signal leader; but Olive Borden, who was unknown at the time of her selection by the Wampas; Dorothy Revier, June Marlowe, and Lola Todd are among those who have gone serenely along collecting honors.

The following year, 1926, produced an exceptionally talented group of starlets. Janet Gaynor's success has been phenomenal. *Seventh Heaven* proved her real genius. *Sunrise* doubly convinced the public that she is one of the screen's greatest actresses of all times. Fox Films has plans for the future that should keep Janet's work on the same plane of excellence.

Dolores Del Rio is another 1926 Baby Star who has achieved high honors. In films only a few weeks when she was chosen by the Wampas, the beautiful Spanish aristocrat has since proved herself an actress of distinction.

Dolores Costello, Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Marceline Day and Fay Wray are also outstanding in the group of 1926 Baby Stars.

Of last years' Lucky Thirteen none has as yet proved particularly talented. The list consists of Helene Costello, Martha Sleeper, Sally Rand, Iris Stuart, Mary McAlister, Adamae Vaughn, Natalie Kingston, Sally Phipps, Barbara Kent, Patricia Avery, Gladys McConnell, Frances Lee, and Rita Carewe.

Again the Wampas has conferred its honors on thirteen happy youngsters. Five years of uncertainty and struggle are virtually removed from their shoulders. Potential stars, all of them. Who knows what fame and fortune lies just ahead for every one of them?

What does the future hold in store for these thirteen newest Baby Stars? Perhaps a glance at starlets of the past may give an indication of the possibilities before them.

THE Wampas originated in 1922. The first group of stars was composed of Helen Ferguson, Maryon Aye, Patsy Ruth Miller, Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love, Claire Windsor, Kathryn McGuire, Lois Wilson, Pauline Starke, Mary Philbin, Louise Lorraine, Lila Lee, and Colleen Moore. Of this number at least ten are still traveling along securely on Wampas momentum. Colleen Moore was selected by the organization after a short, strenuous apprenticeship in comedy and a contract with D. W. Griffith. *Flaming Youth* followed the Wampas honor, and with it came undreamed-of popularity. Today Colleen ranks as one of the best box-office bets in the industry.

Claire Windsor rose to Baby Stardom from the extra ranks. Patsy Ruth Miller was entirely unknown when she was chosen. Mary Philbin had just been discovered by Erich von Stroheim; and in one short year following her selection by the Wampas, she became a full-fledged Universal star. Bessie Love has just staged a big come-back in *Dress Parade* with William Boyd. Kathryn McGuire, henceforth to be known as Kathryn Landy, is rapidly on her way to stardom.

IN 1923 thirteen new baby stars were announced. Of this group, Laura La Plante, Eleanor Boardman, Evelyn Brent, and Jobyna Ralston are particularly notable.

Clara Bow is the outstanding success in the group of Wampas Baby Stars for 1924. But Dorothy Mackaill, Alberta Vaughn, and Marion Nixon have an enviable large fan following.

Such are the Wampas selections for the best coming feminine talent of the screen. The gentlemen with the eagle-eyes among that organization do not claim to be omnipotent, but many are wondering why such personages as Alice White, Ethel Jackson, Lois Moran, and Jobyna Ralston were passed over in favor of girls with a far less enviable career to date in their credit. Alice White at First National has been running Clara Bow a close race for skill in "flapper" characterizations. Ethel Jackson began working as an extra about two years ago. Fortunately her family are wealthy, so she was able to keep at it. Recently she has been given important roles in *Pullman Partners,*

(*Continued on page* 89)

Cheers and Jeers

FOR THE CINEMA

Readers of Screen Secrets Express Their Views of Pictures and Players

Comments On Screen Secrets

DEAR Editor:

Before this old year is gone I want to thank you for your work in the past few months.

My husband is a doctor and we live in a small University town where we are cheated the pleasure of a Sunday movie. Our home is in connection with the office and as I answer the phone, office bell and keep the books I hear many of the patients' troubles.

When time permits I slip off to my room and enjoy every word of SCREEN SECRETS and then I know which movies I want to see most.

Sunday nights we drive to a city twenty-five miles away to see a movie providing doctor hasn't too sick a patient to leave. I am sure a good movie does him more good than anything we can do, for he forgets his patients and relaxes. A few Sunday nights ago we saw our blessed Mary Pickford in *My Best Girl.* Who wouldn't love Mary Pickford? Then *The Country Doctor* brought back many memories. It took him back thirty years when he first began practicing and driving horses, with little or no pay, over mud roads.

I wish you continued success in the new year.

Sincerely,
MRS. I. T. MCCARTY.

Wonderful Magazine

DEAR Editor:

I have only gotten two issues of your wonderful magazine—December and January. Thanks so much for the small picture of Leatrice Joy in the January issue. She is my favorite star since Wally Reid left us. Please publish a large photo of her soon. Thanks also for the pictures of Clara Bow. She is one star whose shows I never miss.

Any pictures of either of the above stars will be greatly appreciated by the undersigned and I shall always buy your splendid magazine as long as you continue to have such beautiful photos.

This Is Your Department

We want to know what you think of the movies and of the stars. This page is devoted to our readers, the real box office fans who are asked to give their honest criticisms of things cinema. The object of this department is to exchange thoughts for the purpose of obtaining better pictures. It is not for the purpose of mud slinging or for cruel insults. Letters must not exceed 200 words. We will use initials if requested. Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Have you any back issues with pictures of Wallace Reid? If so, please let me know, as I wish to buy them.

Truly,
MISS VERA E. HOWARD.

Prize Knife Praised

DEAR Editor:

I have received your letter informing me that you were sending my prize (the knife) by registered mail. On Saturday the registered parcel arrived, and I can say no words that can express my appreciation for this beautiful knife. It's a PEACH, and a treasure for my most inner sanctuary. I hope sometime to have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the giver.

While I have spent the greater part of my life in Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, and Sullivan, Wis., and St. Louis, Missouri, and am at present an American student, I was born in Canada, Kingston, Ontario, is my home (when at home). I expect to leave here in the near future to enter an institution of Fine and Applied Arts, somewhere in the U. S. A., possibly the Art Institute, in Chicago. Don't be surprised if you find some smudges of paint, ink, and carbon coming your way for inspection.

Now Mr. Fawcett, we are always in Kingston during the summer months, and if you can ever travel in this direction make it a point to stop here. We have the finest city on the North American Continent, and the best fishing, boating, writing, picturing center in the world—Wheeee. CARMEN W. MARCELUS.

This letter was received from the second prize winner in the "Whose Lips?" puzzle contest in which thousands of fans competed. Lew Cody selected the gold plated knife which was awarded Mr. Marcelus.

Victor MacLaglen Praised

DEAR Editor:

Permit me to offer a letter in praise of a character whose acting on the screen stands alone. That man is Victor MacLaglen. It seems to me he uses more intelligence in his acting than any other male in the business. To date the directors have not spoiled him. I hope he has made enough money so that he can have a voice in the selection of his pictures. His producers almost "ruined" his career in *The Loves of Carmen,* in my opinion, but here is one admirer who hopes for the best.

JOHN CARLOS,
Brazil, Ind.

Our Gang Producer Razzed

DEAR Editor:

Every time I see Our Gang on the screen I feel sorry. Somehow it strikes me that there is a group of talented youngsters who are going to waste. Did you see them in that football picture? From the looks of their latest efforts it seems that some director without any script or any idea as to what he is going to shoot just drags them out on an open lot and then begins to grind the camera. What a pity when each any every one of them could contribute a big part to the whole, making a very fine picture.

GEORGE WELLS.
Detroit, Mich.

Wampas Chooses the Baby Queens

(*Continued from page* 87)

and *Drums of Love,* and to all indications she possesses a lot of hitherto undiscovered talent. Lois Moran will be remembered for her work in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures, and as a free lance. She is now under Fox contract, and is better known than many far older players. Jobyna Ralston was so good as Harold Lloyd's leading lady that she was snatched away by Paramount and placed under a nice long contract. So keep your eyes on these four girls, and see if they don't develop into stardom just as fast as the lucky thirteen.

WAMPAS' selections for 1928 were formally presented to the cognoscenti of Hollywood at the annual Wampas Frolic and Ball held at the Ambassador Hotel on February 25. This affair is one of the most festive and "doggy" affairs of the year in the film city, and is well worth the price of admission without the inclusion of an introduction to the thirteen baby stars.

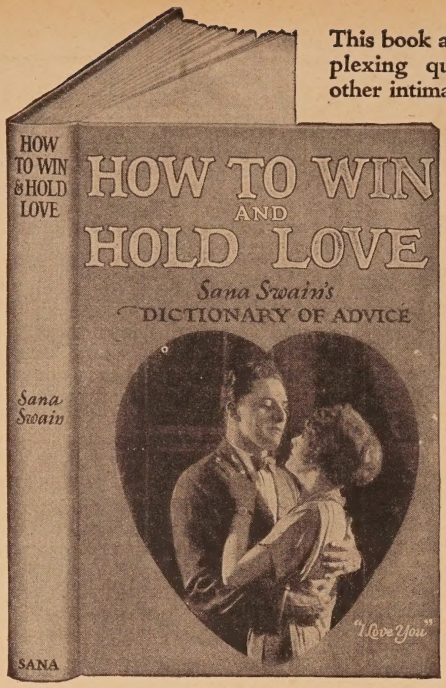
Adolphe Menjou

(*Continued from page* 44)

(genius though he is) would never have thought of. It was Menjou and D'Arrast who first introduced the feeling of finesse in American pictures. Many have imitated them but few have equalled them. When Menjou went with Paramount, the dream of his life was to have D'Arrast as a director. As soon as he could manage it he sent for him.

Menjou is a connoisseur. He has infinitely good taste; good manners—he could very easily write a book of etiquette. He is cultured, intelligent and unpretentious, is Monsieur Menjou. It is not his fault he was not born in Paris.

WHEN Vera Lewis, who plays character roles, slaps, she slaps—no foolin'—and Boulevard sheiks beware! Dolores Del Rio was on the receiving end of one of them recently, and retired with a cut cheek and a loosened tooth. But it was all in fun, or rather all in the day's work, for the two were being directed in a scene for *Ramona* at the time. Director Carewe did not think, however, that Miss Lewis packed quite so much steam behind her blows.



This book answers the following perplexing questions and a thousand other intimate questions:

- How lonesome men and women can meet their mates?
- How to develop an attractive personality?
- When does unrestrained spooning kill love?
- Should the secrets of the past be told before marriage?
- When is kissing dangerous?
- How to control an ardent spooner?
- How to hold love at 17, 28, 35, 45.
- How to recognize and win your love mate?
- How to encourage steady company and a proposal?
- How, when and where a man should propose?
- Proper etiquette at the table, the theatre and the dance?
- How to write love letters?
- How to win back a lost love?
- The secret of a happy honeymoon?
- A frank discussion of birth control?
- The unwed mother?
- The guide to married happiness?
- How to save a man from flapper love?
- When does jealousy destroy love?
- Divorce, and how to prevent it?
- How to hold the charm of youth?

Intimate Book on Love

that handles a delicate, mysterious subject with startling frankness

YOU can win in the game of love. You can have a complete understanding of the innermost thoughts of lovers. Sana Swain gives this information to you in the most valuable book on love. The intimate problems that confront you are answered frankly and completely in the latest sensational book, *"How to Win and Hold Love"* ("Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice").

This wonderful book tells you how to fascinate the opposite sex. It is written for both men and women. It clearly tells you what to do and say on all occasions in love.

It answers hundreds of intimate questions that you wouldn't dare ask your closest friend. It tells you how to change mere interest into love; how to avoid long-drawn-out courtships; how to quickly read a person's intentions. A letter from M. E. B. of New York, says:

"'Just a pal,' but never a sweetheart, was my trouble. Men played around with me until the girl they eventually married came along. Gradually I realized that I was playing a losing game so I got your book. It made me see how poorly I had played the game of love—and I thought I knew it all. I followed your good advice and now I'm a happy bride."

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Mrs. L. J. O. of Conn., says, "Your splendid answer to one question was worth a thousand times the cost of your book."

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The Postal Pouch

Questions and Answers—What you want to know about your favorite Players and Pictures.

Address all inquiries to the Postal Pouch, Screen Secrets Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minn.

AN ADMIRER. William Powell was born in 1892, and is six feet tall. He is divorced from Eileen Wilson. Write to him at Paramount. Yes, he is a mighty good actor. Oh, just watch SCREEN SECRETS, and one of these fine days you'll see his picture, put in just for you!

LOURETTA. Ben Lyon's address is First National Studios, Burbank, California. Certainly! Always glad to be of help!

H. O. S. & O. S. B. Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich., twenty-five years ago. Clara Bow's birthplace was Brooklyn, and the date, July 29, 1905. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1901. Billie Dove is a native of New York City, and is 27 years old. Marion Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin, about twenty-two years ago. Alice Day was born in Colorado Springs nineteen years ago.

MISS L. L. Tom Mix is forty-seven years old, and that's his right name. He was born in El Paso County, Texas. Tony, his wonder horse, is twelve years old. Tom is American. He has two daughters —Ruth Mix, about seventeen years old, by his first marriage, and Thomasina, about six, by his present marriage to Victoria Forde, an old-time Western actress. Tom started his motion picture career fifteen years ago—and is still going strong.

MRS. J. Y. B. So you're a Lon Chaney admirer? He certainly is a mighty good actor. Yes, that's his right name. He is five feet, nine inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, is dark complexioned, and is married to a woman with whom he played on the stage many years ago. He has one son, about seventeen years old. Dorothy Mackaill weighs 114 pounds. Yes, that's her real name. Madge Bellamy was born Margaret Philpott. Gilbert Roland is twenty-two years old.

He is about five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs about 165, has black hair and brown eyes. He was not born in Spain, but in Mexico—Chihuahua. His name is really Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonzo. Richard Arlen's name is Van Mattimore, not Mattiford. He was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, twenty-seven years ago. Glad to hear from you any time.

CUMIA R. P. E. J. Ratcliffe is his right name. He played in *Publicity Madness* with Lois Moran recently at Fox, but is not connected with any studio.

M. L. J. G. John Gilbert is about thirty-two years old. Ramon Novarro is twenty-eight, and Greta Garbo is about twenty-one. They can be reached at M. G. M., Culver City, California. Jack Mulhall was born in 1891, and Lloyd Hughes in 1897. They get their mail at First National Studios, Burbank. John Barrymore and Gilbert Roland can be reached at United Artists, Hollywood. The former was born in 1882—which makes him about forty-five—and the latter is twenty-two years old. James Hall was born in 1900, and Clara Bow in 1905. They are under contract to Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Hollywood. Joseph Schildkraut is under contract to the De Mille Studios, Culver City. He is twenty-seven years old.

Catch on? Do I! I was so swamped with your questions that I almost had to catch on to a life saver—and not the candy kind! Ramon Novarro's real name is Ramon Samandigos. He is five feet, eight and one-half inches tall, and was born on February 6, 1899. Yes, he is a Catholic. "Is he as proud as they say?" Who says he's proud? He's just a very nice young man who doesn't even live in "wild, wicked Hollywood," but over in sedate Los Angeles where he can think. Well, he must be popular. M. G. M. keeps him working steadily in good pictures. What do you think about it?

WILLIAM BOYD is twenty-eight years old; Hugh Allan and Clifford Holland are twenty-five, and Richard Dix is thirty. Don't believe everything you hear about the stars. No, Ramon Novarro is not going into a monastery, and he is not engaged to any girl. Now, do *you* "catch on?"

M. L. Z. Was the book ever filmed? Nobody has ever heard of it here in Hollywood. Better tell me more about it and we'll see what we can do.

E. E. H. Victor MacLaglen is six feet, three inches tall, weighs 212 pounds, has black hair and hazel eyes. He was born in England, educated in South Africa, and has lived in twenty-three countries. He has been a vaudeville actor, a boxer, a prospector, miner, wrestler, soldier, and is now a motion picture actor of the first magnitude. He is married to Enid Lamonte, and has two children—Sheila and Andrew.

During the war he was a captain. His personal tastes? Well, he reads Yogi philosophy and books on evolution. He likes riding, fishing, traveling, gardening, and driving. He is one of those perfect fathers you read about in books—crazy about his youngsters. Write to him at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, and he'll tell you the rest of his interesting history.

S. E. HUNSHEDT of 500 W. 178 St, New York City writes that Nellie Savage played a small part in *Blood and Sand*. This is for the information of C. H. E. of Butte, who wished to know what had happened to her.

GEORGE BATSON, 2104 Caton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., announces the formation of a Lillian Rich Fan Club, of which he is secretary. Many thanks, George, for the personal note. We are trying to make SCREEN SECRETS the best magazine published for the vast army of film fans.

From Rags to Riches

(*Continued from page* 40)

Divorce, The College Widow, Frisco Sally Levy and *The Collegian* series. Emory Johnson, the Universal director, gave me another dance hall bit to do in *Flight.*

"Five months ago mother became very ill and needed a major operation. She had to give up her own work in the Paramount wardrobe department, of course. I had already given up my position to make the try in pictures. Now it was up to me more than ever to earn more money and to work harder to get parts in pictures.

"I VISITED the casting offices and the agencies incessantly, so badly did I need the opportunity that would furnish us with more money. Then my best chance came—a part as a chewing gum telephone operator in *Home Made* with Johnny Hines. I guess they liked my work in that bit for they began holding conferences and whispering about me and the first thing I knew I was offered a nice contract."

Her real name is Edna May Adams. Everyone on the Hines lot thought she looked a great deal like the well known Edna May who starred in musical comedy some years ago, so they wired the star of former days, got her consent to the use of "Edna May" for a movie star, and dropped the Adams.

Johnny Hines' next picture will be the Owen Davis play *Chinatown Charlie* which Al Woods successfully produced for the stage. Edna May may play the lead in this comedy and she may be held over for future work. The weighty matter is not yet decided.

But in the meantime, the potential starlet is starting piano lessons and taking dancing, and she is peering into automobile salesrooms with delighted interest. It won't be long now!

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This sensational book, *now published for the first time, reveals life's secrets never before seen in print*—true stories of grief caused by ignorance. Clears the way to successful marriages, happy matings, contentment and fulfillment of sexual desires. *Discusses every side of sex relationship,* mental, spiritual, moral, physical. *Talks plainly, unafraid but decently. Analyses* moments of exultation, petting, adolescence, disease, vicious sex practices, anatomy, marital bliss, measles of marriage, "the dangerous age" and similar topics. A book you will read from cover to cover and then keep for future reference as you face the problems dealt with in everyday life. And everyone must face these problems at some time.

This book is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. It tells all you must and should know about *Limitation of Offspring* and why a wife should be permitted to decide when she shall become a mother, smashing indisputably every argument against *Voluntary Parenthood.* Its astounding facts, upon which the very laws of life are based, convey a vital message to *brides, grooms, husbands, wives.*

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The Romantic Life of John Gilbert

(*Continued from page* 31)

not repeat the experiment, another day, in another picture. Instead, Gilbert went to New York and as a director put Hope Hampton over the emotional hurdles, in two pictures. The beauty was a happy survivor, but John wanted a storm at sea, and became assistant director to Maurice Tourneur, with so much temperament that there was a prospect that here would be an opportunity, as assistant, either to show an actress how she should rain kisses of remorse upon the cold lips of the lover she just had slain or else drag her by her hair out of camera range.

Opportunity thus to practice the love scales continued throughout four pictures. There might have been eight but William Fox, another one of the master observers, decided such an artist upon the heart strings as Gilbert was in danger of the wealthy widows and near-widows of New York.

Accordingly, back to Hollywood came John, and soon afterward Fox canned a new brand of kisses. The great screen lover—but not yet hailed as such—took his way back to the man who opened the gate of movie opportunity to him—Ince. By this time, the producer had built the great studio now known as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, and here, for thirteen years, save for brief periods away with other producers, Gilbert has won his many triumphs.

THESE triumphs have been duel and, at the same time, co-related. To conquer a woman's heart in a good measure is a matter of being adept at pretending, and among such are many conceited prigs. John Gilbert does not set forth to conquer. He merely takes, as his divine right. As for priggishness—he is as four-square as Aimee Semple McPherson's gospel before it started to walk home across the Mexican border.

Gilbert has private views on the subject of love, and they are manifold and decided, sufficient to afford him a philosophy on the subject. But, unlike Valentino, it is to be doubted this philosophy, even reduced to a creed, ever will be expressed in verse. The dead Sheik wrote lyrics of a certain naive appeal. John doesn't stop to take pen in hand when love is the theme, except to sign marriage license applications.

Gilbert writes his verse in pantomime; and, from the variety of roles in which he has appeared as a lover one can see that he is at delightful ease in almost any meter, whether that of *The Big Parade, Flesh and the Devil, Man, Woman and Sin, La Boheme* or *The Cossacks.* All are suitable to the compelling vitalism of this man who is yet half boy.

GILBERT has several times considered retiring from the center of the set, taking with him to the more subdued lighting of a family fireside—one of the several women who have been the objects of his ardor. This time it probably will be Greta Garbo, some say. Yet others insist that John is trying to build around himself a wall of indifference to woman's appeal. This appeal, while it probably has increased his artistry, by bringing out the deepest latent force of his personality, at the same time has left him scarred, in soul and circumstance.

John Gilbert, rushing headlong to love's call, has already in his life failed wretchedly two women—Olivia Burrell and Leatrice Joy. He stands today where Valentino stood—even higher as the god acclaimed by movie maids and also matrons. But behind him are shadows.

OLIVIA BURRELL, his first wife, like Leatrice Joy, Olivia's successor, was a daughter of the South—from Mississippi. She became the bride of the star years before he was such, even before he had made a name for himself with casting offices in Hollywood. She was the bride of a man of the movie mob.

The romance culminated in desertion and it was upon this ground that the Mississippi girl obtained a divorce from the actor, now started on his way to fame and fortune, in December, 1921. About a year subsequently, the former Mrs. Gilbert again appeared in court demanding a post-divorce property settlement of $5,000, in addition to the $5,000 awarded her with her decree. The demand for the second $5,000 came about a month after she had been awarded her final decree and it is said to have been occasioned by Miss Burrell's knowledge of her former husband's intentions to wed Miss Joy.

This knowledge came to her when Gilbert himself announced his engagement to Leatrice, a proceeding establishing a Hollywood precedent. Ironically, as it now appears, in making this announcement Gilbert proclaimed to the world that all he might amount to in the future would be due to his love for the woman who was to be his second wife.

THE romance of Gilbert and Leatrice Joy had an inception smiled upon, it would seem, by chivalry and beauty, as respectively represented in the couple. She was a New Orleans girl who had achieved the golden apple as awarded by the Mardi Gras, with the result it set her feet toward Hollywood.

So no one was much surprised when John and Leatrice, crossing the International border, were married at Tia Juana, Mexico, April 3, 1922. But the wedding bells had no sooner started ringing than they were muffled by the law, for the nuptials followed by only two weeks, Gilbert's interlocutory divorce decree from Olivia Burrell, whereas the California law required a full 365 days of celebacy before the possessor of an interlocutory decree again may wed.

Gilbert and his bride separated when the sovereign state of California stepped in and halted Cupid thus stealing a march and the couple pined under separate roofs for exactly eleven months, when they again were married, but not in Mexico. This time the ceremony was performed by Superior Judge Summerfield at his Los Angeles home, and it was a near-midnight wedding.

FOR a time following this airtight marriage life was wonderful for both Jack and Leatrice. He rapidly was ascending to assured stellar heights, and she was one of Jesse Lasky's headliners. Then Gilbert's partiality for connivial friends outweighed his sense of duty to the family fireside. The inevitable followed—quarrels, and the quarrels were followed by a separation. Friends effected what was hoped would be a reconciliation and the status quo was made so to look like a restoration of domestic felicity that when again rumors of quarrels became frequent throughout Hollywood. Gilbert's lawyer said: "How absurd! They're the

The May issue of SCREEN SECRETS will continue the romance of the screen's greatest lover, John Gilbert.

happiest couple in the whole world."

However, it was proven that the lawyer was only whistling in a cemetery, for there was another separation, and this one was permanent. The break came just only a few weeks before the couple's daughter, Leatrice Junior, was born, and, for this reason, an effort was made to hush all facts about it. Also for this reason, Miss Joy changed her mind about getting an annulment, deciding, instead, to wait until after baby was born.

BUT, it appears, craving for friends and "a good time" got the better of Jack's judgment, for, only a brief while before the scheduled visit of the stork, his wife returned home one evening to find the house given over to friend husband and a number of his companions, who had taken off their coats and vests and had donned dressing gowns.

This was too much for Mrs. Gilbert and a few days following she sued for divorce. The interlocutory decree was handed her in May, 1925, at a dramatic court hearing at which the same Judge Summerfield was upon the bench, sitting as a divorce judge, instead of marrying one.

The marriage was a costly one for Gilbert, in cash as well as prestige, for the court's decision carried with it an order to pay the wife $15,000 alimony and also dig up $50 every month for the baby until she should become of age.

AT THE divorce hearing Judge Summerfield asked the plaintiff, still as beautiful as she was the night he married her to Gilbert, "And are you sure love is dead—quite dead?"

And she answered: "Yes, your honor—quite dead."

Gilbert made no contest, and in June, 1926, Leatrice obtained her final decree.

Gilbert and his former wife continue on friendly terms and sometimes are seen together in animated conversation. However, despite recurrent rumors, there is little prospect indeed that the couple ever will again be husband and wife—even if Gilbert is now single, which seems to be generally doubted.

Leatrice likes her former mate as a friend, but as a family provider—that's something entirely different. Naturally; for no woman, probably, could resist Gilbert's appeal, because he knows, as if instinctively, how to interest a woman, with, among other things, painstaking attention and close observance of her whims and moods.

(*Continued on page* 101)

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Behind the Fitting Room Door

(*Continued from page* 34)

from her handbag to her slippers. The mention of her name in the wardrobe department brings yelps of appreciation. As a result of Ruth's knowledge of correct costuming, the designer finds it easy to create styles to please her.

Then there is petite Louise Brooks, that Kansas girl with the Fifth Avenue complex. Another actress blessed with a great appreciation for smart clothes. Like Vidor, Louise loves simplicity, and she realizes that her costumes must be backgrounds, only, for her flashing personality.

But what of the temperamental outbursts, you ask?

Yes, fate keeps right on happening in Fitting Room One.

Before the seething Jetta Goudal decamped from the Paramount lot to the soothing balm of Pap De Mille's treatment, she left a trail of nervous breakdowns and ruined gowns behind her.

Jetta gained her popularity by her exotic appeal and she worked overtime thinking up bigger and better exoticisims to perform.

A riding habit was ordered for Miss Goudal. Everything went well until the French actress elected to try on the little silk blouse that peeped from beneath the top coat. The sleeves that would never be seen, were too loose. La Goudal demanded another fitting. Two weary seamstresses worked far into the night to have the blouse ready for Miss Goudal to work in next morning.

Upon the next fitting Goudal declared that the sleeves had been made too tight, and in calm, and cold fury tore the dainty thing to shreds from her body. That the whole company making *The Spaniard* was held up until another blouse was found to suit the adamant Jetta, made little difference to this queen of temperament. It is even suspected that she secretly enjoyed the dismayed gossip about her eccentricities.

Another torn gown incident occurred on a Negri production two years ago, that still lives in the memories of those who had witnessed it.

At that time the Polish beauty was gaining weight alarmingly. The designer was forced to find safety in black satin and long train effects.

Such a gown covered Pola during a heavy emotion scene—and Pola can emote. The business of the scene required Negri to walk rapidly from one end of the room to the other wringing her hands in anguish, the tears streaming down face, etc. As she turned the train tripped her once—it tripped her twice—it tripped her three times—! ! ! ! !

THE guilty train was taken between two white jeweled hands and reduced to pulp. The tearing was a bit enthusiastic for the tight fitting gown burst at the seams and ripped down the back.

The scene was retaken in a gown that measured some fourteen inches from the floor.

The old timers can afford an occasional outburst with impunity. They are established in the box office, which means that the front offices can overlook a bit of temperament even if it costs money. But when a new actress, who has yet to prove her indisputable value to a studio, pulls a combination Negri-Goudal scene in the fitting room, the moguls are not so indulgent.

Apropo of the above there was a saucy, new face on the Paramount lot working in *Abie's Irish Rose,* one Nancy Carroll by name. Her laughing eyes and sweet mouth belied the fact that rather lucky, but unknown player, pulled temperament in every office (mostly the wardrobe offices) in the studio. However, it remains to be seen whether temperament is the start or finish of a young actress. The bets are two to one at this writing that *Abie's Irish Rose* is Miss Carroll's first and last screen attempt.

Someday another Anita Loos or a budding Ann Nichols will put a dictaphone in Fitting Room Number One and write a book that will put another million in American currency into circulation.

Beginning next month a new romantic novel of Hollywood

HELEN O' TROY

By BEN CONLON, Novelist, Playwright and well-known man about Hollywood

Start this story in the June *Screen Secrets*

One of a dozen big features - - - - - all for 20 cents

Filmettes from France

(*Continued from page 71*)

in the heroic town's defense is nearly finished and will be ready for release in early spring. It will go to the United States at once.

★ ★ ★

Tourist Figures

OFFICIAL figures of the annual tourist invasion for 1927 have been published and it seems that all records were broken, just as this humble prophet predicted in these columns a year ago.

A total of 405,000 Americans visited Paris this year as against 350,000 last year and 245,000 the year before.

Since the war the number of first-class hotels in Paris has quintupled and more are being built every day.

In 1914 there were 27,000 permanent American residents of France. Today more than 120,000 Americans live in Paris alone, and the Riviera and Biarritz is full of them too.

The tourist business in France now takes precedence over the luxury trade in bank deposits. An indication of what is due soon to happen to Havana, Cuba.

By the way, this writer is running over to Havana for a week or so soon and will take time off to tell you about it. If he has half as good a time as Cap'n Bill did he'll probably stay there for good.

★ ★ ★

Pommer Liked America

SAW Erich Pommer on the Croisette at Cannes and Erich is full of enthusiasm about his long stay in America, where he made four pictures including *Hotel Imperial* and *Barbed Wire,* with Pola Negri; *Mockery,* with Lon Chaney, and *After Midnight,* a Monta Bell production.

The producer of *Variety, Metropolis* and *Caligari,* to mention only three other pictures for which Ercih Pommer has been largely responsible, told me that he was on the Riviera to rest and not work, but I noticed that he had a staff of secretaries busy and was keenly interested in the Rex Ingram plant.

★ ★ ★

America Leading

POMMER said that America was teaching the world all about picture-producing now, but he thought that in ten years the tables would be turned and that America would be learning from Germany and Russia.

"Russia above all needs to be watched," he said. "They have the nerve, the resources and the unhampered originality. It won't be very many years before Russia will startle the world in a picture sense."

★ ★ ★

Censorship Razzed

MONTA BELL was in Paris just before I left and I had a long chat with him. He was incensed about the way the censorship business is handled in America.

"It's all the fault of the women's clubs," he said. "There ought to be a law in America prohibiting women's clubs. Women shouldn't have any clubs. They only spend a lot of time talking and passing resolutions about things they know nothing whatever about. Why don't they talk about how to bake good pies? It's years since I tasted a decent American-made pie. American women have been too busy talking politics to keep up their cooking."

Mr. Bell said that Will Hays was paid by the picture industry but ought to be paid by the doctors whose incomes are augmented by the indigestion of helpless husbands whose wives are out making campaigns for cleaner pictures.

★ ★ ★

Paging the Club Women

"WHY," he said, "not long ago Loew's State theater in New York advertised a film called *Boy O' Mine,* which had the backing of the Federation of Women's Clubs and was a nice, clean, healthy picture, just about a boy, a girl and their kiddie. They expected capacity crowds from the women's clubs and even offered special terms.

"But did the women rush to see *Boy O' Mine?* They did not! They stampeded down the street to see Gloria Swanson in *Manhandled,* and Loew's State did the worst business of the year."

When this writer was over in the States last year he had to address a woman's club. The president in her introductory remarks spoke of him as coming from wicked, wet Paris, and pointed proudly at the club's record of having been the second organization in the United States to pass a resolution against booze.

She then took this writer home to dinner and made some of the finest cocktails he had ever tasted.

I told this to Monta Bell and that Eyetalian nodded.

"Sure," he assented. "That's what they do. Not hypocrites, y'understand, but just ordinary women. The trouble with them is, they haven't enough to do. What with electric irons, electric stoves, electric heaters, electric cleaners, electric polishers, electric door closers, electric baths, and the telephone that they can use to call the corner delicatessen for their hubby's dinner ten minutes before he gets home, they haven't a thing to do except go and make themselves foolish in some club.

"There's one thing about it: some of those women who used to make such gosh-awful biscuits now shake a pretty wicked cocktail."

★ ★ ★

Arlette's Accent

TRIPPING down the Rue de la Paix the day I left for Monte was bewitching Arlette Marchal, with American shoes and accent but the same pert little Parisian nose. And I'm not so sure but that her accent wasn't as much put on as her tiny shoes.

Adolph Menjou's co-star said that she would not return to America, by which I presume she will stay on this side fully six months. As the puppy said when he refused to chase a big tom-cat, "I've seen that tale before."

Arlette said that American women were the most beautiful in the world and that if they weren't that way in the cradle they lost no time visiting the corner beauty-parlor and remedying the defect.

★ ★ ★

Ex-husband Club

"BUT they are too frivolous and too light in their loves," said the lovely star, hooking her arm into mine as we turned into the Ritz.

"Why, some of my best friends have been married six or seven times and one woman I know has formed a club of her ex-husbands in one room of her house with a bar in it for them to drown their sorrows in. Her present husband encourages the club and says he expects to join it any day. Among the members is a Mexican general, a Cuban sugar-

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patriot, a French count, a German feldwedel, and three American real estate men. She got her money from the last named."

Divine Arlette said she nearly married twice in Hollywood, but couldn't quite work up enough enthusiasm in either case.

"The fact is," she admitted, "I am a French girl and therefore too serious and sober-minded for you frivolous Americans."

Shades of a Gaby Deslys!

So This is Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 48)

Wallace, the director, was an undertaker.

MANY times during the past few months it has been rumored that Tom Mix was planning to quit the movies cold. It has been reported that he was going to join a circus, return to cow-punching, make movies in Europe, and become a director. But now that Tom has definitely deserted the pictures, it is to do none of these things. He is showing himself quite as sensible as Anita Loos and John Emerson, who have also made their fortunes in the pictures and have retired to enjoy life.

TOM is quitting to spend some of the money that he has accumulated during his film career. For Mix has been a canny business man, and has sagely and carefully invested the large salaries he has made as a western star. He has a beautiful estate, a summer home on Catalina, a flock of foreign cars, and a yacht, but as yet he has never had time to enjoy them.

NOW he is through with early calls and rapid fire production. Mix may have been only a cow-boy star, but he is one of the wittiest and most personable of the picture folk we have run across, and this latest decision of his only confirms our belief in his wisdom.

IF YOU must try to make a name and fortune in the movies do not expect a diploma from any dramatic school to soften the heart of the casting director. Start in as an extra and gain your experience that way. However, if you are wise, you will try plumbing, book-keeping, street-sweeping, or most anything else first.

THE Christie brothers, so well known for their rib-tickling comedies, have long been interested in a sideline that has brought them in almost as much money as their production work. It seems as if almost every third person in Southern California is a real estate operator, and the Christies are no exception, unless it be that they have been uniformly successful in their operations.

THEY even maintain a realty office as an integral part of their studio. Two years ago they bought a plot of ground in Westwood, the new site of the University of California, with the intention of building a new studio on this property. The ground, about 40 acres in all, cost them $150,000, and at the time this was considered a high price and a poor location for a studio.

SOON after, however, Fox also bought a large section of land in the district, to which they eventually plan to move their entire studio. But the Christies never got around to build a studio on their land, and now they have sold the 40 acres to a subdividor for $800,000. The Christies also own the ground upon which the Metropolitan studios are located.

IT WAS only a dog's life, but a new value in dog flesh was established recently when a Los Angeles jury awarded the owner of Peter the Great, canine film actor, $125,000 in damages for the shooting of the dog. A sum of $250,000 had been asked. Peter the Great was shot and killed over a year ago during a quarrel between his master and a former trainer. Edward Faust, a German, the owner, maintains with tears in his eyes that no one in the world—not even Charlie Chaplin—was a better actor than his dog.

EVERYONE enjoys compiling statistics, and Arch Reeve, publicity director at Paramount, seems to be no exception. It may have been the rainy weather that gave him a few days of idleness. Anyway he set to work, and estimated the population of Hollywood that lives by the pictures as 42,500. Of this number, he says, 13,500 are engaged in technical work.

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Girl Who Laughed at Love

(*Continued from page 86*)

I danced almost every number with Sidney, conscious of his strong arms about me. His eyes compelled my gaze to return to his whenever it strayed over the crowd in search of Will and Janet. He was like one magnet, Will another, and because he was the closer, he held me.

ANOTHER man whisked me away, and we had gone part way around the seething hall when Will's hand grasped my arm. He murmured something to my partner about cutting in, and whirled me along.

Will was ludicrous in his sombre monk's garb, with his nose painted red. I laughed, a bit wildly, for Sid had insisted I take a few drinks. His excuse had been that I would otherwise catch cold in the costume I wore, and I had laughingly conceded that there was truth in his contention.

Will was quick to notice my exhilaration—and its cause.

"Careful, Siri," came Will's voice—the voice of command. "Don't lose your head. I wouldn't take any more of that stuff if I were you."

I was in a reckless, devil-may-care mood, and my ex-husband's warning angered me.

"You have nothing to say about what I should do!" I flared. My pent-up emotion got the better of me. "Who are you to tell me to be careful, after what people are saying about you and——"

"How dare you!!" Will towered over me, his voice shaking. "Siri! Listen."

"I don't care to listen to you. I never want to hear you speak to me again!"

Suddenly I felt someone pulling me away. It was Sidney.

"Take me home," I whispered.

He got my wrap and together we hurried from the throbbing building that seemed to be a living thing in the coal-black night, with two red windows for eyes, a gash across the floor for a nose and the yawning red door for a cavernous mouth that laughed sneeringly as couples passed its toothless gums.

MY STUDIO was quiet. Tilly had long since gone to bed. We came in quietly and while I lit the kerosene lamps, Sidney lighted the fire. Soon the pine logs were snapping into flames. I was trembling, shaken, and for a long time Sidney sat beside me and talked soothingly.

"Oh, Sidney, take me away from all this. Let's get married at once," I said at last.

His laugh froze me. "Don't be a fool, Siri!" he said. "That stuff is out of date here!"

His arms were rough as they seized me. There was no tenderness in his caress. I tried to scream, but he muffled my voice with his hand. He was like something wild, fierce, bent upon devouring me like a helpless bird.

Then came a sudden rush of air from the door as it swung open. There was a muttered curse, and a figure rushed into the room. Sid let go of me, and I slid weakly to the floor.

In the center of the room two men swayed back and forth, clinching, whirling, striking—a pagan god and a monk.

The door closed, and Will stood beside me.

"Thank heavens I came in time," he cried.

"Will! Oh, Will, I'm so sorry for what I said tonight. Won't you forgive me?"

"Yes, Siri. Of course. I came to tell you that someone—probably Sidney, has been poisoning your mind. Janet and I are married—we have been for months. Only Janet keeps her own name—and her own rights of personal freedom. We don't even have the same home." His voice was sad. Will—who had left me because I didn't give him a home! Well, it was his choice this time.

"Will, why—why did you leave me! I see things differently now. Couldn't you love——"

He silenced me with a gesture, and I hung my head ashamed.

"It can't be love, Siri. I am married to Janet. Let's forget about this. . . . and be friends."

Tilly came in, and helped me to my room. Soon I was in bed.

Will's words cut into me like acid. "It can't be love . . . Let us be friends."

Friends? Will and I friends? When I loved him better than life itself? I suffered through the darkness, my brain growing hotter and hotter as little demons danced under my lids and waved banners of fire on which was written: "Friends, friends, friends!"

And then blessed unconsciousness came to my rescue.

Don't miss the smashing conclusion of Siri's story in the MAY issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

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So This is Hollywood

(*Continued from page 96*)

THIS is somewhat vague, as that classification may include anything from sweeping out the floors of the stages to designing intricate minatures. However, we'll let the figure stand. Another 3,000 play small parts, and are a decided grade above the extra class of whom there are 16,500 listed at the Central Casting Bureau.

THE motion picture critics of Los Angeles recently had a fast one pulled on them. They were all called personally and told not to miss the preview of a certain picture, that it would be something new and startling. So all the critics trooped out to a neighboring town, only to find that they had been asked to sit through a presentation of *The Little Minister,* produced by Vitagraph at least seven years ago and featuring Alice Calhoun.

PAULINE STARKE is now sort of related to Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey. Anyway, her new husband, Tom White, film director, has a brother, Roger White, who is connected with the Hawaiian-American Steamship Company and brother has just wed Mrs. Helen Taylor, sister of Estelle. This is the third wedding for Helen and it is said that her romance with White began when, as a member of the *Old Ironsides* company on location at Catalina, she was forced to take refuge in White's island cottage during a storm.

HOLLYWOOD'S Boulevard observations: Noah Beery trying to sell memberships in his angling club. The man who wears a monocle on the outside of a glass eye. A dark skinned Hindu sitting in a foreign car with an affectionate monkey on either side. Crowds watching a sign painter as one restaurant prepares to open for business two doors away from one that recently failed. A small group of the film intelligents is discussing the arrival at First National of Frank Cahill who has several college degrees and was an instructor of economics at Columbia University. An actor with a passion for spats. He has thirty pair, and another player changes his clothes four times a day. A procession of imported cars, few of which belong to film players, but which capture the attention of the sidewalk tourists just the same.

THERE is an antiquated set out at the De Mille studio known as Western street. It is the typical business district street of any movie lot, but hard usage has made its hollow-shell buildings somewhat frayed and dilapidated. So it was decided to tear it down and build a new one. Then a better idea was germinated, and a story was written called *Sin City,* which includes in its continuity the burning of a western city.

IN THIS way the studio will be rid of an old set, and at the same time have a thrilling fire scene at a low cost. This idea, however, has not been responsible for the two disastrous fires that recently broke out at the De Mille and Metropolitan studios. Arson on the part of some disgruntled employee at the studios is suspected.

Sally Blane gives an exhibition on how to pout.

JOSEPH'S many brethren were less of an annoyance to that astute manipulator of the Egyptian grain futures than are the many mythical fraternal relatives of Sid Grauman. The latest brother to pop up is a Mr. Grauman who is connected with an oil promotion company that is planning to drill some oil wells in the near future. Sid insists that he is an only son, and that he has no brother in the soda dispensing, hardware, apartment house building, oil, or any other means of promoting a livelihood.

LOUIS WOLHEIM, who rose from the lowly status of professor of mathematics at Cornell University to the glory of stardom in the films through the medium of a hard-boiled mug, now desires to cast off the features that brought him fame and have his face remade into a thing of beauty. He is tired of playing such roles as were his in Eugene O'Neill's *Hairy Ape,* and in *Two Arabian Nights,* and as Captain Flagg in the stage version of *What Price Glory?* He longs to play such tender romantic roles as usually fall to John Barrymore, Ronald Colman, or John Gilbert. So Wolheim made all arrangements to cast aside his invulnerable beak, the faithful, hard-working companion of his earlier struggles. Then his hard-hearted employers stepped in and obtained a court injunction preventing him from acquiring a pretty proboscis until their contract had been fulfilled. They hired him, they say, because of his ugly, menacing nose, and it is worth a great deal of money to them. So Wolheim will have to postpone any facial landscaping until United Artists are through exploiting the nose as it stands today.

AT ANY event nothing has prevented Alberto Guglielmi Valentino, brother of the late sheik, from sporting a new face as the first move in a drive to capture his brother's place on the silver screen. The nose has been lowered to better Hollywood proportions, the lips curved to meet the demands of the most exacting of casting directors, and the whole face has undergone a veritable facial house-cleaning and redecorating. Alberto recently appeared along the Boulevard after a hospital retirement to give the new features a sort of facial preview, and the compliments of his acquaintances on the new map of Valentino have strengthened his resolves to seek a career in the films.

"Don't make a monkey of yourself"

cried Bob as I sat down at the piano

BOB was always putting his foot into things.

I was spending my vacation with him when I met his cousin, Helen. Instantly all other girls faded out of my life. It was love at first sight. But unfortunately she didn't seem to feel the same way about me.

Like all young lovers, I confided my troubles to the nearest willing ear. It happened to be Bob's.

"You've got nothing to worry about," he insisted when I finished my tale of woe. "Just leave it to me. All you need is a little publicity. . . ."

Right then and there I knew I should have kept my mouth shut.

The very next day he announced that he'd just had a long talk with Helen and, according to him, "put me over big."

"Boy! What I didn't tell her about you is nobody's business!" he exulted. "When I got through with my little song and dance about what a whiz you are at the office, I pulled my trump card . . . and believe me, it boosted your stock sky high!"

"What was it."

"Well, you see, she's crazy about music. So I conveniently forgot that you can't play a note, and told her you are *an accomplished pianist!*"

"But Bob . . ."

"Not another word! I've got you sitting pretty, now. If by any chance you're asked to play—just say that you've sprained your wrist playing tennis. I'm some little fixer, eh, what?"

That very night we were all invited to the Carews' party. On the way over, I sensed a big difference in Helen—a difference that made my heart beat fast with a new hope. Perhaps, after all, Bob was a good fixer.

A little later in the evening we were all gathered around the piano, listening to the rather indifferent performance of one of the guests.

I Am Asked to Play the Piano

"I'm just dying to hear *you* play!" cried Helen. "I've heard so much about your talent! Won't you play something for us?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" "Please!" came from all sides.

With a smile I bowed low . . . and replied that *it would be a pleasure!*

Glancing up I saw Bob's grin change to amazement. This was not part of the plan! Calmly ignoring his frantic signals I walked over to the piano.

Quick as a flash Bob followed me. "For the love of Pete get away from that piano," he whispered excitedly. "Don't make a monkey of yourself. If Helen ever hears you play she'll think everything else I told her is bunk, too!"

Turning to the guests in an effort to save his own skin, Bob announced, "Perhaps we should wait until some other time. You see, his wrist was slightly sprained in tennis this afternoon, and . . ."

"Oh, that's nothing!" I broke in, and as he looked at me dumfounded, I sat down at the piano.

Without any further hesitation, and with a secret smile at the surprise I had up my sleeve, I began the first notes of Irving Berlin's famous "Russian Lullaby"! The tantalizing, irresistible strains seemed to throw a spell over the guests. One by one they quietly moved nearer the piano until soon I was completely surrounded by rapt listeners.

Bob was so stupified that all he could do was to stand there in open-mouthed amazement.

On and on I played—losing myself in my music. I forgot Bob's astonishment—forgot the glow of admiration in Helen's eyes—forgot everything but the beautiful melodies that always opened a new world for my enchantment. Swept away by the sheer magic of Berlin's genius, I was unaware of the silent tribute that followed my playing until thunderous applause shook the room.

That brought me to myself with a start. For the rest of the evening I was the lion of the party.

Bob could hardly restrain his curiosity until we were safely home.

"Boy! You sure stopped that party dead!" he exclaimed. "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I heard you actually *playing!* Why didn't you tell me you knew how?"

"You never asked whether I knew how to play," I countered.

"Of course not! Last summer you didn't know one note from another—how was I to guess you'd blossomed into an accomplished pianist overnight?"

"Not overnight, exactly!" I smiled. "Although it almost seemed that way! Remember that Free Demonstration Lesson in music I sent for?"

"You don't mean the one that was supposed to show you how to play without a teacher, do you?"

"The same! All the fellows said it was a fool stunt and that I was crazy to send for it. Well, it happened to be the best bit of luck that ever came my way! I didn't say anything about it because I didn't want every one laughing at me when I sent for the course. That course certainly is wonderful!"

"So you really *are* an 'accomplished' pianist! The joke's on me, all right!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say 'accomplished'," I laughed. "But enough of a pianist to get a lot more fun out of life than I used to!"

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The Romantic Life of John Gilbert

(*Continued from page 93*)

But, all in all, Gilbert's experience as a husband—and for the second time—goes a long ways to prove that a "Great Lover" hasn't it in him to be a great family man.

The former wife, her daughter and her mother—three generations—all are living together happily in Hollywood, and Miss Joy avers that, these days, life—and her baby girl—give her everything to make her happy.

ALL that he is today in the world of motion pictures he has himself to thank—himself and his forebears. The forebears furnished the basic toughness of character fiber which could sustain him while he struggled up to the top. He needed; no one fawned upon him, even calculatingly favored him. He hoed his own row. And, as well, his mistakes are of his own making. Leatrice Joy, a woman of character as glorious as her beauty, loved him—and he traded this love for an imaginary freedom.

The inside story of the bachelorhood romances of John Gilbert, following his separation from Leatrice Joy, will appear in the May issue of *Screen Secrets*.

John Travels South

JOHN GILBERT is going off to the South Seas in his yacht, "The Temptress" and has invited Lawrence Stallings, author of *The Big Parade*, and Robert Flaherty, film director, to go along.

Greta Garbo says that Jack is her best friend in filmdom, but a culmination of this romance seems rife with nothing more than speculation. Gilbert when asked to choose a new leading lady, invariably picks Renee Adoree, so a former romance reported with the French star has also resulted in friendship.

Marital Trouble for Reginald Denny

THE latest love wreck to be registered in Hollywood is that of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny.

Denny remains in solitary possession of his Hollywood home while Mrs. Denny and their twelve-year-old daughter have retired to some unknown place of seclusion. The Dennys are natives of England. They were married fifteen years ago in Rangoon, India, while both were on the legitimate stage.

There will be no scandal about the separation, tis said.

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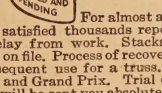

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Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 56)

THE curtain has been rung down on the unusual romance between **Gilda Gray**, original shimmy queen, and her husband-manager—or should it be manager-husband—**Gil Boag**, former New York restaurant king. Gil replaced **John Gorecki**, Milwaukee bartender, in Gilda's affections, and it is largely through his efforts that Gilda has risen from a purely local reputation in New York to a position of national prominence on screen and stage. Gilda and Gil were married in February, 1924. And although he will no longer be her husband, Gil will retain his position as manager of her theatrical destiny.

★ ★ ★

VIRGINIA VALLI, former wife of **Demmy Lamson**, one of Hollywood's leading exponents of personal representation, has been seen more than frequently of late with **Charles Farrell.**

★ ★ ★

IN SPITE of the breaking off of their engagement, **Janet Gaynor** is still frequently seen about Hollywood in the company of **Herbert Moulton.**

★ ★ ★

THERE are rumors of a title awaiting the beautiful **Ona Brown**, one of the leaders of film society, and until recently the wife of **Clarence Brown**, the director.

★ ★ ★

AT LAST **Marion Nixon** is said to have accepted the proposal of one of filmdom's youngest directors, **Wesley Ruggles.** Marion is the former wife of **Joe Benjamin**, light-weight boxing contender.

★ ★ ★

THE fact that **Pola Negri** is already married to a prince did not discourage **Gregory Yanda**, a central European, from writing her a number of violent love letters, declaring that he would kill both her and himself if his attentions were not favorably received. His passionate love lyrics may win him a trip overseas as an undesirable alien.

★ ★ ★

YVONNE TAYLOR, former Follies girl who played a prominent role in **Mary Pickford's** *My Best Girl,* is seeking a divorce from **Lewis Gess**, musical comedy director, who she married two years ago. Gess is now touring with the Fred Stone Company.

★ ★ ★

RHEATA HOYT, who formerly played in the Greenwich Village Follies, was brought west as a protege of **Belle Bennett.** Recently Miss Hoyt married **Harry Collins**, a New York newspaperman. They will live in Los Angeles.

★ ★ ★

THE **Claire Windsor - Buddy Rogers** romance is very, very noticeable. When either one dances with other partners, they cannot seem to bid adieu soon enough to return to their own table and be together again. And the other partners are few and far between.

★ ★ ★

PEGGY McCURDY'S love for **Selwyn Sternberg** was just a childish fancy, and as she was under legal age and did not have the consent of her parents, the marriage has been annulled.

★ ★ ★

LOIS WILSON never seems to specialize when it comes to romances. Lately she has been seen at parties with **Jerry Miley** and **Hugh Allen.** Lois has a flock of admirers but seems proof against falling in love.

IRIS STUART, formerly an artists' model in New York, and one of the thirteen lucky Wampas baby stars of 1927, has just wed **Bert Mackinnon**, wealthy eastern magazine publisher. Miss Stuart has a contract with Paramount, but has been ill for a number of months and has only lately returned to pictures. Mr. Mackinnon came from the east for the wedding.

★ ★ ★

EVIDENTLY any difference that occurred between **Betty Compson** and **Jim Cruze** a few months ago have been patched up, for they have just opened their lovely new home at Flintridge, and are entertaining a great deal again.

★ ★ ★

DEL ANDREWS is still in hot water because of his failure to provide for the support of his young son, **Del Andrews, Jr.**, who was awarded to the estranged wife, **Mrs. Edith Andrews.**

★ ★ ★

DORA DEAN, it is believed, will never be reunited to **Fatty Arbuckle**, her husband. Fatty is off on an eight-months vaudeville tour, and Dora is "too busy" to be with him. A nice, juicy Loew contract will net Arbuckle $2,000 a week, but all the joy was taken out of the first week's pay check when Arbuckle's first wife, **Minta Durfee**, sicked the sheriffs on her rotund hubby and took his pay check and issued a warrant of attachment

The publicity man puts Marion Davies to work.

on everything else he keeps in New York state. It is said he is $25,000 behind in the payments he agreed to make to the first wife.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD received an unusually hard jolt quite recently when **Hal Roach** and his wife separated. This pair have been married ten years, Mr. Roach having met his wife when she was an extra girl on his lot. They have two children.

However, whatever difference arose, the couple have now made up and have taken passage for China as a sort of reconciliation voyage. Mr. Roach was formerly wed to **Mrs. Woodbury,** wife of the maker of Woodbury's soap. The former Mrs. Roach died before the comedy producer met **Margaret Nichols,** the present Mrs. Roach.

★ ★ ★

BLANCHE MEHAFFEY, Wampas baby star of 1924, and former Follies beauty and screen star, has just wed **George Hausen** at the Los Angeles Jonathan Club. Hausen is in the oil well supply business, is also a big game hunter, and a man of considerable means. He is much older than the beautiful little screen star. Blanche was reported engaged to a San Francisco banker last year and also said to have been often seen with Ralph Spence, the title writer. The pair have gone on a honeymoon trip to India, via New York City.

★ ★ ★

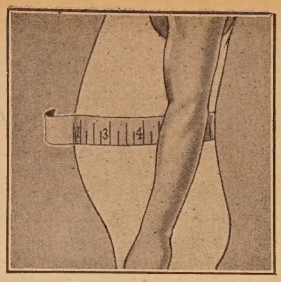
DAULINE GARON and **Lowell Sherman** have made up their differences and are going to be Mr. and Mrs. Sherman again.

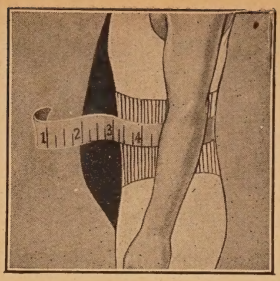
★ ★ ★

EVIDENTLY **Kathryn McGuire** intends to stay **Mrs. George Landy** for a long time for she has just changed her professional name to Kathryn Landy. This is the young lady who James Montgomery Flagg said was the most beautiful blonde in Hollywood. Her husband is publicity chief for First National Pictures on the west coast.

★ ★ ★

MRS. WALLACE REID and her director, **Walter Lang,** will attend Hollywood social functions together and seem devoted. Our town predicts a wedding for these two before long.





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ON GOOD authority, we hear that **Ethel Clayton,** former picture star and now touring the vaudeville circuits in a sketch with **Ian Keith,** will soon wed her leading man. Keith is some 20 years the junior of Miss Clayton.

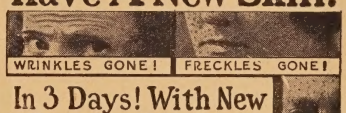
★ ★ ★

A CERTAIN cameraman begged a director to let one of the character women extras work on Christmas day. "What's the idea?" asked the director. "Well, she's my mother-in-law and my wife and I would prefer to have Christmas by ourselves."

★ ★ ★

SKEETS GALLAGHER, former vaudevillian who is now trying pictures, is evidently not

Have A New Skin!



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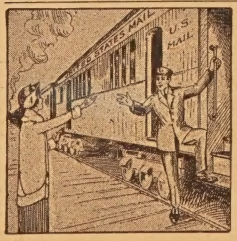

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going to be reconciled to his former wife, **Irene Martin,** since her romantic escapades with **Pat Somerset** were broadcasted through the nation. Gallagher is now often seen with **Shirley Dorman.**

★ ★ ★

CORLISS PALMER is making fast progress in the films. Her first pictures have been "quickies" those Poverty-Row made down on Sunset Boulevard, but that location has been a training school for many stars and it does not mean that Miss Palmer is not without a very promising future. Her first two "quickies" have been scorcher melodramas of the poor-girl-gone-wrong variety and entitled *Flaming Virtue* and *Scarlet Youth.*

It is rumored that these first successes of Miss Palmer have been disturbing to **Eugene Brewster,** her husband, and that he wants to go abroad to live. The pair have sold their lovely Hollywood home lately and gone to the Ambassador to live because Miss Palmer's film work took so much time she could not properly keep up a big home as well. Brewster seems lost without enough active work to do since he sold his string of magazines, and it is said that he is extremely jealous of Miss Palmer and is afraid that great success in the films might be the beginning of a separation.

★ ★ ★

TROUBLES in the **Tom Mix** family have been rumored about Hollywood for the past year. Now that **Ruth Mix,** age 16, and daughter of Tom by his first wife, **Olive Stokes Mix,** has applied to the courts to have her father's allowance to her raised from $50 a month to $1,500, our village wonders if the former wife and daughter are not planning to get their own claim in early in case Tom's present wife might sue for divorce and get too big a slice herself. Ruth Mix allowance was first made when she was four years of age, and now that her dad makes about $20,000 a week, she thinks $1,500 a month is a modest request indeed.

★ ★ ★

TEDDY SAMPSON, former picture star in the old Keystone days when **Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Mack Swain** and others used to earn their pies after the dodging events were over, has been in the background so long that Hollywood was surprised the other day when she brought suit for divorce against **Ford Sterling,** the well known comedian. The couple were wed in 1915. Mrs. Sterling brought suit in 1919, and the pair were then reunited, and again in 1924 when the shock of the marital splitup was so great that Sterling's mother collapsed in the courtroom and died soon after. Now **Teddy Sampson** has waited for a propitious moment to divorce her husband, for Sterling's salary has gone up from something around $25 a week in the old days to $5,000 a week.

★ ★ ★

THERE are Leap Years and Leap Years, but how differently romance can look with a mere four years between.

Now **C. Gardner Sullivan,** well known scenarist, was so enamored of **Ann May** the picture player four years ago, that he divorced his wife in order to make Miss May Mrs. Sullivan.

At that time, Miss May was one of a number of screen stars who formed a club called the Leap Year Club. The first member to wed was to receive a bonus of $500 for getting up nerve to pop the question to her man! Ann May won the bonus.

Now this well known pair are living at different Beverly Hills addresses. Will Miss May take advantage of this present Leap Year and pop the question to some new swain or has someone already vamped C. Gardner since January 1, 1928? That is what Hollywood is wondering.

★ ★ ★

GRACE DARMOND, not having so many picture offers last year as she had previously enjoyed, went to Mexico on a personal appearance tour of vaudeville houses. There she met **H. P. Jennings,** owner of the theaters and a mine operator of Mexico. Mr. Jennings has spent much time the past few months in the vicinity of Hollywood and it is said that as soon as Miss Darmond's final decree of divorce from Harvey Matson, magazine publisher, is granted her, that she will wed Jennings.

★ ★ ★

TWO Universal stars, one married and one soon-to-be-single, are both enamored of **Mary Nolan,** the former **Imogene Wilson,** it is whispered. **Norman Kerry** is the interested married star, and **Reginald Denny,** now on the divorce route, is so charmed by the beau-

tiful young blonde, that he will use her as his leading woman in *Be Yourself*. She has lately finished with Kerry in *The Foreign Legion*. When two money making stars both believe she is a comer, Carl Laemmle has done some thinking himself and signed Mary Nolan on a long term contract. Mary Nolan is receiving favorable comment from the entire company anent her ability to shake off her past and she is considered one of the picture "finds" of the year.

★ ★ ★

IT IS whispered that all is not well in the **Dolores Del Rio** menage. While **Jaimie Del Rio**, husband of Dolores has made a valiant effort to make a success of writing, or acting or directing in Hollywood, it is known that he is far surpassed by his wife in all the arts. Jaimie is a gentleman, and well liked, but it is believed the great success of the Mexican star in pictures has slightly altered her romantic interests.

When the **Edwin Carewe** company went to Utah lately on location during the filming of *Ramona* Jaimie did not accompany his wife. And when the director had an altercation with another company over the use of a location, Dolores Del Rio fought valiantly in the cause of Carewe.

It is whispered that when Edwin Carewe has that $110,000 to his ex-wife, **Mary Akin**, well paid off, he may follow up an interest which many are certain he has already taken in the beautiful Mexican heiress.

★ ★ ★

CONWAY TEARLE has been complaining that he could not get work in pictures because the Hollywood producers were prejudiced against him. Now he has additional cause for complaint for his former wife, **Josephine Park**, says he is $3,000 in arrears on alimony and is suing the actor. It seems the courts, back in 1912 awarded Josephine $25 a week alimony but when Tearle began to be more prosperous, the sum was raised to $75.

Tearle is now married to **Adele Rowland**, vaudeville headliner.

★ ★ ★

THE divorce suit of **Millard Webb**, the director, and his wife, **Dorothy Webb**, leaves very little to the imagination. The director charges that his wife took yachting trips of several days dura-

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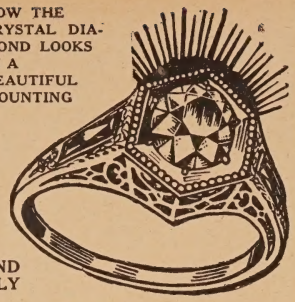

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tion with other men, and that her companions were boisterous and loud. He asserts she dissipated $100,000 of his fortune in two years time, and that all this time was receiving $500 a month from a "John Doe," who for some years previously, had supplied a like amount to his wife over his protests.

★ ★ ★

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is always being engaged again to someone. So when she went to the pier to bid **Ben Finney** a fond farewell the other day, it was again reported that she would wed Ben. **Mrs. Earl Williams** was in the bay city with the lively young star.

Finney is a cotton broker of Richmond, Virginia, and went to Indo-China as a member of a Field Museum expedition of research. He was previously mentioned as a great friend of the late Barbara La Marr.

★ ★ ★

LORETTA RUSH, one of the most famous "doubles" in pictures, who never hesitates to jump off from three-story buildings, or dive into shallow pools, swim the rapids, or drive wild automobiles through city traffic, took the most serious leap of all when she wed **Horace Hough,** an assistant director at Fox. Miss Rush was almost killed a year ago in an automobile accident which occurred when she was driving to location.

★ ★ ★

LOVELY **Patty Dupant** and **Sylvanus Stokes, Jr.,** didn't have any bridesmaids, or floral decorations, lighted candles or bride's cake! They went right down to be married by a judge. It seemed a pair of soft-eyed Latin Mexicans had to be married first, and that two pickaninnies pushed into a corner and watched both ceremonies. **Mr. and Mrs. Eric Von Stroheim** attended the couple. It was in Von Stroheim's *Foolish Wives* that Miss Dupont had her most important role. The pair will sail from Ensenada, Mexico, on a yachting trip to the South Seas.

★ ★ ★

ROY D'ARCY, well known villain of *The Merry Widow* and other productions, is sueing his wife for divorce, charging cruelty and continual intemperance. He avers in his complaint that she has tried to shoot and stab him at various times and has called him a "ham actor" ever since the honey-

moon. Various separations and reconciliations have been going on between this pair for some time.

★ ★ ★

LYA DE PUTTI has just made several films in Berlin. Her romance of long standing with **George Blumenthal**, New York banker, seems to be quite as alive as ever, for Blumenthal had business abroad while Miss de Putti was there and returned to the States when she did.

★ ★ ★

FOR three years, **Lenore Ulrich**, has been seen a great deal in the company of **Sidney Blackmer**, the actor, and it is believed that the pair will wed very soon.

★ ★ ★

KENNETH HARLAN did not wait long after his divorce from **Marie Prevost** to find himself a new sweetheart. Now, he admits that he will wed **Helen Patterson**, musical comedy star now playing in *Sunny* in a Los Angeles theater. The pair cannot be wed until late in 1928 owing to those annoying final decrees.

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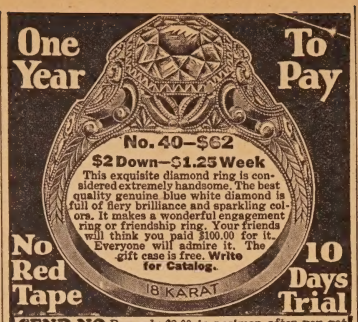

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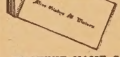
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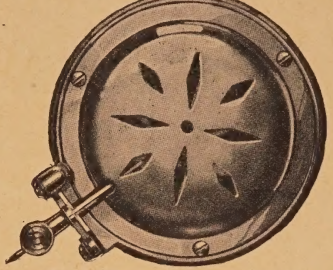
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Hollywood Nights Entertainment

(*Continued from page* 81)

"OUR ship of dreams is safely launched," was the poetic finish to Mary Pickford's dedication speech at the opening of the beautiful United Artists' Theatre. **John Barrymore** was master of ceremonies and after an interesting talk presented **Joseph Schenck** who, in turn, brought Mary on the stage—Mary, whose picture *My Best Girl,* was the event of the evening.

Getting into and out of the theatre that night was a feat calling for patience, perseverance and main strength. It took **Franklin Pangborn** and myself a relatively short time to travel from Hollywood to downtown Los Angeles but the better part of an hour for our car to make the last six blocks, so heavy was the traffic and so dense was the mass of humanity crowding the streets intent on "seeing the stars.' At one intersection, we caught a glimpse of a gay bus-load of Hollywood filmites, **Mabel Normand** nonchalantly smoking, being the only one we could recognize as they flashed by evidently looking for a less crowded thoroughfare.

★ ★ ★

AS WE inched our slow way toward the curb at midnight, I saw **Constance Talmadge** clutching the remains of a priceless evening wrap. It was so delicate and so fragile that it had practically been torn from her shoulders in the crush. Connie was squired by the ever-faithful **Buster Collier** in spite of the fact that local newshounds had reported her engagement to **Ben Finney,** wealthy Virginian, and that Buster had tried to marry a minor earlier in the month.

Stopping to chat with **May Robson,** who looked as fresh as paint, we learned that she had attended a merry party at **Ralph Lewis'** country home the night before, everyone having such a good time that they stayed for 10 o'clock breakfast. "I worked all afternoon at the studio, too!" she triumphantly added. You can't keep these young gals down.

★ ★ ★

BEN LYON proved that he might qualify as a gridiron hero. He had "beaued" his mother to the opening and since she is not very tall she was in danger of suffocating in the packed throng, so the resourceful Ben made a football rush for the curb safely bringing her out.

Serenading your sweetheart by long distance is another of **Ben Lyon's** clever ideas. The other night he gave a party for his friends, the Yacht Club orchestra, and during the evening his guests played sentimental melodies. Naturally, Ben thought of **Marilyn Miller** in faraway Boston, so he called her on the telephone and Marilyn "listened in" exclusively.

At a little informal "home" dance this week, those two charming sisters, **Alice** and **Marceline Day,** fairly had to spend the entire evening disclaiming any knowledge of possible matrimonial entanglements. Alice told us again and again that the sparkling new diamond ring on her finger was a present from her mother and that **Carl Laemmle, Jr.,** simply had *nothing* to do with it. No, sir. And Marceline blushed and shook her chestnut curls vigorously when taxed with her purported engagement to **Richard Dix,** the perennial bachelor of Hollywood.

The Jazz Singer, first **Al Jolson** Vitaphone feature, opened to a packed house that broke into applause heartily and often during the showing of the film. I noticed **Sid Grauman** looking on with interest and heard an important stranger say to him, "This is the end of the silent picture." Sid's expression might have meant yes or no.

★ ★ ★

LOIS WILSON was there with **Jerry Miley**—they are seen about together frequently; **Ruth Taylor** lived up to her *Lorelei* role by coming with a party of attentive gentlemen; and **John Miljan** brought his bride of a few months while **Irene Rich** was escorted by her nearly-new husband. **May McAvoy** had gone to New York on vacation, but the rest of the cast was on hand to respond to the kind remarks of **Conrad Nagel,** master of ceremonies. **Al Jolson** himself had made a trip across the continent to be present and took occasion to make one of his humorous speeches when introduced. So far as we could find out, **Clara Bow** was not there, though Al confided to the audience that he and Clara had gone together steadily during his former sojourn in our midst

and he had been prepared to marry her until—well, anyway, the high light on Al's chin when he sings *Dirty Hands* in the picture—that was ham!

★ ★ ★

JIM CRANE, son of **Dr. Frank Crane**, and one-time husband of **Alice Brady**, was an object of interest at **Edith Ryan's** last "at home." Jim, it seems, is being considered for the lead opposite **Gloria Swanson.** He made several pictures some few years ago. **Fritzi Ridgway** arrived wearing a bedroom slipper and leaning on a cane. She said she was so tired of telling people how she hurt her foot that she had decided to invent a new story every time she was asked. Her Sunday story was that she was trying to pronounce her husband's name: **Constantin Bakaleinikoff.**

★ ★ ★

TALK about the mud in Flanders! Mud on Whitley Heights is worse, according to the war veteran, **John Roche,** who gave a party at his Heights home during the rainy season. The first four cars to attempt the trip sank to the hubs some hundred yards from the patio gate of the Roche hillside house; after that, all guests alighted where the pavement ended and plowed through the wet clay. Those of us who were of the feminine persuasion took turns wearing **Lillian Walker's** rubber boots. The thoughtful girl had worn them "in case," she said; and she nobly sent the butler back with them each time a new arrival was heralded. **Emily Fitzroy** said it was the first time she'd worn boots since she left England; **Anna Q. Nilsson** seemed to enjoy the trip, but what Anna Q.'s niece from Sweden thought of it we couldn't discover, since she can't speak a word except in her native tongue. Anna Q.'s off-and-on fiance, **Ernest Krause,** amused himself by trying to get the niece to say: "This is confidential," as he said she didn't need any other sentence in Hollywood. **Tullio Carminati** thought "unusual weather" and "the climate is marvelous" would take the young lady farther; but when I left for the struggle homeward the niece was still simply nodding and shaking her pretty dark head.

★ ★ ★

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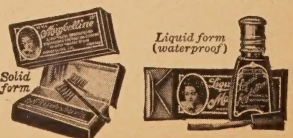

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William Harrison Dempsey (familiarly known as **Jack** and **Estelle**) entertained there one evening last week. Estelle almost had to arrive in make-up so pressed is she for time between studio engagements. Among her guests were **Pola Negri** and her prince, pretty **Billie Dove** and her consort, **Irvin Willat; Agnes Christine Johnston** and her husband, **Frank Dazey; Jeannie MacPherson, Raoul Walsh, Winfield Sheehan** and **Ralph Spence.**

Ruth Roland was hostess at the Mayfair to a gay party of more or less newlyweds—**Mr. and Mrs. Rod La Rocque (Vilma Banky), Mr. and Mrs. Mervin LeRoy (Edna Murphy)**, and **Mr. and Mrs. Bob Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead). Ben Bard** supported Ruth. Foolish question number 44: When are they going to be married?

★ ★ ★

AS A member of still another party, **Greta Garbo** attracted attention. All the fair sex present were covertly or openly studying Miss Garbo's hair dress of a "semi-bob" effect. This is the way she wears it in *Love*. She changes the style with every picture which is decidedly wearing on feminine copyists.

Leatrice Joy was there, too, with her tresses very much lengthened. Having sported the shortest boy bob in Hollywood, Leatrice says her ambition is to grow the longest hair in California.

It seems that we no sooner attend one party at **Alice Calhoun's** house than she gives another so that her social affairs take on an endless chain effect. At the latest one, Alice announced that she had at last won her husband's consent to her going abroad to make pictures. She has had such a good offer from the British National Film Company that it seemed a pity to turn it down.

Bubbling over with happiness, **Janet Gaynor** greeted her many friends at a luncheon given by the Fox Studios in her honor yesterday. Her pretty mother looking like one of these *Mother-Sister* advertisements assisted Janet in receiving. **F. W. Murnau,** Fox's German importation who resembles a Scotchman and who is directing the little star in *The Four Devils*, drifted in long enough to present her with a lovely armful of fragrant violets. **Frank Borzage,** whose magnificent direction in *Seventh Heaven* brought her to stardom, beamed proudly upon her.

"I'M SO excited!" cried Janet, just as sweet and unspoiled as the day she entered the studio an extra. "After I finish *The Four Devils*, Mr. Borzage is going to take me abroad to make *Blossom Time*. Vienna! Isn't that *marvelous?* I don't know for sure but I hope Charlie is going."

And so say we all who adored the young lovers as Chico and Diane. Wouldn't a wedding in Vienna be romantic?

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD may be considered beneath the dignity of royalty for just so many years, and then curiosity gets the better of loftiness. So, it is said the Prince of Wales is coming to Hollywood early in 1928 to see what we are all about.

★ ★ ★

WILLIE BOW, cousin of **Clara Bow,** is also helping supply Hollywood with "it" for he was sentenced to 80 days recently for selling moonshine.

★ ★ ★

THEODORE KOSLOFF, well-known dancer and picture player, is not faring so prosperously in the films as he did a few years ago. He has disposed of $75,000 in paintings, tapestries and art treasures at public auction.

★ ★ ★

BERTHA MANN, who does the heaviest kind of tragic roles on the stage, evidently craves a little comedy in her life, for she has just wed **Raymond Griffith,** the former Paramount star. The pair have been engaged for a number of years. The bride and groom went immediately to England where Griffith will no longer star in pictures, but will direct instead. He is one of the stars who recently left the Paramount forces when disputes over salaries and contract clauses arose and no agreement could be reached.

★ ★ ★

THEY are trying a new racket in Hollywood. A suave bootlegger visits the big hotels, singles out the hicks from inland towns, and "takes an order" for fine, prewar stuff to be shipped to the customer's home town without any difficulty owing to his "pulls" with a certain railroad official. The customer pays in advance, and the liquor never arrives.

DESPITE any rumors that her husband, **John Barrymore,** may be infatuated with **Dolores Costello** out on the coast, **Michael Strange, Mrs. John Barrymore,** seems bent on having a career of her own in New York. This well-known society matron first went in for playwriting, but is now to star in *L'Aiglon,* the great role written years ago for **Sarah Bernhardt** and later played here by **Maude Adams.** Many younger players were considered for this role, but Michael Strange hankered to play the part herself, and she won the honor.

★ ★ ★

WHEN **Betty Blythe** was making pictures in Europe, she received a lot of attention from Prince Mohamed Ali Ibrahim of India. Of course, Betty has a perfectly good American husband, **Paul Scardon,** the director, so she didn't take all the flowers and gifts and attention very seriously. However, the prince has "followed up" his quest and been a Hollywood visitor just recently. The Scardons entertained him and introduced him about the film colony before his departure for Honolulu.

★ ★ ★

FOR the first time in the history of the world, an actress is sentenced to be hanged. She is **Doris McDonald,** who appeared in pictures in Hollywood under the name of **Doris Malone,** and played a number of good parts in First National pictures. She and her husband, George McDonald, of Montreal, murdered a taxi driver after holding him up and both died on the gallows. The pair escaped to the United States but were caught in Montana and returned to Canada where they paid the severe penalty.

★ ★ ★

LLOYD HAMILTON, it seems, is doing his rough work at home. The star comedian has been let out of Jack White Educational Comedies where he has played for a number of years. The very much hushed-up affair at the Crescent Night Club some months ago, resulting in the death of **Eddie Diggins,** the fighter, as well as Hamilton's increasing fondness for liquor is said to have had something to do with his loss of work. But he has been active at home, for his landlady has just sued him for $244 for broken ginger ale glasses and other household sundries.

REWARD

Find the "One" House That Is Different From the Others—It's FREE

There are 14 six-room houses pictured here. To be sure they all look alike, but examine them closely. Thirteen of them are exactly alike, but one, and only one, is different. It isn't as easy as it looks. See if you can find the different one. It is going to be given away ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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You Cannot Lose Positively every one taking advantage of this opportunity is rewarded. Find the one house that is different from all the others and rush your name and address to me TODAY. A postal card will do, just say, "House No. — is different from all the others. Without any obligation please tell me how I can get this fine six-room house without one cent of cost to me."

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an old-time favorite, returns on his six-eight-wheeler to entertain April Whiz Bang readers. And along with Casey is **Bill, th' Bloke, The Shanty Boy on the Big Eau Claire**—a worthy pair of ballads printed in Whiz Bang for the first time. Don't miss them!

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BEN LYON orders a dozen orchids delivered daily to **Marilyn Miller** in Boston where she is playing in *Rosalie* and he calls her often over long distance phone. The other evening he asked Marilyn to listen a second, and then summoned the Yacht Club Boys of the former Club Lido in New York—the club where Lyon and Marilyn often had supper—to play for her. These musicians are at present in the West and Ben merely revived a few romantic memories in his lady's breast by spending a few hundred for her to hear them play over long distance phone.

★ ★ ★

HARRY THAW can't stay away from his night clubs. He attended Plantation on a Sunday night, the evening when all the stars go there because Plantation is located out of the Sunday closing area. With the two young eastern beauties he brought west to put in pictures, Thaw gave the customers quite a thrill, but he did not break the glassware or china and seemed to get more enjoyment out of looking at the stars than they did out of looking over the man formerly pronounced insane.

★ ★ ★

LEG irons might interfere with some kinds of work, but **Jackie Taylor,** leader of the Montmartre orchestra, did not find they bothered him at all when it came to playing a violin. Jackie is the ex-husband of **Vera Stedman,** the picture actress, and when he got behind in his alimony payments he was sent to jail. But the kind judge let him go to Montmartre each night to lead his orchestra, manacled to a deputy.

★ ★ ★

LOIS WEBER is broadcasting the famous Barrymore retort, "That's all there is. There isn't any more." Burglars have entered her house five times in the past few months. On the last haul, the last of her furs and jewelry were taken.

★ ★ ★

GRACIOUS Heavens! This is the only time we wish we were not an intimate friend of **Clara Bow's.** At Christmas time, the fair red-head sent miniature ship models as gifts to all her friends!

★ ★ ★

THE more they won't believe him, the madder Dick Barthelmess becomes. He has been wearing a black eye. Naturally, the eye has caused comment. "Can't a man's horse kick him," asks Dick, "without everyone thinking he has been in a brawl?"

★ ★ ★

MABEL McCANE, formerly well-known musical comedy star, has come west to go into pictures. And some of these young looking, older stars, including **Daphne Pollard** and others, are doing very well in the cinema.

★ ★ ★

AT ALL film star dinner and supper parties these days, the foods are being served in buffet fashion.

"Which makes it unanimous," says **Gardner James.** "The whole world, even wealthy film stars, are eating cafeteria fashion."

★ ★ ★

ONA BROWN, former wife of the director, **Clarence Brown,** is so talented when it comes to gathering people together and giving them a good time, that it is whispered about town that famous Montmartre Cafe gives her a regular stipend for helping bring lots of luncheon and dinner parties to that gathering place of the stars. And now Jackie Saunders, wife of the president of the attractive Gables Beach Club, has given Ona an associate membership in the club. So, undoubtedly, next summer if you want to see picture stars building sand houses near the surf, you will simply have to join the Gables Club.

★ ★ ★

LUCILLE YOUNG, formerly well known in pictures, is going to try for a come-back again.

★ ★ ★

ETHEL JACKSON, known as the "richest extra girl in pictures" and the daughter of a Hollywood financier, **Herbert Jackson,** rides from one studio to another in a car which attracts attention everywhere it goes. The car is a Lincoln and has a special body built to resemble a fine stage coach. The car is painted yellow and has a black top, fenders and trim.

★ ★ ★

THE lobby of the new United Artists Theater came in for some amusement on the opening night of this gorgeous new Los Angeles theater. For instance, **Wallace Beery,** in oil painting with

golden frame, gazed into the future just over **Gloria Swanson's** portrait—his ex-wife. **Douglas Fairbanks'** portrait graced the lobby in two places, while **Charlie Chaplin's** picture was placed in such a shadowy corner that it hardly showed at all. Although the late **Wallace Reid's** portrait was hung in the lobby such a prominent star as **Jack Gilbert** was noticeable by its absence. And they do say **Samuel Goldwyn** raised an awful holler because **Vilma Banky's** portrait was not there.

★ ★ ★

JUST to show every Hollywood star how much they have to be grateful for, word comes from abroad that **Louis Germain,** favorite of the European circus-goers as a tumbling slack-roper, is now starring at the Riviera studios at St. Andre de Nice for $16 a week. Oddly enough, he is playing in a story written by **Nina Wilcox Putnam,** *Soup and Fish,* for which a very good price must have been paid. The star is satisfied, it is said, as he only earned $8 a week in the circus; but wait until he comes to Hollywood!

★ ★ ★

ADOLPHE MENJOU loves lamb stew. **Tommy Meighan** revels in apple pie, while **Jack Holt** prefers pumpkin. **Lewis Stone** craves the breast of Guinea hen. He can afford it. **Lew Cody** must have an old-fashioned boiled dinner twice a week. Mabel doesn't think so much of the idea. **Jimmy Cruze** must likewise have his favorite—corned beef and cabbage.

★ ★ ★

DOUGHNUTS indicate studio conditions. When sinkers are selling on the boulevards food merchants know that work at the studios is scarce. But when doughnuts do not sell it is a positive sign that extra players are spending their celluloid gains in the fashionable cafes and restaurants.

★ ★ ★

ONCE upon a time, when Hollywood wore diapers, **Mack Sennett** was casting a comedy. A certain little girl, applying for a part, was told that she wasn't the type—in fact, would never make a success in motion pictures. But the little girl thought differently and, in the slang of that day, told Mack to go for a "Merry Oldsmobile Ride."

No star of today is more talked about and less known than Gloria

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BB1—Special offer in lady's wrist watch; solid 14 Kt. white gold hand engraved case set with 4 genuine diamonds and 4 Sapphires; 15 jewel guaranteed movement. $3.15 a month. $39.75

BB2—Our new sparkling, dinner ring, 3 large genuine blue white diamonds —2 sapphires; solid 18 kt. white gold; richly pierced, milgrained. $3.38 mo. $42.50

ELGIN WALTHAM

BB3—Newest model Waltham or Elgin nationally famous, gentleman's strap watch. 20 year warranted green gold filled case; radium dial; guaranteed time-keeper. $1.87 a month. Specially priced $24.50

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
ADDRESS DEPT. 1920 170 BROADWAY N.Y.

ART PICTURES, 300 All Different

Particulars 10c. HOWARD SALES CO., Dept. 9, 1188 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.

16 Latest Fox Trots and Song Hits Electrically Recorded $2.98 For All

On 8 Double-Disc 10-Inch Records

Diane
Waltz (Vocal Chorus)
Land of the Whip-Poor Will
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Among My Souvenirs
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
No One to Say Good Morning
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Did You Mean I?
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Jealous Eyes
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Dream Kisses
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Rose of the West
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
After I Called You Sweetheart
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
My Sue
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Here Am I, Broken Hearted
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Teasin' Me
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
The Beggar
Tenor Solo
I Cannot Stop Thinking of Mary
Tenor Solo
Two Black Diamonds, Part I
Comedy Dialogue
Two Black Diamonds, Part II
Comedy Dialogue

New Phonic Records

Here is the biggest bargain in phonograph records ever offered. Brand new Phonic Records, electrically recorded, sold to you direct from factory, at HALF the usual retail price. Glance at the list of sixteen selections above—all for only $2.98. Records are ten-inch size, double-face. New Phonic method gives double volume, sweeter tone, truer reproduction.

10 DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Over 350,000 people have already bought records from us by mail. Let us send you this complete set of SIXTEEN selections for 10 days' trial. Just mail the coupon or a letter. When the package arrives, give the postman $2.98 plus the small delivery charges, then TRY THE RECORDS. If you are not completely satisfied, SEND THE SET BACK and every penny you have paid will be returned AT ONCE. Mail the coupon NOW.

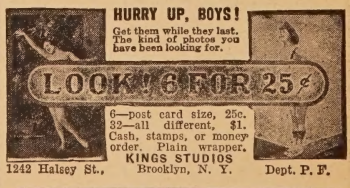
Carl Henry, Inc.,
Dept. R-334, 327 West 36th Street, New York

Please send me for 10 days' trial, your selection of 16 very latest Fox Trots and Song Hits on eight double-face ten-inch New Phonic records. I will pay the postman only $2.98 plus delivery charges on arrival. I will return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money if I am not pleased. (Outside U. S. $3.75 cash with order.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



SONGWRITERS!!

Substantial Advance Royalties paid on publication of songs. Submit your poems for expert opinion and Free Advice. SEND TO-DAY. Walter Newcomer, 1674 Broadway, New York.

She Tricked the Bandits and Led—

The Fight *for* Custer Valley

***By* H. BEDFORD-JONES**

MILLICENT vowed that no man would ever tame her—but that was before young Tom Keene, cowboy and reputed gunman, tied a love knot around her heart while he led her into almost unbelievable adventures in *The Fight For Custer Valley.*

Here's a western story of romance and adventure so good that you'll regret it ever comes to an end. Read it.

In the APRIL Issue of

Price 25c — *Fawcett's* **Triple-X Western** *Magazine* (in Canada 30¢) — **Now On Sale!**

April issue now on sale—May issue on sale April 10th.

Each month finds more women joining the great numbers of Triple-X readers. There's a glamour about those stirring romances of the West that's hard to resist. The Fight for Custer Valley is only one of several thrilling western stories that will hold the interest of women readers.

Also in the APRIL issue

RIDDLED WINGS

A thrilling war-time story of air-fights night bombing enemy raids, by RAOUL WHITFIELD.

Price 25 Cents

Triple-X Magazine (April, S. S.)
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Inclosed find $1 (bill or stamps) for which mail me **Triple-X** for the next five months.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Swanson. And the things they say—

Gloria did not marry just to acquire a title. She married for love . . . really! And her one attempt to "high-hat" anyone failed dismally. Once, when working with **Sam Wood,** the director, she went up in the air. "But you're not Cecil B. DeMille, you know," she said. And Sam spanked her with the retort: "Yes, Miss Swanson, but I am your director." That was that.

Gloria never started life as a salesgirl. Nor is she the highest paid screen star. A thousand other tales about Gloria are all bunk, cooked up by all sorts of fanciful exaggerations. Gloria isn't glorious—not when judged by beauty standards. Striking, yes, but not dazzling. Naturally she has lots of stunning clothes, for clothes are her stock in trade. And there isn't much of her salary left after the yearly expenses are paid. It costs money to live as Gloria must.

Gloria hates all these stories. She is just an earnest little woman looking forward to the time when, with Baby Gloria and Hank (the **Marquis de la Falaise),** she can lose her "dear public" and go into domestic oblivion. Her husband's income as an automobile salesman is sufficient to care for the three of them.

★ ★ ★

MANY of the feminine movie stars manage to do everything with the palms of their hands upward. For your favorite star wasn't born yesterday and she knows a thing or two. Any woman can have her face lifted, her hair dyed, and other repairs, but she cannot make over the backs of her hands. For it is there that age is written infallibly. Palms up, please.

★ ★ ★

ARTISTS usually have crazy ideas. But that is the privilege of every artist. So everyone snickered when **Paul de Longpre,** the French painter, bought a home in the middle of vast orange groves, away off the other side of nowhere. And all this crazy artist did was to start what now is known as Hollywood.

★ ★ ★

A LONG line of frame buildings called "Poverty Row" where shoe-string producers make the "Quickies." Here futures are made. And failures, too. For it was here, in "Poverty Row" that *The Miracle Man* was born, along with the fame

of Tommy Meighan, Lon Chaney and Betty Compson.

★ ★ ★

A STORY from Richard Dix's publicity manager informs the world that if Dix reads one day's accumulation of fan mail, not to mention an entire week's delivery, he would have time for nothing else. Several wags have been unkind enough to suggest that he should have read his fan mail instead of making *Shanghai Bound* and *The Gay Deceiver*.

Classified Advertising

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, makeup goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 68, Chicago.

SONG POEMS

I WANT SONG POEMS. Casper Nathan, Q-3544 North Racine, Chicago.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 TO $500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS OF OLD or Odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book. 4x6. Guaranteed Prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 8, LeRoy, N. Y.

DETECTIVES

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Great demand. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, George Wagner, 2190-T Broadway, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKS, French-Oriental Novelties, Gifts. Illustrated catalog, sample, 25c. Morrelle Co., E-81K Madison, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

GET OUR FREE OUTFIT OFFER. Wonderful line 350 fast-selling Household Necessities. Every home buys; $15 a day sure; car furnished. American Products Company, 1601 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

HARLEY OFFERS BEST CHANCE for quick, big incomes to agents. 400 fast-selling products—groceries, extracts, family medicines, toilet preparations, etc. All daily necessities. Moore made $1,124 one month—Glassteter, $125 one day. Burris $56.25 from two orders. Big chance for one man each locality. $8.00 to $15.00 day easy. Thousands making $3.00 hour part time. Samples furnished. Harley Company, Desk D-2564, Dayton, Ohio.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

HOMEWORK: Women wanting obtain reliable kinds write for information. Enclose stamp. Eller Co., 296 K Broadway, New York.

$6-$18 A DOZEN decorating pillow tops at home, experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 140 LaGrange, Ind.

SONG WRITERS

SONG POEM WRITERS. Address Monarch, 236 West 55th, Dept. 194, New York.

FAT? "I REDUCED 34 POUNDS"

says Blanche Arral, world-famous Opera Singer, "by drinking your Javanese herb tea." No dangerous drugs, no tiresome exercises, no distasteful diet. Used like ordinary tea, it cannot harm the most delicate system. (Also in tablet form. Write for free booklet.

TIKA TEA CO., Grantwood, N. J., Dept. TC-3

Agents $90 a Week

and New Ford Car

Sell finest line new Insured Hosiery for men, women, children. All styles and colors. Guaranteed to wear 6 months or new hose free. Finest line silks. All at very lowest prices.

Silk Hose FREE! We give you extra fine silk hosiery for your own use.

I want men and women to act as my Local Sales Agent to take care of exclusive territory. No experience needed. New selling plan gets business fast. Credit given. Commissions paid daily. Extra bonus. Ford Auto furnished to producing salesmen. Write for samples and state size of hose worn. Don't miss this big opportunity.

BETTERKNIT TEXTILE CO.
B-153 Greenfield, Ohio

REDUCE

6 to 8 Pounds a Month

SAFELY!

WITHOUT the use of drugs, pills, or unnatural methods I will reduce your weight from six to eight pounds every month until you have reached the ideal weight for health, beauty and youthful appearance. And this without the slightest danger to your health.

How many women understand that they may cause themselves permanent harm by ridiculous diets, or by reducing far below normal, or by taking off weight too quickly? How many women realize that they may lay themselves open to serious attacks of disease by wrong methods of reducing, or that they can so impair their bodies that they can never become mothers? Never tamper with your weight—unless you know that it is necessary to reduce, unless you are expertly advised how to do it in a manner which will not endanger your health, but which will bring you the benefits you seek.

Get the benefit of Annette Kellermann's advice. Physicians endorse her methods as within the best practices of medical science. But by far the best proof of the effectiveness of Miss Kellermann's methods is that she herself *has not gained or lost a pound for sixteen years*.

(Right)
My figure as it was photographed in 1911, when I began my reducing methods.

(Left)
My figure as it was in 1927—16 years later—the same proportions as in 1911. My system has kept it the same.

FREE—"The Body Beautiful"

Send for the free book "The Body Beautiful," at once, and get my advice on reducing—advice that may be worth more than you realize in greater vitality, greater health, and a more beautiful body. The supply of my book is limited, so do not delay. Write or mail the coupon. AT ONCE. Address: *Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th Street, Suite 764, New York.*

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 764
225 West 39th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann:

Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Weight Reducing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Facinate him with the radiance of your hair

MUSIC . . . dancing . . . laughter. And you with him in the midst of it . . . Your charm more brilliant then ever before . . . because you have found the secret that reveals the richest natural radiance, the utmost beauty of your hair . . . Just a clear, delicately fragrant liquid called Hennafoam Shampoo. It contains a *touch of henna*—just the right touch for dazzling lustre. It accentuates amazingly the beauty of your permanent or natural wave. Use it before your next party.

Hennafoam TRADE MARK REG **SHAMPOO**

For Sale at Drug and Dept. Stores

Mail this coupon today, and you will receive, FREE, a large trial bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo.

HENNAFOAM CORPORATION
511 West 42nd Street, New York

Please send me, absolutely free, a bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

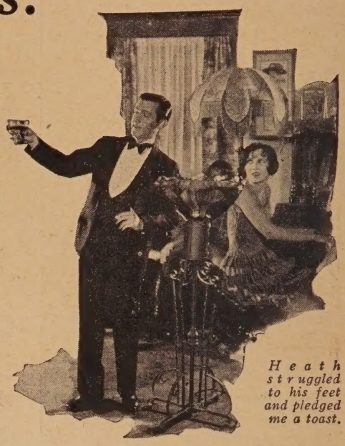
P.F.-4

What Happens When a Girl is too Free With Kisses?

All yelled approval when I climbed on a table and started to dance.

"I COULDN'T see the harm in a little kiss," Janet confesses in her amazing true romance, "the boys expected it as payment for the parties, rides, dinners and dances. I couldn't see the danger that lurked in petting with the boys I went around with. I scorned the advice of friends—but that was before I fell in love with the man who carried me away from the wild party that might have . . ."

What might have happened to this gay, reckless girl is vividly told in her tremendously exciting true romance—



Heath struggled to his feet and pledged me a toast.

Boy Crazy

An Amazing True Romance of Modern Youth

NOW ON SALE!

Read it in the APRIL

True Confessions MAGAZINE

PRICE, 25c A COPY

These Real Life Romances Will Also Intrigue You:

No One To Love Me

Sometimes the love of beautiful things leads us into temptation. June's weakness for pretty clothes spelled her downfall.

I Chose the Easiest Road

What happened when this hungry girl strange to Broadway who almost succumbed to "easy money" so she might not starve.

I Tried Companionate Marriage

This modern, young girl fell a convert to the strange tenets of companionate marriage but lived to regret her decision.

One Wife's Folly

Marriage was a bore to this restless wife—until she met—and fell in love with her husband's best friend.

(14 Other Splendid True Romances)

The May issue will be on sale April 10th

True Confessions Magazine (A. S. S.)
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Inclosed find $1 (bill or stamps) for which mail me True Confessions for the next five months. Or, inclosed find 25c for copy of the APRIL issue.

NAME .....

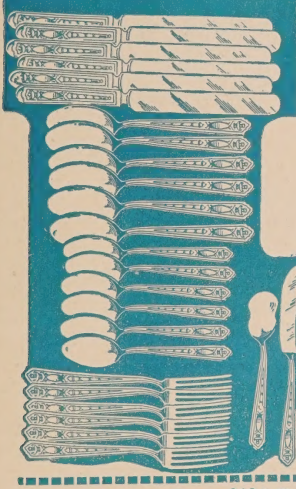
ADDRESS .....

.....

150 Pieces in All—$1.00 Down

FREE 7-Pieces Genuine Cut Glass

Extra special offer to those who hurry their order for the combination outfit shown here: —7 pieces GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2-qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9-oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparklingly clear, thin and dainty; **hand cut decorations** consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. A useful and handsome set. Only a limited number—so act quick.



Sent On Free Trial

$1.00 down

A sensational offer—only $1.00 with coupon below brings this 150-piece outfit (the 7-piece Genuine Cut Glass set is FREE if you send **at once**) to your home on free trial. Examine the value, the quality, the beauty of each piece. Compare our **easy payment prices** with local **cash prices.** After 30 days' trial and use, if you're not delighted with the bargain, send it back at our expense and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid. No obligation—not one penny of risk to you!

$2.70 a Month

If you decide to keep the outfit, start paying only $2.70 a month until you've paid our rock-bottom price—only $29.95 for the entire outfit with the 7-piece Cut Glass Set FREE. 150 pieces in all—only $29.95—and a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and such easy terms? **Send coupon Now!**

Complete Outfit Consists of the Following:

110 Piece Ivory Ware Dinner Set Complete service for 12 people. Popular Ivory Ware now the vogue in rich homes. Rich, creamy ivory color Stamped with **Gold Leaf Decorations** as illustrated. Newest Gloria shape.

Set consists of:—12 dinner plates, 9 in.; 12 breakfast plates, 7¼ in.; 12 coupe soups, 7¾ in.; 12 fruit saucers, 6½ in.; 12 oatmeal dishes, 6¼ in.; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 bread and butter plates, 6 in.; 1 oval vegetable dish, 9 in.; 1 round vegetable dish, 8¾ in.; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 platter, 11 in.; 1 platter 13½ in.; 1 covered vegetable dish (2 pieces); 1 gravy boat; 1 gravy boat stand; 1 bowl, 1 pint; 1 cream pitcher; 1 pickle dish; 1 butter dish, 7½ in.

7 Piece Pure Linen Table Set A large tablecloth, 54 x 70 ins. and 6 napkins, 14 x 14 in. made of **Pure Linen,** bleached to an attractive silver gray. Has beautiful Grecian self pattern. Launders perfectly.

26 Piece Silver Set, A silver service that will give you years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each piece heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife.

FREE—7 pieces Genuine Cut Glass (as described above) if you send coupon **at once.** Shipping wgt. of outfit, about 125 lbs.

Order by No. G9841A. $1.00 with coupon; $2.70 monthly. Price $29.95.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 4684 Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 4684 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 150 piece Combination Outfit, (7-piece genuine cut glass set FREE). I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to **refund my money** and any freight or express charges I paid.

150 Piece Combination Outfit, No. G9841A, $29.95.
7-piece Genuine Cut Glass Set FREE

Name _____

Street, R. F. D. or Box No. _____

Shipping Point _____

Post Office _____ *State* _____

Married or Single _____ *Nationality or Color* _____

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings mark X here ☐

Fashion Favors Longer Hair!

ULTRA-SMART women everywhere have foreseen the advent of longer hair, and are prepared. To them, the "growing-in" period does not present a bogey—they know they can rely on a VENIDA Net (Small size) to gently and invisibly hold unruly locks in place.

VENIDA *The Guaranteed* **HAIR NET**

All Shades, 2 for 25c
Single or Double Mesh
Cap or Fringe Shape
Regular size for Long Hair
Small size for Bobbed Hair
(Gray or White, 25c each)

THE RIESER COMPANY, Inc., 220 Fifth Ave., New York City

TRY THE NEW VENIDA TOWELLETTES—For Removing Cold Cream

DEARING, INC., LOUISVILLE

New Price Now 20 Cents

Screen Secrets

JUNE 20¢

DOLORES DEL RIO

The Loves of Charlie CHAPLIN

The True Adventures of a Millionaire Playboy in Hollywood

BEST IN ITS CLASS — LEAST IN ITS COST

30 UP-TO-DATE Selections 30

with this Portable Phonograph

Folds Like a Suitcase

with snap locks and carrying handle. So light and convenient—easily carried wherever you want it. Take it along to parties where you want to dance and sing, or listen to good music. Take it with you on trips. Holds 15 records. Weighs only 17 lbs. **Full size, not a toy.**

When you play it, put it on the table, on the floor—anywhere that is handy. And when not in use, fold it up if you wish and put it away. You don't have to give up any space to this portable phonograph.

Sensational offer. A special assortment of up-to-date high-grade 75c records—30 selections in all, 15 double face records—are included on this wonderful offer. These records are made by the wonderful **new electric process**—more life like, more volume, less surface noise than ever. And they play longer. Very latest selections, popular songs, dance music, band and instrumental pieces—$11.25 worth of brand new records included with this outfit. And we've picked out just the kind of records to please you most. Read our wonderful offer below.

30 Days Trial

15 double face 75c records, to your home on 30 days' trial for only $1.00 with the coupon. Use it as your own and see what a wonderful convenience it is to have a phonograph that you can carry from room to room, from place to place, wherever and whenever you want it.

Yes, we'll send this Puritone portable phonograph outfit, with 30 high grade selections, useful than an ordinary phonograph and 15 high-grade, up-to-date, double face records—(30 selections) a complete outfit, ready to play for only $26.85!

We Guarantee:

that you get everything in this phonograph so far as concerns music reproduction that a $250 phonograph can give you. True, you don't get the big furniture, but you do get (and we guarantee it) the exact reproducer, the exact style of tone arm and the same grade of records you get in the most expensive phonograph ever made. That's why you get, on this wonderful offer, **absolutely the best** in music that any phonograph ever gave.

$2.60 a Month

Use the outfit on 30 days' trial, on that guarantee. If within 30 days you decide not to keep the outfit, send it back and we'll refund your $1.00 plus all transportation charges. If you keep it, pay only $2.60 a month until you have paid that sensational price on this special sale—only $26.85. Think of it, a first-class high grade phonograph, more convenient and more

This Portable Phonograph

plays any make of 10-inch disc records including Edison, and plays two ten-inch records with one winding. Weighs 17 lbs. Waterproof imitation leather case, with hinged lid, closes up like a small suitcase with snap locks and carrying handle. Measures 14½ x 12 x 7½ in. Records placed inside of lid and secured so they will not rattle or break. Holds 15 records. Has quiet spring motor, tone arm and reproducer with indestructible diaphragm and wide throat for full sound volume. Reproducer is reversible for Edison records. Outfit includes 15 double face 75c *New Electric Process* records—30 selections. A complete record library without buying a single one! Shpg. wgt. packed about 25 lbs.

Order by No. W8824JA—only $1.00 with coupon, $2.60 monthly. Total price, $26.85.

Send NOW

Seize this opportunity on this special sale, while it lasts. Only $1.00 with the coupon brings the complete outfit on 30 days' trial. Remember, 15 Double Face 75c New Electric Process records, 30 up-to-date selections—are included with this outfit. Send the coupon NOW.

FREE Catalog

of home furnishings sent on request with or without order. See coupon.

Straus & Schram, Dept. A468 Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Dept. A468 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised Puritone Portable Phonograph with 15 Double Face 75c *New Electric Process* records—30 selections. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay you $2.60 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the phonograph and records within 30 days and you are to refund my dollar and express charges I paid.

Puritone Portable Phonograph and 15 Double Face Records, W8824JA, $26.85

Name.....

Street, R.F.D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

Married or Single?..... *Nationality or Color*.....

If you want only our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much.

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

PFU-6-28

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

SCREEN SECRETS

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Best In Its Class Least In Its Cost

THE editor is gratified by the enthusiastic letters of *Screen Secrets'* readers congratulating him on the decreased price of the magazine. With many new writers on the staff and an office in Hollywood in addition to our writers in New York, Paris and London, we are able to give you the newest, most exclusive film news, photos and features by the best writers, at a lower price than any other fan magazine on the market. Order your copies in advance at any newsstand.

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Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow.* Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public.* Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way.* There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow,* if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.
Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.
Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.
Naomi Ostrot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

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Lucille Young,
8376 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois

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This Little Invention Saves Me Enough Money to Buy My Tires... *and then Some!*

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Easily Installed

No bigger than a dollar coin—no more expensive than a good wrench—no more trouble to attach than a fan belt! Attaches to the intake manifold of any car in five minutes. Anyone can do it.

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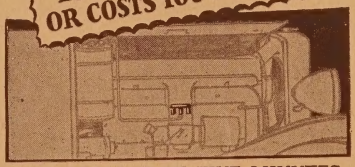

FITS ANY CAR IN FIVE MINUTES

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Here in the frankest, most revealing tales of love and intrigue ever written are situations so startling, so true to life, that we feel they might be happening today instead of centuries ago. Written in an age of plain speaking, they show us how real flesh and blood men and women act—the deep secret motives that influence our actions today no less than they did centuries ago.

And now for a short time only you can inspect these great examples of realistic writing—the stories which you have always longed to read—in your own home for five days, without obligation! Read all about this amazing offer, then send for your copy at once.

For centuries the Decameron has thrilled millions—has inspired countless great authors—has been lauded by the most discriminating critics. Rich in fascinating plots, vibrant with all the passions of the race, it has furnished forth plots for the world's great masters of literature—Shakespeare, Chaucer, Keats, Tennyson, Dryden and Longfellow. A large volume would be required to list the writers who have copied or adapted some of the plots. Hardly a great novel, or a poor one, exists, in which the plot is not in part or in whole taken from the Decameron. No one can know literature, can call himself truly sophisticated, truly a master of life in all its infinite variety, until he has drunk from the bottomless loving cup of that genial old Italian, Giovanni Boccaccio.

These Great Writers Have Taken Plots From the Decameron

Shakespeare took parts of *The Merchant of Venice, Cymbeline, All's Well That Ends Well* and *Romeo and Juliet* from these stories. Lessing took the plot of *Nathan der Weise*, Chaucer the idea of his *Canterbury Tales*, Dryden, Keats, Longfellow and Tennyson wrote poems—all based on these great tales, which have outlived thousands of manuscripts written since their day.

Between the covers of these Tales from the Decameron you will find life itself—real, pulsating passionate life that refuses to be confined by paralyzing restrictions—life that refuses to follow the dictates of prudery. Far from being immoral, as many narrow minded people used to think, these Tales from the Decameron are in reality almost a text book for the earnest student of that greatest of all studies—human nature.

Boccaccio's stories have already lived five times as long as our United States—over twenty-four generations. They were the "best sellers" when gunpowder was scarcely known—and yet today they still delight us, still give us pleasure and instruction, with their immortal vitality, forever young, forever gay, forever thrilling. If you like to read a story of adventure, read one of these. If you want a charming love story, read another. If you look for tragedy, read a third. The fourth will make you weep.

The morals and customs of Italy of the fourteenth century are all laid before you—the way people lived, the hovels and palaces they dwelt in, their methods of travel—all are told with a wit and pathos that never crept between the covers of any book penned by a historian. Thus the stories not only amuse and entertain, which after all is the first requirement of good fiction, but they give us the history of the manners and customs and morals of a long passed age. They constitute a landmark of literature, which must not be passed over, if you would broaden your vision—make yourself truly cultured.

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City.....State.....

If you live outside U. S., send cash with order.

SCREEN SECRETS

{ As Hollywood Looks to the Editor }

STARS of the screen come and go like football heroes but this past winter forever will be famous in Hollywood for the resurrection of the dead.

It has been whispered around among the smart crackers for a year or more that Gloria Swanson was as dead as planked shad—that Mary Pickford's song had ended with only the melody lingering on.

Nearly all the famous stars of yesterday have been put aside for archaeologists to study.

And then comes Mary with *My Best Girl* which will probably earn more money than any other picture she has ever made. And Gloria in *Sadie Thompson* has simply stood them on their heads.

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor.

The truth is that the well known stars have just as much drawing power as ever. Probably more. But only when they stick to their stuff.

IT IS the "sticks" which are the acid test. Broadway runs in New York mean absolutely nothing. You never can tell how much the picture has brought in; how much is due to the grand opera prologue.

Out in the sticks they want to see Norma Talmadge wearing a lot of fancy clothes; and they bitterly resent it when she turns away from that type of part. Just so, they don't want to see Mary as Lady Whozit in hoop skirts and paniers.

Gloria is the only one who has been able to change her line. She had a struggle of years to get away from the notion that she was a clothes horse.

I do not know how Miss Talmadge's *The Dove* is going at the box office but Miss Talmadge is safely enshrined for a long time yet. This writer saw considerable of Miss Talmadge during the winter in Hollywood. She is as beautiful as ever.

NOW that writers of subtitles are acquiring such studio designations as "Title Constructionists" the results are showing in their work. Titles are becoming so smart and wise-cracking that you forget all about the picture. I spoke about *Sadie Thompson* a moment ago. This is a real bet but it has some bad examples of titling. At moments of genuine drama the story is interrupted while there flashes on the screen the title writer's strained effort to extract a laugh.

IN ALL the discussion about prologues, theatre operators seem to overlook one obvious point. In the larger cities, the question is not solely one of the theatre offering prologue versus the straight-movies house. There is the important element of competition between the first-run, downtown house and the cheaper neighborhood theatre. So far as the average family is concerned, the cheaper, conveniently-located neighborhood theatre is the logical place to go—unless there are good entertainment reasons why they should go to the greater expense and inconvenience of visiting the downtown theatre. And the prologue is the most effective weapon of the large theatre against the competition of the small ones—except that other weapon, reduction in admission charges.

WHILE on the Pacific Coast I heard considerable resentment expressed as a result of the extemporaneous monologue of Al Jolson on the occasion of the Dodge Brothers radio hookup. Jolson's two or three indiscreet comments in front of the "mike" were most unfortunate. No doubt a Jolson theatre crowd would have guffawed vociferously at Jolson's broadcast that "he liked Clara Bow but that he had heard she sleeps crosswise in bed." Theatre goers are notoriously tolerant, for the people go to the theatre expecting to be slightly shocked. Radio is different. It penetrates into the sanctity of ten million homes and risque remarks have no place "on the air."

The movie folk know Al Jolson for his buffoonery, and the victims of his glib tongue no doubt long ago forgave him. That the public resented his insinuations was to be expected, and it is not likely that the great exponent of the mammy songs ever will appear before the "mike" again without his "notes."

Anyway, Clara Bow says she doesn't sleep crosswise or even catercornered. And Gloria Swanson denies that she ever has threatened to take her little girl upstairs and "wash her mouth out with gin." Sadie Thompson has evidently heard about Hollywood gin.

MONEY-MAKING DEPARTMENT

Our Superior Proposition will net you $100 a week, every week in the year. Equipment and car furnished. No capital or experience necessary. Immediate profits. Write today for particulars. American Products Company, 1921 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Cash daily for spare time! Ramsay, Mo., earned $17.50 first day. Introduce new non-shrinkable broadcloth shirts. Styles, patterns please every man. Low prices, high quality close quick sales. Big repeat business. Write for free sample Outfit. Digbie, Inc., Dept. 110, 258 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Get Free Demonstrating Outfit—Smartest Mary Rose Frocks, most wonderful values. Experience unnecessary. $5 to $10 daily. Rodasi Co., 465 Rodasi Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Have Your Own Business. Sell Hanslick Hand Soap, SoSlick Metal Polish—both tested—and proved fast sellers, fine repeaters. Good profits. Write today for samples. Solar Products Co., 2140 So. Troy, Chicago.

$3 profit every twenty minutes. Sell guaranteed work clothing for $13.95, that looks like $40 and wears like iron. Sinag Proof. Every sale means a satisfied, repeat customer. Big future for producers. Write Pike-Hansen, 1121 N. Franklin, Chicago.

Agents $240 Month. Sell silk hosiery guaranteed 7 months. We furnish auto. Samples furnished. Free silk hosiery for your own use. Write today. State size of hosiery worn. Betterknit Textile Co., Silk 1235, Greenfield, O.

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65% of all Men past middle age, authorities say, have prostate Gland disorder. Now a scientific treatment. Free book. Address Thermalaids, Steubenville, Ohio, or 303 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

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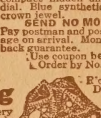

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FILM FLASHES

Last Minute News from Our Correspondents

HOLLYWOOD—*Hell's Angels* has skyrocketed in the cost of production, with the twenty-four-year-old producer, Howard Hughes, taking the megaphone himself for last scenes, spending lavishly on enormous sets. Estimates place cost of finished film at $1,200,000.

NEW YORK — Harold Lloyd's *Speedy*, advertised in letters ten feet high, on world's largest banner, has broken all records at Rialto Theatre.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK. — Carl Laemmle will spend a month here to recoup health. He has been ill ever since an operation in England a year and a half ago. Laemmle is considering English film financiers' offers of twelve million for his Universal holdings.

PARIS, FRANCE — Constance Bennett may return to the screen. She is staying with Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, while her husband Phil Plant, remains in America.

LOS ANGELES—Have it on good authority that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are to take permanent residence in Paris. Mary is inconsolable in her grief since the death of her mother, and is anxious to give up picture making for all time.

DENVER, COLO.—Viola Dana, ill since her separation from Lefty Flynn, may rejoin her husband here for a reconcilliation. Flynn, film actor and famous athlete, is confined to his bed because of an airplane accident.

SAN PEDRO, CAL.—Craig shipbuilding yards have been taken over by First National Studios for building three ships costing the sum of $200,000. They will be used in Corrine Griffith's *The Divine Lady*.

HOLLYWOOD—Barney Google will go into the films for highest price ever paid for comic strips. OKMNX.

LOS ANGELES — William Collier, Jr., has signed contracts for five pictures with Tiffany-Stahl, four pictures with Warner Brothers, and four with other studios. *Ladies Prefer Bonds* proved Collier's box office value.

LONDON — Battle over *Dawn*, film showing execution of Nurse Cavell, by Germans, gives victory of exhibitors in London, with granting of permission to show film. This publicity is bringing crowds to see *Dawn*.

LONDON — Blanche Sweet is playing the leading role in *The Woman In White*, being filmed at Stoll Studios.

LOS ANGELES — Alice White, famous Dorothy of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, has broken her engagement to Dick Grace, stunt aviator in pictures. Alice, the flapper star so often compared with Clara Bow, announced her engagement only a month ago.

Thelma Todd, First National player, is reported engaged to James Bush, a multimillionaire who is visiting Hollywood with the Otto Kahn party from New York.

Hollywood—Loretta Young's diving ability won her leading part in Lon Chaney's "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Mary McLaren, a former star in pictures, is back in Hollywood after several years spent in India as the wife of Col. G. H. Young, of the English army. India is not the romantic spot pictured in courtship days. Her husband was stationed in Punjab, near Lahore, and during their married life she only knew one American woman who was also married to an English officer and met only two women tourists during her entire stay in India. She is now living in Hollywood with her sister, Katherine McDonald, who is also a former screen star. Mary McLaren will seek a divorce.

Kenneth Harlan attended a Hollywood party recently where his partly divorced wife, Marie Prevost, was a guest. The meeting affected Harlan and he wrote Marie a love letter. It is believed that an interlocutory decree divorce may be put aside.

NOGALES, MEXICO — Dolores Del Rio, star of *Ramona*, will obtain a divorce from her husband, Jaime Del Rio. The Del Rios separated last year to follow diverging careers.

LOS ANGELES—Ruth Roland, formerly the most famous star in serial pictures is again returning to the screen after an absence of several years. Ruth will star at the Caddo Studio in productions of her own making. Ruth has been dabbling in real estate.

TOM MIX will not go to Argentine for picture making. It is believed in Hollywood that dissatisfaction of South American contracts is the cause and Fox Company is making an effort to keep him here.

GERTRUDE ASTOR, beautiful screen vamp, worked for nineteen weeks on a salary of seven hundred dollars a week in Universal's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. When the picture had its premier showing in Los Angeles Miss Astor's friends were surprised for they received only a glimpse of her on the screen.

Olive Borden

NATURE endowed Olive Borden with beauty, dancing gave her grace. She is one of the most popular younger players.

Photo by Autrey.

Corliss Palmer

WITH blond hair and hazel eyes Corliss Palmer is a noted beauty. She appears in First National's "A Man's Past."

Photo by Philip Newberg.

Norma Talmadge

BOTH in this country and abroad Norma Talmadge is a leading favorite. Gilbert Roland is her leading man in recent films.

Exclusive portrait for SCREEN SECRETS.

THE LOVES OF Charlie Chaplin

"DON'T ever marry again!" his friends caution Charlie, for he was never suited to be cast in the role of a husband. Here is the true story of his many romances.

By HELEN STARR

Chaplin pays the penalty of the dreamer; each love fades in the cold glare of reality.

MOST men, if their romantic dreams fall into the dust, will never admit they could have been fooled in reading a woman. Chaplin is wholly free from this type of conceit. He is almost naive and childlike in his own admissions of romantic mistakes and is forever looking for the flaws in his own judgment of women. He makes not the slightest bid for sympathy. He does not pose as a maligned angel nor does he fail to list his own shortcomings.

But each time his imagination is touched, he may turn again into one of the world's greatest lovers. Heart interest may be at fever heat, for creative artists can play a love story without reservation as stolid folk are unable to do. And the affair at fever heat is very, very serious, for seriousness is a quality of all dramatizations. The corresponding disillusionment may be equally depressing and sorrowful.

Just how deeply Chaplin's romances have affected his heart, only he himself knows. Some of his intimates do not think he has ever experienced a really deep love and certainly not a lasting one. It is said that one of his earliest romances holds fondest remembrances for him. That one was his love affair with Ethel Kelly Gould, well known stage star, who interested the comedian so greatly that he took several trips to Paris in his earlier days in order to see her again.

Some of the Hearts in Chaplin's Reveries

Peggy Hopkins Joyce was the object of a marriage proposal by long distance phone.

Mildred Harris, his first wife, thinks Chaplin is a tragic figure.

His tempestuous affair with Pola made him feel like Napoleon.

Merna Kennedy followed Lita, but his fancy veered away.

Edna Purviance, once a sweetheart, now a tried and true friend.

Lita and Charlie could not adjust themselves to matrimony.

Then, after coming to America, in Karno's *A Night In An English Music Hall,* managed, by the way, by Alfred Reeves, who is still associated with Chaplin, he met charming Marie Doro. This love affair was of the passive type, for Chaplin was only "Billy," the street urchin in *Sherlock Holmes,* with Marie Doro and William Gillette, and must worship from afar. But adore her he did until she gave up the stage and went to Italy to make her home.

Then Mack Sennett needed a new comedian and saw Chaplin playing in a Los Angeles vaudeville house. The producer "tried him out," as a Keystone cop and in a few short months, other comedians on the Sennett lot had drifted to perpetual obscurity, and Chaplin began to make his box office hit all over the world.

On a location trip when a picture company was sent to San Francisco, he met a petite, lovely blonde, Edna Purviance, who was typing letters for a living and was not overly interested in the job. She was engaged as Chaplin's leading lady and the romance of this pair lasted for several years and finally drifted into the calmer pool of friendship. Chaplin's intimates say that of all the women who have loved the comedian, the affection of Edna Purviance for Chaplin was the most sincere and real of them all.

There has been gossip concerning the comedian's close fisted qualities. Much of this is excused by those who know the bitterness of the poverty he suffered in his boyhood days. Others tell stories of his unbounded generosity to the friends who have been faithful to him. When Edna Purviance was playing leads in Chaplin comedies, it is said she was paid $200 a week. This was not considered a munificent salary, for Mabel Normand and other contemporaries were making in the neighborhood of $1,000 or more at the time. Perhaps Chaplin has since realized this fact, or else he values this long-standing friendship. At any rate, in the past few years, while circumstances in other studios made it difficult for Edna Purviance to find leading roles, it is said that her former salary with Chaplin goes on and on.

MILDRED HARRIS presented a marvelous subject for dramatization. She was young and beautiful and while her mother worked hard as a wardrobe mistress, Mildred was trying to make her own difficult way in pictures. I believe a father had decamped for other parts. Mildred presented a picture of a pathetic Cinderella, who could easily be transformed into a lovely queen.

So, the little actress who still can boast the longest, thickest eyelashes in Hollywood, with the possible exception of Greta Garbo, began receiving violets and was invited to dinner with a very great man. The comedian, by this time, was already a famous picture star, but despite the heights of wealth and power to which he had climbed, he was so devoted to this Cinderella that he would sit in his car for hours on a cold, rainy day, waiting in front of the particular studio where Mildred was engaged.

Although Mildred Harris Chaplin has never met Lita Grey Chaplin, both wives made a similar complaint regarding the comedian's moods. Just as he dramatizes romance, the comedian dramatizes other things in which he becomes interested. For instance, he is a remarkable swimmer and he can out-distance many athletes in foot races. So, sometimes the swimming and running mood has him in its grasp and he says, "Isn't this wonderful!

Chaplin's generosity to Edna Purviance disputes those who call him a "tightwad."

I must stay down here at the beach for hours and hours! Nothing in the world like the sea!" And maybe he will discard everything else, and go to the beach for a week, until he tires of it.

Then there will be the music mood, when his violin, cello or piano, may keep him occupied for ten hours at a stretch, despite Chinese dinner gongs or irate cooks. And he will dramatize and grow eloquent over some pretty child in a baby carriage. "Oh, isn't she lovely! A dream! Let's ask the mother to bring her to the studio. Could any baby be more angelic?" The next day, he may dislike all children and not waste a glance at the loveliest baby that ever lived. Again he will be impressed when he meets important people and be charming to them and show his interest. The next time he may be rude and depart in obvious boredom.

Merna Kennedy was Charlie's leading lady in "The Circus," setting afloat rumors of another romance.

HIS close friends say there is still much of the vagabond in the comedian. Much of the adventurer and the wanderer with a desire to search out new places. This mood to play wanderer came over him once in the midst of making a picture. Hundreds of people were on the payroll for that day's work. The comedian took off his famous moustache and shoes and called several of his intimate studio friends into his dressing room, suggesting: "Let's go to Europe this afternoon."

They thought he was joking. When they saw he was serious, his friends caught his own spirit of wanderlust and they all left the studio like boys playing hookey. Not until the next day did the company hear of the sudden departure of the star and the postponement of work.

Naturally, adjusting one's self to husbands with moods of this sort would be difficult. And the comedian himself has just as difficult a time adjusting himself to married life. He frets over the long established give-and-take rules of matrimony, and suffers accordingly.

That Chaplin's sincere respect and regard for Mildred Harris is a reality, is proved by incidents that have happened since the divorce.

A year or so after the separation, Mildred was dining one evening with a well known oil man. Chaplin was seated at a nearby table in a Hollywood cafe. Mildred's escort, according to report, made some remarks concerning the comedian. Chaplin overheard these, and quietly spoke to the oil man across the intervening space. Whereupon, Mildred's escort crashed some crockery about, and made a scene, and Chaplin was compelled to get into the fray to protect himself.

Just recently, when walking on the Santa Monica ocean front with Harry Crocker, Chaplin came across Mildred Harris, now Mrs. Terry McGovern, with her chubby, four-year-old boy by her second husband. This was the first time the pair had met since the crockery episode some three years ago. There must have been a note of pathos in the meeting of Chaplin and Mildred, for they had buried their only child together. Mildred Harris can't see Chaplin in a funny or frivolous light. To her, she says, he is a sad and tragic figure.

ALL the women who have had romances with the comedian attest to his unbounded devotion, his generosity, his lover like qualities and his very real companionship. When he is painting his picture, he paints with charm and artistry.

Charlie Chaplin would be popular in any social set even if he were not a famous star. In evening clothes, he is a very handsome man. His wavy hair is tinged with iron gray just now. He has fine eyes—full of humor and tenderness and understanding. Character and personality are registered in his face. When he is in happy mood, his usual day costume is a gray-checked suit, patent leather shoes, white spats and a gray hat. When he is having the glooms, he arrives at the studio in dark clothes. His cynical moods, rather than repulsing women of his acquaintance, are fascinating to them. Women like to soothe troubled souls and rouse males who seem indifferent.

"You don't look nearly as funny as I thought you would," Elinor Glyn remarked when she first met the comedian.

"Neither do you," he retorted.

In repartee, you can't quite get ahead of Chaplin. At a social affair, he can always keep up a running fire of wit without betraying a sign of animosity. He even can be joyful and hilarious when he completely forgets his introspective moods. He is a superb mimic, and the other day he gave us an awfully funny imitation of Hollywood's worst actor. I won't mention the actor's name, but while I am on the subject, let me say that he thinks Janet Gaynor has more ability than any young actress of today.

Chaplin can be tender and kind, as was to Florence Deshon, an actress friend whom he met soon after his divorce from Mildred Harris. Florence was having a difficult financial struggle in Hollywood and although possessed of certain beauty, did not register with any particular effect as an actress. Chaplin, it is said, often helped Miss Deshon over periods of waiting for engagements as he had a sincere regard for the girl and wanted her to succeed.

While Florence Deshon had great respect for the comedian, she really loved Max Eastman, a writer and lecturer on Socialistic subjects. She was often seen about Hollywood with him during a trip he made west. Later, she gave up her picture career and went to New York where the papers one day reported her suicide in Greenwich village, causes unknown!

The comedian's kindness to others in distress is undoubtedly a direct outgrowth of his years of affection and care for his mother. His ragamuffiin days were filled with pathos, for between stage engagements and chance work at sewing or housework, his mother, over and over again, had mental and nervous breakdowns and had to be taken to London charity hospitals until she recovered again. With his step-brother Sydney, this urchin's youth was filled with memories of poverty, of hunger, of continual moves to new lodging rooms; of recurrent breakdowns of their mother. Just as Lon Chaney's early life in an institution for the deaf and dumb affected his type of characterizations, so Chaplin's former days are symbolized in his poor dilapidated screen figure, known in all movie land.

Charlie Chaplin, the world comedian as seen by Leo. A. Henkora, whose portraits were recently honored at the International Watercolor Exhibit of Chicago. Sketched while Chaplin was watching the premier of "The Circus".

Mildred Harris commands respect and friendship from the comedian, even though they could not be happy as man and wife.

MAY COLLINS came out from New York, pretty and bubbling and vivacious—a typical Clara Bow type of today. She had been in musical comedy in New York—I think she was a Ziegfeld product—and she interested Chaplin. It is said the comedian fell very hard in love with this newcomer and bought her a large, lustrous diamond. But not long after, Hollywood began to report that the cooling off process had set in on both sides, and soon Miss Collins departed for New York, in all probability never to return.

Perhaps some of the most humorous publicity ever, concerning one of Chaplin's lady loves, is concerned with the mysterious disappearance of Claire Windsor. At any rate, it was whispered about town that Claire

(*Continued on page* 104)

DOLORES del RIO *Interviews Herself!*

WHEN the Editor of this magazine recently asked me to write about my life for you, I thought: "Only a year ago no one knew me and now I'm a star!" That's why it all seems like a fairy story.

Dolores Del Rio

SOME four hundred miles from Mexico City, my father owns a large ranch where I lived while I was a wee tot. My maiden name was Dolores Asunsolo; my father is J. L. Asunsolo, a well known figure in banking and financial circles in the City of Mexico. I have no brothers and sisters.

When I was seven, I was taken to the City of Mexico, where I entered the convent of St. Joseph, a branch of a similar convent in Paris. There we spoke only French and I became proficient in the use of this language. At the age of fourteen, my parents took me to Europe for a visit and there I was thrilled by being presented to royalty and becoming very well acquainted with the King and Queen of Spain, who were well known to my family.

Then I had another year of schooling in St. Joseph's convent and after my graduation, devoted my time to social functions, charity affairs and on restful vacations at my parent's large ranch, where I spent my earliest days.

It was at one of these society bazars that I met one of the most popular and eligible of Mexico's bachelors—Jaime Martinez Del Rio, wealthy landowner and a member of one of Mexico's oldest and most aristocratic families. One of Senor Del Rio's ranches, known as the Rancho "Cruces," comprises over a million acres. When I met this handsome bachelor, I was a little over fifteen years of age and he was thirty-two.

I USUALLY danced at these charity affairs, not for remuneration, but to aid in the success of the programs offered and also because I have a natural fondness and aptitude for the famous Spanish and Mexican steps. So, at the gala affair where I first met Senor Del Rio, I danced and from that day forth he wooed me ardently.

"My really great opportunity came in 'What Price Glory' at Fox studio."

Five months after our meeting, we were joined in wedlock. Our wedding was one of Mexico's greatest social events, as statesmen and high government officials came from all over the land, as well as the highest social leaders in my country.

We enjoyed a year and a half of honeymoon travel abroad after our wedding, then took up our abode among our old friends in Mexico City. Shortly after, Edwin Carewe, the American film producer, who had just married Mary Akin, the picture actress, was entertained at our home, with his bride, as well as Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor.

Mr. Carewe told my husband that he considered me a beautiful subject for the movies and asked him what he thought of my coming to Hollywood. At first, we met the proposed idea with laughter. Then we began to talk of it more seriously. Unknown to my friends or family, I was very happy over the opportunity and felt a desire to display what I felt might be real histrionic ability.

The rumors that I might enter the movies in Hollywood went out, and the news traveled far and wide among my friends. There were many arguments among my old friends as to whether a girl from an aristocratic family should have a career on the screen.

BEFORE Mr. Carewe and his party left Mexico City, my husband agreed to make a visit to Hollywood and see what the movie city was really like. He had only spent a few days in the film capital when he cabled me to join him.

When I arrived in Hollywood, I could not speak a word of English, but after a year's study, I was able to speak quite fluently. But harder than learning the language, were the prejudices I had to break down, for many film folk were sure I would be a failure, and others were equally enthusiastic concerning my probable success.

So I worked very seriously in my first picture, *Joanna,* with Dorothy Mackaill

and Jack Mulhall. Then, when they told me they were pleased, I was assigned to *High Steppers,* with Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor, and in *Pals First* with Lloyd Hughes. Then came a co-starring role with Edward Everett Horton, in *The Whole Town's Talking.*

Mr. Carewe, in the meantime, signed me on a contract for a long period of years. This able director guided me up the ladder of film fame, teaching me step by step, all the intricacies of work before the camera. My first really great opportunity came in *What Price Glory,* directed at the Fox Studio, by Raoul Walsh. Critics now proclaimed me a star in my own right and many offers came in to Mr. Carewe for my services in their own productions.

I next did *Jungle Fever* at the Fox Studio and then *My Wife's Honor,* then came another really great role in Tolstoy's *Resurrection.* Rod La Rocque appeared as Prince Dimitri, while I was cast as Katusha Maslova, the servant. At last, they said in moviedom, "Dolores Del Rio has gone way over the top."

Large productions have been my lot ever since. Next came *Carmen,* with Don Alvarado, and then *The Trail of 98.* As soon as I finished my work in this last production, I became a United Artists star, and my first picture under this banner is *Ramona,* now being released throughout the country. The story of *Ramona* is told in the same issue of this magazine.

This is the first time in film history that a Mexican girl has risen to the highest rung of filmdom's ladder. And to think I have attained stardom in only fourteen months time makes me pinch myself sometimes to see if I'm really not dreaming.

Editor's Note: Our summary of Miss Del Rio, besides predicting a brilliant future for her, is as follows: She is an individualist, artistic, thrilling with life, but not a waster of time nor money. She is keener mentally than she is beautiful, so you know she hasn't a dull second. She is very generous—she has a will of her own and uses it. More than that, she would be utterly lost in a drab atmosphere, and fortunately will not likely be, for she changes the atmosphere in which she finds herself by her own personality. That is the real secret of her success.

"When I met Senor Del Rio I was only fifteen. Five months later we were married."

Dolores Del Rio is the only Mexican girl who has achieved stardom in films.

A Millionaire Adventures in

By EDWIN GALLINAGH

ONE sunny day in 1926 an ambulance clanged up to the door of a Hollywood hotel and clanged away again bearing a young man from whose wrists trickled twin streams of blood.

A few hours later, newspapers throughout the country burst forth with screaming headlines over the story that Robert S. Savage, former Yale student, college football hero and son of a Duluth millionaire, had attempted suicide because he had been cast aside by Clara Bow, the movie star.

The papers related how young Savage had become infatuated with the now famous "It" girl, how he captured her affections with his ardent wooing, how they planned to wed, how she suffered a change of heart at the last moment, and how the young scion of wealth, driven to distraction, had slashed his wrists with a razor.

It was a good story so far as it went—and it went along day after day, kept alive by Savage's subsequent sanity trial and a series of other sensational incidents. But the true facts of the Bow-Savage affair and the reasons for the supposed suicide attempt have never before been revealed.

It was not the first time young Savage had seen his name in newspaper headlines. It had appeared there many times during his college days—once when he scored the touchdown which won a southern football championship and again when he married a star of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Nor was it the first time he had become infatuated with a star of the silver screen. This experience had come to him years before, while attending Culver Military Academy.

There was an entertainment in the school gymnasium, featured by a showing of the picture, *Ann of Green Gables*. The heroine was a pretty blonde. With Bob Savage it was a case of love at first sight. And the object of his school-boy passion was Mary Miles Minter.

Mary Miles Minter was this young man's first movie "crush."

Bob Savage arrived in Hollywood determined to capture the heart of Clara Bow.

That same night he wrote a poem, dedicated it to her, and mailed it to her early the next morning. He received no answer to this missive, but this did not dim his ardor. When school closed for the season, he set out for Hollywood to see the lady of his dreams.

This expedition was a dud so far as meeting Mary Miles Minter was concerned. Arriving at the movie capital with a new wardrobe, plenty of ready cash and a carload of enthusiasm, he was greeted with the announcement that Miss Minter was engaged in making a picture in New York!

This was a bad break, thought Bob, and he was naturally disappointed. However, so long as he had come that far, he might as well stick around for awhile, meet some of the movie stars and have a good time.

Playboy's Hollywood

NOT long ago the Hollywood newspapers blazoned the news of a young man's attempted suicide for love of Clara Bow. This is Bob Savage's startling account of what really happened.

With this in view, he made the acquaintance of one Don Amendez, who promised to introduce him to all the top-notchers of the cinema world. Amendez knew each and every one intimately—he said so himself. Mary Pickford, Viola Dana, Gloria Swanson, Wallie Reid—they were his bosom friends!

All arrangements were made for a big party the following night at the home of one of Amendez' many film acquaintances. Savage was to bring the liquor, and Amendez would do the rest. Nothing difficult about this.

When Bob arrived at the appointed place—a bungalow in Beverly Hills—he found the party already under way. Twenty or more men and girls were drinking and dancing to the strains of a phonograph. But so far as Savage could see, there was not a single movie star twinkling among them.

"That's all right," Amendez explained. "They always come late."

But as the night wore on and the party waxed more hilarious, the stars were still conspicuous for their absence.

"What's happened to all the screen actors?" Bob asked his girl companion. "Aren't they going to show up?"

"What'ya mean, screen actors?" she replied. "Don't be sil! No top-notchers would ever come to this dump—these are just a bunch of extras!"

Savage saw red. He'd been played for a sucker just to buy booze for the crowd! Where was this four-flusher, Amendez?

Bob started looking for his host with blood in his eye, but found the object of his wrath just too late. He entered the living room of the bungalow just in time to see Amendez get kicked through the window by a man who looked like a cross between a battle-scarred bulldog and a missing link.

"The poor sap was monkeyin' with that guy's girl," Bob's fair companion explained, "and the bozo happens to be the ex-heavyweight champion of the Pacific fleet!"

SAVAGE left Hollywood, disappointed and disillusioned. That fall he entered Milford Academy, in Connecticut, and some time later matriculated at Yale. And it was while a freshman at this institution that he met Geneva Mitchell, the youngest of Flo Ziegfeld's stars.

At that time she was doing a pogo dance number in the Ziegfeld show, "Sally", and causing a sensation on Broadway. Savage went to the theater with a party of his fellow students, met her after the show, and they soon became fast friends. For the next few weeks, the young Yale student spent more time in New York than in New Haven, spending every possible moment in Miss Mitchell's company. It was a whirlwind courtship and it ended in a whirlwind climax—when the rich man's son and the young Follies star were married, much to the surprise of Bob's family, Flo Ziegfeld and everyone else concerned.

The event was broadcast on the front pages of newspapers everywhere. To say that it caused a sensation is putting it mildly. Ziegfeld sent the show on the road and ordered that a clause be added to the contracts of all his beauties prohibiting them from getting

At the last minute the elopement of Clara Bow and Bob Savage failed; they couldn't get a license.

married while in his employ. A cordon of high-powered lawyers was marched in to cut the bonds which Bob and Geneva had so hastily tied.

As it turned out, the legal doctors had an easy time. Both the principals were under age, Bob being 20 and his bride but 16, and upon thinking it over they both decided that they were a trifle too young for such a serious step. Their marriage was annulled, they parted good friends, and another chapter in Bob Savage's hectic career came to a close.

HIS next appearance in newspaper headlines was as a football star at Centre College, home of the famous "Praying Colonels", where he had transferred from Yale following the Geneva Mitchell episode. Strong and fast, with experience gained from playing on the Yale freshman and many prep school teams, he made the varsity with ease and was soon rated one of the best half-backs in the whole southland.

Though starring in many hard-fought gridiron battles, his greatest football feat was performed in a game between Centre and the University of Kentucky for the championship of the South.

Suffering from a broken nose, Savage had not expected to play, and during the first part of the game he sat on the bench with Hobson, the Centre quarterback, who was out of the line-up with a badly wrenched shoulder.

But as the game wore on and the "Praying Colonels" steadily lost ground, both cripples were called into action. Hobson threw a long pass from mid-field to Savage, who raced over the line for a touchdown. The try for goal failed, and the score stood, Centre 6, Kentucky 0.

Savage was taken from the game immediately after the score was made, but was called upon a second time after Kentucky had scored a touchdown, kicked goal, and was leading 7 to 6.

In two plays he carried the ball from mid-field to Kentucky's 31-yard line — and was stopped by a blow on his already injured nose which fractured that sensitive organ a second time!

It was here that Savage showed the stuff of which he was made. Half dazed and beside himself with pain, he carried the ball a third time, broke through the line of scrimmage, sidestepped Kentucky's secondary defense, and scored the winning touchdown a minute before the final whistle blew. It was a college movie acted out in real life!

Leaving Centre College with a neat cluster of football laurels adorning his classic brow, young Savage fell a victim of wanderlust. Tired of civilization, his restless spirit craved something along the lines of Robert W. Service, so he organized a small expedition and set out for Alaska.

ARRIVING there, he trekked far into the north country—to Ptarmigan, which is north of Millerhouse and about as far from everywhere as it is possible to get. The only other white man on the expedition was Dad Brice, an old Kentuck-

(*Continued on page* 83)

Clara Bow very nearly became the second Mrs. Savage. Bob's first wife was Geneva Mitchell, sixteen-year-old dancer in "Sally."

Far in the wilds of Alaska, the urge to see Mary Miles Minter sent Savage back to civilization.

SO THIS IS Hollywood

Business is business with Richard Wallace, director of "Lady Be Good" for the First National. How can he sit calmly directing a scene without even glancing at the girls beside him?

By Anne Howe

RICHARD DIX, the man who receives more fan mail than any other male star in Hollywood, has broken all records since his illness and recent operation. Tons of letters of sympathy have poured in from over the entire country, making a veritable mountain of mail for the star. He had a critical relapse following his operation for appendicitis, but at last reports he was well on the road to recovery. His last interview before his operation was with Ruth Tildesley, SCREEN SECRETS writer, who is doing Dix's life story for this magazine. (The first installment appears next month —the Editor).

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., has been selected to play the juvenile lead in *The Barker*, a role which is considered one of the plums of the year. Milton Sills will play the barker of the circus whose son becomes entangled with a hard-boiled performer to be played by Betty Compson.

HOPE HAMPTON entertained a galaxy of stars at the Montmartre recently. Among the most prominent guests were Claire Windsor, Blanche Mehaffey, Lina Basquette, Sharon Lynn, Mrs. Tom Mix, Dolores Del Rio, Rita Carewe, Ruth Roland, Molly O'Day, Laura La Plante, and Leatrice Joy.

NOW that summer is here the number of beach parties is increasing. The Sea Breeze Beach Club is composed entirely of film people and some of the gayest parties of the industry are given here. Lina Basquette is one of the hostesses that entertains frequently at beach parties. Her most recent one was in honor of Gwen Lee.

THE Pacific Northwest is due for a popularity rage. Red haired Clara Bow has gone north on her vacation journey.

A NUMBER of famous married couples of the screen were present at the Annual Gambol of the Catholic Motion Picture Guild: Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman); Mr. and Mrs. Rod La Rocque (Vilma Banky), and Count and Countess Mdivani (Mae Murray). The single members of the guild were well represented by such celebrities as May McAvoy, Bebe Daniels, Johnny Haines, and Jackie Coogan.

Lupe Velez is being greeted at the United Artists Studios by Clementine, John Barrymore's pet monkey. Lupe is to work with D. W. Griffith.

TWICE before Natalie Talmadge could not complete a picture opposite her husband, Buster, because the stork made a visit. Now that her two boys have grown out of their babyhood, she is going to make a third attempt as a leading lady in Buster's next picture. Natalie is the middle Talmadge, Norma being older, and Constance younger.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS has had an unusual break of bad fortune. Only a few years ago her husband, Alan Holubar, the director, died while on location in Tennesse. Now news has come to Hollywood that Miss Phillips' fiance, Arthur Fournier, the composer, has died very suddenly in New York City. Fournier had planned to stage two light operas of his own composition and had gone east for that purpose.

NINA ROMANO, Mrs. Lou Tellegen, is back in Hollywood and will go back into pictures. It is believed that this professional pair have separated and may soon ask for a divorce.

GEORGE LEWIS, under contract to Universal and who recently played the lead in *The Collegian* series, has wed Mary Lou Lohman. Bubbles Steiffel, who will wed Reginald Denny in November when his divorce is final, was a bridesmaid as well as Sally Eilers, a Wampas starlet, and Carmen Pantages who is engaged to the producer, John Considine.

YOUNG Robert Tyson, millionaire San Francisco youth, has deserted debutante circles and married Frances Studley, an extra girl.

"Right to a T," that's Colleen Moore, says Sir Thomas Lipton, who watched her in filming "Lilac Time" a British war picture.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD, formerly well known on stage and screen, will play the lead in the play written by Jaime Del Rio, husband of Dolores Del Rio. He intends to make a name for himself.

Corinne Griffith seems to be getting a lot of attention now that she is back in the First National fold. But she, without a doubt, deserves it.

Brazil may be known for its nuts, but here is Lia Tora, a beauty contest winner from that torrid country who has signed with Fox. *Photo by Autrey.*

ANNA MAY WONG has often been called the lonesomest girl in pictures. Not that Miss Wong was not well liked among her studio workers, but so few of her fellow countrymen were in the picture industry and she often missed those informal, intimate little gatherings of other studio folk.

Now, Anna May Wong, has picked a very large plum indeed. While some twenty or more American film stars were waiting for an opportunity in German or English pictures, UFA the largest film colony in Europe has summoned the clever Chinese actress. It seems several years ago, Karl Vollmeyer titled Fairbanks *Thief of Bagdad* in which the dainty Chinese actress played a part. He was charmed with her personality and ability and predicted a great future for her. Just recently, Vollmeyer had a chance to write a story for UFA so he wrote it around Anna May Wong and the German studio has asked her to star in it.

LINA BASQUETTE is often seen with James Fidler, publicity agent these days. Virginia Roye, a screen actress, was Fidler's former wife, and Miss Basquette is the widow of the producer, Sam Warner.

POLA NEGRI, it is said, has had an overdose of Hollywood. She is tired of the continual shop talk—the little envies, and the great struggles. It is said the film star has lost her zest and looks forward to the time she can take a long vacation in Europe. This will be done shortly, for she has one more picture to make with Paramount, and then a long trek to foreign parts with her husband, Prince Divani. Pola has a beautiful speaking voice and may even essay a few stage parts before she faces a camera again.

JACK DEMPSEY'S sister, Elsie, has broken into the films via the extra route. She has had some previous stage experience in San Francisco.

CECILIA DE MILLE, daughter of Cecil De Mille who is now twenty years of age, is launched forth on a picture career. She has done extra work between horse shows, for Miss Cecilia has a string of blue-ribbon horses. This time she has been given a bit in *The Godless Girl.*

A WISE producer recently utilized a Hollywood failing to advantage. It is one of the practices of the industry that when something makes a hit with the box, everyone scrambles to secure the credit.

The producer wanted to know who was responsible for a certain scene in a photodrama, intimating that he was much pleased with it. Immediately writers, gag men, the supervisor, executives, the director, assistant directors, players and others shouted in unison: "It was MY idea!" Finally the producer learned who was really responsible—and fired him! The sequence had

Would you like to see something beautiful in furs? Here are Camilla Horn of Germany and Lupe Velez of Mexico.

shown bad taste and poor judgment.

A MORAL lesson to every young woman in America is the case of Josephine Lido, popularly known as Dimples. Josephine struck young Carl Laemmle, Jr., as being good screen material when he saw her in Vienna last year, so he signed her at a fat salary on a six months contract. But, no sooner did Dimples draw her first pay check than she tottered down to the nearest drug store and filled all the little empty nitches with cream puffs and chocolate delights. And the Universal cafeteria was taxed to its utmost to fill Dimples orders. Her costumes began to be snug, and still Josephine ate and got fatter and fatter and fatter. So now, Universal dropped Dimples and she has gone back to Vienna.

MARY STUART can prove that long engagements can be successful. Mary first told us about Christmas, 1926, that she would marry Garrett Fort, a scenario writer, so the romance has covered a period of two years and they have just wed.

JUST as soon as Teddy Sampson, former comedy star, divorced Ford Sterling, she dashed off to Europe to make a fresh start in English and French pictures.

A WARNER actor, who does not like the dressing room they assigned to him, attended a party the other day and heard that the studio had caught on fire. His first reaction was one of happiness, but then he came to this gloomy conclusion. "Oh, they'll put the fire out before it does any good!"

THE little sixteen year old five and ten cent store girl who attained attention through her accidental debut in films is marching on to the realization of her Cinderella dreams. Dorothy Ward, the former dime store clerk, has just been signed by Sam Sax, of Gotham Films, to a five year contract. Her first part will be a lead opposite George Jessel. Dorothy was discovered during the Christmas shopping days when Margaret Livingston and Phyllis Haver saw her in a Los Angeles shop and told several producers about her.

CHARLES RAY is taking a prominent part in a revival of the formerly successful stage play, *Within the Law* in the east.

ROSES and other gifts are arriving. And she is offered a trip to New York to attend the opening of her new picture and a lovely vacation besides. And she has a new car and everything.

A flapper? A baby star? A beautiful young thing? No, all these favors were conferred on the lovely white haired grandmother heroine of *Four Sons*, the charming Fox picture now being shown in the theaters of the country. Margaret Mann, this ideal type of mother, has made a hit equally as great as that of any beautiful star with youth as an asset.

ESTELLE and Jack are riding around in a new, red Rolls Royce these days.

No gun needed. Who would want to crash the Christie gate when you could see all this on the outside?

GRETA GARBO and John Gilbert chartered an airplane the other day and flew over the miles of devastated ranch country where the water swept when the huge dam in a canyon near Hollywood broke and killed over two hundred people.

WE HEAR that another ex Follies girl may come to Hollywood. It is reported that Jessica Brown, who wed Lord Northesk, has lost the gentleman to a much plainer English sportswoman.

Like the story of the man biting the dog, it's news when a Follies girl loses a gentleman!

Two of Hell's Angels—with one from another region: James Hall, Greta Nissen, and Ben Lyon.
—Photo by Russel Ball.

HELL'S ANGELS

IN *Hell's Angels,* the new war picture of the air produced by that wealthy young plunger, Howard Hughes, the Armistice is made a reality.

Ten years after the end of the World War, they fashioned this great picture of flying combat out of the stuff of stark realism, and Hughes has brought together both German and Allied aces to go through the battles that once were fought in grim earnest.

A flyer from Richtoffen's famous flying circus shoots it out with aces of the American and British forces—with sham bullets instead of the fatal stream of lead that once spat through the propellors their spray of death.

There is Ted Parsons, French and American ace and former member of the Lafayette Escadrille and Guynemeyer's famous stork squadron. Howard Blanchard, British ace, can also be found out on locations where *Hell's Angels* is being completed. Blanchard was a former member of the Royal Flying Corps and one of England's foremost aerial fighters during the war. He has seven confirmed victories to his credit and was awarded the Croix de Guerre and numerous other medals.

Two ex-German aces were engaged for *Hell's Angels,* all personal animosities having given away to a feeling of brotherliness since the great conflict has passed. Rudolph Shad is one of these and one of the few surviving members of Baron von Richtoffen's flying circus, with fourteen confirmed air victories to his credit. Joachim Rehorst, said to be the only surviving member of Richthofen's own personal staff, is acting as technical advisor on the great air picture. His advice is valuable in filming reproductions of the exploits of Richtoffen's flying circus.

Joseph J. Ince, British ace, and former member of the Fourth Australian squadron of the Royal Flying Corps, is another famous flyer engaged for the picture and J. B. Alexander, one of America's foremost aviation instructors during the war serves as chief test pilot on *Hell's Angels.* Frank Clark, Roy Wilson, Maurice "Loop-the-Loop" Murphy, Leo Nomis, Frank Tomock and others

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TIA JUANA!

A Day at the Big Derby with Estelle Taylor, Jack Dempsey and other film favorites—by

Arthur Guy EMPEY

who also ran.

Estelle and Jack Dempsey with a group of friends watching their horse come down the home stretch.

MY TELEPHONE buzzed. The bell is doctored. (All writers are nutty in some particular thing, or things.) I was half-finished with an army yarn for BATTLE STORIES, one of the Fawcett sure-fire magazines, and the editor was in a hurry for it.

I told my secretary, a blonde cutie of the peach variety, to say I wasn't in. (Most bum writers are liars. That's why they sell their stuff, I guess.)

"It's Jack Dempsey," informed the blonde-cutie-of-the-peach-variety, a hand over the transmitter, and tipping me a wink that bordered upon the sarcastic. "Shall I tell *him* that you are out?"

"Yes, and lose your job," I replied, grabbing the phone.

"Hello, Guy," came Jack's voice over the wire. "Next time you don't want me to hear, don't talk quite so loud. How'd you like to run down to Tia Juana? I've got a horse, 'Doc Wilson,' entered in the Tia Juana Derby. If he runs fast enough he'll cop sure. Estelle is going."

How could I refuse? Would you?

Being the guest of a regular fellow like Jack Dempsey is, in itself, enough to bowl over an ordinary pen-pusher like me, not to mention the fact that his charming and beautiful wife, Estelle Taylor, was going along.

And when I say Estelle is charming and beautiful, I don't mean maybe. She is. Not a bit stuck up, either. You'd like Estelle. I like her, and I'm not afraid to say it, even if her "worse-half" was for years the champion heavyweight of the world and still packs a wicked punch.

We left Hollywood in Jack's Rolls-Royce. A dream on wheels. Burns Ethyl gas, but Estelle isn't jealous.

Oh boy, what a wonderful drive! Glorious sunshine all the way, and most of the country freezing in overcoats. Orange groves. Flowers. The stately eucalyptus, with its invigorating aroma. Palm trees. Hibiscus. Long stretches of beautiful beaches. The Pacific ocean.

And the marvelous roads. The best in the world, and I am not exaggerating. And how that Rolls did hum! More than once it hit sixty-five an hour and held it, when the speed-cops were among the missing. And the Rolls didn't even wet a hair.

In five hours, or it might have been four, or perhaps three, I'm not sure, time passes so quickly in interesting company, we hit San Diego. Then across a dinky little wooden ferryboat to Coronado, where we stopped overnight at the Hotel del Coronado, Southern California's hostelry de luxe.

Yes, you can get a fair room there for $17.00 per diem, if you reserve it a couple of years in advance. And "per diem", doesn't mean a week, either.

Dinner clothes were in order. And how Jack can wear them! With Estelle on his arm, in a creation of—well, it was nifty—they looked like they had just stepped out of a Fifth Avenue fashion-show ad. No fooling. (Those gentlemen who prefer blondes haven't seen Estelle.)

After dinner the hotel entertained its guests in the ballroom with the original Chauve Souris Company. Whatever that is! I guess I am an awful low-brow, but I

LET Guy Empey, the famous war novelist, take you through a thrilling day at Tia Juana with the film folk, and learn what Estelle whispered to Jack's horse, "Doctor Wilson," before the race.

Neck and neck at the finish! One of the two leaders carries the Dempsey colors.

never did like those Russian things. Jack wasn't carried away with it, either, because we both ducked. We were more interested in the chances of "Doc Wilson" winning the Derby.

That's one of the many traits I admire in Jack. If he doesn't like a thing he won't sit through it pretending that he does.

AT NOON the next day, Sunday, we set out for the Mexican border and Tia Juana, a distance of about sixteen miles from the hotel. You can't miss the border line. A huge sign is suspended across the road, one side reading "United States" and the other "Mexico."

Armed American custom guards carefully inspect each car and its occupants leaving the United States and a few yards farther on you have to undergo a similar rigid inspection by the Mexican authorities.

These Mexican babies *look* "hard," with their swarthy faces, ten-gallon hats, and six-guns hanging on hips. Personally, in a squared circle, I honestly believe that Jack could do for a dozen of them. And he wouldn't need a horseshoe in his glove.

Safely past the "line" and now in Mexico, the chauffeur parked the car and Jack and Estelle and I went to the stables to say hello to "Doc Wilson."

Estelle whispered something in the horse's ear and patted his sleek neck. (It was the first time in my life that I wished I was a horse.) "Doc Wilson" nodded his head. On the level. Right then and there I determined to bet my typewriter and the two extra ribbons I own that "Doc" would win the Derby. How could he help it?

From the stables we went to the race-track clubhouse. It costs you four dollars to get in and whatever you have in your jeans to get out, unless you and Dame Fortune are sweeties. And she can't be true to everybody.

The clubhouse is a two-story building adjacent to the grandstand and sports a front porch which gives you a fine view of the track.

FOR the moment I thought I was back in Hollywood again, there were so many movie stars in evidence, and each with a racing program in hand. Is Jack Dempsey popular with them? Is Estelle? I'll say so.

Jack's table, reserved for him, soon became a gathering place of the stars, all eager to question him on the chances of "Doc Wilson" in the big race. Norma Talmadge, with her winning smile; her sister Connie, as piquant as ever; Tommy Meighan, one of the most regular fellows I ever met, with his interesting and deservedly popular wife, Frances Ring; Marie Prevost, looking stunning as a blonde; Gilbert Roland, feeling quite at home in Mexico; Buster Collier, our rising young star; Captain Roscoe Fawcett, editor of SCREEN SECRETS, and a host of others.

If anyone tells you that movie people aren't home folks, and regular, he has never mixed with them.

When one visits Tia Juana one must gamble, if only for the novelty of it. It is a part of the day. Don't for a minute imagine that the stars wager huge sums, because they don't. They have too much sense for that.

And there are no drunken parties, even if champagnes, wines, whiskies, and beers are there for the buying. In fact, I saw little if any drinking among the stars. But to get back to Jack and Estelle and "Doc Wilson."

Naturally Jack, having a horse entered in the Derby, the winning of which meant a purse of $31,000 to him, had business elsewhere than on the porch of the clubhouse. He left Estelle with a playful warning shake of the finger not to plunge the whole of the Dempsey fortune on a single number in roulette.

Estelle promised not to emulate Pittsburgh Phil, and went into the gaming room. I accompanied her. From now on I can beat that roulette game. It's a cinch! All you have to do is to play the numbers that Estelle neglects to cover with her chips. That's a system which will prove a sure winner.

Later I joined Jack. I found him in front of the grandstand. He was standing before the "Los Angeles" book,

run by his old friend, Gene Normile, and was scanning the prices on the "slate." He seemed to like "Ojo," a horse in the fourth race, because he slipped Gene one hundred and fifty dollars at three to one "on the nose." Jack always plays them "on the nose," in the ring and out.

By the way! "Ojo" is expected to finish on the Thursday following the Fourth of July. At least that was the latest report received at this writing. Jack and Estelle are some pickers. I also played "Ojo." That horse should have been named, "O-hell." When he gets in I'm going to shoot him.

The big thrill was to be the eight race, the Tia Juana Derby. (There were *eleven* races on the card.) That's what we were waiting for. And while waiting, I'll give you a few sidelights on Jack as the man.

FIRST of all, he's a "regular." You know what I mean. His great success in the ring and the fortune he has amassed have not enlarged his head in the slightest. He still wears the same sized hat.

Quiet-spoken, even-tempered, he is quite the gentleman. And he isn't acting the part, either. He uses good English and is modesty personified.

Jack never has an alibi and never boasts what he'll do to the other fellow if given another chance. He dresses well and in excellent taste. Although he is no Adonis when it comes to looks, there is much character in his somewhat rugged face and when he smiles that engaging and sincere smile of his he wins you immediately. Jack has a heart as big as a house (not a snail's house) and is constantly digging into his pocket to help an unfortunate. The best part of it, his charitable acts seldom appear in the papers. That's Jack all over. What good he does, and it's plenty, is done quietly, and not for publicity.

Jack and Estelle, pals always, picked winners in the grand old gamble of matrimony.

Jack is a home man. He loves his wife and she loves him. It is one of those matches which will last.

I firmly believe if Jack had not taken up fighting as a profession that he would have succeeded in most any other line of endeavor he might have attempted. Of course, his rise might not have been so phenomenal, but it would have been sure. There is a certain dominating personality about the man which is compelling. Yes, Jack has the male gender of that thing known as "It."

And another thing to tuck under your hats: Jack Dempsey isn't squandering his money on race horses. Nor gambling. Not Jack! He's just playing a little. Can't work all the time. He has set a limit, and he'll not go beyond it. At present Jack is slightly ahead of the racing game. It costs money to feed horses.

Don't think for an instant that Jack is just another prizefighter on the down-chute, for he isn't.

A level-headed business man is Jack, with his money well invested and bringing in good returns. This hard-fisted, likable chap of the roped arena lives on his *income*, not on his *principal*. And it is not all play with him. Jack works just as hard handling his business as he did when training for Jess Willard, with the championship in view and the added glory linked with it.

Perhaps this will interest you: Jack is through with fighting. Even a million-dollar purse would not make him crawl through the ropes again. Not that Jack is afraid and has lost confidence in himself. Far from it.

He told me in all sincerity that he had no desire to burn himself out; that his life lay before him, not behind him, and he wished to live that life in good physical and mental condition, which would not be possible if he kept in the fight game. Has Jack got brains? I'll say he has.

The prize ring did not elevate Jack Dempsey. Jack Dempsey elevated the prize ring

BUT what is that? A thundering roar from the grandstand. Thousands of people on their feet and craning their necks down the track.

They're off! A perfect start! The Tia Juana Derby is soon to become history.

They're at the quarter! Where is "Doc Wilson," with Jockey Field in the saddle? Where are the Dempsey colors? Green, red collar and cuffs, purple sash and green cap. I catch the flash of a green cap. Way back. Too far back. I turn and look at Jack. His horse can't win. He stands like a statue, not an eyelash quivering. No emotion at all. I admire his nerve.

They're at the half! The green cap is creeping up to the leaders. "Doc Wilson" is showing his stuff. Not a sign or a move from Jack.

Around the turn! The green cap but a length behind. The stretch! A neck-and-neck finish. Jack seems carved from marble. "Doc Wilson" wins by a whisker.

Then Jack becomes all boy. Laughing. Shaking hands. Eyes dancing. He has won his first big stake

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Paging Anita Page

By Herbert Childs

Harry K. Thaw's protege makes good in the films under a new name

ANITA RIVERS, a pretty blonde from Murray Hill, tried to climb the movie ladder in New York and discovered that most of the rungs were missing. She found a few minor parts at the Paramount studio on Long Island. That was all.

But if she only could get out west to Hollywood! Then she was sure she would have a chance. About this time Harry K. Thaw, tiring of New York's night clubs and yearning for excitement, took it into his head to crash Hollywood and make some movie history on his own hook. He looked around, and found Anita Rivers as a likely young lady who might do well in his productions.

Being a New Yorker, Anita had every reason to take Thaw's venture lightly. The slayer of Stanford White had a reputation for strange impulses—maybe this was just another one of them. But—why not?

It was a gamble, and Anita Rivers took it. She persuaded her mother to pack up and come along. In Hollywood, this pretty girl realized that she had followed a phantom. Studios turned their backs on Thaw.

Over at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio she met Malcolm St. Clair, the director. And wonder of wonders—like the prince of old, he offered this new Cinderella the silver slipper in the form of a screen test—and luckily the slipper fitted her!

She was renamed Anita Page and put under contract. She was given the lead opposite William Haines in his new picture, *He Learned About Women*. Another fairy story has come true; another Cinderella has come into her own.

Anita was once named Nita Pulmaris, it is said, the daughter of a wealthy contractor, and the winner of a beauty contest conducted by the Keith-Albee circuit some years ago. She worked in vaudeville for a short time as a reward. When she first arrived in Hollywood she was considered a buxom embryo film star. She was unusually lucky in being recognized by St. Clair and intends to make her dream come true, proving by talent that all is not luck.

Anita Page

Ralph Forbes and Norma Shearer come from an adjoining set to congratulate the newcomer. Left to right—Ralph Forbes, Norma Shearer, Director Sam Wood, Anita Page and William Haines.

Harry Carr Says ~

HARRY CARR, nationally known column writer, production manager under D. W. Griffith and author of three of Dorothy Gish's scenarios, writer for Thomas H. Ince, Erich von Stroheim, and Cecil B. De Mille, will write each month for SCREEN SECRETS.

WE ARE assured by the real estate advertisements that Hollywood is the Garden of Eden. This explains why Adam and Eve have been shown the gate; and told to go to work.

The sun is setting on the golden days of the movies. There never will be so much easy money again. These Wall Street lads have announced that they are willing to keep on investing money in motion pictures; but they have no intention of maintaining picture actors and sublimated bookkeepers in permanent imperial luxury.

You couldn't fairly call what is going on "cutting expenses"; it is more like the Chinese "Ling Chee"—the death of the thousand cuts.

The Bacon Bringers

PERSONALLY I believe that big money will always be paid to stars and writers who can actually bring the money back into the box office. There will always be Babe Ruths in the movies. But the practice of scattering salaries of $1,000 and $2,000 a week around like favors at a bridge party has ended.

Money Flung Away

MOST of the stars have nothing to show for their years of prodigal earning.

Mary Pickford is rich. She has about $2,000,000 in securities and a lot of business corners in Hollywood that will keep the family in bread and butter for some time to come. Mack Sennett has a lot of money and a lot of real estate. Cecil B. De Mille is rated at $4,000,000 as his souvenir from the movies.

There are a lot of girls like Anna Q. Nilssen, Louise Fazenda, Ruth Roland and Phyllis Haver who has sense enough to plant it while the going was good. Also, many of the directors like Frank Borzege, Donald Crisp and Rupert Julian wear out their thumbs cutting coupons. Most of the stars have flung it away on near-Spanish palaces and old masters that they aren't sure of.

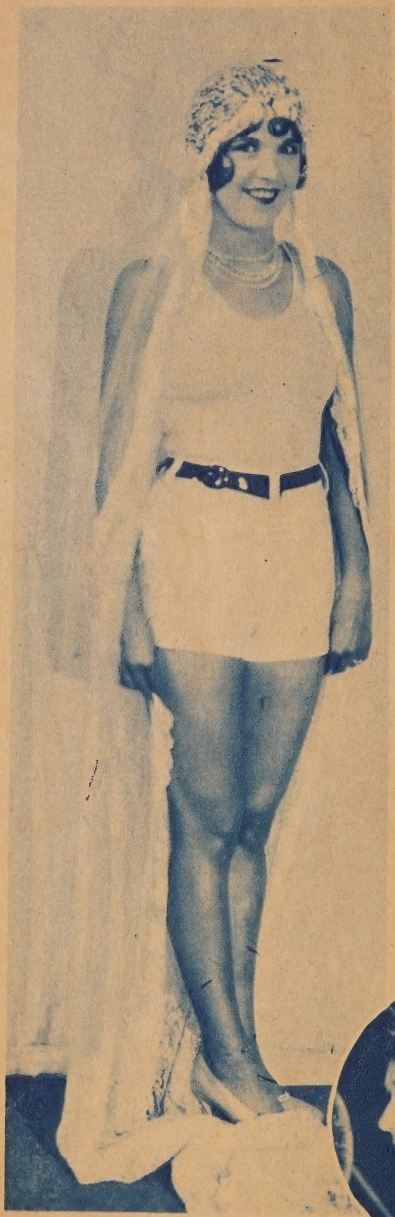
Pola Goes Home

POLA NEGRI'S contract is on the last lap at Paramount; and she is going back to Europe. I doubt if she will ever come back.

Her American venture has been a tragedy. She came over here with the prestige of *Passion* and *Gypsy Love*. She is going back with her feathers wilted. Mostly, it wasn't her fault.

The best description of what happened to Pola came from little Fay Wray—Von Stroheim's "discovery". "They tried to clean up Pola," she said, "And, in so doing, they scrapped her."

And that is just what Pola thinks. Pola is a brilliant woman—appallingly frank, fearless and intellectually ruthless. When they got her over here, they tried to dilute the mixture. To put her out in a series of tabby cat stories in which the public was to be convinced that Du Barry was a nice lady—only a little informal; but a good gal. They tried to do the impossible.



If Hollywood is the "modern garden of Eden," then this is a modern Eve! Joan Marquis, of Paramount Christie comedies,-is the girl.

Mary Pickford has invested more than two million.

THE sun is setting on the golden days of the movies . . . when salaries were scattered broadcast . . . the wise ones are saving and investing . . . Mary and Gloria have the last laugh.

Being Beautiful—and Such

ONE day I was on the set when Pola rose to anguished rebellion. "Damn it", she shrieked, "I don't want to be beautiful; I don't want to be sympathetic. I want to act."

But they wouldnt let her. They insisted upon bedtime tales for the young and unsophisticated.

Disillusioned

WITH Pola, there will be a trek of a disgusted band of European directors back to Europe. Swedes, Germans, French and what have you. Most of them have failed in America.

One of them told me that the American angle on life is bewildering to a European. "You insist on happy endings and stories about young girls. How can there be a story about a young girl? She had the mumps at the age of eleven; at seventeen, she was kissed. What's it all about?"

A Cynic Cashed In

THE one fellow who got the most fun and the most cash out of Hollywood of all the invading foreigners was Dimitry Buchowitzski. He was an utterly cynical Russian. He made bad pictures; snickered up his sleeve; and grabbed off a large fortune. He just didn't care. If nursery stories were what we wanted—him for the cradle songs. I don't know what has become of him. He is no longer in evidence. Probably clipping coupons in Paris.

The Case of D. W.

D. W. GRIFFITH seems to have driven through the period where his runners were in the mud; he is back on the smooth sliding snow again.

His New York adventure, where he had to fight for finances to support a big studio which was empty most of the time, was incredible folly. He is now in the hands of Joe Schenck—where he ought to be. Joe is a game spender; and the best hand at managing temperamental big leaguers I have ever known.

As a result, D. W. Griffith has come back. His *Drums of Love* was priced too high for its Broadway run; but the producers predict that it will gross $2,000,000.

A "Yes" Girl

IN LITTLE Mary Philbin, Griffith has found an actress after his own heart.

Mary is a peculiar girl in this: she is just as good as the director is good. In the hands of a bad director, she is something terrible. With men like Griffith and Von Stroheim, she has no superiors.

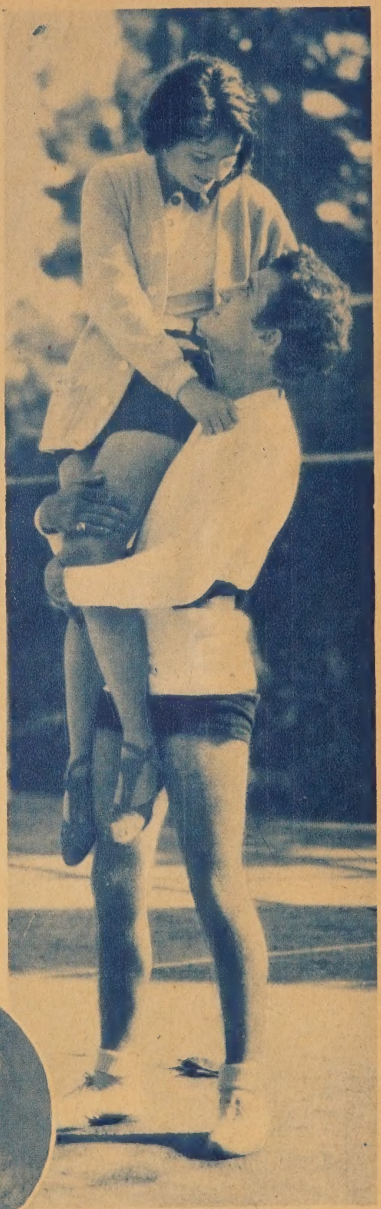
There are no limits beyond which she cannot go—either way. If she makes two more pictures with Griffith, the world will be hers.

She is a timid little girl. When you try to interview her, she sits on the very edge of a chair and just breathes out: "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," in a tiny, scared voice.

She is under a long contract with Universal. Old Uncle Carl Laemmle hopes that Griffith will do his very best. The better he does, the more money in Uncle Carl's pocket.

(*Continued on page* 106)

Mary Philbin is the most timid of all the players Harry Carr has interviewed.



Keeping fit is rule one of the stars. Norma Talmadge has just won a tennis match and deserves a lift. Gilbert Roland was the loser.

How I Broke Into The Movies — By Esther Ralston

NECESSITY and long blond hair propelled me into moving pictures. I needed a job badly and the long blond hair did the rest.

Of course obtaining my first part in pictures could scarcely be called breaking into the movies. It took more than golden tresses to get me parts that eventually led up to something worth while. It took hard work, a large quantity of tears, and more dogged persistence than I ever dreamed I possessed.

I will always be glad I am a blond, though, for my hair certainly did me a good turn when it won me my first chance to appear before the camera in a picture directed by Lois Weber.

Fortunately for me, popular imagination has never given angels dark hair. I don't know just why it is but angels are generally pictured as having long blond hair. I am glad that they are, for it was in the part of an angel that I made my first appearance before the camera.

I needed a job, as I have mentioned before. Miss Weber needed an angel for her picture and I happened to be on the set at the time. My long fair hair did the rest.

Although I was only in my early teens at the time I became a moving picture angel, my screen debut followed several years of work on the vaudeville stage. I had toured in a family act with my mother and father. As a small child I first did acrobatic stunts, but that ended when my head came into violent contact with the stage floor one night in an accident. Right then I decided that the life of a flying rings artist was not for me and I took up dancing.

The war made hard times for vaudeville acts and bookings were not to be had. Then father received word from a friend of his, a manager on the Pacific Coast, asking us to come to California and assuring us of bookings there.

There was only way for us to reach California, so we started to play our way across the continent. When we

(*Continued on page* 96)

Movie Notes *from* Gay PAREE

By RENE DE LA SEINE
Special Correspondent

PARIS, FRANCE

MARQUIS HENRI DE LA FALAISE DE LA COUDRAY is *not* seeking a Paris divorce from Gloria Swanson.

Screenland's noble pair have *not* quarreled.

Their marriage has *not* degenerated into a "companionate" union.

Gloria is *not* "broke."

Such, fans and fanesses, is the "low-down" straight from the lips of both.

GLORIA SWANSON I saw in New York when we were each making a flying trip there. I had not seen her in two years—since she began growing her hair. At that time I had tea with her at her magnificent bungalow on top of Park Chambers, the swagger Sixth-avenue apartment house. This is now leased to strangers.

That week-end I spent at Gloria's little house at Harmon-on-the-Hudson, playing with "Brother." The Harmon shack has also changed hands.

When Gloria went over to United Artists, thereby refusing a Paramount contract of $15,000 a week, one of the penalties of her decision, and not the least, was that henceforth she would have to live in California. Neither she nor her husband liked California.

In New York, Henri had a flourishing little business as agent for French publishers, with a suite of offices in a building at the corner of Forty-Second Street and Vanderbilt avenue. Pulling up the stakes for California meant abandonment of this gentlemanly employment and the aristocratic young Frenchman was obliged to sell automobiles in Hollywood.

In New York, Gloria was gradually edging into exclusive society as Madame la Marquise. Smart folk, charingly at first, went to her parties at Park Chambers and came away much impressed at the suavity of Gloria's *savoir faire*. But in Hollywood Madame la Marquise is merely Gloria Swanson.

EN PASSANT, and apropos, I have to tell you why that delightful girl Peggy Hopkins Joyce no longer uses her legitimate title of Countess Moerner.

Peggy told it to me over a *diner intime* in her tasteful little Fifty-fourth street "duplex."

"I was tickled at the title just at first," she admitted. "After all, almost any girl gets a thrill out of being bowed to as "Madame la Comtesse" after a lifetime as plain 'Miss' or 'Mrs.' I was human enough to like entering a party and hear the butler announce me as 'Countess Moerner.' But one day I wanted my hair done in a hurry and telephoned Charles, my *coiffeur*.

"'This is Countess Moerner speaking,' I said. 'I want an appointment right away.'

"'Impossible, Madame la Comtesse,' answered Charles. 'All the *rendezvous* are taken.'

"Then I got mad. 'See here, Charles,' I said, 'This is Peggy Joyce speaking and I want you to know—'

The Dodge Twins of Los Angeles, proteges of Marco and Fanchon, have the distinction of replacing the famous Dolly Sisters in the Folies Bergere of Paris.

Lily Damita is the Mary Pickford of France and is considered one of the most beautiful girls on the Continent.

"AN AGONIZED scream from Charles cut me short. He was simply inarticulate for five minutes trying to apologise. 'Miss Joyce? *Mais oui, mais oui, mais certainment*—at once, *tout-de-suite.*' And he called himself every kind of an imbecile for not recognizing my name.

"Since then I've dropped the 'countess' part of my name. What good does it do me? It can't even get me a hair cut."

BUT to return to the Falaise-Swanson *ménage.*

I saw the Marquis in the Ritz at Paris and taxed him with the rumors prevalent in the United States that he and Gloria had agreed to disagree.

"Absolutely sheer, unadulterated, hopeless bunk," he said. "You know why I am obliged to come here every six months. The immigration authorities compel me to do this in order to obtain a non-quota visa. I'm having difficulty this time because they say I am really domiciled in the United States.

"The whole thing hinges on what is 'temporary domicile'. I maintain that I am only in America because my wife, who is American, has work there. I am merely visiting her. I do not intend to live permanently in the United States. In fact, Gloria and I are determined to live in Paris when she retires, which will not be many years hence.

"Surely it is a little ridiculous of the law to forbid a man to be with his wife because she, an American, has contracts which oblige her to stay in America?"

THEN the boyish nobleman grew solemn.

"As to these scandalous reports about there being differences between Gloria and myself," he said, "I can only say that they are malicious and without a shred of foundation.

"They say we have quarreled. Gosh! Of course we have! We have quarreled like almost any married couple—quarreled so we could kiss and make up!

"I love Gloria more now than when we were married, although that seems impossible. Do you remember that night when we thought Gloria was dying, here in Paris, and we sat on a couch and watched, and watched, and expected the spark to go out any moment?"

I DID remember the anguish of those moments, and I knew what Henri meant—that the love bred out of those terrible hours would endure as long as either lived. We were silent a moment.

"Here are some cables I have received," said Henri. "She sends two or three a day."

All were couched in tender terms that left no doubt that all was, in reality, well between them. And I was glad. You see, I love them both.

BELLE LIVINGSTONE, "wickedest woman in the world," "most dangerous woman in Europe," sixty-year-old flapper and accomplished authoress, has left these parts for New York City.

There she has taken "Oneman House," Ben Wood's luxurious house on Fifty-Second Street, and is running it as a "'twixt-and-'tween" club for wealthy gentlemen, authors, artists and the like who don't like to risk the speakeasies, being at the same time undesirous or prohibited from entertaining in their own homes.

Requisition for membership is $200, but "genuine poets, writers, painters" and such are permitted to rub shoulders with millionaires for nothing. Once the $200 is paid everything thereafter—food, conversation, *et cetera,*—is for nothing.

I DROPPED in to this new *Salon des Arts* just before leaving New York, Belle insisting that I should carry word to the gang back in Paris just how well she was fixed. I found Theodore Dreiser eating a

poached egg, he having been to a banquet whereat he could eat nothing; Sammy Hoffenstein, the press agent and critic; Tommy Smith, literary director for the firm of Boni Liveright; "Chuck" Kerwood, formerly of the Lafayette Escadrille; and others. Epigrams were flying around like flies. After about a pint of inspiration I left, duly impressed.

THEN I went back to Paris and met Walter Hutchins, present husband of Belle Livingstone, having a glass of ale in a bar in the Rue Caumartin.

"Been to N'York, haven't you?" said Walter. "See anything of my wife?"

I nodded. "And how," I said.

Walter nodded heavily. "You would," he said.

I like Walter. Belle married him during the war. At that time Walter was director of Woolwich Arsenal, biggest in England, and was a well-known yachtsman. He was cruising on his yacht at Deauville when he met Belle.

He married her. The yacht went first. Belle had a season at Monte Carlo and then the town house went, sold to the Chicago Swifts.

Now Walter is associated with Bruce Conklin in the marketing of an invention. He can afford a glass of beer occasionally.

BUT I like Belle, that dangerous woman, also. I do. You cannot help liking her. She is so thoroughly logical in her career as a wayward woman.

She has one son, Edward Mohler, whose father when Belle married him was head of the Nickel Plate Railroad. This lad has a managerial position in a Cleveland Hotel, and writes letters to Mother vainly pleading with her to settle down.

"Settle down!" snorts Belle. "Anyone would think I was an old woman!"

She has a daughter, Solange, daughter of Prince Laztazzi, whom Belle met and married in Tokio while on a Bohemian journey around the world.

She made a bet she would tour the world on five pounds, receiving aid from men but not giving them anything in return. She won the bet and found a husband. That was after a little affair of hers with Earl Kitchener—in the sheik country, Egypt.

Solange ran away from her mother's palatial home in Paris just after the war and went on the stage of the Folies-Bergere, afterward dancing at the Moulin Rouge. She said she just couldn't bear society life in her mother's house.

She, too, thinks her mother should settle down and accept old age gracefully.

"But," says Belle, "the only time I'll settle down and be quiet is when the lid's clamped on and they're throwing the dirt on top."

PARIS has seen Chaplin's *The Circus* and is disappointed.

"Americans are forever allowing their love affairs to ruin their careers," said Vautel, the famous columnist and humorist of Le Journal. The premier of France.

Xenia Desni is the red-haired Clara Bow of Gay Paree, and may come to America to try her luck soon.

"There was Dempsey, who was a beaten man when he married a Hollywood queen and reshaped his nose. There was a late President, who got mixed up with a woman and died of a broken heart. And now here is Chaplin, the world's greatest clown, allowing his ridiculous marital affairs to spoil his art."

"The Chaplin of *The Circus*," says Cinémagazine, "is far from being the Chaplin of *The Pilgrim* and *The Goldrush*. But he is still the greatest comedian on the screen."

AMONG motion picture stars we expect to play host to in Paris this year are Charles S. Chaplin, Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, who will spend a

(*Continued on page* 90)

Greta Garbo Enters JOHN

Loneliness was a tie that drew Greta Garbo and Gilbert together; he was an orphan accustomed to making his own way, she was a stranger in a strange land.

—Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull.

SHE was the first woman in his life to avoid him; the first player to refuse a part in one of his pictures—yet John Gilbert fell deeply in love with Greta Garbo from the first moment. Marcia Manners concludes in this issue the story of Gilbert's thrilling and romantic career.

GRETA GARBO—"a dainty, tender, lazy little lizard."

Thus did one European critic describe the charming Swedish girl after he had seen her in *Goesta Berling's Saga,* the film that attracted the attention of Louis B. Mayer of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and resulted in the signing of Greta Garbo for American films.

Jack Gilbert did not even see her for over a month after she arrived on the lot. He was going his own carefree, joyous way while the new foreign star was already at work on *The Temptress.* Jack Gilbert was not even sufficiently interested in the new foreign star to stroll over on her set and take a look at her!

The actors engaged for *The Temptress* whimpered and complained. Maurice Stiller, the new European director did not seem to be filming a story, but rather a series of close-up shots of Greta Garbo. It was easy to see that the German director was madly in love with the lithe and sensuously beautiful star whom he had trained before the camera since her girlhood and brought to America for new successes.

And so Fred Niblo was called in to finish the direction of *The Temptress* and Maurice Stiller was left on a high fence of uncertainty as to his conquest for his sweetheart or his ultimate fate as a director.

Although Jack Gilbert had not even seen Greta Garbo, the directors on the lot had been watching the rushes of her first picture with intense interest. Clarence Brown decided she must play the lead in his next picture, *The Flesh and the Devil* opposite Gilbert. Seven years before, Clarence Brown had been an assistant director to Maurice Tourneur when Gilbert was playing in Tourneur pictures, and when the French director at last told Brown he might direct a picture of his own, Brown selected an original story, *The Great Redeemer,* which Jack Gilbert had written. Later, Jack wrote another, *The Tiger Lady,* so for seven years, this director and the star had been friends and associated from time to time in picture making.

But Greta did not fall in so readily with the plan to play in *The Flesh and the Devil.* She had gained new assurance and power because *The Temptress* was heralded a great success and she made demands for more money, and complained about her role and cut up capers with the wardrobe mistress about her gowns.

So, the picture was begun and the matter of a leading lady held in abeyance for the present. Two weeks of "shooting" went by, with John Gilbert and Clarence Brown becoming more exasperated over the foreign star's show of temperament. Even yet, John had not met the woman he was soon to love so deeply.

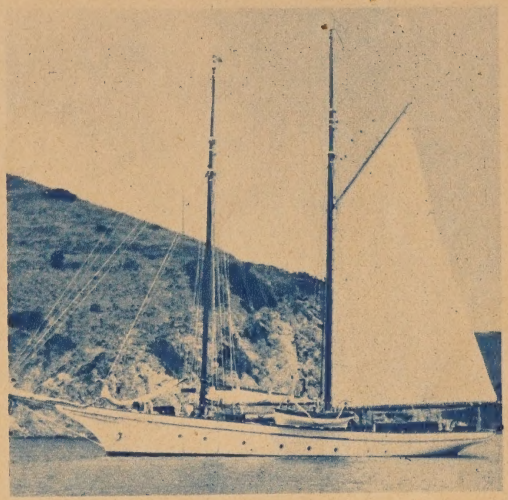
Finally, that mysterious chamber of movie generals known as "the front office" finally ironed out the differences with the foreign star, and she said she would play in *The Flesh and the Devil.*

"Angry as I am with her," said Clarence Brown, "I

GILBERT'S LIFE

Snapshots from the Star's Scrapbook

Left—An amazing snap of Jack garbed as a girl in a stage role.



Right — Jack bought this yacht "Temptress" to satisfy his wanderlust.

am going over to call on her, tell her something about the part, and try to make her friendly. We must all get along in this picture, and I think you ought to go over and call on her, too," he advised Jack.

"Nothing doing," said Gilbert, his feathers still ruffled because any actress would hesitate for a second to play in a picture opposite him!

GRETA GARBO must have felt a little at home during her first scene in *The Flesh and the Devil.* The studio prop department had rented a foreign locomotive, built coaches with side doors like old world trains, and a half mile of track at the back of the lot. A replica of a Berlin railroad station stood there, too. Abroad, Greta Garbo must have entered and departed from similar trains many times.

But this setting was artificial and the scene bound to be one of the prosaic ones of picture making. Just a few dull shots, and a move to another location.

Then she was introduced to Gilbert. And that drab railroad platform took on the beauty of a flower-strewn meadow. Her brief entry into a railroad car became a scene of emotional inspiration, for these two, apparently, fell in love on first sight.

Greta's slender, oval face is mask-like. Her Nordic lips are thin. Narrow, seducing eyes are fringed with alluring lashes and she has an odd way of quietly sliding her eyeballs from side to side beneath half-closed langorous lids. Her movements are catlike in elasticity and her languid manner is so persistent that it dominates over the personalities about her. She is quiet and reclusive, the very antithesis of our active American women who carry on such strenuous social and athletic programs.

John Gilbert has had many brief loves—romances that have come and gone so quickly that his best friends took scant notice of them. But he has perhaps loved no woman for the length of time he has loved Greta Garbo with the possible exception of Leatrice Joy, the wife who divorced him.

Perhaps her indifference and languid ease first attracted Gilbert. For the male wants to pursue and most women will not relinquish a star this natural right. Everywhere he goes, Gilbert is pursued by ardent women. If his company does location scenes in San Francisco, in New York, at mountain resorts or seaside beaches, women pursue him with notes and flowers and telephone calls.

No wonder Garbo attracted him, for she has none of the bold and amorous candor of modern women. Within, her urge may have been just as strong, but her wiles were the more subtle ones of a generation of ladies twenty years ago and she was self-contained in her modesty, mysterious in withholding her femininity.

GILBERT'S unbounded vitality and enthusiasm put new fire in the quiet Nordic girl. Oddly enough, the most passionate love scenes of the picture were scheduled only two days after the brief meeting at the German railroad station, so, in almost no length of time at all, Gilbert and Greta Garbo were plunged into the scenes where the physical contact of movie love-making only carried their emotions on to new heights and to new assurance that they were quite madly in love.

There were strong bonds of mutual loneliness to bind them together as well. Gilbert does not care for wide social popularity in the film colony. He has a very small circle of close friends and these companions he considers very seriously and sincerely, and the friendships have lasted over a period of years. He is exacting, but

Renee Adoree and Gilbert in a love scene from "The Cossack"

Wisely, the producers alternate Renee and Greta with Gilbert.
—*Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise.*

considerate and loyal to those who work for him and he has had the same chauffeur, secretary and house servants for some years. But he lives alone—to ponder and think—to study his parts or to write or paint as he desires. A certain amount of loneliness has been his by choice.

At the studio, they tell of a certain Christmas when he ran across Jim Adamson, a barber. John was lonely and despondent, so the barber took him home with him for Christmas dinner with his family. And Gilbert brightened and enjoyed one of the finest Christmas days he has ever had. Jim Adamson now runs the barber shop on the M. G. M. lot and can be listed among Jack's real friends.

While playing in *The Merry Widow* with Mae Murray, Jack had an odd experience. An old man, an extra on the set, approached him timidly and told him he was his father.

Jack was for the moment angry at the man's presumption. Jack's father had left his mother when Jack was only seven

Greta and Jack attended a Mayfair Club affair — and danced all the evening.

and many years had passed since that time. And his memory of this father was bitter, for he had been his mother's staunch supporter.

Although suspicious and dubious concerning the man's claims, Gilbert told him to follow him away from the set so he could question him further.

John led the way from the set back to his dressing room—the very dressing room he had occupied seven years before when an extra on the Triangle lot and when such stars as Bessie Barriscale, Frank Keenan, Louise Glaum, Dorothy Dalton and Hayakawa were idols of the public. His father had not disclosed his secret to the other extras on the set, but had returned, much as the mother did in *Sorrell and Son* to make herself known when her offspring had reached success.

When the father disclosed incidents of Jack's boyhood that no one but his own father could have known, Jack was forced to believe his story. But this relationship meant nothing to Jack's future life in

(*Continued on page* 81)

RAMONA

Read the story of Dolores Del Rio's newest film and then see it on the screen

Ramona (Dolores Del Rio) and her Indian lover, Alessandro (Warner Baxter).

Ramona and Felipe (Roland Drew) who has loved her for years and comes to comfort her in her grief.

The Story

IT WAS sheep shearing time on the rancho of the Senora Moreno and Ramona, half white and half Indian fell in love with Alessandro, leader of the band of sheep shearers. Ramona was also loved by Felipe, son of the Senora, but the Senora would not have her son marry a girl of Indian blood, nor would she allow her niece, Ramona to marry Alessandro. The Senora used every means to prevent Ramona from marrying her Indian lover, but at night the lovers escaped while Felipe, though he loved Ramona, aided them.

They lived happily in an Indian village and there was a baby Ramona. Then the persecution of the southwest Indians by unscrupulous Americans reduced the town to ruins and they were glad to escape alive. Alessandro's hatred of the white man had now become an obsession and they went to live high on a mountain where no white man had ever set foot. Little Ramona was taken ill and died, and Alessandro nearly lost his mind. In his grief he took the wrong horse from the village and left his own not realizing what he was doing. He was followed and shot down before Ramona's eyes. The young wife was then so deeply stricken with grief that she did not know that Felipe had found her and brought her back to the rancho and she was finally able to bury her grief by giving her love to the man who loved her always.

THAT is the story of Ramona. On the screen, with beautiful Dolores Del Rio, little of the poignant drama is lost, and Miss Del Rio at times rises to new heights.

Gertrude Olmstead and Walter Hagen with the trophy.

Do you recognize them in golfing togs? Here are some of the famous filmland figures who took part in the first annual SCREEN SECRETS *Golf Tournament to decide the champion of Hollywood.*

Photos by D. Scott Chisholm.

Jim Fidler, winner in the writers' division, Richard Arlen of "Wings," and William Nigh, snapped during the tourney.

Warner Oland, playing in the actors' division. He is one of the screen's villains.

These trophies in the SCREEN SECRETS classic spurred the players on at the Lakeside Club.

Lloyd Hughes making a brilliant drive in the SCREEN SECRETS Championship match.

Huntley Gorden, handsome leading man, with Milt Howe, publicity man, and John J. Mescall, the camera wizard.

Neal Burns, Christie Comedy star, won the championship.

Beautiful Gertrude Olmstead, with two of the SCREEN SECRETS trophies presented in the first annual match.

William Seiter, winner of the Film Directors' Trophy put up by this magazine.

Fore! *Hollywood Goes Golfing for* SCREEN SECRETS *Cups*

ALL the golfing enthusiasts of the Hollywood film colony teed off at Lakeside Golf Club when the first annual SCREEN SECRETS Magazine Golf Tournament got under way. Actors paired off with directors, writers, camera men and studio executives in the match to determine the SCREEN SECRETS champion.

Waiting to reward the victor with a huge silver trophy, was Gertrude Olmstead, the beautiful, talented actress who is Mrs. Robert Leonard in private life, the wife of the noted director.

And out of the throng of brilliant golfers, his cap jauntily cocked over one ear, Neal Burns, the merry faced comedian of Christie Studios, came romping to the judges' stand to be crowned the champ. Neal Burns played the game of his career; breaking his previous low score of 71 on the Lakeside course, and winning the SCREEN SECRETS cup with a phenomenal 70.

How remarkable that score was can best be judged by Walter Hagen's tally. Walter the Great, playing in the SCREEN SECRETS tourney as a film actor—he is now making a picture called *Green Grass Widows,* with Gertrude Olmstead—turned in a score of 69. As Walter Hagen was handicapped at 10 plus, the famous golfer's official score was 79, preventing him from winning.

Hundreds followed the noted film actors and prominent figures of filmdom around the course; admiring girls watching Lloyd Hughes climb beautifully out of sand pits, flappers adoring Huntley Gordon's technique, or thrilling to a close view of Tom Kennedy and Warner Oland, villains of many films. But film actors were not alone on the lists.

William Seiter, the director, whose wife is Laura La Plante; George Marshall, Fox director, and Wesley Ruggles, were playing in the company of Neal Burns when he won the championship. The second low gross trophy went to John J. Mescall, camera expert of Culver City. Mescall handed in a 74, and added another prize to the

Arthur Guy Empey, noted war novelist, and Walter Hagen inspect the trophy.

Alan Crosland, director, driving down the fairway.

Bert Roach, famous for his comedies, Capt. E. H. Calvert, actor, Armand Kaliz and Al Cohn, who played in the SCREEN SECRETS tournament.

Tom Kennedy, screen "heavy"

George Marshall, Fox director, made it in 80.

large collection in his town and country homes.

Walter Hagen made a speech. Everyone wanted to make speeches, but Walter had the honor as the SCREEN SECRETS cup was named after him. Handing the trophy to Neal Burns, Hagen said:

"It gives me much pleasure, Mr. Burns, to hand you this handsome prize as a token of your great prowess on the links. It carries with it the undisputed championship of the motion picture industry. You are welcome to it this year, but, Neal, I'm going after it next year. Don't forget that! You shot a brilliant game and I am glad to present the prize to you in the name of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, which conducted this splendidly arranged and excellently managed tournament."

Which, if you'll study it carefully, was a good speech—it complimented the winner, the cup, D. Scott Chisholm and Milt Howe, who managed the tourney, and the magazine!

In the writers' division, Jimmy Fidler fiddled his way to the prize with an 82. Arthur Guy Empey presented him the SCREEN SECRETS cup. Jimmy said: "Guy, thanks—I saw the one Neal Burns got, and I don't give a fiddler's damn for it—I like this one better!"

Bill Seiter won the low gross prize in the director's division with his score of 79, indicating a bit of bad luck. Jimmy Finlayson, funny man with Hal Roach for years, was hit with a golf ball and took the count. Being Scotch, a "drap o' speerits" brought him

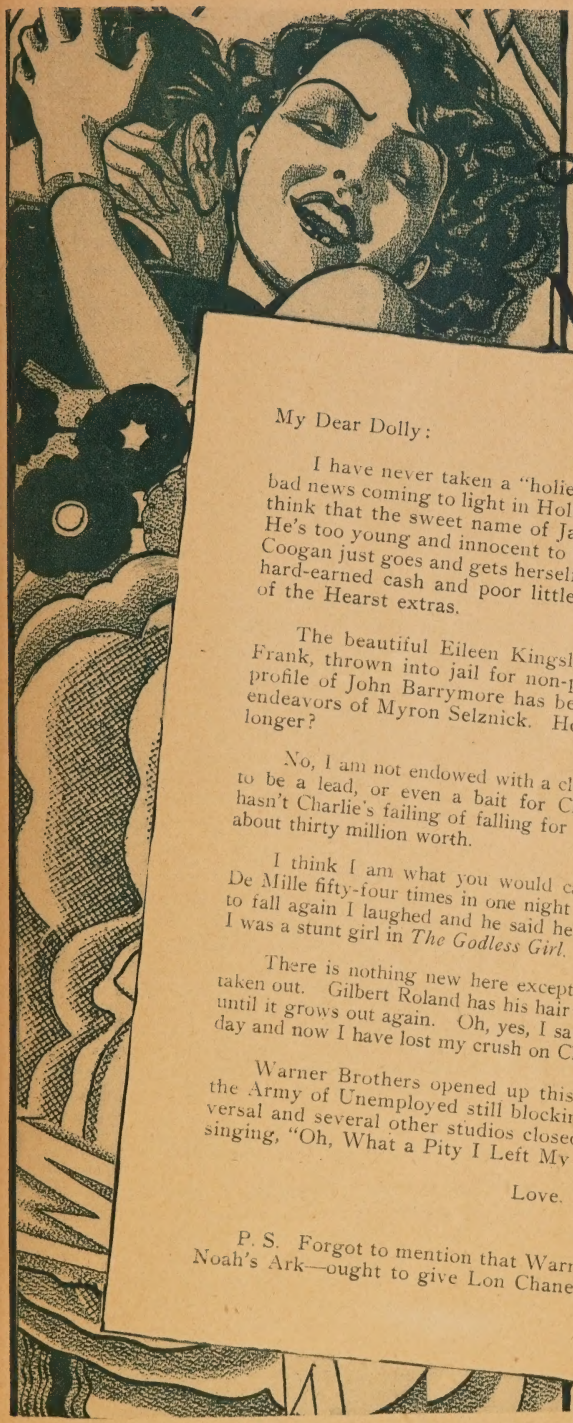
(*Continued on page* 108)

Howard Jones, football coach, is a hard hitter.

George Von Elm played, going around in 68.

Neal Burns, winner of the Tournament, with D. Scott Chisholm, manager of the match.

Wesley Ruggles, who paced Burns.



Letters of a Movie Extra

My Dear Dolly:

Hollywood, California

I have never taken a "holier than thou" attitude, but with all the bad news coming to light in Hollywood I feel like a Pollyanna. Who'd think that the sweet name of Jackie Coogan would be a mud target? He's too young and innocent to be anything but sin-proof, so Mamma Coogan just goes and gets herself sued for seventy thousand of Jackie's hard-earned cash and poor little Kid's name decorates the headlines of the Hearst extras.

The beautiful Eileen Kingsley has had her ex., the pugnacious Frank, thrown into jail for non-payment of alimony, and the classic profile of John Barrymore has been serving as a target for the fistic endeavors of Myron Selznick. How can I believe in Santa Claus any longer?

No, I am not endowed with a clever momma and anyway I'm too old to be a lead, or even a bait for Chaplin. However his publicity man hasn't Charlie's failing of falling for young flesh and I like him a lot—ya, about thirty million worth.

I think I am what you would call a fallen woman. I fell for Mr. De Mille fifty-four times in one night last week. And when he asked me to fall again I laughed and he said he didn't see anything funny about it. I was a stunt girl in *The Godless Girl.*

There is nothing new here except that Clara Bow had her appendix taken out. Gilbert Roland has his hair clipped short and I won't be happy until it grows out again. Oh, yes, I saw Barry Norton in tights the other day and now I have lost my crush on Charlie.

Warner Brothers opened up this last week but in order to keep the Army of Unemployed still blocking traffic on the Boulevard Universal and several other studios closed down, consequently I am still singing, "Oh, What a Pity I Left My Native City".

Love.

Francois Fern

P. S. Forgot to mention that Warner Brothers are going to make Noah's Ark—ought to give Lon Chaney a job at least.

New

THE TEMPEST — *Excellent*

The Cossacks are coming, hurrah, hurrah. One of the best of the flood of Russian pictures with John Barrymore displaying his splendid figure and romantic profile to advantage in the smart uniform of a Cossack officer. John is a peasant boy who loves the beautiful princess. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? But, of course, she is very haughty although she loves him at heart. Then comes the revolution, John becomes a leader of the Bolsheviks, and has the Princess in his power.—*United Artists.*

LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME — *Excellent*

In which Dick Barthelmess is a boy again just for to-night. He puts on his rags and coonskin cap, not to mention that wistful look, to play the part of an untutored lad of the mountains, in a revival of the popular novel of Civil War days by John Fox, Jr. The war comes along just in time to give Dick a chance to see what the world is like down there below, as well as to meet a charming General's daughter and make a name for himself. But in the end, he finds he can't stay away from his mountains and Molly O'Day, who is still waiting for him back there in her calico dress.—*First National.*

TENTH AVENUE — *Good*

Another drama of social life among the upper crust of the underworld. Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi, heroine and hero, of *Chicago,* as leading citizens of that uncharted district of New York popularly known as Hell's Kitchen, where the inhabitants are so tough they gargle with shingle nails. Then just to make matters more complicated there is a murder mystery. Finally, you narrow it down to the two men who are in love with Phyllis, an angel of the tenements. And just when you get your mind made up as to who did it you find out that—but who would be mean enough to tell?—*De Mille.*

THE GARDEN OF EDEN — *Good*

If you judge this picture by its title, it's likely to prove a disappointment, because, of course, anyone would walk a mile to see Corinne Griffith in the real Garden of Eden. There isn't an apple in the whole picture, nor even a snake, and the nearest Corinne comes to the popular modes of the pre-original sin era is a pair of delectable teddies. Anyway there is a nice little story about a girl singer who is lured to a wicked burlesque hall, only to dance when she really wanted to sing, heaven knows why, and makes her escape, to meet Charles Ray, the country boy who is now playing a man of the world.—*United Artists.*

A Minute Guide

The Mad Hour—The usual Elinor Glyn fare of five years ago—*First National.*

A Night of Mystery—Little action and no comedy but there is Adolphe Menjou—*Paramount.*

Crimson City—The old Chinese melodrama of the nineties revamped—*Warner Bros.*

Woman Wise—A good story poorly cast—*Fox.*

Stop That Man—The good old unadulterated slapstick with Arthur Lake—*Universal.*

Dead Man's Curve—A thriller of the Wally Reid variety, very well directed—*FBO.*

A Woman's Way—Margaret Livingston does good work in a poor play—*Columbia.*

The Adorable Cheat—A fine piece of restrained directing on a small bank roll—*Chesterfield.*

Speedy—The fastest comedy of the year—*Paramount.*

Street Angel—An excellent picture starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—*Fox.*

Skyscraper—A picture with a real kick—*De Mille.*

The Chaser—Harry Langdon a little below par—*First National.*

Ladies Night—A breezy comedy—*First National.*

Films

Abie's Irish Rose *Excellent*

There's something vaguely familiar about the title of this one. There may have been a play by the same name that ran a couple of nights in New York at some time or other. At any rate, both critics and admirers of the stage play seem to agree that the movie version leaves it at the post. Instead of a riotous farce, as portrayed behind the footlights, it is transformed into a problem drama in the celluloid, with the touching moments in the conflict between two great sentimental races played with all stops out.—*Paramount.*

Man Made Women *Good*

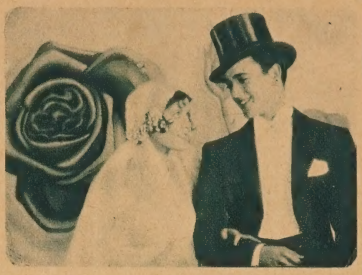
One of those domestic problem dramas not seen much of late in these parts, of high society life among New York's four hundred. In which a man and his wife of supposedly normal intelligence manage to keep the picture going by misinterpreting what the other one does. When you are bored with the social whirl you are whisked away to the Bohemian life of the artists colony, where the care-free devils flaunt their independence. You get so anxious to see the husband, John Boles, find out that his wife, Leatrice Joy, didn't really mean to do wrong that you overlook little things like those.—*Pathe.*

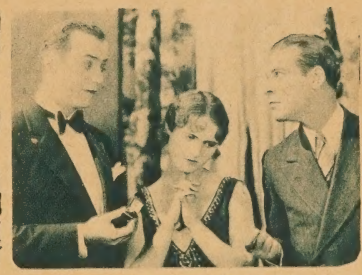
The Lion and the Mouse *Good*

If you are one of the waiting millions who are biting their nails with feverish anxiety to see what a real talking movie sounds like, or hear what one looks like, here is the talkingest movie yet. Over sixty per cent of the footage is Vitaphone. Here the thrills of railroad wrecks and airplane crashes are replaced by the thrills of a few well chosen words hissed through the teeth and so on out into the house via the Vitaphone. As for the picture itself, it is a thrilling clash of character between a business man with a heart of steel and a judge, with some high drama as material for the spoken words.—*Warner Bros.*

Love Hungry *Excellent*

Another story of life and love down among the pipple, in which a few hearts and souls of some of the millions on the receiving end of that great American institution, the weekly pay envelope, are laid bare. Highly recommended for the legion of picture goers who are tired of clutching the arms of their chairs through smashing climaxes and gigantic situations, until the varnish comes off. Just a simple story simply told but true to life in detail and incident. It seems that Lawrence Gray, earns his living giving expert advice to young men about to enter matrimony, but shies at the yoke himself.—*Fox.*





to the Movies

Their Hour—Lots of sex appeal and not a bad picture.—*Tiffany-Stahl.*

Beware of Married Men—Irene Rich bolsters up a poor comedy—*Warner Bros.*

Why Sailors Go Wrong—Fast light comedy with a lot of laughs—*Fox.*

Beyond London's Lights—Fast melodrama of the old school—*FBO.*

Desperate Chance—The old westerns are back with us—*Schlank.*

The Pinto Kid—Frank Merriwell goes west—*FBO*

The Devil's Skipper—A high tension picture with good acting—*Tiffany-Stahl.*

The Stronger Will—Heavy story poorly told—*Commonwealth.*

The Pioneer Scout—Horses, bandits, Indians, and Fred Thomson—*Paramount.*

We Americans—An excellent film in every way.—*Universal.*

Doomsday—Has none of the power of Deeping's *Sorrell and Son*—*Paramount.*

(*Continued on page* 102)

Society in CINEMALAND

Clara Bow and Lane Chandler, left, "step out" in a Paramount picture.

In Which We Are Told, Among Other Things, What Happened at the Annual Wampas Frolic

By **RUTH M. TILDESLEY**

THE seventh annual Wampas Frolic and Ball now lives in memory only. These pleasant affairs staged yearly by a group of one hundred and twenty-five publicity men are always "bigger and better." The dancing floor was never more than comfortably filled yet 3,000 people occupied the boxes surrounding it. The evening's festivities required the services of three masters of ceremonies to present the twenty-odd headline vaudeville acts which comprised the program; first, the veteran **Charlie Murray,** then young **Jackie Coogan** and finally **Ray Coffin,** president of the Wampas, who introduced the thirteen Baby Stars.

The girls came fluttering out one by one from a quaint little pointed-roofed house. **Edouard Raquello** dubbed it the "incubator" which seemed quite appropriate. **Ruth Taylor, June Collyer, Sue Carol, Alice Day, Ann Christy, Sally Eilers, Gwen Lee, Molly O'Day** and **Lupe Velez** wore white as befitted sweet girl graduates but **Audrey Ferris'** jade-green chiffon, **Flora Bramley's** pale-green taffeta, **Dorothy Gulliver's** gold satin and sequins and **Lina Basquette's** orchid taffeta and net made delicate color notes.

A handful of last year's baby stars headed by **Sally Rand,** their president, came trooping out on the stage while Sally made a graceful presentation of their "Memory Book" to **Lina Basquette** who has been chosen head of the 1928 class.

Then Mr. Coffin announced that the Wampas achievement trophy would be given to the star who had made the greatest strides in filmland during the years 1925 and 1926. The public voted on this through two radio stations. Once more, the doors of the little house opened and **Dolores Del Rio,** Mexican society beauty and well-known screen star, came forward to accept the silver cup.

DOUG and **Mary** had a box near the stage. Throngs of curious tourists kept surging over to it and frankly stared at the occupants. "They'll be feeding them peanuts in a minute," murmured **Hedda Hopper** from a nearby box.

Lew Cody cheerfully spent the evening denying reports that he and his wife **Mabel Normand** have separated. Earlier in the day Mabel had confided to a few Hollywood friends that the romance was ended. "This is the first I heard of it," declared Lew. "As far as I know there will be no separation and it seems that I ought to know if anything of the kind is contemplated." Miss Normand was not present at the ball.

One of the most popular couples on the dancing floor was **Janet Gaynor** and **Charles Farrell.** "I don't care if I miss everybody else but I *must* see Janet and Charlie!" sighed one ecstatic young fan.

Pretty **Mary Brian** came "beaued" by two handsome young actors—**William Bakewell** and **Arthur Lake. Reginald Denny** brought **Isabel Stiffel** (familiarly known as Bubbles). A few days later their engagement was announced at Denny's mountain cabin near San Bernardino. They met about two years ago when Bubbles was playing bits on the Universal lot. Mr. Denny's divorce does not become final until November 18 so the wedding date has been set for his birthday, two days later.

FLORA BRAMLEY was recounting her experiences selling Wampas tickets which reminded **Carmel Myers** of her trip to New York for the opening of *Sorrell and Son.* Proceeds for the premiere were to be devoted to a certain relief fund and each member of the cast was pledged to a ticket-selling campaign. Carmel's enterprising press agent conceived the idea of taking the actress' picture selling a couple of tickets to **Mayor Walker** so Carmel trekked over to the City Hall where the Mayor obligingly posed for the picture.

At the conclusion, Mayor Walker bowed politely and pocketed the pasteboards.

Carmel waited.

"Anything else," queried his honor.

"Yes," said Carmel, firmly. "Four dollars."

Consternation swept the ranks of the onlookers. **Mayor Jimmy Walker** has been chief executive of New York for many years and attended countless banquets, first nights, grand balls and what not but never has he paid for a ticket. However, Miss Myers stood her ground and refused to listen to the "psts" and "nos." She didn't leave until his honor dug into the official jeans and produced a quartette of crisp new bills.

Gilbert Roland and Norma Talmadge are seen together in the newest spring finery.
—Photo by Bulloch.

A NUMBER of Wampas-goers attended the dinner-dance at the Roosevelt Hotel given that same evening by **Newell van Derhoef** in honor of **Dr. and Mrs. Charles King Corsant,** of Chicago, and their daughter, **Miss Josephine Fish,** whose engagement to **Count Bosdari** had just been announced. **Ernest Torrence** and **Marie Dressler,** who appeared on the Wampas program, had to rush to the ball between courses,—Ernest to play one of his own compositions and Marie to sing. "I'm a baby star—a little Wampas," Marie assured us all as she dashed off after the soup. But they didn't mind the rushing—it's all in the game.

Ruth Chatterton danced often during the evening with **John Colton.**

Lupe Velez, one of the baby stars, wore this white beaded affair to the ball.
—Photo by Lynch.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., beaued his cousin **Flobelle,** and they with **Jack Holts** and **Tim McCoys** went on to the ball, as did **Edouard Raquello** and I.

John Roche who was assistant host, confided that he is another film player who has been lured across the sea by the activity in England. He leaves in three weeks to accept offers not only for screen work but to sing on the continent. Whereupon **Edmund Goulding** observed that he will presently retire and go to live in the south of France himself. Nobody took him seriously except his sister, Ivy, so I don't know the answer.

Anna Q. Nilsson was, as usual, so popular that **Ernest Krause,** her fiance, could get but one dance, which **Walter Pidgeon** said was as much as any mere fiance should expect.

TO **Captain Roscoe Fawcett,** during his recent holiday in the film capital, life was one party after another. He spent two pleasant Sundays with the **James Cruzes (Betty Compson)** in their hospitable Flintridge home. Then there was the memorable trip to Coronado with the **Jack Dempseys (Estelle Taylor)** when they went on to Tijuana for the races and yelled frantically because Jack's "Dr. Wilson" won the derby.

Captain Fawcett will not forget the delightful dinner given in the Hatton home by **Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hatton** and **Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Beery.** Mrs. Beery was bubbling over with the news that her handsome young brother **Fred Gilman** had won a starring contract to play in westerns for Universal. **Lois Wilson** was present and contributed amusing tales of her own experiences in "horse opera." The evening was terminated at the Orpheum.

Then there was the gay dinner at the Montmartre when **Estelle Taylor** was hostess of the evening and **Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Willat (Billie Dove)** and **Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kenyon (Jane Winton)** were among the distinguished guests. And the bridge party given by the Dempseys in their Los Feliz home with **Captain Fawcett** as the honor guest and **Norma Talmadge,** the **Al Greens, Andres de Segurola** and **Gilbert Roland** among those present. He had tea at **Ruth Roland's** home and tea with **Claire Windsor** and **Carmel Myers.** Altogether it was a most delightful trip and will hold many happy memories.

Helen of

HOLLYWOOD, the city of miracles. Where stars are made and reputations lost in an hour. And Helen, the little girl from your own home town, plunged in the midst of this gay film world. Begin her story now.

Characters of the story, and what they did last month:

HELEN O'TROY—*A pretty blonde who left the old homestead to become a movie star, but whose face landed on the cutting room floor. She has gone out for a ride with . . . . .*

RICHARD HALLIWELL—*A director who makes stars out of extra girls for value received. He has taken Helen out riding up Laurel Canyon and is making Helen wish she were safe at home when . . . .*

SIGNA SHIPSTEAD—*A star who is very jealous of Halliwell follows the director's car and flashing a revolver at Halliwell tells him that he has jilted her for the last time, but . . . . . .*

NIGEL BERWICK—*Assistant director, who met Helen by running over her in his car is now falling for her in turn, and sensing the trouble that may arise, rushes to the canyon to avert the tragedy.*

THE director aimed his car straight at the blond-haired actress, who stood there with her revolver poised. Then, almost before he stopped his car, he had leaped out and was upon the irate woman in a sort of flying tackle, as a shot rang out and a bullet spatted against the long hood of Halliwell's elaborate car. In another instant, Berwick had wrested away the revolver and had tossed it far down the wooded slope at the side of the steep road.

"The dirty double-crosser!" muttered Signa Shipstead. "I—I—"

"Are you drunk, or crazy, or what?" demanded Berwick, as Signa, with heaving breast and a wild light in her blue eyes, turned her indignation upon him.

"You had no right to interfere!"

"If I hadn't, you'd have been a murderess. If this ever gets out, we're all dished. Hays will have your contract canceled within twenty-four hours. What do you want to do?—make bums out of all of us?"

"He's always pulling something like this," charged Signa. "Every pretty face he sees, he forgets his promises—." Then, realizing that Berwick's timely arrival and prompt action had saved her from ruin, she crumpled in the roadway, put her face in her hands and her body shook with her sobbing. Halliwell, pasty-faced and trembling, went to her and put his arms about her.

"You always misjudge me, Signa, dear," he said, softly. "We were just taking a little ride to sober up. Here! We must get out of here. You take Miss O'Troy home, Nigel," he suggested, turning to his director.

FIVE minutes later, her head spinning queerly with the excitement of it all, Helen was beside Berwick in his gold-striped roadster, riding back along the Laurel Canyon Road toward Hollywood. "I'll drop you at your home," said Berwick, a trifle severely, "and then I'll overtake that pair. There might still be trouble. Signa's a very jealous woman, and Halliwell's an out-and-out rotter. He's bad company for any woman. All of us just missed being mixed up in a nice little scandal. If Halliwell tries to get in touch with you ever, don't mix

Hollywood

By BEN CONLON

"No girl will make a fool out of me," he raged, and tore the bill into bits.

with him. This wasn't your fault—but the next time will be."

Helen stole a glance at the clear-cut profile of her escort. She mentioned Halliwell's suggestion that she play the younger sister of Signa Shipstead on the screen.

"Well, that sounds legitimate enough," was Berwick's response. "I'll see if I can pacify Signa tomorrow. I'll be in touch with you. Here's Santa Monica Boulevard. You say you live near here?"

"I'll get out now," Helen told him. "It's just a step. Thank you for what you have done."

She was glad that Berwick made no effort to embrace her. With an indefinite sense of unmerited guilt about the strange developments of the night, she ran down the street, stole quickly into the bungalow-court and let herself into the dreary little apartment. Arline Saunders, a strange expression on her face, was standing in the middle of the living-room floor. "Helen!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I've been nearly frantic about you. Do you know what time it is? And oh!—you've been drinking, Helen! What in the world got into you, dear?"

AS BRIEFLY as possible, Helen explained the adventure of the night, holding back nothing. Arline came over and put her arms about her friend.

"You poor little babe-in-the-wood," she said. "Don't you see that this sort of game isn't for you? Heavens! You might have been killed, or—get to bed, dear, and try to get some sleep. We'll talk it over tomorrow."

Rather shame-facedly, Helen wandered into her little bedroom and started to disrobe. Arline's wrap, soiled from her fall on the pavement, she hung on a form. She kicked off her pumps, and put away her evening gown in the little clothes closet. Then, as she started to strip off her silken hose, she heard the mule-clad feet of Arline pattering toward her room. She managed to get one stocking off, and started on the other.

Arline was at her elbow, handing her a letter. "I meant to tell you, Helen," she said. "It came this evening, special delivery."

Helen took the letter and put it on the bed while she removed the remaining stocking.

Something dropped from the stocking to the floor. Arline stooped and picked it up, and then looked at her room-mate strangely, a trifle primly.

"What is it?" asked Helen. Arline handed it to her. It was a hundred-dollar-bill.

SHE was conscious of a glow of shame. There was an eloquent accent to the fading footsteps of the timid Arline . . . She crawled into bed, her brow burning like the fires of Hades. It was Halliwell, of course, who had placed that bill in her stocking. The bill must be mailed back to Halliwell in the morning . . .

It seemed dreadfully early when Arline awakened her. "You can go to sleep again, Helen," Arline said "I just thought I'd tell you I'm going to work. No, not any studio stuff. I thought it over yesterday. I'm through with that. I dashed out and got myself a job as a salesgirl down at Robinson's. I'll be back about six. Go to sleep again, dear."

When Helen awoke again it was noon. Her head ached, and her throat was fairly crying for water. She had heard before of the after-effects of gin, but this the first time she had experienced them.

Slipping out of bed, she went to the bath and turned on the cold water in both the basin and the tub. No mere shower would be sufficient this morning to cool her feverish body. She wanted to submerge her aching head and recline in the grateful coolness of the water. She discarded her pajamas and slipped into the caressing clasp of the cool bath. For an instant it chilled her and brought little gasps from her red lips. But then she lay back and slowly let the water rise over her until only her tousled blond head remained above the surface. Finally she turned off the spouting faucets and drenched her parched face with her cupped hands until it glowed with warmth.

She sat there for some moments, reluctant to leave its refreshing coolness; sat there, regarding with approval her shapely dimpled limbs as she dwelt one by one on the details of the previous night and her Hollywood career, now at the turning point if she wished to take advantage

(*Continued on page 92*)

Remember Way Back WHEN

Nothing makes us realize how rapidly the movies have grown as to open the old film albums of several years ago

Remember Doug's first super-film, "The Three Musketeers"? Many still call it Fairbanks' best picture.

Remember when Colleen Moore was always a girl of the tenements? Here she is in "Dinty."

Recall when Woodrow Wilson called Katherine MacDonald "The American Beauty"? And today she runs a beauty shop in Hollywood.

Only Lillian Gish has stayed the same. She is still the simple little country girl trusting the wrong man. This is from Griffith's "Simple Hearted Susan."

Hollywood's Ogre

Marietta Millner isn't afraid of the "most hated man in Hollywood." Here the Viennese beauty is vamping Jim Tully for a role in "Beggars of Life."

Ralph Parker *gives the lowdown on* Jim Tully

IMMENSE-SHOULDERED and red-tousel-haired, he is the most feared man in Hollywood.

He is a bewildered dreamer known as Jim Tully.

Let us try to compress into a few paragraphs the life-story of this man who is court jester to Hollywood.

His father was a digger of ditches, a man who loved liquor and literature—the first a bit more than the second. Had it been the other way around, Jim might have had an author for a father. His mother was a country school teacher with a sense of wonder. Irish both.

The baby who was to be saluted by H. L. Mencken, then in short pants, as a great creative artist, was born a month too soon. The doctor arrived an hour too late. So the mother died.

Jimmy was the favorite bad example of an orphan asylum until he was old enough to run away. A half-witted farmer tried to work the boy to death, but the half-wit's daughter tried to love him to death. So they offset each other.

At an age most boys are graduating from grammar school, Jim graduated from the status of road-kid to hobo. When the pretty boys he was later to write about as far-famed stars were in the throes of calf-love affairs, Jim was being kept by a lady who had many men callers.

Months as laborer in a steel mill. He dreamed that some day he would pour black words onto white paper as then he poured sparkling metal into molds.

Into the ring, where he fought niggers and wrote poetry.

He wrote a paragraph 100,000 words long. It was a novel, without technique or punctuation. It was the raw material that, with many rewritings, grew into Emmett Lawler, his first book.

Cupid and a tough lightweight knocked out the fighter who was headed for the championship. For love and ambition, and because of the damnably persistent urge which continually hammered at his soul, Tully deserted the ring for another gruelling profession, authorship.

HE CAME to Hollywood, the city of ambition. He began knocking at the gates of fortune. He worked as a reader at one studio, as publicity man at another. Charlie Chaplin met and liked him. The sad Englishman who could make the world laugh, became the employer of the red-headed American. They used to sit together for long periods of time, silent, just wondering—as all vagabonds wonder. They were a curious contrast. Chaplin, the gentlemanly, the effeminate, the delicate—with a harshly materialistic soul. Tully, the burly, the rough-handed, the blasphemous—inwardly sentimental and a worshipper of beauty.

Tully admired Chaplin, felt for him that enthusiasm only an Irishman can experience. With increasingly intimate acquaintanceship, the Irishman began to see the Englishman less as a splendid vagabond and more

as a shrewd business man. The gilt began to drop off.

All this time, Tully's fame as a writer had been growing. Critics wrote in amazement about his "overnight rush to fame." The "overnight" period consisted of ten years of starvation and study.

He left Chaplin's employ and wrote for Mrs. Thomas H. Ince a biography of her late husband.

It is difficult for Hollywood to adjust itself to a writer who places loyalty to his innate sense of literature above pleasing some celebrity. Even the astute Chaplin had not foreseen that the artist in Tully would command his pen. When Jim wrote for *Pictorial Review* a biography of Chaplin, the comedian sued the magazine for half a million dollars. He lost.

Tully was honestly puzzled. "I wrote about Chaplin," he said, "the sort of things I would like to have a biographer write about me." But Chaplin was furious. Thus ended one proof that there can be friendship even among extreme individualists.

The break has emphasized the fineness of the two men, for each has shown admirable tolerance. Chaplin today misses nothing that Tully writes and has naught but praise for the man and his work. Jim says that Charlie is one of the few truly great men in Hollywood.

JIM'S articles, which appeared to be written with a triphammer instead of the customary hack's teaspoon, began to be noticed by the celluloid profession. What was this? A writer who dared to insult the stars with the truth about themselves? Unthinkable!

Jim Tully's vitriolic pen has made him many enemies among those who fear exposure of their meager intelligence. Florence Vidor he admires for her poise and beauty.

It was difficult for the free-speaking iconoclast to find magazines willing to print words so frankly penned. The problem of livelihood was a difficult one.

"The Fawcett Publications saved the day for me," said Tully. "The Fawcett brothers had the nerve to print articles and fiction that other publishers were afraid to even have on their desks. TRUE CONFESSIONS, Paris and Hollywood SCREEN SECRETS and TRIPLE-X gave me a means of reaching the American public. And they financed me during those discouraging days when I, a square peg, was trying to force a square hole in a land that offered only round ones."

TRIPLE-X published serially the chapters of *Beggars of Life*, an autobiographical book which brought Tully international fame.

Then came the bombshell. It was a novel of Hollywood, *Jarnegan*, published serially in SCREEN SECRETS. With naked words, with calm indifference to protests of the picture powers, it portrayed the life of a director. It damned Irish and Jews alike. The Irish resented the book and cursed its author. The Jews said it was an artistic achievement, and asked him to write for the screen. A producing organization, headed by Jews and the butt of many Tully attacks, paid him an enormous sum for rights to his *Beggars of Life*.

Tully is now on the writing staff of the Paramount studios, where he is engaged in assisting in the supervision of the filming of *Beggars of Life*, to star Wallace Beery.

A few months after *Jarnegan's* publication, I asked a famous star what she thought of it.

"I hope I never meet Tully!" was her response. "I'm afraid I would not be polite to him."

And I questioned Betty Compson. Her reply referred to neither the book nor its writer, It was the novel's central character, Jarnegan, that had impressed her.

"When I closed the book," said the lovely blonde, "I thought to myself, 'God! what a man Jarnegan is!'"

Now in our study of this fly in the film ointment we have glimpsed his life and status in Hollywood. What does he think of the people with famous faces? What does he think of Hollywood?

Come with me. We will observe him, and listen to him.

WE ARE standing in the lobby of the Hollywood-Plaza, talking to Jim Tully. Along comes Emil Jannings.

It is the first time Jannings has seen Tully since the ex-pug "kidded" him in a *Vanity Fair* article. We wonder whether the German will speak resentfully.

Jannings struggles physically to express in the difficult English tongue the thoughts that bubble within him. "Goot!" he says. "Your article—goot. Many writers—Hollywood—write what-you-call-fairy tales. You write truth—one international language. I like."

More by gestures and sheer kinship of minds than by words, the two artists carry on a conversation. They are both deeply educated men, yet combining the periods of their formal educations, you would have a total of less than six years.

They are both pagans. Yet such different pagans! The German is a lover of the senses, an epicurean of sensation, a man who wallows in living. The American is an unbeliever with a sense of humor, a cynic who loves the parade of folly and makes fun of its pompous leaders.

A dozen tourists, being shown through the studio, stop near the actor and writer. "That is Emil Jannings, now working in *The Patriot*, explains the guide. "He is wearing the costume of the mad prince. The other man whose hair needs combing is Jim Tully."

"Discussing art, I suppose," whispers an excited school teacher.

Paramount is going to produce Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life," originally a serial in a Fawcett publication. He is shown here with Florence Vidor and William Wellman, the man who directed "Wings" and who will direct Tully's story.

They were, indeed, discussing art. Two arts. The art of woman-loving and the art of drinking beer.

Tully has to leave. Jannings stands pensively, a lonely actor among mannequins.

He turn to us and says: "Tully—he make me homesick. He continental, of the world. Americans love things. Tully loves life. He very great liver."

And we do not smile at the use of "liver," for we understand.

WE ARE at the home of James Cruze on a Saturday afternoon. Many notables of the printed word and the pictured movement are present. It is a sort of mutual admiration party, a generous exchange of compliments and pats on the back.

Tully's silence attracts attention.

"What do you think of 'em?" asks someone.

The bad boy of flickerdom turns toward F. Scott Fitzgerald: "You're nothing but a dabbler in pink tea life." And toward Joseph Hergesheimer: "You're just one of Lorimer's upholstered mechanics." And toward the host: "The sad thing about you, Jimmy, is that a man of your genius calls producers 'mister'." And toward Mary Pickford: "You're lovely and admirable until you try to be intellectual."

Unless we misinterpret expressions, Tully earned more admiration than did all the praise-singers.

You heard the song with the refrain, "You gotta have IT in Hollywood."

Does Jim have s. a.?

He does.

In this town where men are the girls their mothers prayed for, Tully's stirring masculinity holds appeal. Every once in a while, the gossip of the day has reference to the fondness with which some famous pair of eyes gazes upon Tully.

We are at a party, a party that is almost a middle-westerner's conception of a Hollywood orgy.

A girl whose face and form are known on all the continents and all the islands, strokes Jim's arm and whispers. She contorts her body in order to be near enough for Tully to glimpse her breasts.

Jim is bored. Finally he says: "Listen, kid, I'm not interested. You would be all right if gushing interviewers hadn't called you intellectual. You're just another example of a gorgeous body ruined by an illusion of intelligence."

The girl seeks consolation from a man whose chief pride is his blue-tinted toenails.

ONE reason Jim is not a good prospect for seduction is found in a hundred-and-some-odd pounds of femininity. His wife, Marna, twenty-three years old, married Tully a few weeks after she graduated from college. She has a super-abundance of everything. She is an embodiment of flare and shrewd sense, of jazz and motherliness, of happiness and cynicism.

Marna is not at all afraid of the ogre of filmdom. "He's just a baby who needs looking after," she laughs.

For the benefit of the ambitious who will read this article, let us quote Tully on how to get ahead in Hollywood.

"Don't let 'em kid you," he begins. "The mere fact that a guy is getting three thousand bucks a week doesn't make him know any more. Take your modesty out and drown it. When the other fellow says that he knows more about what the public wants than any other human being, concede the point and tell him that you are the great creative artist of the century.

"Don't let the big money drive you crazy. If you figure out that Cecil De Mille makes three dollars a minute, you'll forget to laugh at him for hiring a lackey to carry around a chair so he can sit down whenever he wishes.

"Don't be awed by fame or position. A scenario writer is only a typist with a good memory. A director is just a guy who talked louder than the rest when the producer asked some hangers-on to tell how good they were. A screen actress is a department store clerk with a good camera face. An actor is an actor.

"If you think $1,000 would be a fair price for a story, and would go into ecstasies of delight over $2,000,

(*Continued on page* 100)

Cupid's BULLETIN BOARD

Dan Cupid is well satisfied with this marriage! Jack Mulhall and his wife are Hollywood's example of a devoted couple.

Recording the Darts and Digs of the God of Love in Filmland

By JUNE LEE

RICHARD BARTHELMESS surprised all of Hollywood when he recently married **Mrs. Jessica Sargeant,** formerly the wife of **Stewart Sargeant,** prominent New York broker. Mr. Barthelmess was engaged to marry **Katherine Wilson** but broke the engagement last fall. No reason was given at the time. Richard Barthelmess and Mrs. Sargeant met in Paris two years ago. They were wed in Reno and are now in Honolulu on their honeymoon.

BECAUSE he was scalded to the extent of needing treatment at a hospital, the youthful **Charles Morton** revealed that he had married a beautiful South American girl about a year ago, and that during an argument she had thrown boiling water in his face. The news was a distinct surprise to the Fox Studio where he is employed and to friends, all of whom were unaware of the marriage. Both Morton and his wife are under age.

HERE'S the latest wrinkle in matrimonial misadventures: **Roy Cummings,** vaudeville and screen actor, has been summoned to pay $45 alimony to two Great Dane dogs worth $2,000 apiece. **Mrs. Cummings** is satisfied with her $230, but thinks Roy hasn't done right by his little Danes. Out of his weekly salary of $1,100 he pays $150 to a former wife. All of which proves that two can live cheaper together than five can live separately.

WHAT will happen on April 24 when **Adolphe Menjou's** contract expires with Paramount? Whether he will re-sign with them is a very doubtful question at present. At any rate, he will sail immediately for Paris to keep his wedding date with **Kathryn Carver** on May 7. She embarked for France early in March, and it is said she may go into pictures in that country. So, also, may the debonair Menjou, according to rumors heard in Hollywood.

MARY AIKEN CAREWE, who recently divorced **Edwin Carewe,** the director, has started a magazine concerning the social doings of film folk.

Tom Mix, seated next to her at a dinner the other night was concerned over her new venture. "Mary, why don't you take in washing? You couldn't lose money on that!"

MOLLY THOMPSON has passed. Stars, leading people and extras in the picture colony all mourn the loss of Molly, a pioneer actress in the film colony and for the past seven years casting director at the Hal Roach studios. Many a player now up in the big money owes his or her success to the kindly boost Molly gave at some stage in their careers.

The stork has just visited the home of Jack Conway and his wife, who was formerly Virginia Bushman. Mr. Conway is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director.

IT IS rumored in Hollywood that the beautiful blond daughter of **Edwin Carewe** will soon wed **Don Jose Crespo,** noted Spanish dramatic actor. Both **Rita Carewe** and Crespo will play in *Revenge.*

VERY definitely **Gloria Swanson** and her beloved Hank, otherwise known as the **Marquis Henri de la Falaise de Coudray,** are not going to get a divorce. Although her first marriage, to **Wallace Beery,** was not a success, she has ever since dreamed of the perfect union. And lo, it has come to her. When Hank departed for France a few months ago, it was because of his deep love for her—and passport regulations which forbade his remaining in the States without renewing his visitor's card. Now he is back in Hollywood with a permanent passport—and gossips have reluctantly turned elsewhere for fodder.

No, this is not the photo of a secret romance—it's Dolores Del Rio and her father, J. L. Asunsolo, wealthy Mexico City banker.

FOR instance, to the rumored **Del Rio** divorce. When Jaime returned to California after supervising a play in New York, he did not see Dolores, who was en route to Mexico to make scenes for her latest **Edwin Carewe** production. Jaime has made no move in her direction; and now when divorce is mentioned to the beautiful Latin star, she responds with suspicious silence.

REX LEASE, popular F. B. O. Western star, has his own domestic troubles this month. **Charlotte Merriam,** who married him last October, has filed suit for divorce. Miss Merriam was hailed by artists and critics as the most beautiful girl living at an army post. Her father is a colonel attached to the army general staff in Maine.

CONWAY TEARLE has been doing a lot of kicking lately to various bodies of authority that he has been boycotted by the producers. In spite of this fact his first wife persuaded a New York court that he was earning enough to pay twenty-five dollars a week more alimony. Upon showing that her former husband earned $18,000 last year in other than picture enterprises, **Josephine Park Tearle** was granted one hundred dollars a week.

JOAN CRAWFORD is apparently giving Hollywood the merry ha-ha. On her left hand she wears a diamond circlet, a gift from **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.** She says they are "just friends," though Hollywood talks and talks about a "secret marriage." I have it on excellent authority that the flippant young Joan is either married or about to be married to somebody outside of the motion picture industry, and is using this circlet from young Doug as a blind. When

(*Continued on page* 83)

Gloria of the Golden BATHTUB

A fascinating vignette of Gloria Swanson as Allene Talmey relates it in *Doug and Mary and Others*, a diverting new book of film personalities

The president and star of the Gloria Swanson Productions Company, has proven that she can act and is not a mere "clothes horse."

WHEN Gloria Swanson lies in her golden bathtub, she must realize at sight of her golden plumbing, that she is a success. For only the successful can achieve bathrooms of black marble.

Undoubted movie success has come to Gloria Swanson. But her screen sparkle and gaiety vanishes when off the screen, leaving her a quiet person, with hair soft and dark, a husky voice, blue almond-shaped eyes, and a manner so reserved that it embarasses her and those meeting her for the first time. Her dignity is paralyzing. It is that dignity which makes her so magnificent, and for which Hollywood can never quite forgive her.

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There in Hollywood hover the ghosts, always remembering that the cool Marquise de Falaise de Coudray came as an extra, as a flat-figured girl in a Mack Sennett bathing suit of black and white checks. Hollywood, with its disturbing memory, can still see the haughty Swanson of the days of the De Mille society pictures, a funny impossible girl in her crazy clothes, an overdressed Chicago kid whose hair was black, and hard and shiny with brilliantine. Knowing that only by eccentricity could she compel notice, she wrapped herself in tight and violent dresses, ornaments bunched on the crag of her hips. She did not care that the elaborate fashionings of her hair were only copied by hash-house waitresses; she did not care that her satin swathings, clinging to her as sharply as a lobster shell clings to its white meat, were just further evidences of the impossibility of that Swanson girl. With her bad posture, her Illinois twang, her gamin toughness, the movie magazines posed her as the smartest dressed woman in Hollywood; and she loved it.

BUT Gloria Swanson is acquisitive. She began to discard the crudities which had made her the great example of movie bad taste. She reserved those satin swathings which she still loves, and wears, for only those moments in her own bedroom when the eyes of Hollywood cannot peep in. Lessons taught her how to carry herself.

Her time came at a dinner at the Park Lane Hotel, given her by officials of Paramount when she returned from Europe several years ago, bringing with her the film *Madame Sans Gene*, and her new husband, a docile nobleman with a reckless taste in spats. After the usual publicity spasms of superlatives, the daughter of Sergeant Joseph Swanson, U. S. A., and the former wife of actor Wallace Beery, and of business man Somborn, stood up in front of those paunchy, bald-headed men who remembered a hard-faced Sennett bathing girl and a spit curled De Mille vamp. They saw a formal, cool woman, the Marquise de la Falaise de Coudray, magnificent in her recreation of Gloria Swanson.

Could this charming poised woman be the Sennett bathing girl? Impossible!

Any critical summation of the art of this woman has always been effectively stopped after the statement that she was good in *The Humming Bird* and in *Manhandled*. Whether she comes forth in some ridiculous picture, in some mediocre one, or in a good one, Swanson as a personality alone has drawing power of such suction that it has by this time whirlpooled her into the fabulous position of an actress who has brought considerably into the United Artists Corporation. Into whatever phase of the business the fist of United Artists pokes, she must poke also; for she is an equal owner with Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Joseph M. Schenck and D. W. Griffith. She is not just an expensive player under contract to a producer with a United Artists releasing franchise. She is not in the same glorified wage slave position as John Barrymore, Norma and Constance Talmadge, and Buster Keaton.

There are many who cannot forget that the Marquise de Falaise de Coudray came to Hollywood as a Mack Sennett bathing girl.

THIS woman, who sometimes has a definite hatred for the movies, an unhappy miserable feeling that it is merely hard work, has movie business to attend to as well as acting. Of all the women in the movies, only Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson have their own producing units. Miss Pickford has the assistance of Douglas Fairbanks. Alone Miss Swanson battles for her dollars.

Alone, she persuaded Wall Street bankers to finance her unit, Gloria Swanson, Inc., to the extent of $1,200,000, taking as consideration her box office record and her insurance policies of several million dollars. Alone, she must make the money to pay her $10,000 monthly living expenses. She must keep up her $100,000 house on top of the Park Chambers Hotel in New York, her Hollywood home, her $75,000 Croton country estate. Tied to her by a monetary thread are her four secretaries, her press agent, her vice-president, her production manager, her scenario manager. Her days are a constant series of disturbances by butlers and maids, by secretaries and camera men, by electricians, and writers and bill collectors.

It is Gloria's dignity that makes her magnificent—and for which Hollywood has never quite forgiven her.

Hers is a mad, chaotic organization, set into the tumultuous life of a tired, worried woman whose temperamental sympathies are fluid, running in channels dammed by her assistants. Everyone and everything influences her. She listens and weeps. She hires and fires, shoots situations that are never used, orders sets, and countermands, pays for sub-titles and throws them out the window, announces that she will not be bothered by details any more, and then insists on licking each fan mail stamp. And now, in the midst of the whirlpool of her life, brave and bewildered, is Gloria, going around faster than she ever believed possible. The waves wrap her, and she strangles in the seaweed tentacles of her octopus of troubles, her responsibilities, and her enormous obligations.

She sees it all merely as a gag, for life to her is merely a series of gags. Her smallest action is translated into a movie term. The prospect of her own

(*Continued on page* 98)

Some BROOKS Don't

With Victor McLaglen, Louise Brooks appears in a new Fox picture of a sailor and his sweethearts. This is the form made famous by Ziegfeld.

And Louise Brooks is one—she's quite the opposite of most of the chattering screen ladies. Quite sophisticated is Louise, for she has "been around." Yes, rawther!

An Interview by

DOROTHY SPENSLEY

LOUISE BROOKS is about as clinging as a telegraph pole.

She was Ziegfeld's gift to the tired produce man.

And for a while the Scandals couldn't get along without her.

A Denishawn dancer, too.

A night club entertainer in dear old London.

So, of course, it is rumored, they are all for casting her as Roberta Alden, the pathetic, yielding, love-swamped maiden, ruined and tossed aside by Clyde Griffiths. The frail maiden of *An American Tragedy*. That's Hollywood for you.

I wonder what Poppa Dreiser thinks!

Louise balanced a high-ball in one hand and a cigarette, cork-tipped, in the other. Roundly, luxuriously, a puff of smoke came from her lips.

"It was great sport in the Follies. We used to rub the girls so about the movies. . . . ."

Three inches of slim, satin-skinned ankle peeped forth from below silken plus fours.

"We would send in notes saying 'I am sitting in the front row tonight.' And sign them 'Adolph Zukor' or 'Richard Rowland.' "

Her dressing gown was a delirious blending of tangerine and crimson.

"And the girls would get absolutely panicky, thinking that their big chance had come."

Little kid slippers of a crimson-tangerine shade covered ten small pink toes.

"One time we sent a bouquet of flowers to Anastasia Riley, and wrote a note asking her to report to the Paramount Long Island Studios at ten the next morning. . . ."

A Lord Byron collar unfurled petal-like from the long, slim, white, young throat.

"And we signed the name of the general manager."

Faintly bored with the whole thing, entirely poised, a languid young sophisticate, Louise blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

"So she went out there and, of course, no one wanted to see her."

Louise permitted herself to smile, thoughtfully.

"But the joke was on us because as she was leaving, an assistant director ran up to her and asked if she could work that day. They needed one more girl to fill in a scene."

Impudent freckles cover pale skin.

"And, later, Anastasia got a contract."

Jetty hair slides to straight brows, then far down on oval cheeks.

Babble!

SHE is the kind of girl that makes you wonder. I wonder at her. I am sure you would, too. So young. Not more than nineteen or twenty. What sort of experiences have crowded themselves into her life? What were the trials and temptations that she has met to leave so wise, so worldly, and yet not hardened, not brittle?

Fifteen, that's all she was, when she left Wichita, Kansas, to go to New York. Nothing but a school girl when she joined Ruth St. Denis' classes. When she should have been studying algebra she was touring the country, dancing with the troupe. And, yet, those very experiences were character-molders. Two years of that life brought her to George White's Scandals.

At seventeen she was crossing to London for an engagement at the Cafe de Paris, the smart night club. To Paris, too, and then back to New York and Ziegfeld's show, *Louis the Fourteenth.* All before she was twenty.

"I like the stage. It's quite a bit of fun." An ash was flicked into the cold hearth.

"With its stage-door johnnies. . . . ." we said, hopefully, baitingly.

"There are none, any more." No regret in the brown eyes. Perhaps amusement. "Been kidded to death, you know."

"But how do the Broadway boys meet the Follies' girls?"

"Oh, they give a pah-ty (snubbing the 'r' completely) and ask Mr. Ziegfeld to invite some of the girls." She smiled reminiscently.

It was not at a "pah-ty" that she met Walter Wanger, urbane general manager of Paramount. He was sitting in the front row, it must have been the front row, watching *Louis the Fourteenth,* when young Brooks stepped pertly forth onto the stage. Whether he immediately dispatched a note is unchronicled history but Louise soon took a screen test and found herself playing a Bowery girl in *The Street of Forgotten Men.* That's when her picture career started.

YOU'VE seen her in *The American Venus, A Social Celebrity, It's the Old Army Game, The Show Off.* With Richard Dix in *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.* With Adolphe Menjou in *Evening Clothes.* In *Rolled Stockings* and *Now We're in the Air.*

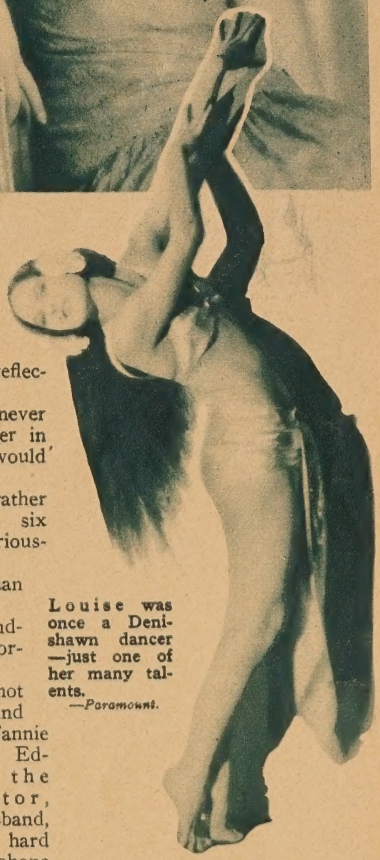
But Louise has not. Louise has never seen herself in a motion picture.

"I always look at the first few scenes—to see if I'm photographed well. But I never go to see the film when it's done."

Crash! went a tradition.

"Never go to first nights either. Awful bores. Now in New Yawk (another 'r' bit the dust) you really see people. Celebrities, I mean. In Hollywood there is nothing but a mob.

Can you imagine sophisticated Louise Brooks as the pathetic little ruined girl in "An American Tragedy"? *—Photo by Richee.*



Louise was once a Denishawn dancer—just one of her many talents. *—Paramount.*

She sipped a reflective cocktail.

"And I've never found a character in a book that I would like to play."

It all seemed rather hopeless. But six o'clock is a notoriously hopeless hour.

Just then a man appeared.

"Hello, grandmother!" he chortled.

But it was not her grandson. And she was not Fannie Ward. It was Eddie Sutherland, the young director, Louise's husband, home from a hard day of megaphone lifting.

It was time for me to go. I went.

But there's one thing more. Louise, the gentle sophisticate, the Broadway orchid transplanted to California adobe, was born in Cherryvale, Kansas.

Can you tie that?

Speedy—that's Harold

In the House of Mirrors, Coney Island, where Harold played hide and seek with the throngs curious to see him acting. Note the zebra effect of wet paint on Lloyd's coat.

The famous Babe Ruth hires Harold's cab in one hilarious sequence of "Speedy."

SPEEDY—that's Harold Lloyd, even if he only makes one picture a year. His latest comedy, *Speedy,* is a fast, breezy zephyr in places, but the lasting impression from some of the action is that a whirlwind has happened.

Maybe it isn't his best—memory enhances the quality of *Grandma's Boy* and other Lloyd masterpieces—but it's one of his fastest. And the comedy is there—as the ripples that run through spectators testify. If you don't laugh at his antics at Coney Island, consider yourself hopelessly sophisticated.

The story of *Speedy,* the next Harold Lloyd picture concerns a typical, carefree New York kid who "loses a job every time Babe Ruth hits a home run," and "he hits about 58 a season!" There is a sequence in the picture where Lloyd is a taxi driver, but he has an old equipage and has trouble getting customers. But when Babe Ruth hails him, Lloyd drives him to the Yankee Stadium in twenty minutes!

Harold Lloyd had plenty of trouble getting his Coney Island scenes, for the crowds kept discovering he was at work, and interfered with picture making. Eventually, they hid the camera in a piano box. The company carried the piano box around, and when the camera was set, Lloyd, from a nearby hiding place, would signal he was ready, and the scene would be completed before the crowd was wise.

There are scenes in Chinatown, a sequence where Lloyd is the conductor of an old street car, others where he is a traffic cop in the congested parts of New York, and a final chase with a runaway horse car throughout the congested stock market district. Ann Christie is the charming miss playing opposite Lloyd in this picture.

The cost of *Speedy* will be approximately $1,000,000. No Lloyd comedy has heretofore exceeded $600,000, which

Lloyd

Harold Lloyd and Ann Christie do the chutes at Coney in "Speedy". They camouflaged the camera to make this picture in order to escape the curious throngs that wanted to watch.

was the cost of *For Heaven's Sake.* A few years ago, it was considered remarkable for anyone to spend more than $150,000 on a comedy. *Grandma's Boy,* Lloyd's most famous full length comedy, up to the present, cost $200,000. *Girl Shy* ran into $350,000. He is said to have spent $250,000 on New York sequences of *Speedy.*

While Lloyd is working on a picture he never talks about "I". He will say, "This kid"—meaning this character—"would never have done this or that," instead of saying, "I would not do that."

LLOYD'S own tastes are simple. He has an unpretentious dressing room graced by a chair and a phonograph and two Maxfield Parrish pictures. A strip of pictures, autographed by fellow players, extend around the wall. He does not drink or smoke, but is an ardent golfer and active on the handball court at his own home. Mrs. Lloyd (Mildred Davis) plays tennis a great deal, cares for four-year-old Gloria Lloyd and does a great deal of charitable work as a means of activity. Lloyd and his wife seldom appear at Montmartre or at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove. Lloyd likes to keep out of the social limelight and when business associates want to talk over a luncheon table, he leads them to an obscure drug store counter in Beverly Hills where he is never discovered and where the sandwiches are good.

"The wonderful thing about pictures," says Lloyd, "is that you can earn and enjoy money while you are still young."

The architect who is planning the huge new Lloyd home on his 16-acre estate in Beverly, says he never before had such a large commission from so young and enthusiastic a couple. All the big houses he had previously built were for couples who had come into their money in their dotage. So, if one does become successful in pictures, the money rolls in like a miracle during one's youth.

Lloyd is no fool with his money nor has it turned his head. The comedian is sensible and careful concerning investments and as he has the utmost confidence in the future of California, he has a great bulk of his earnings tied up in real estate in that state.

A chance in pictures? Lloyd will never discourage what appears to be a hopeless case. He does believe that young people of today have a habit of daydreaming in dark picture houses and casting themselves in their own imaginations in the roles of the picture. The next step after fancying they could do the part, is to trek to Hollywood.

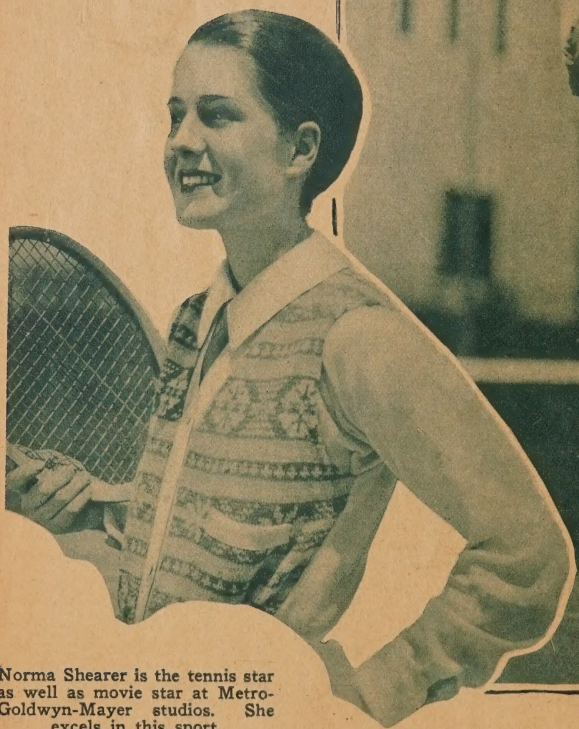
Lloyd won't say that anyone should stay away from the film capital although he can prove that there are a far greater percentage of failures in the movies than on the legitimate stage. "But who knows?" he asks. "Didn't they say I was not a type? That I should leave my cardboard house and give it all up?"

Lloyd does not pose as a genius and there is no mystery about his picture making. His own life is an open book. He helps write the story, direct and edit the picture but he gives credit to everyone on the lot. He is easy to work with, pleasant and good natured, and holds the respect of everyone on the lot from extras and carpenters up to executives. Lloyd is a great listener and likes to get others' opinions on production, then uses his own judgment and adapts the best of these to the pictures.

Lloyd is an ardent golfer and active on the handball court at his own home in Beverly.

Harold, minus the spectacles, with his wife, Mildred Davis. Their new home covers sixteen acres in Beverly.

This Tennis Racket



Norma Shearer is the tennis star as well as movie star at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. She excels in this sport.

If you don't get a kick out of tennis, take lessons from Doris Dawson, over on the First National lot.

Don Gillum Photo.

JUST A KID

Charles Rogers graduated from the world's first movie school with high honors and with a Paramount diploma—he is now practising his profession with amazing success

By MARCIA MANNERS

"THE answer to a maiden's prayer for 1928!"

That's what they call Charles—"Buddy"—Rogers around Hollywood. After you've met this kid, you can't call him anything but "Buddy."

"Isn't he a darling?" squeal the girls.

And if there is a white man's burden, the postman with the Paramount Studio on his route is carrying it. Over eleven thousand people wrote to Charles Rogers last month! The letters began to pour in after *Get Your Man*, starring Clara Bow and featuring Rogers, was released. Drug stores were sold out on stationery after *My Best Girl*, starring Mary Pickford, was released. Charles Rogers played Mary's lead, you remember, then after *Wings* opened in four key cities, more and more letters arrived.

Richard Dix, who previously held the record for male star fan letters at Paramount is developing a forehead wrinkle and puffing hard at his cigarettes. Clara Bow, who still gets more fan mail than anybody in the world, is now taking a pepsin tablet after her lunch.

And does Buddy Rogers take the attitude, "Well, I'm good! It was coming to me anyhow!" He does not. Like the girls, Buddy squeals, too. In his own boyish way, Buddy is so thrilled over his fan mail that he has learned to squeal, too.

THE maiden mail makes him blush. He isn't like the hard-boiled boys you see around our high schools these days. Frankly, he likes girls and they don't bore him. And he doesn't get conceited if lots of women write to him or does he think he is in line for the role of the world's greatest lover. Charles Rogers is still old fashioned enough to be actually fussed by the amorous advances of females via Uncle Sam. But he wants the world to know that all his mail does not come on pink scented paper.

"I've been getting letters from bankers and business men," he tells you proudly. "Most of these have come from men who saw *Wings* and I consider it a real compliment when a big man with lots of affairs to attend to will take the time to write to a kid actor like myself!"

Buddy carries a sensible and far sighted head on his young shoulders. The chaff in his fan mail hasn't blurred his sight when the wheat shows itself.

I dropped a bombshell early in the interview. It's just as well to know. I asked him if he and Claire Windsor were to be married soon. Dainty, beautiful

Buddy Rogers learned how to make love for the camera when he and Iris Grey were students at the Paramount School.

Young Rogers made quite a splash with his first dive into the Hollywood pool.

Charles Rogers was chosen by Mary Pickford for her leading man in "My Best Girl." Do you wonder now that he receives more fan mail than any other juvenile player?

Claire had been going to so many parties with Buddy of late that everyone else has been asking the same question.

"Marry!" exclamation. Buddy does a little acting now which doesn't register as too convincing. Also, deep purple rushes of blood to the neck and cheeks. "I couldn't think of marrying for ten years!"

Ten years—a long time for single blessedness in Hollywood!

"But," I stammered. "You and Claire go everywhere together."

"Yes, we do." Happy expression crosses face which couldn't be disguised. Nothing forced or compelling about having to go everywhere with a lovely lady like Claire. There was even undisguised animation when he said, "She dances beautifully and we both like dancing. And I enjoy her company a great deal."

And still I wondered. Claire was all neatly divorced from Bert Lytell as well as from a business man husband to whom she was once wed back in Seattle before her entry into picturedom. Claire is quite free now to plunge into marital romance anew. But she is queen of her own special firmanent.

I VENTURED then, "Are you buying a home—as so many stars do—or accumulating real estate?" That, I surmised, might lead to some hint of domestic inclinations.

"Oh, no, I don't earn big enough salaries yet to buy real estate," he stated quite frankly. And remembering how extravagantly the beautiful Claire dresses and that I had heard that the bills for these gowns were always catching up on her, I was sure that any young man, actor or otherwise, might be a bit appalled at the prospect of keeping her eternally pleased without a big bank account.

"I live with a chap I went to college with back in Kansas," Buddy explains. "He sells stock and bonds downtown and his mother keeps house for us. We live in a little bungalow and I get room and board and garage for $16 a week. I like living that way because it is so homelike."

The possibility that Charles Rogers and Claire might soon be married was further mitigated when he went on to tell me that his married sister and her husband and their little daughter were planning to come out to Hollywood soon to live and that when

No, Buddy is not unveiling a statue—the girl is Marion Morgan, who was a wax model in Clara Bow's "Get Your Man." Buddy was the man Clara "got."

Buddy plays opposite Nancy Carroll in "Abie's Irish Rose." When he saw the picture he wept and howled. They compose the youngest "team" of the films.

this occurred, he would move over with them. For the edification of the romanticists, I just about concluded that Buddy's interest in Claire Windsor is something of a carry over of his hero worship of all big stars.

CHARLES was terrifically excited the first day he was introduced to Mary Pickford, Clara Bow, Pola Negri and the rest of Hollywood's celebrities. Claire, of course, was already a celebrity before Buddy came to town and I am sure he holds a sort of hero worship for her and adores to be with her—and perhaps adores her—as well. And Claire has probably been infinitely valuable to Buddy in guiding him in the devious ways of picturedom. But, you never can tell. They might be married before this gets into print. Those blushes of Buddy's were disconcerting!

Learning to play a trombone by mail is said to bring one to no good ends. Charles Rogers didn't even take a correspondence course but he did pick up enough about trombone playing to treat himself to a tour of Europe. He joined a group of twenty other college boys a few years ago and agreed to a contract to groom 800 mules en route to Barcelona, Spain.

When the animals were berthed on the other side of the Atlantic, Buddy and his trombone and another lad with a knowledge of piano playing toured the cities of Spain and France and entertained for tourists in the cabarets.

"We gave them ordinary American jazz," Buddy tells you, "And we were terrible musicians, but the tourists threw enough tips our way to keep us eating and traveling from town to town."

"SOMEHOW, I didn't care so much for Europe. We didn't visit any of the regular tourists stops or go to the battlefields. We saw all the night life of Paris and that did not impress me very much. All the time I wanted to get home to America."

"By the end of the summer we had saved $72 apiece and bought immigrant passage on the *America* for the return trip. They put us down below decks with 1,200 German immigrants and we made an arrangement

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Hell's Angels, just before the battle, line up to be shot by the camera. Left to right: Ralph Douglas, world's champion parachute jumper; Leo Nomis, Frank Clark, stunters; James Hall and Ben Lyon co-stars; Frank Tomick, war ace, Roy Wilson, stunt flyer.

Hell's Angels

(*Continued from page* 39)

are among the noted air-devils taking part in this air thriller.

Frank Clark is considered the ace of stunt flyers, having won more first prizes at air meets than any other aviator in the country. Murphy is regarded as the best "loop" and "tail-spin" artist in the business. Wilson and Nomis are ranked among the most daring and expert stunt men in the United States, and Tomick was one of America's foremost flyers during the World War.

In addition to the famous pilots signed for this picture, Ralph Douglas, world's champion parachute jumper, will take part. Douglas is serving as parachute technician on *Hell's Angels* and is staging some of the stunts and crashes which feature the picture. He is a well known movie dare devil and stunt flyer, and established a new parachute jumping record at San Diego last year when he dropped 5,500 feet from an altitude of 10,000 feet before pulling the rip-cord of his chute.

THE drama which unfolds behind the scenes in the movie plants of Hollywood is never ending. One of the strangest stories of Hollywood, an ironic aftermath of the world war, was revealed when Joseph Ince, the former British war ace, and Rudolph Shad, ex-member of Richtoffen's flying circus, were engaged for this picture.

More than ten years ago, Shad, who survived the war with 14 confirmed air victories, brought down an English plane at Verdun. The British flyer, seriously hurt, was removed from the wreckage of his ship. In accord with the aerial code, Shad had his opponent removed to a German hospital. He recovered eventually, and at the duration of the war was released.

When Howard Hughes Caddo Film Company, filming the air spectacle called its pilots out for duty in the film, Shad and Ince were among the score or more of ex-war aces who answered the summons.

"Haven't we met before?" Ince said to Shad.

"I don't recall, but perhaps it is so," said the former German ace, speaking with an accent.

Ince recalled the incident in France, and the German flyer recollected that the British airman to whom he was talking was the pilot he had brought down and taken prisoner in the war.

Both Shad and Ince were engaged to take part in the air-fighting sequences of *Hell's Angels*. Ironically, they are again opposing each other in the air, with movie cameras filming the action. Shad is again flying as a member of Richtoffen's circus, and Ince as a member of the Royal Air force!

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Greta Garbo Enters John Gilbert's Life

(*Continued from page 52*)

Hollywood. No ties of love had been carried on from his boyhood. No new bond of blood was established, even though the relationship might be admitted. And so the father went his way, and Jack returned to his own lonely way of living.

Greta Garbo was lonely too. No relatives had come from abroad with her and none have visited her since her arrival. The fact that her beloved younger sister was dying when she first came to America saddened her. And she did not know the language and shrank from mingling in crowds. Although she could have leased a big home in Beverly Hills and entered into the social life of the film colony, she chose instead a quiet hotel near the ocean at Santa Monica.

So Greta Garbo and Jack had this tie of mutual loneliness to deepen their love. And Leatrice wore a great deal of black, and looked thin and sad during those days she kept hearing of Jack's infatuation for the new foreign star. Leatrice could never quite forget that Jack had once torn up a $30,000 contract with Jules Brulatour in New York in order to get back to Hollywood and be near her! And now, she talked of deserting the screen for good and going back to live among her old friends in New Orleans.

Never could friends have been more loyal than were those Leatrice claimed as hers, for they helped her regain her courage. And not long after, she signed a new contract with Cecil De Mille and built herself a charming home in West Hollywood, not far from the home of the widow of the late Wallace Reid. Gaining in popularity and financial prestige, Leatrice, a year ago, built a still larger English home in Beverly Hills for herself and her little girl.

ALTHOUGH Gilbert began to make ardent love to Greta Garbo and cut off all the other women of his acquaintance, there was an obstacle. Greta owed a debt of gratitude to Maurice Stiller, the director who had aided her in her career from the first, and who she could not lightly throw aside for this new flame that burned so brightly.

Greta had attended the Swedish dramatic school financed by her government and gone through a very rigid routine of training there including voice culture, music and dramatic work. Maurice Stiller attended the graduation play of this school, saw Greta Garbo, and engaged her for pictures. He taught her tricks of the camera and was influential in getting her the American contract. And Stiller loved Garbo in a strong, silent way. His hurt, when he saw that the handsome, impetuous Gilbert had a mighty attraction for his lady love, must have been very deep.

Gilbert was no respecter of rivals. On the days that Greta Garbo was working at the studio, and John was not needed, he came anyway. Production was often interrupted, as John led Greta behind a "flat"—the studio name for side walls of a set—and cooed and made love. Many other stars have thus made love in the dark shadows behind the flats, the sputtering Kleig lights flashing into the scene during dramatic intervals, the low hum of conversation going on not far away—the romance, perhaps, heightened by the quiet strains of some charming harmony played on a studio organ.

John Gilbert and Jeanne Eagels in the apartment scene in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Fires of Youth."

Regardless of whether Stiller was about the set, Gilbert came to be near Greta Garbo when he chose. There were ominous warnings—that Stiller was of that ponderous, decisive German type who, once aroused, might commit murder with deliberate fury. Stiller may never have harbored such thoughts, but at least, Gilbert was fearless before such warnings. One evening, when Greta had lightly broken an engagement with her ardent lover and gone off to dine at Stiller's Beverly Hills home, Gilbert, in excitable fury, went to the Beverly Hills police station and wanted someone or other arrested! A night in a jail cell to quiet his nerves was the result! But these rivalries were evidently not of Stiller's liking, for he left the M-G-M lot, went to Paramount only long enough to direct Pola Negri in *Hotel Imperial*, and then departed for Europe to leave his sweetheart to her own devices.

There were quarrels to follow, and times when Gilbert may have wired to Leatrice, or plead with her to remarry him again. And the impresssionable and emotional Gilbert may have had brief periods in which he was interested in other women, or was it all a game to rouse the apathetic Swedish miss?

BEATRICE LILLIE, an English musical comedy star, was featured in a revue especially secured to open the new El Capitan Theater in Hollywood. This English star was not beautiful, but she was Lady Peel, the wife of an English titled gentleman, and also gifted as a clever actress and impersonator. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials thought she might do well in a comedy picture and so she was engaged.

Of course, Beatrice Lillie met John Gilbert on the lot and, it is said, became greatly infatuated with him. Her husband was safely away on English shores, and here was sunny California, and a wealth of romantic background. Gilbert evidently fitted well into the picture.

The pair went to a number of theater previews together, and Gilbert enjoyed her friendship, her wit and personality, but he did not love her. And it seems that one evening when Lady Peel had had dinner at Gilbert's home in the mountains back of Beverly Hills, her car swerved over a bank on the way down, and she was hurled over the side. Gilbert saw the accident from above, and rescued the fair one, but beyond his duty in clearing the wreckage of milady and her car, the actor did not feel bound to go.

And so this affair ended very briefly—the title of Lady Peel's motion picture, *Exit Smiling*, seeming to fit the situation to a nicety. However, the lady did not so quickly recover, and in order to spite the great one turned her romantic attention to Tim Whalen, a director on the lot. As it happened, Tim was married to a lady who was then in a mood of marital peevishness against her mate, so she promptly sued Beatrice Lillie for alienation of affections. Things were promptly settled when the jealous wife was made to realize that her Tim was not the man in the case at all!

John Gilbert and Mae Murray had never become romantically interested in each other because there were too many temperamental battles going on during the making of *The Merry Widow*. This

picture was Mae's big chance to come back after playing in a number of indifferent films, and she meant to make the most of it. Success at that time meant more to her than the attractions of a lover-like leading man.

So if quarrels can make a great picture, the scenes that went on during the making of *The Merry Widow* had much to do with the picture's success. John and Mae quarreled over scenes together. Mae and the front office quarrelled. Mae and the director, Von Stroheim came to such hot words that one day she threw her fan at him. And John would become temperamental and order his car and go home. The fact that Mae's ex-husband, Robert Leonard, was then directing on a nearby set and paying ardent court to a beautiful brunette, Gertrude Olmtsead, perhaps had something to do with Mae's state of mind.

Gilbert had played with other leading women who meant nothing to hom romantically. In *Bardelys the Magnificent* he played with Eleanor Boardman, then engaged to marry his friend, King Vidor. In *La Boheme* he had played with Lillian Gish, then engaged to George Jean Nathan, well known New York dramatic critic. Jeanne Eagels, just getting her divorce from Ted Coy, the former Yale football hero, was in no mood to think any man worth considering seriously again. He played opposite Miss Eagels in *Man, Woman and Sin.* Joan Crawford and Gilbert had no interest in one another beyond their mutual respect for each other as artists. Both are too excitable to be suited to soothe the temperament of the opposite. And Claire Windsor, also on the lot at that time, was not the type to attract Gilbert. She had quiet restraint, similar to that of Greta Garbo, but without the latter's fire and *verve.*

Renee Adoree was the one exception. She had responded to some of Gilbert's own fire. It was often rumored during the making of *The Big Parade* that these two might wed. The little French girl had been born in a lowly circus lot manger at Lille, France. Her father was a noted clown, her mother an acrobat and she herself, proficient in bareback riding. She had picked up a broad and haphazard education in France, Germany, Belgium, Sweden and Russia — wherever the circus traveled.

During the war, Renee Adoree had escaped the German troops invading the town where she played in a revue, and made her way to London and New York. There she married Tom Moore, ex-husband of Alice Joyce, and Tom brought her to the coast only to be divorced in turn by his second bride.

Renee Adoree was entirely suited to the role of the pretty, vivacious little French girl in *The Big Parade* and made the hit of her career. Ronald Colman, John Gilbert and Gaston Glass were all frequent callers at her home. Then, when Garbo arrived, Renee Adoree must have seen that at least one of her suitors was more strongly attracted by this new flame.

But, even after *Flesh and the Devil* and the advent of the new foreign star, Renee Adoree was called upon to play another picture with Gilbert. This was *The Show,* in which Gilbert is a bold Cock Robin who takes money from one woman, shelter from another and everything for granted. In the tent shows where he had played in his early days, and in her own early trouping career, Gilbert and Garbo must often have rubbed shoulders with many such types.

Lillian Gish and John Gilbert in an enthralling love scene from their M-G-M starring spectacle, "La Boheme."

Renee Adoree, if hurt was there, did not flaunt it. With sweet sportsmanship and womanly understanding, she became a very good friend of Gilbert's for all time. And she has since married William Gill, a successful Los Angeles business man. But even now, Renee Adoree says she would rather play with Gilbert than with any other star or leading man and oddly enough, despite his romance with Garbo, Gilbert also affirms that he plays more easily and with greater sympathetic understanding with Adoree than with any other leading woman. In *The Cossacks,* Gilbert's most recent picture, he again has Renee Adoree for his leading woman.

"When I want to feel like an actress, I wear pearls," says Greta Garbo. "In Stockholm, when I was a little girl, I saw the actresses wearing pearls and these beads have always been associated with the stage in my mind."

THERE was difficulty for a time over Greta Garbo's citizenship papers and danger of deportation because her allotted time in America was up. "Perhaps she and Gilbert will decide to wed," said studio officials. "That would solve all the difficulties, for as the wife of an American, she could not be sent back."

But no matter how intensely they might be in love, a marriage could never be forced on two such temperamental souls. But when they felt in the mood on their own account, they dashed off to Santa Ana the following week, bent on wedlock, only to change their minds just before the knot was tied. Close friends of Gilbert's say he would wed Greta Garbo any day that she will have him, but that the foreign star turns off the subject by saying, "He is such a leedle boy!"

During the making of the picture *Love,* Gilbert helped Greta Garbo a great deal with her scenes. Gilbert was not at first slated for the leading role in this picture with Garbo, but they were both so madly in love at the time, that another leading man was let out of the picture so that this pair could play together. And they had a violent quarrel, which is characteristic of the pair just after things have been going along swimmingly. They parted in anger, never again to see one another, but Edmund Goulding, the director, called them back to the studio for a retake when they made up again.

Gilbert knows how expensive it must be to maintain a navy. He bought a yacht for $75,000 which he named *The Temptress.* He planned many long cruises, none of them ever materializing beyond visions in his own mind, for the boat had no sooner been brought south from Victoria, B. C., than it went into drydock for caulking, and scraping, alterations and copper paint. The boat, unknown to Gilbert, had been a Puget Sound rum runner, and for weeks after the star purchased the yacht, government agents were watching its activities. At length, the tremendous upkeep, repairs and maintenance of a crew of eight men struck Gilbert as the height of extravagance, and he disposed of the seagoing craft.

Gilbert's mountainside home also proved an unusual luxury when a rainstorm washed his walls away and necessitated the building of new bulwarks and foundations that cost more than the

original house! Here Jack has a swimming pool and tennis courts, and on Sundays, holds open house and proves himself a charming host and entertainer. Gilbert and Greta Garbo rarely go out in public. They attended one Mayfair club dance and danced every dance together. They never go to the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove, so often frequented by other stars, and have only once or twice lunched at Montmartre. Gilbert has studied law quite extensively, reads all the late books and plays and keeps up on affairs of the day. He is an expert navigator, and will probably again own a seagoing craft of some sort. He writes more and more, and later on, will devote all his talents to writing and directing. He has two dogs and a cat for pets at his home. He maintains two cars, and keeps a chauffeur but no valet. Gilbert has never been to Europe or to the Orient and has made only a few trips to New York.

During the making of *The Cossacks* Gilbert became fond of "Alexandrovitch", a white Cossack pony which he used in playing the native games shown in the picture, but the owner, who had trained the animal especially for motion pictures, would not sell him.

THE Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio is pursuing a very clever policy as far as its two leading stars, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are concerned. First, the pair play in a picture together, then each does one alone, then they are cast together again. By this policy each continues to hold his or her own audiences, and the public does not become weary of seeing the pair together in too many films.

Jack Gilbert will now play alone again in *Four Walls*, a story of prison life in which Jack is cast as a criminal. Greta Garbo will next do *War in the Dark*. Then the pair will again play together under Clarence Brown's direction in *The Sun of San Moritz*.

Never has Gilbert's popularity been greater than at the present time. His fan mail has mounted to 16,000 letters a week. And still, this popular star is sane enough to look ahead, to invest wisely, and in his spare hours to study toward a writing and directing career when his acting days are over.

Every two or three weeks, Jack Gilbert goes to call on Leatrice Joy and to see his little girl. Jack and his former wife are good friends, that is all. Hollywood does not believe that they will ever re-wed.

And his close friends do not believe that the great screen lover and Greta Garbo will ever wed. Only lately they have been together more than ever befor—and quarreled less, their love and understanding seeming to have mellowed and sweetened with time. Greta is cleverer than many have given her credit for. She has kept Gilbert guessing, and he is still guessing, it is said.

Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 69)

she gets good and ready to tell Hollywood what she knows, she's going to have the laugh of her life on everybody. Some little kidder, Joan.

WHILE no divorce proceedings have yet been instituted it is admitted that seven months of wedded life were too much for **Lloyd Hamilton** and **Irene Dalton**, his former leading lady. Hamilton is one of the best known comedians having been one of the pioneers in laugh developing films. Their wedding seven months ago came as a distinct surprise to the film colony when they ran off to Santa Ana to be married by a justice of the peace.

BECAUSE he failed to show up in court **Bryant Washburn** lost his wife and the custody of his two children. **Mabel Forrest** married the screen actor in Chicago in 1914, and startled Hollywood recently when she told the judge he had cooled towards her, and called her an "old ax."

THAT arch villain of the screen, **Roy D'Arcy**, has obtained his freedom from one wife and is said to be seeking another in the person of **Lita Gray Chaplin**. His wife, in her divorce proceedings, maintained that D'Arcy was a "heavy" at home as well as on the set.

THOUGH admitting that he expected to see a lot of **Marilyn Miller**, **Ben Lyon** refused to credit rumors of marriage. That he is going back for the express purpose of breaking up a romance between Miss Miller and a wealthy broker is all wrong.

FRED KOHLER, film villain, who has been one of Hollywood's most persistent bachelors, finally succumbed and fell into the net Cupid and **Marjorie Prole** stretched for him. Somebody over at Paramount found out and accused him of deserting the ranks of the benedictines. He admitted that he and the charming young French actress had been secretly married and would start on a honeymoon as soon as work permits.

ONE of the most beautiful and popular weddings of the month was solemnized at the home of **Mary Astor's** parents in Beverly Hills, when this lovely young actress married **Kenneth Hawks**, director for Fox company. The film colony was so well represented that it would read like a "Who's Who" to list the many noted guests. The ceremony was performed in the beautiful garden about the home and the altar was a bank of flowers. They left for New York and Cuba immediately after the nuptial vows were said.

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Millionaire Playboy

(*Continued from page* 34)

ian, who had lived north of the Arctic Circle for more than forty years and who soon became a fast friend of the young college youth. They hunted and trapped together by day and swapped yarns far into the arctic night, and for a time Bob's soul was at peace.

But during all these years he had been unable to forget his vision of Mary Miles Minter. She was in his thoughts by day and his dreams by night, and at last the urge to attempt once more to see her grew too strong.

The only drawback to this program lay in telling Dad Brice. He knew that his friend would be very sad at the thought of a separation. But it was the only thing to do, Bob reasoned, and he planned to break the news as soon as Dad returned to their camp.

But Dad did not return. Hours passed, and Bob grew worried for his friend. The dogs howled, and his fears increased. He hit the trail—and found Dad's frozen body in the snow.

When Savage arrived in Hollywood, he found the film colony seething with excitement over the mysterious murder of William Desmond Taylor, the well known director. But what interested him far more than the crime itself was the fact that a package of Mary Miles Minter's letters had been found among the effects of the murdered man.

THE situation which had arisen precluded Bob Savage from meeting his idol. She went into retirement, would grant no interviews and left a short time later for New York, while her faithful admirer, disgusted with the caprices of fickle fortune, decided to cut loose once more from all old ties.

He did this by dressing as a hobo, carrying a small roll of bills only for emergency use, and bumming his way around the country. But after several months he tired of this life and resumed his old character once more.

"I'm going to Hollywood and meet that girl," he told his companions.

"You can't get away with it," they chided him. "You won't get to first base with Clara Bow!"

"That's a bet," said Savage—and he left for Hollywood that night.

The day after his arrival he made good his bet—met the 'It" girl and was invited to her bungalow in Laurel Canyon.

Next month the story of Bob Savage, a whirlwind romance with Clara Bow, will be told in *Screen Secrets*. Read it in the July issue, on sale June 20.

Just a Kid

(*Continued from page 79*)

with the steamship company to play for these immigrants in exchange for our meals. Besides our jazz repertoire, we had to learn the German national anthem and play that every evening."

"In New York, we bought an old Ford and drove back to Kansas. When we reached Lawrence, we were riding on three rims, had a half a gallon of gas in the tank and ten cents between us!"

Olathe, Kansas, is Buddy's home town. His father is Bert H. Rogers, a resident of eighteen years standing in Olathe, who, after he left college was principal of one of the town's schools and then purchased a newspaper which he has owned and managed ever since. Buddy attended the University of Kansas for three years and for the edification of collegians, was a member of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity there.

"I took journalism at college," says Buddy, "but I can't write at all. How awfully fortunate that I was headed off toward the films where I may be a success, for at newspaper work I would have been terrible."

I AM told that Charles Rogers younger brother who finishes high school this year looks exactly like him and that he too, when he is through with college, wants to come to Hollywood and follow the success of big brother.

Buddy must have been an awfully good boy and very popular and highly respected back in his home town, for when the Paramount officials began to be slightly interested in this good looking boy from the middle west, the mayor of Olathe, the ministers, the chief of police, the bankers and everybody else of importance wired Jesse Lasky all about Charles Rogers and what a fine boy he was. That shows it pays for a lad to be known as a great boy around his home town for the big world has a way of probing into just such matters before it hands out the plums.

The men who book pictures at the Paramount Exchange in Kansas City first began to be interested in Charles Rogers as a picture star possibility. Charles was still at college when they first began to say he was a good bet for pictures. He conducted a jazz orchestra that often played in the towns near Lawrence, and on one occasion, they were asked to play for a dance in Kansas City.

BUDDY is never more of a kid than when he tells his own experiences. He still follows a kid philosophy of hopeful excitement when he relates, "And then I had this chance, and then that one came along and I just hoped, and hoped things would break the way I wanted them, too." Mystery. Wonderful ambitions. Extreme modesty. Watchful waiting. Common sense. A cheery countenance. And hope, always hope. "And then, all of a sudden, they came out just the way I hoped they would!" Appreciation. And gratitude. Could any youngster, so thoroughly prepared for things to break right, possibly fail?

Anyway, when his orchestra filled the Kansas City dance engagement, two marvelous possibilities unfolded themselves at the same time. A group of Cornell boys communicated with Charles Rogers and wanted him to be one of eighteen college boy musicians to go around the world on a tourist vessel for a steamship company. It seems the plan was for nine of the lads to play dance music each evening, the other nine to step the light fantastic with the debutantes or promenade the decks beneath a tropical moon. The next evening, the nine musicians became dancers and promenaders, and the others took their places in the orchestra. This system was to keep up during the length of the world voyage. An interesting prospect for any college youth to say the least.

But, of course, at the same time, the other big opportunity came. The Paramount exchange men in Kansas City heard about the world cruise offer for their protege and immediately got busy with the New York office of Jesse Lasky. Buddy promised to turn down the world cruise if he could get the desired chance to train for pictures in the new Paramount Training School.

THEN the deluge of letters from mayor, police, ministers piled high on Jesse Lasky's desk, and the executive gave the matter such serious consideration that he sent a director, electricians and camera man from New York way out to Kansas City to take tests of Charles Rogers.

"The day before the test was to be taken I was so nervous I couldn't even write my name in the classroom," relates Buddy. The youthful star talks very fast, his words and ideas tumble one upon each other at white heat and his brown eyes flash with happy enthusiasm. That is what blase, sophisticated Hollywood hopes Buddy Rogers will never lose—his fascinating enthusiasm about everything.

"That night—the night before my picture test was to be made—I had to lead my orchestra for a farewell college party. It was one of the latest affairs of the year. In fact, I don't think we got into bed before daylight and I had no sleep at all! And I was supposed to look my very best for the picture test the next morning!"

"Of course, the news got around college in no time that a picture test was to be taken out in a public park. A boy had been sent from San Antonio for tests, too, and a girl from Denver and the three of us were terribly nervous as we saw over one thousand people gather to watch our amateur performance. The camera man made us up and we had to laugh, sing, cry and emote before that curious mob!"

"My test was awful. I don't see how I ever made the grade for the Paramount School, but they told me I was to leave for New York in seven days. The boy from San Antonio and the girl from Denver were not signed for the school and went home discouraged."

"FOR six months I studied picture acting at the Paramount School in New York. Jack Luden and Thelma Todd, Ivy Harris, Roland Drew and Josephine Dunn who you see on the screen were also students at the Paramount school at the time. At the end of the six months term, I played the lead in a graduation picture called *Fascinating Youth.*"

Two more breaks came to Charles Rogers when he arrived in the west, but he says he had a hunch all the time that he was going to lose both of these. James Cruze wanted Charles Rogers for the lead in *Old Ironsides* and Herbert Brenon considered using him for one of the leads in *Beau Geste.* Then the Paramount officials in New York wired Charles to go back to attend a banquet, and he lost both these picture opportunities. Charles Farrell was signed for the Cruze picture and Ronald Colman for *Beau Geste.*

When he did return to Hollywood, Paramount loaned Charles Rogers to Fox for a part in a Cappy Rick's story, *More Pay Less Work.* Then he was sent to Texas for six months to play one of the leads in *Wings.* He had only 98 hours in the air with an instructor before he began to pilot his own plane about and propel the machine for close-ups and long shots. The pilot who took the plane off the ground and up into the skies would lie back on the floor and keep out of sight when it was time to take the scenes and Charles Rogers held the stick and acted his part with old experienced pilots whirling their own planes in dangerously close proximity all about him. The kid has nerve, too. No doubt of that!

Mary Pickford took tests of dozens of nice looking boys for the lead in *My Best Girl.* One evening when Charles Rogers was dancing at the Mayfair Club, a studio executive saw him, and recommended to Miss Pickford that she send for the new kid actor. She liked his tests so well that he was engaged for the picture.

THEN came *Get Your Man* with Clara Bow and next a real plum, the lead in *Abie's Irish Rose* with Nancy Carroll. This big picture, considered

(*Continued on page 89*)

Red.....Orange.....Purple... *and what* Rouge *is* Right?

NOW THERE'S ROUGE OF WHICH ALL SHADES MATCH THE SKIN AND YOUR COSTUME ALONE DICTATES CHOICE!

"Princess Pat 'Nite' gives the rarest, exotic effect worn with this jewelled gown," says lovely Marion Nixon.

INTRIGUING — fascinating . . . to now choose shades of rouge to match your *costume*, instead of your *skin*. Never again to be pale *in red*, sallow in blue, ghostly in purple. For by utterly changing the *whole theory* of rouge making, Princess Pat gives you perfect complexion beauty with *any* color you choose to wear.

"Princess Pat Rouge—how exquisite, how satisfying to my artistic soul is this new, rare harmony of cheek and gown! Now I see the full meaning of *quality*, as well as color in Rouge." (Bewitching Marion Nixon, Universal film star of "*Jazz Mad*" talks to her mirror.)

How This Seeming Miracle Is After All Very Simple

In Princess Pat Rouge, the color ingredients are *exclusively* the precious *tint* colors, through which *light will show*. That is to say, *all shades* of Princess Pat are mysteriously luminous—*and transparent*. You see this same marvelously beautiful effect in the lustre of *pearls*, the living fire of *opals*. The secret is this: Nature never uses dead, *painty* colors; *nor does Princess Pat*.

Think! A pearl laid on red silk does not change its tone, but it does glow with new, *deeper* beauty. Now do you begin to understand? The magic of the *pearl*, is the *magic of Princess Pat*. The old idea of rouge is *exactly reversed*. Now skin tone means nothing. The skin *automatically* assumes the *tone* of whatever shade you select. Thus you choose for *beauty alone*, for glorious harmony with your *costume*.

The Most Remarkable Vogue Any Rouge Ever Had

Unknown not so very long ago, one now finds Princess Pat Rouge *everywhere*—and finds it *leading in popularity*. For alone of all rouges Princess Pat created a new fashion, gave to makeup entirely new possibilities. It is the first rouge in history that has been *really different*.

Certainly no woman likes the off color effects inseparable from using *just one rouge shade* with all her costumes. Rouge that goes well with soft pastel shades—medium rouge, for instance—*cannot* give the brilliant complexion note absolutely demanded by a costume of strong red. Nor is it thinkable that the rouge shade so perfect with an orange frock can harmonize with royal purple.

And so it goes, through the whole kaleidoscopic range of colors. Countless women have had the experience of an evening spoiled because rouge color and dress color simply could not be brought to *harmony*. But they have not usually thought to blame rouge—so long has the idea of "one shade to match the skin" been entrenched.

Ask—Now—To See the Six Princess Pat Rouge Shades

If you read the "beauty columns" (and who does not) you have lately seen much about the famous "color palette of six rouge shades." For your information, these six shades are Princess Pat Vivid, Squaw, Theatre, English Tint, Medium, and Nite. Now remember this: Having in mind the color *dress* you will wear, select rouge to match and *forget skin tone*.

If you are in the mood to determine to just what lengths you can carry this marvelous new beauty of *variety in makeup*, select several Princess Pat rouge shades and *experiment*. It is no end fascinating. Dress colors you thought *impossible* become stunning; your "best" colors become entrancingly more beautiful.

And With All This There Is Still Another Advantage

Princess Pat Rouge is made with a *base of precious almond*. Such a base—absolutely exclusive with Princess Pat—has just the advantage that almond always gives. It is good for your skin. Countless women find that minor imperfections of the skin vanish when Princess Pat rouge is used. This is especially true of blackheads, coarse pores and dry or oily conditions of the skin.

Last, but not least, it is *almond* that helps make Princess Pat Rouge so permanent that it withstands even a swim in salt water.

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SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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The Postal Pouch

Questions and Answers—What you want to know about your favorite Players and Pictures.

Address all inquiries to the Postal Pouch, Screen Secrets Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minnesota.

C. A. L. Some letter! Oh, you just think SCREEN SECRETS is late because you are so anxious to read all the latest news. Mae Murray was The Nell Brinkley Girl in the Ziegfeld Follies at the age of 15, and then she went into the movies. There was an interview with Ruth Taylor in the November issue of SCREEN SECRETS, so your prayer was answered. Anything else this time?

JOHN S. Janet Gaynor is under contract to the Fox Films Corporation, where you can address her. No, I won't promise that she'll read your letter personally. Her fan mail increased 1,000 letters weekly after *Seventh Heaven;* so you see how it is! But write to her just the same, why don't you? I couldn't get much information about motion picture studios in Rome. There are two big units, though—one owned by Stefano Pittaluga, and known as the Pittaluga Societie; and another unit of several companies known as the Icsa. I hope this will help you out. If not, let me know and I'll wade over and find out for you first-hand!

JACK R. Oh, yes! Bob Custer is still ropin' 'round in Westerns over at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood. Bob Steele is their new Western star. He's about 21 years old, single, and mighty good looking. He rides like a regular guy, too. He made seven pictures last year for F. B. O., and is going stronger than ever this year. So keep your eye on Bob.

MISS C. B. J. Colored actors are registered at Central Casting Office, Hollywood, during the day time, and at 121 W. Temple Street, Los Angeles, in the evening. The latter place is for the benefit of those who have no telephones. Yes, indeed, come again as soon as you like!

M. T. & D. M. Who are the five most popular actors and actresses? If I told you my own preference, there would be a good many persons in Hollywood who'd promptly inform me that as a movie critic I'm a good Answer Man. Janet Gaynor is mighty popular. So's Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford, and Norma Talmadge, and Gloria Swanson, and Clara Bow, and—oh, pick 'em yourself! As for the men, Tom Mix seems to have held his public longest. Gilbert Roland is quite hotsy totsy right now. John Gilbert has always had a huge fan following. Charles Farrell is coming right up to the top. And don't forget the good old standbys, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, and Harold Lloyd. All right—now ask me another.

KAY O. You think Gilbert Roland is the *"sweetest* thing," eh! Just like a good looking flapper to fall for a romantic Spaniard with black curls and a flashing, scorching glance. Now when *I* was young. . . . . But as the bricklayer said when he added another floor to the building, "That is another story." . . . . No, he's not exactly a newcomer. He has been in pictures at least a year. Among his most recent productions are *Rose of Monterey* and *The Auction Block* for First National, and *Camille, The Dove,* and very soon *A Woman Disputed* for United Artists, where he is now under contract. He is still single.

I. L. Richard Barthelmess, Colleen Moore, Billie Dove, Doris Dawson and Alberta Vaughn may all be addressed at the First National Studios. Alberta is freelancing, but that studio or M-G-M, where she worked recently in *The Loves of Louis,* will forward her mail. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman can be reached at the Samuel Goldwyn Unit, c/o the De Mille Studios, Culver City. Joan Crawford, Ramon Novarro, Gwen Lee and Marion Davies get their mail at M-G-M, Culver City. Jeanne Morgan has finished her contract with the F. B. O. Studios, but mail sent to her there will be forwarded. Glad you like SCREEN SECRETS. We call it Castoria here at the office—all the wise babies cry for it.

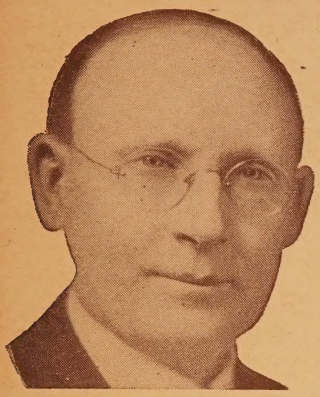
EVELYN S. George O'Brien has just finished *Honor Bound,* with Estelle Taylor for the Fox Studios, where he is under long-term contract. Olive Borden left Fox last fall after making *Come to My House,* and has as yet made no definite plans for the future. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, twenty-one years ago. Donald Keith is at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios. Sure, he sends out photographs—but don't forget the 25c when you write for one. George Walsh is in New York studying music, according to rumors extant in Hollywood. John Westwood is no longer at First National. Greta Garbo says she is not going to marry John Gilbert. Of course like all temperamental young ladies, she may change her mind; but at this writing there's thumbs down on the match. Have you seen *Love yet?* Some emotion, that, yes?

THE THREE R'S. You're an educational bunch — yes, maybe. No, Ronald Colman has no relatives in St. Paul, Minnesota. He is a native of dear old England, you know. He is not a Roman Catholic. That's is own name. When I asked his publicity man how old Ronald is, he (the p. m.), remarked simply that he was 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs, 165 pounds, and has dark hair and eyes. He is separated from his wife, Thelma Ray, and has been reported engaged to Betty Jewel. But as there has as yet been no suit for divorce, I don't look for a wedding invitation very soon. Why my dear Alphabet, he and Dick Barthelmess are such good friends that they wear each other's collars and socks! Bury the thought!

EDWARD S. Douglas Fairbanks gets his mail at the United Artists Studios, in Hollywood. I can't guarantee that he will read your letter personally. You see, he gets thousands of letters a week, and at that rate he'd spend so much time reading them that he wouldn't be able to act. All the very popular stars have to have secretaries. You see how it is!

(*Continued on page* 110)

I'll Pay Your Bills!



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ALWAYS SURE OF $10 A DAY
Mrs. Bower, a W. Va. housewife, writes: "I am always sure of $10 a day profit with Health-O products."

$31.65 FIRST DAY
"Just received sample case. Started among acquaintances and first day made $31.65."—B. L. Simmons, S. Carolina.

$101.25 FIRST WEEK
Ruth Hoffman never sold a thing before in her life. She proved that experience was not necessary—she writes: "Made $101.25 first week!"

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This wonderful, new, easy way to make big money and have a growing business of your own is sweeping America. Thousands of men have found my proposition a way to double and triple their incomes—hundreds of busy housewives have started as my partners in a few spare hours a day and are earning from $25 to $50 a week *just in spare time*. One housewife writes, "I earn, in my spare hours, more money than my husband."

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Cheers and Jeers

A Director's Contest

DEAR Editor:

I would like to make a suggestion to the different motion picture producers. Why not start a contest among picture directors for the best picture of the year? Let the producers give the winner a liberal bonus as a prize, and then let Will Hays select a group of average fans to be the judges. The directors are to choose their own stories. Don't you think that would stimulate a lot of interest and result in the picture fans of America getting pictures for that year?

CHARLES MORTON.
Alhambra, Cal.

Gilbert, Speak Up

DEAR Editor:

I don't see why John Gilbert doesn't make a fuss about the pictures they give him. I thought his *Man, Woman and Sin* was a calamity. Jeanne Eagels may be a fine actress on the legitimate stage but she certainly is a flop on the screen so far as this fan is concerned. The story was the flimsiest thing I've ever seen Gilbert do.

GRACE JONES.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hurrah For Griffith

DEAR Editor:

Being an interior decorator, I am naturally looking at a picture from the standpoint of its "dress." D. W. Griffith, in my opinion, is the only director in the business, who doesn't put everything in his sets but the kitchen sink. Griffith, while I know he doesn't design the settings, he does have something to say about the furniture, hangings and general property in his scenes. Seems to me he uses the best judgment of them all.

JACKSON M. BELL,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Janet Gets a Hand

DEAR Editor:

Janet Gaynor is just my type of heroine. I think she and Charlie Farrell are the finest on the screen. I saw them in *Seventh Heaven* and a better picture has not been made in Hollywood.

VIVIAN MARTIN.
New York, N. Y.

Originality Wanted

DEAR Editor:

My chief objections to the movies are that they over-do everything. If they make college pictures—then we get college pictures until every rattle-trap bearing the name of "movie" is swamped with them. If they make crime pictures the result is the same. I never saw so much repetition in any line of business in my life. Why can't some original ideas come out of Hollywood?

JOHN S. BURROUGHS.
Tulsa, Okla.

DEAR Editor:

Greta Garbo is my idea of an actress. I saw her in *Love* and I think she has all of our Hollywood actresses backed off the boards for real, honest acting. She seems to be repressed and yet she puts over the emotion she intends to convey. If Sweden is full of Garbos, I think the casting directors of Hollywood would do well to investigate the steamship rates.

FRANK BRANTLEY.
San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR Editor:

I just read in your magazine about Mary Pickford's sorrow. I thought it was fine, but two things. I have met Miss Pickford in person and I want to say there is not a warmer-hearted actress on the screen as she is. When you are a friend of hers you have a pal for life. She is wonderful and I say, too, she is good looking off the screen. She is very pretty and sweet. She is the same as she was in the old days—not a bit proud of herself. That is why everyone loves Mary Pickford. She will always be America's sweetheart.

A FRIEND OF MISS PICKFORD,
88 Macon St., Brooklyn.

DEAR Editor:

As a great admirer of Clara Bow as an actress I beg to protest against her picture, *Hula*. Now it is all very well to express sex appeal but when directors make that little girl literally paw the men; cavort in grass skirts and wiggle herself out of shape, I think they are going too far. Clara is fitted for finer and bigger things. What can we do to get them?

FRANK MCLAUGHLIN,
Toledo, Ohio.

Just A Kid

(*Continued from page* 84)

one of the finest of the year, may be sent out as a road show and flappers everywhere may have a chance to see Charles Rogers in person if he travels along with the film.

The Abie picture was finished at one in the morning on a certain day and the next morning at seven, Charles Rogers was out on the Universal lot to start the lead in a college story with Marion Nixon, directed by Mel Brown and entitled, *Cream of the Earth.* In this picture, there is a track meet and record holding athletes who attended the Olympic games and southern California universities, took part in the events.

"I had never run in college," relates Buddy. "And I knew those real athletes would razz the life out of me for winning races that could only be won on the screen. So, I just determined to keep up with them the best I could. My heart was pumping, my breath came in gasps, but I stayed up with the regulars pretty well and they were surprised."

When *My Best Girl* opened at the new United Artists Theater in Los Angeles, Charles Rogers himself directed the orchestra. "I had only conducted jazz before and was frightened to death to hold the baton for better music. The audience began to applaud and smile, and forgetting all about my orchestra, I turned and smiled back. The musicians, always following the move of the baton, stopped as I stopped and it was a near catastrophe for a few minutes! On the second show that day, we did better!"

THE other afternoon when I talked to Buddy, he had to rush off to play on the Paramount ball team. Charles Rogers is the only actor on the team, otherwise made up of studio carpenters, electricians and men who work about the lot and who also like baseball. He plays squash over at the Hollywood Athletic Club with his friends Charlie Farrell and Eddie Burns and he has lately engaged a trainer to box and wrestle with him each day. Buddy stands six feet one inch, but he feels he is a little too thin and wants to develop with his trainer and put on more weight. He swims, too, and plays tennis a great deal. He never drinks and ever since he has been in Hollywood he has carefully chosen his friends and the social gatherings he attends so that I "won't get in bad" as Buddy describes it. He wants to keep his name clean and fine and seems to have sense enough to know just how to do it!

Like the sailors who go rowing when they get ashore, Buddy visits the studio on his vacation days and watches the work on other picture sets. When he is working himself, he carries his trombone to the lot, his police dog, Baron,

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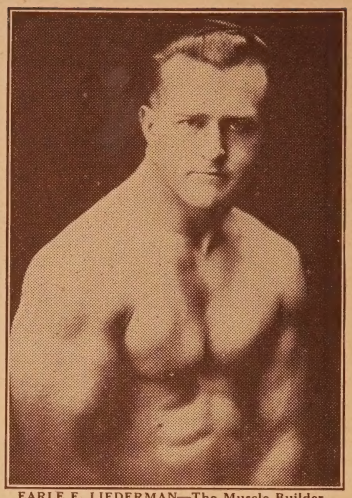

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90 Days and You Have One

But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 60 days more and then look yourself over. Now you sure are somebody. The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

People will ask to meet you. Successful business men will realize that here is another man to accept as one of their own group. Your boss will treat you with a new respect, and that girl of yours will have that look of love and affection in her eyes that in itself will more than repay you.

I Do More Than Promise; I Guarantee It

With a body like that the thrill of living is as great as the thrill you get when you fall in love. It's wonderful! Just check off on your fingers what such a body gives you—pep, vitality, health, strength, love, affection—everything a man desires.

What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit. What a sight in a gymnasium. You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

Well, that's the story in a nut-shell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just sit right down and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny, and you can see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Earle Liederman, the Muscle-Builder.

Send for my New Book, 64 pages and—IT IS FREE

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

What do you think of that? I don't ask one cent. And it's the peppiest piece of reading you ever laid your eyes on. I swear you'll never blink an eyelash till you've turned the last cover. And there's 48 full-page photos of myself and some of my prize-winning pupils. This is the finest art gallery of strong men ever assembled. And every last one of them is shouting my praises. Look them over. If you don't get a kick out of this book, you had better roll over—you're dead. Come on, then. Take out the old pen or pencil and sign your name and address to the coupon. If you haven't a stamp, a postal will do. But snap into it. Do it *now.* Tomorrow you may forget. Remember, it's something for nothing and no strings attached, no obligation. GRAB IT!

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 1906 305 Broadway, New York City

It Is FREE

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 1906, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me, absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
(*Please write or print plainly*)

tagging in the rear, and barking while he practices trombone with the studio orchestra. He is taking piano lessons regularly. Evenings he goes to pictures a great deal in order to learn all he can about his own job.

Does Buddy like clothes? He does. At the studio they are highly amused when Buddy has a new suit for, boylike, he goes all about showing it to everyone and getting expert opinions on the color of his ties. He is just as enthusiastic about the new suits as he is about everything else that touches his life. Essentially, Buddy has one of those wonderful dispositions that everyone hopes will last and last.

AT A preview of *Abie's Irish Rose* the other night, Buddy howled and wept as if he had taken no part in the picture. He is never trying to hide his emotions if they are real ones, and he enjoyed his own picture in all sincerity. After the preview, the flappers crowded around.

These days in Hollywood, flappers carry little pads to the picture show with them and if they spot the players there, beg for signatures. Even boys asked for signature to be written on a protruding piece of shirt or on a pair of light colored corduroys. And old ladies up to fifty and over had hankies and other bits of white apparel they wanted Buddy to write on. Until one o'clock, the good natured boy star stayed in the picture house writing his name for all these collection hounds and being good natured about it! Hollywood wonders how long such bubbling enthusiasm can last in this picture-wise and picture-bored town!

Movie Notes From Paris

(*Continued from page* 49)

few days on their way to and from Budapest; Ronald Colman, who will join Mrs. Colman in London; Monta Bell, who prefers Paris to his native Italy; George O'Brien, Marie Prevost, on her first trip; Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, on their annual buying foray; and Dorothy Sebastian, who will be making her third trip abroad.

PARIS has had a miserable winter which makes this writer glad he spent it in Havana and New York. But the rain and sleet performed one kindly act, anyway. They gave the motion-picture houses the biggest season they have ever had.

Al Kaufman, European manager for Paramount, is jubilant over the success of his new Paramount Theater near the Opera. This theater has the only disappearing orchestra in Paris.

Well, boys, anyone want to go to the Quat'-z'Arts Ball? It will be soon now. Rumors are that this year the obligatory costume, or lack of it, will be of the Fiji Islands.

Which opens up alluring vistas. . . . .

ANCIENT HISTORY

Movie News from Periodicals Ten Years Ago

Then and Now

IN July, 1918, Thomas H. Ince broke into the headlines of the newspapers of the country with the announcement that following a two-month conference with the Culver Investment Company, $200,000 would be spent in the erection of greater studios and for the furtherance of greater pictures. (Today it is different. A short time ago, the financial section of the New York Times carried a short story on the fact that Fox Film Company, following a short conference with business interests of Wall Street, had made plans for spending $15,000,000 on production within the next five years.)

Two-Gun Bill

"WILLIAM S. HART, the most beloved 'bad man' in the world, will produce a new series of photoplays for Artcraft release," according to The Moving Picture World, July, 1918. "There is something of the art of Remington in his pictures, something of the humanity of Brette Hart; but there is unmistakably something of the tenseness of William S. Hart in each production, which has been responsible for the hold this man has upon the American public."

Before Chaplin Went Tragic

SINCE Chaplin has become the "tragic little comedian" he puts out but one picture every three years, and of course we're glad to get that, but in the first six months of 1918, the custard pie comedian had to his credit, six good slapstick comedies. They were *The Champion, A Jitney Elopement, By the Sea, In the Park, Work, A Woman, The Tramp, His New Job,* and *A Night Out.*

The Favorites

IN a statement issued by Jesse L. Lasky announcing their program for 1918-19, he said, "Appearing in Paramount pictures, produced in the East and West will be the following stars: Marguerite Clark, Lina Cavaliere, Billie Burke, Shirley Mason, Ernest Truax, Ethel Clayton, Wallace Reid, Charles Ray, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Pauline Frederick, Vivian Martin, John Barrymore, Lila Lee, Dorothy Gish, and Bryant Washburn."

With the exception of Dorothy Gish few of the favorites of then are still before the public while John Barrymore then was merely drawing on his stage name. He had not yet made the long remembered *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.*

The Success Series

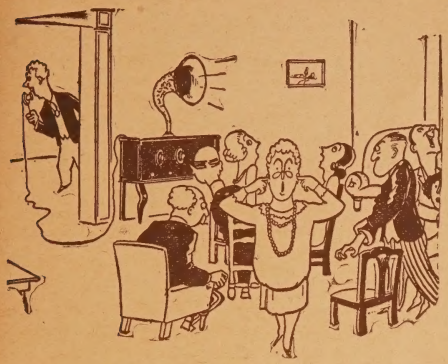
DO YOU remember the Success Stories that was issued by Paramount-Artcraft in 1918? They issued a picture a week in this series of what was then the best pictures of the past ten years (1908 to 1918). The most popular actor of those ten years had been—Mary Pickford, of course. The eight pictures of Mary's that were revived were, *The Eagle's Mate* directed by James Kirkwood; *Caprice,* in which Owen Moore was the leading man; *Hulda From Holland, Hearts Adrift, Behind The Scenes, The Dawn of Tomorrow, Rags,* and *Esmeralda.*

Marguerite Clark came second with six pictures, *Wild Flower,* directed by Allan Dwan, *The Crucible, The Goose Girl, Gretna Green, Still Waters* and *Miss George Washington.*

The other stars were Jack Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Geraldine Farrar, Victor Moore, Dustin Farnum, and Viola Dana.

Limited to 10 Pictures a Year

"THE Roscoe 'Fatty' Arbuckle organization will stage ten Paramount Arbuckle comedies, each of two-reel length. 'Fatty' Arbuckle has become a national institution and his comedies have consistently maintained a popular demand," says the Motion Picture News of 1918. "The policy of production has been a most liberal one and no effort or expense has been spared to insure laughs. In limiting himself to but ten pictures a year, in which he will personally appear and also act as director, Mr. Arbuckle brings to the exhibitor assurance that this brand of comedies will continue as a most desirable adjunct to any program."



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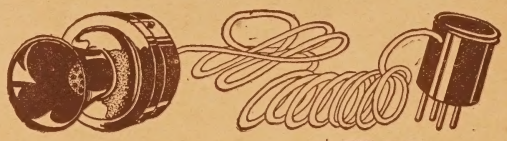

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Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Helen of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 63*)

of new opportunities. She thought of Weedon, who had cut out her small part in "Paths of Glory"—Weedon, who had suggested that she accompany him on a week-end trip to Tia Juana. She thought of Berwick, whom she had fooled with her fall in front of the automobile; and of the puffy and unprepossessing Halliwell whom she had also fooled with her acting. And yet—there had been ecstatic moments during the wild party when it had all seemed very real and exquisitely delightful. And yes, there must have been moments, she thought, during the excitement of the night, when she had scarcely been conscious of what was happening. She thought, with a flush, of the hundred-dollar bill that had slipped from her stocking. . . . Halliwell, when she was driving his Renault, had been decidedly impetuous. If such things could happen, she would have to be decidedly careful in the future as to how much she drank.

SHE stood up in the bath, toweled herself vigorously, and then in her nude young beauty pattered out into the living-room to slip on her lingerie. Suddenly she thought of the letter that Arline had handed her the night before. She found it and opened it, and a thwarted expression stole into her violet eyes. It was from her mother, back in a small New York State town, and carried even a more dismal message than usual. Her father had been hurt at the brickyard. The writer of the letter, with a false optimism born of Helen's deceptive notes of prosperity, made a plaintive plea for financial aid. "If you would send us only fifty dollars," ran the note. "Fifty dollars." Where could it come from, if not from Halliwell's hundred-dollar bill? Of course, probably Halliwell had forgotten all about the bill—some drunken whim. Sympathy for her unfortunate parents shaped her thoughts along new channels. It wouldn't be so bad to keep the bill if Halliwell had forgotten about it.

Sitting there dreamily, her eyes happened upon a long box resting on the living-room table. Arline had failed to mention it—purposely, no doubt. She pattered over and opened the box, and an involuntary murmur of admiration came from her lips. There before her, glistening and beautiful, lay a large cluster of orchids that had the color and velvety softness of sun-ripened peaches. She lifted them carefully out of the box and saw that there was a note accompanying them. She put this to one side for a moment, however, while her eyes continued to absorb the beauty of the flowers. Peach-colored orchids . . . her eyes shifted and sought the lingerie that she had worn the night before. She had flung it carelessly over the back of a chair when she had disrobed. Yes, it, too, was peach-colored. Was it by chance or by design that the flowers were identical in hue with the crepe de chine. Orchids could be dyed, of course. Well, there was a suggestiveness about the episode that gave her a lingering thrill. She picked up the envelope that had come in the box, and ran a pink finger under the flap.

"Dearest Girl," the note commenced. "This is the second message within a few hours from one who adores you."

THERE was no doubt about it, then, Halliwell had, in some way, slipped the hundred-dollar bill in her stocking. And he had not forgotten about it.

"I am sending you **peach-colored** orchids."

That settled another point . . . he was aware of the tint of the lingerie she had worn.

"Last night," continued the letter, "I had to leave you against my every desire, and because I love you I beg you to give me an opportunity to explain why I went with Signa when it is only you for whom I care. Won't you please meet me tonight at six o'clock at the Green Mill so that you and I may dine and talk? I will call you up early in the afternoon to find out whether or not you will favor me."

The telephone rang at that moment, and Helen dropped the note on the table and glided over and sat down by the little table and picked up the receiver. "Yes?" she murmured in rather a tremulous voice, half-feeling a sense of shame at speaking in her disrobed state.

She heard the suave voice of Halliwell come over the wire, and he seemed so near to her that she felt herself flushing warmly. She found herself in the daring mood of the night before.

"Yes," she answered, "this is Helen. No, you didn't awaken me. I just got out of my bath . . . You do? . . . But that wouldn't be nice . . . even if you do think so, I don't . . . Well, then, it wouldn't be proper, maybe that's what I really meant . . . Positively *not!* If you do, I'll be gone before you get here. If you do, I won't meet you tonight."

Thus, rather subtly to herself, she committed herself to the tryst with Halliwell. "Yes . . . six o'clock . . . at the Green Mill."

SHE hung up the receiver and then, her face suffused with a vague sense of shame she quickly slipped on her lingerie. She wondered what had taken possession of her during the past few hours. Her conscience disturbed her, and she was just a trifle afraid. She had permitted Halliwell to take too many liberties with her and, doubtless, had given him a decidedly false impression of herself. Well, that evening she would set Mr. Richard Halliwell right. There was no danger, she knew, in meeting him at the Green Mill; although it was a road-house it was perfectly respectable and frequented by some of the best people in the film colony.

She determined not to touch so much as one drink, for she had discovered that somehow liquor made her entirely too reckless and abandoned. The events of the evening before had amply proved that. She had believed at the time that she had been perfectly safe, but now she commenced to wonder what would have happened if Signa Shipstead and Nigel Berwick had not appeared on the scene so opportunely. The hundred-dollar-bill and the peach-colored orchids had opened her eyes to the fact that she had not been entirely aware of how much freedom she had been permitting Halliwell to take with her.

Well, there would be no petting on this Green Mill party; if she received violet orchids in the morning it would be because Halliwell was a guesser.

She finished dressing quickly, mindful of the half-appointment that Berwick had made with her at the studio for this afternoon. If only Berwick could do something for her! There were so many legitimate ways of attaining success if she could but have a little good fortune. Others had come up from extradom by ability and hard work. Two or three men stars in whose productions she had appeared as an extra. Several women stars—Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson, Janet Gaynor, and others.

SHE set out briskly for the studio where the Halliwell Productions were being produced. Big cars parked all along the curb in front of the squat buildings; tired-looking extras sitting on the benches in the reception room; a smug young man at a desk, smirking at every well-known person who passed through and half-sneering at the less fortunate.

An inter-departmental phone call to Berwick proved her right to enter through the magic door that led to the actual lot. As an extra she had been on this lot before, and yet the sight of it never failed to thrill her—well-known screen stars coming from their dressing-rooms or sitting in the restaurant, pirates with patches over their eyes walking and talking with cardinals, dress suits and evening gowns in broad daylight, lights and cameras and buzz and clatter, foreign-looking streets, backless houses on several of the stages, all the effects and impressions of this mimic mirror world that she had come to love and hoped to conquer.

Berwick received her in his comfortable office that overlooked the studio greenhouses. He was courteous, but repressed and seemingly pre-occupied. The sister part discussed early that morning would have to wait. Halliwell would have to be seen; Signa Shipstead

(*Continued on page 94*)

"Don't spoil the party!"

.. someone called when I sat down at the piano

— a moment later they got the surprise of their lives!

I WAS just about to enter the room when the sound of my name caught my attention.

"It'll seem like old times to have Dan with us again!" Bill was saying about me.

"Maybe it'll seem too much like old times!" came the laughing rejoinder. "You'd better lock the piano!"

"Nonsense! He won't have the nerve to play after what happened the last time!"

"That was a shabby trick. I almost wish we hadn't pulled it. . . ."

How well I knew what they were talking about! Yes, it *was* a shabby trick they had played on me. But, looking back, I really couldn't blame them.

Let me tell you about that last party. Jolly, informal—all the guests old friends of mine. I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing some popular numbers.

But before I had played more than two or three pieces I noticed an unusual stillness. I stopped playing, turned around, and saw—*the room was empty!*

Instead of entertaining the party, as I had fondly imagined, my halting, stumbling performance had been a nuisance.

Burning with shame and indignation I determined to have nothing more to do with the "friends" who had let me make a fool of myself—when suddenly it occurred to me that there was a way in which I could turn the tables.

Carefully avoiding the "crowd's" parties, I had bided my time until I was absolutely certain that I could put my plan over. At last, tonight, the moment had come.

Calmly walking into the room I pretended not to notice the guilty expression on Bill's face as he welcomed me. Every one seemed overjoyed to see me again—obviously glad that I had evidently forgiven and forgotten last year's trick.

Suddenly I turned to Bill and said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned, old boy. I feel just in the mood. . . ."

Instantly the friendly atmosphere changed. It was amusing to see the look that spread from face to face. For a moment no one spoke. Then, just as I was sitting down at the piano, some one called:

"For heaven's sake, get away from that piano! *Don't spoil the party!*"

That was my cue. Instead of replying I struck the first bars of "Sundown." And how! Easily smoothly, with all the verve and expression I had always longed for!

Gone was the halting, nerve-racking hesitation that had formerly made my playing a torture to the listeners. No wonder the guests gasped with amazement. Fascinated, scarcely believing their ears they drew nearer. When I finished they loudly clamored for more. Time and again, when I would have stopped, they eagerly insisted on "Just one more, please!"

How I taught myself to play *without a teacher*

When they finally allowed me to leave the piano I turned around and said:

"Just a moment, folks! I want to thank you for what you did for me last year!"

The eager, laughing faces turned red with embarrassment. One or two of the boys murmured an apology. Seeing their confusion, I continued:

"I mean it! If you hadn't opened my eyes, I'd still be a dub at playing. I went home mighty angry that night, I'll admit. But it taught me a lesson. And believe me, folks, when I think of the real pleasure I get out of playing now I'm only sorry you didn't pull that trick sooner!"

Before letting me go home that night Bill cornered me and said, "Listen, Dan, I want an explanation! *How did you do it?*"

I laughed. "Why, I just took advantage of a new way to learn music, that's all!"

"What do you mean 'new way'? Didn't you take lessons from a teacher?"

"No! I taught myself!"

"What!"

"Absolutely! You've heard of the U. S. School of Music, haven't you?"

"That's a correspondence school, isn't it?"

"Yes. When that trick showed me up last year, I sent for one of their free demonstration lessons. Well, it proved to be so much easier than I had hoped for, that I sent for the complete course. And believe me, I'm mighty glad I did! There wasn't any expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons came by mail, I didn't have to set aside valuable hours to study. I practiced only in my spare time, a few minutes a day. And the course is thorough! Why, almost before I knew it, I could play *anything*—ballads, rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz!"

You needn't know a thing about music to take this pleasant, rapid course

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men and women who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music as simple as A-B-C.

Even if you don't know one note from another now you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

Thus you actually teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right in your own home. Without any long hours of tedious practice. Without any dull or uninteresting scales you learn how to play real music from real notes.

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Remember—it is not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that "talent" means everything. Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At the average cost of only a few pennies a day!* Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating free book and Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 366 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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The Key to Hollywood

Helen of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 92)

would have to be consulted. The matter that was worrying Berwick, he confessed, was the big thrill on the production that had seemed as good as completed but which, the final "rushes" had proved, had turned out a fizzle.

"It looked wonderful—when we filmed it," Berwick told her. "Airplane stuff. A change in mid-air from one plane to another. Signa wouldn't do it, of course. We got Larrimore, the stunter, to double. Turned out terrible. Long shots look like a dummy. And in the closer shots, he looks about as much like a woman as I do. The shot looked exactly like what it was—a big he-man tricked up in woman's clothes. Lord!" he sighed, wearily. "The troubles of a director! Here we've got a great picture—with a ridiculous climax. I simply have to fix this matter up before I can get busy on planning for the next one."

"Then maybe this is my chance. Couldn't you use me on the re-take?"

BERWICK looked up suddenly. "I could, but—. Oh, I'd feel too guilty, using you in a dangerous stunt like this. You could do it, perhaps. But it would mean taking a big chance, and would require an iron nerve."

"Well, I've been taking chances—one way or another—since I came to Hollywood."

"But we need someone experienced—someone who's been up before."

"Up before?" Helen forced a careless laugh. "Why, I've been up dozens of times."

It was a lie, and from Berwick's keen glance at the pretty girl before him, he sensed it was a lie. "You are sure?" he asked.

"Sure? Why, of course I'm sure. How much would the stunt be worth?"

"We paid Larrimore five hundred dollars. We could go higher than that, even, for a girl. But—"

"You need me," cut in Helen, promptly. "You need that shot for your picture, and I need the money."

"Some of our biggest stars have taken chances in the air," argued Helen. "If they can take them, with everything to live for, I guess an extra girl like myself can take them. I tell you, Mr. Berwick, you don't have to look any further. I mean business."

AND after several minutes of argument and objection, of advice and pleadings, of warnings and lies for a purpose, Nigel Berwick, his conscience still pricking him, called in the production manager and allowed himself to be talked into an arrangement for which he had little enthusiasm.

When Helen O'Troy walked out of the office of Halliwell Productions, Inc., it was with a one-hundred-dollar advance in her pocket and the exciting thought that within three days she would be temporarily out of want, maybe in a position where she would be in demand for more parts—or dead.

At the curb in front of the gate was the studio car which Berwick had ordered for her that she might ride back

(*Continued on page* 100)

Now that the day of long hair is returning, the stars are getting publicity on sheared locks. Marion Nixon is having her hair cut to fill a role in a new picture.

To Men Getting BALD

Here's My Contract

Give Me 15 Minutes a Day for 30 Days

and I'll give you new hair or no cost

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York

I DON'T care whether your hair has been falling out for a year or 10 years—whether you've tried one remedy or a hundred remedies. Give me 15 minutes a day and I guarantee to give you a new growth of hair in 30 days or I won't charge you a penny.

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How I Broke Into the Movies

(*Continued from page* 46)

reached Los Angeles we learned that father's friend had left the city two weeks before.

So you see why I needed a job that day when I appeared on the set of the picture Lois Weber was directing. My aunt, who knew Miss Weber, had taken me there. It was my hair that won me a job, however. Before my aunt had had a chance to talk to Miss Weber she had noticed me and asked who the child with the long golden hair was. She then said she could use me in her picture.

I thought the world was mine then and as time went on and I was given better parts I was sure of it. Then came the slump that closed down studios and almost brought an abrupt end to my career, a career that had seemed to be definitely launched.

Like many others I had to "break into the movies" all over again and it was a difficult task. Almost a year went by while I diligently sought parts. When I was most discouraged I was summoned to the Famous Players-Lasky studio for an interview with Cecil B. De Mille, who was seeking a cast for *The Golden Bed.*

After waiting for two hours to talk with Mr. De Mille I was told that he couldn't see me after all. I went home and had a good cry and then determined to find out why I couldn't have the part I sought. I returned to Mr. De Mille's office and this time I saw him. While we were talking in the outer office a man I didn't know came in and went with Mr. De Mille into the private office.

When he came out he told me that he was Herbert Brenon and that if Mr. De Mille couldn't use me he could. It turned out that I was unfitted for the part Mr. De Mille had open so I went directly to Mr. Brenon's office. He gave me the part of Mrs. Darling, the young mother in *Peter Pan,* and that I consider was when I really "broke into the movies." For following that picture Paramount gave me a contract as a featured player and later as a star.

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Gloria of the Golden Bathtub

(*Continued from page* 71)

existence, which she affectionately calls her "unnatural existence," reduces her to more dramatics than she expends in front of the camera. After playing with her two children, daughter Gloria, and Little Brother, her adopted son, she frequently goes off into hysterics.

THE lives of the children are never publicized, and, no matter how insistent the press agent, interviewer or photographer, Miss Swanson keeps to the resolution that they shall not be pushed into the motion picture's glare. At school the little girl whose name is Gloria Somborn is known as the child of the Marquise de la Falaise de Coudray. When the little boy was adopted, he was given Swanson as last name.

In the living room of the Hollywood house now rests a plasterine model of the head of young Gloria, molded by Miss Swanson. When Bryant Baker, sculptor of the heads of Woodrow Wilson, Roosevelt, Taft, saw the model, he only commented:

"She makes a sucker out of me."

Modeling, however, is not the only one of her half formulated creative abilities. The intimation of artistic pangs in movie persons has a sensible habit of taking place in full view of the publicity departments, but, like the children, her immature abilities are kept out of sight. The Marquis can be exploited, shown selling a Peugeot or taking a movie test; but her poetry must not be revealed. One of the most famous magazine editors in the country has tried vainly for three years to gain permission to print some of her canny observations, done tersely in four lines of blank verse. Following verse and modeling, she switched her aim to oil paintings in the barn of the Croton home. As a first effort, she dug deep into raw colors, ambitiously labeling the seirling blobs "Creation of the World." Only about a dozen persons ever saw it.

FOR the social circle of Gloria Swanson is amazingly small. She has no desire to be glad-handed. None of her homes is a place into which friends casually drop. They are invited. Few of them belong to the movies, but all, when she lived East, came out to the country place, far enough up the Hudson to make a visit an effort. In that rambling old place, painted a soft green, the disconcerting reserve of Miss Swanson slipped off. The clothes horse disappeared, old smeared smocks were rooted out of closets, and rouge and lipstick completely abandoned. Out to a log cabin at the corner of the forth acres, she took her guests to bake potatoes and to drink beer out of bottles. No swimming pools, no tennis courts, no adjoining golf links were present to spirit friends from the simple pleasures of the place. Absurd games, spelling matches, shooting pennies, and practical jokes formed entertainment. In the evenings a favorite sport consisted of cutting a number out of the telephone directory, and calling up the owner to deliver an absurd message. One of her finest conceptions, the flower of all her practical jokes, was the shipment of a carload of newspapers to the stateroom of a friend. Newspapers jammed the room, spread into the corridors. The card bore the pleasant greeting: "Just something to read".

This adult infantilism she rescued out of the parings of the Gloria Swanson of the opulent De Mille period. In the wild and bold leap upward there was lost the quality of youth, of all naivete.

Yet the Marquise de la Falaise de Coudray is slowly getting social recognition and the days of Swanson the mannequin have now given way to Gloria Swanson the actress.

—o—

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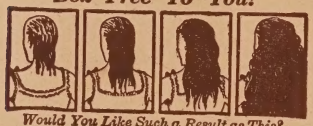

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Hollywood's Ogre

(*Continued from page* 67)

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(*Continued on page* 103)

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Helen of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 94)

to her apartment. Helen nestled back against the soft cushion and considered the situation into which she had so recklessly thrust herself. Her fright, for the most part, was lost in the sense of the elation arising from the fact that once more she was to have an opportunity to bring herself to the attention of those upon whom her future in the films depended. Was not this, perhaps, an opportunity that Destiny had arranged for her?

Arriving at the little bungalow-court apartment around five-thirty, she found that Arline was home after her first day at business. The two girls had come together from the little town of Carthage, in New York State, to try their fortunes in Hollywood. Arline had a certain attractive brunette beauty, but there was a primness and lack of daring about her. Thus far she had served as the balance-wheel for the pair. She regarded Helen rather reproachfully as the blond-haired girl entered with the light of excitement in her blue eyes.

"It's all right, dearie," said Helen. "Don't look at me as though I had broken every one of Cecil De Mille's Ten Commandments."

THEN, very nonchalantly, she opened her bag and took out the roll of bills that Berwick had given her as advance payment for the air stunt. "Here's another hundred, though," she continued, "to add to the treasury." And then she hesitated as she saw the increasing suspicion in Arline's accusing eyes. "I've got a job, Arline!" she said, finally, as with a gleeful laugh she glided over to her companion and seized her around the waist. "It will take about twenty minutes to do, and I get five hundred dollars for it."

Arline, with a sober expression on her face, extricated herself from Helen's arms.

"I'll pack up my things and get out, Helen," she said, regretfully. "We agreed, you may remember, when we came out here that we'd both be on the level and—."

"You little goose!" cut in Helen. "Don't be stupid. I'm getting the five hundred for doing an airplane stunt that just requires a little nerve. And, if it brings you any satisfaction, I'm going to give Fatty Halliwell back the hundred-dollar bill that he slipped into my stocking last night."

"For doing an airplane stunt!" gasped Arline. "You must be crazy, Helen."

"I am," agreed the latter. "I'm crazy to get out of this atmosphere of poverty and failure, and, believe me, I'm going to. Now, dear, don't bother me. I've got to meet Halliwell tonight at the Green Mill—to give him back the hun-

(*Continued on page* 106)

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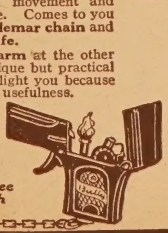

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A Minute Guide to the Movies

(*Continued from page* 59)

Flying Romeos—An air picture that takes a nose dive—*First National.*

Under Tonto Rim—The best western since *The Covered Wagon.*—*Paramount.*

You Can't Beat the Law—Another crook drama.—*Trem Carr.*

Fangs of Destiny—Oil fields and another wonder dog.—*Universal.*

Wallflowers—A mediocre picture—*FBO.*

The Trail of '98—A wonderful spectacle of the films.—*M-G-M.*

Two Lovers—Colman's and Banky's farewell and a good picture.—*United Artists.*

The Big City—Lightweight underworld picture.—*M-G-M.*

Red Hair—In which Clara Bow settles the rumor that she has a double chin.—*Paramount.*

Square Crooks—Fairly interesting, but nothing big.—*Fox.*

Tenderloin—A gripping picture that convinces you of the power of the Vitaphone.—*Warner Bros.*

The Noose—Doesn't hang together.—*First National.*

Legion of the Condemned—A well directed picture with Gary Cooper.—*Paramount.*

Beau Sabreur—A sequel to *Beau Geste* which has the usual fate of a sequel but has some fine acting of Gary Cooper.—*Paramount.*

Chicago—Phyllis Haver, as the blond murderess shows that justice is not blind to pretty girls.—*De Mille.*

The Circus—Charlie Chaplin, and enough said.

The Country Doctor—Rudolph Schildkraut establishes himself as one of the great character actors.—*De Mille.*

The Divine Woman—In which Greta Garbo strays from the straight and narrow path again in a very charming manner.—*M-G-M.*

The Dove—One thing is certain of Norma Talmadge; she knows more about the technique of the screen than any other actress in the movies.—*United Artists.*

The Drums of Love—In which D. W. Griffith, the dean of the cinema, shows that he is still in the first rank of directors.—*United Artists.*

The Enemy—One of Lillian Gish's poorest roles.—*United Artists.*

The Gaucho—Douglas Fairbanks again. A poor story but a good film.—*United Artists.*

The Gay Defender—Richard Dix in a good old Douglas Fairbanks role.—*Paramount.*

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—The great American story put into the films, with Ruth Taylor in the lead.—*Paramount.*

Get Your Man—Charles Rogers takes the picture away from Clara Bow and does a good job of it.—*Paramount.*

His Country—A new contribution to the many war films that have been made.—*De Mille.*

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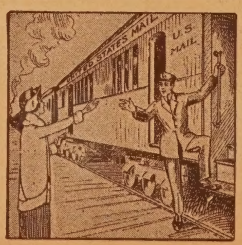

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Dan Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 83)

ETHEL JOLSON recently arrived on the Ambassador from Paris and will re-wed **Al Jolson,** whom she divorced two years ago, we hear. This was a decided surprise to the friends of both Ethel and Al Jolson.

BEBE DANIELS' family refused to comment on her reported engagement to **Jack Pickford,** saying that any discussion of the matter would have to come from the star herself. Miss Daniels was in a hospital recovering from injuries sustained while making her new picture and could not be reached. It is believed to be only rumor, however.

BARBARA BEDFORD has asked for a divorce from her director husband, **John A. Rascoe,** charging cruelty and desertion. Miss Bedford said she always has to stay home alone with her small daughter while her husband hunted, fished and played around.

MARIE PREVOST declared that her reported engagement to marry **Ward Crane** is absolutely unfounded. She says that they were just good friends a couple of months ago when the rumor started and that never did they think of marriage.

IT HAS recently become known that **Lottie Pickford,** sister of America's sweetheart has been divorced from **Allan Forrest.** Her divorce plea was filed secretly while she was in Paris, and she has been free for more than seven months.

IT WAS just a short time ago that the happy wedding bells were pealing for **Helene Costello** and her childhood sweetheart, **John Regan.** Now, however, it is said that there is discord and that a separation has taken place. Miss Costello states that she has been forced to assume the entire burden and responsibility of keeping up their home and that her husband refuses to go to work even when she gets him good jobs.

REGINALD DENNY has announced his engagement to **Isobel Stiffell,** a young actress whom he met a couple of years ago when she did a bit in a picture on the same lot he was working on. They expect to be married as soon as Denny's divorce from **Irene Haisman** becomes final, some time in the fall.

GEORGE LEWIS, popular leading man of the *Collegian* series, is married to **Mary Louise Lohman.** The wedding took place at the fashionable St. James' Church on Wilshire boulevard and many notables from the Hollywood studios were present. His bride is non-professional.

Hollywood's Ogre

(*Continued from page* 100)

the other by Rudolph Valentino . . . I was a tramp by accident and a writer by birth—something the younger intellectuals hate like hell to admit . . . The crows are walking all over her face . . . Hollywood is a soul-killing place, full of men who have a mechanical outlook on life and writing . . . The artist owes it to himself to get out of the breadline and stay out . . . I have believed in my callow days in every *ism,* and practiced barbarism . . .

"Emotion is greater than intellect . . . The trick is to go singing down the road with a glass and a girl and a golden moon falling down the sky . . . That's the thing of which life is woven—a net of silk and cotton . . . If I were the judge I would sentence the murderer—loving our civilization as I do—for having missed three policemen . . . Frank Harris has failed in the sense that he is not able to laugh at himself. He is petulant because he leaned on life and it bent under his slight weight. He makes of life a village gossipfest, when it should be a chaos of wonder to the end . . ."

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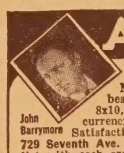

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For Women Past 40	Love Letters
Manhood Facts	Psychology of Affections
Womenhood Facts	Is Birth Control Immoral?
Woman's Sex-Life	Aspects of Birth Control
Man's Sex-Life	Love Rights of Women
Child's Sex-Life	Ellis on Sex
Homosexual Life	Ellis' Sane Sex-Life
Evolution of Sex	Eugenics Made Plain
Physiology of Sex	Genetics Made Plain
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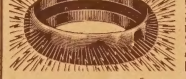

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The Loves of Charlie Chaplin

(*Continued from page 29*)

went horseback riding one morning, and as her pathway led past an attractive mountain house which Chaplin was then occupying, the fair Claire dropped in for tea. Friends became anxious because of her absence, notified the police, they feared she had been thrown from her horse and killed, and began a great search for her. Dozens of Hollywood's citizens closed up shop and joined in the search.

Perhaps at tea, the oncoming searchers were glimpsed, and fearing Hollywood might put a wrong construction on the episode, it is said Claire mounted her pony and deposited herself in a canyon some distance from the Chaplin menage where she was subsequently found.

Claire lunched and dined quite often with the comedian until famous Peggy Hopkins Joyce came out west and created a sensation by being the first woman to take an airplane ride to Catalina Island. Although Charlie Chaplin was a very intimate friend of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford at the time, it is said that despite this friendship, Mary would not receive Peggy Hopkins Joyce and gave the much married lady perhaps the only social snub ever chalked up on Mary's slate.

While this romance was at its height, Peggy, we hear, went to San Francisco on a short trip and Chaplin asked her to marry him over long distance phone. But when she came back, the comedian was already interested in some new whim which did not embrace matrimony.

It was Peggy, we understand, who gave Chaplin his idea for *The Woman of Paris.* And Adolphe Menjou owes her a real debt, for Peggy spotted the actor in a Hollywood restaurant, and urged Chaplin to engage him for the leading role in the picture. This part gave Menjou his first bid for screen fame.

DURING a trip abroad, Chaplin met the great European picture star, Pola Negri and was tremendously impressed by her beauty and power. After he returned to America, Pola Negri was engaged by Paramount to come to Hollywood and although Pola was just in the kindergarden stage when it came to mastering English, the romance developed despite linguistic difficulties.

Then, indeed, did Chaplin dramatize his moods. It is said he was intensely serious, strident, pompous, powerful, dynamic under the Pola Negri inspiration. He even took to pacing, *a la* Napoleon, so ponderous were his thoughts. The pair anounced their engagement, and Pola wore a huge brilliant on her left hand. The great romance went on.

But Chaplin one day saw the humorous side of his intense seriousness. From that time forth, the couple found small points suitable for argument. Pola took a new interest in Charles De Roche and for a time was paid court by the two gentlemen. De Roche has since been among those missing in picturedom.

Marie Astaire, an attractive extra girl in Hollywood, for a time attracted the comedian's attention. However, this interest was brief, and the popular Miss Astaire later created a sensation by attempting to elope with Michael Cudahy, Jr. Police up and down the coast were notified that Mama Cudahy was on the job to stop the wedding because her son was under age, and so the culprits were brought back to Hollywood unwed.

It is said that Lita Grey was so poor when she applied at the Chaplin studio for work that she hardly had a change of dress to her name. She had played a child part in *The Kid* and was only sixteen when she was signed for *The Gold Rush* at $75 a week. When this stroke of good fortune came to her, she was able to count dresses two and three.

The Gold Rush was eighteen months in the making, as Chaplin does not work with a preconceived plot or script, but works out his gags and thread of story as he goes along. During this time, the comedian was attracted by Lita Grey's youth, her fawn-like qualities of impulsive girlhood which required none of the make-up or technique he had long seen in the theater and the studio. Before the picture was done, he had married Lita and replaced her part in the picture by Georgia Hale, who had just made a hit in *Salvation Hunters.*

CHAPLIN, the artist, the dramatizer, should never marry again. That is the opinion of his closest friends. Never, under any circumstances will he be the type of man to say to himself that he has reached an age when he should marry, that he will be deliberate about this thing and pick a good wife and settle down. The artist in him would never encompass any set plan of that sort.

While Chaplin seemed to be "painting anew" during the making of *The Circus* when he appeared to have a personal interest in Merna Kennedy, his leading lady, that, according to latest rumor has been replaced by another romance just in the bud.

If Chaplin is no more constructive in his love interests than the John Smith of your town, he is at least constructive in his picture making career. He is a truly creative artist, for he has the ability to make something out of almost nothing. While other studios have hired expensive troupes of real circus folk and rented whole circuses themselves to make circus pictures, Chaplin, in his last feature, *The Circus* has taken an old band wagon, a few monkeys, a strip or so of canvas, an aged lion and two ex-circus performers and combining them with his own gags, personality

and talent has made the biggest feature of them all.

The friends who best understand his moods and whims and to whom the comedian turns when he wants to have help in working out some of his troublesome problems are Alfred Reeves, who has been with him ever since the old days in England; Charlie Reisner, former pugilist, who has been gag man for Chaplin for many years and has only lately gone to the Paramount studio to direct Conklin and Fields; Henry Bergman, former weight-lifter, good humored, adoring friend of Charlie's who now runs Hollywood's most popular and crowded restaurant known as "Henry's;" Henri d'Arrast, a wealthy Basque nobleman and a picture director, and Harry Crocker, scion of the well known San Francisco Crockers. In no small way do these friends "kid" the comedian over his moods, his dramatizations of romance, and his whims, and from these he accepts kidding and philosophy in the spirit it is given. When it comes to others, I think Chaplin is terribly sensitive and can hardly bear criticism.

If any unhappiness results from the "loves of Charlie" none can be more troubled by it than the comedian himself. Susceptibility is a miracle of happiness that the majority of men accept as a fatalistic entanglement they never attempt to figure out.

Chaplin will not be satisfied with that. If happiness brings its corresponding depths of sorrow and misunderstanding, he wants to analyze the whole thing. This is the comedian's tragedy, for he studies and ponders—yes, worries—over the mishaps that have come to him.

He admits he can't exactly figure out women—that he can't sort dross from gold. The cock and the drake, the stage and the steer—in other words, the lordly male everywhere should feel a common bond of sympathy with Chaplin in hs admission that he can never understand them.

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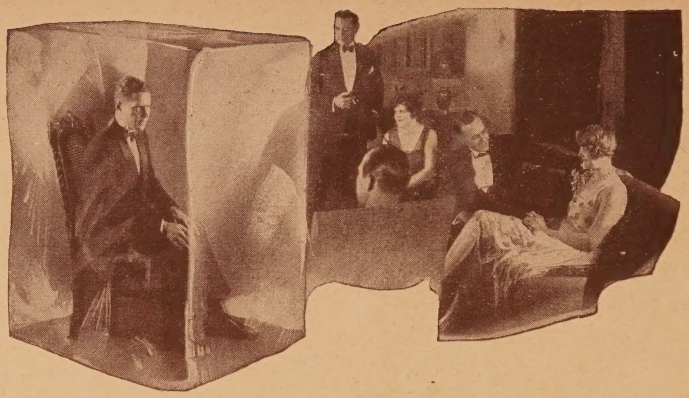

I Turned To Ice When I Tried To Talk

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I HAD always been painfully bashful. When trying to carry on even the most commonplace conversation my voice would sound unnatural and my hands and knees would tremble. Often I would listen to an argument among a group and become so keenly interested that I would want to voice my own opinion—yet timidity would keep me silent. I never had the courage to stand up for what I knew to be my rights—I was always afraid of "what people will say," of ridicule. Since my childhood I had had a secret desire to appear in public—to be active in politics — but my shyness was so great that I turned to ice when I tried to talk—in even the smallest gathering!

My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise—I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice—having to express myself. I didn't know how to present the ideas which I was sure the firm could use. I was just a plodder—a truck horse, capable of doing a lot of heavy work but of no use where brilliant performance was required. Often I would see men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I, promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands—how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. In just a few months I was able to make campaign speeches for a local candidate—I who a short time before had turned to ice when I tried to carry on an ordinary conversation!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words, to approach all types of people with ease and fearlessness. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in my own home on this most fascinating subject.

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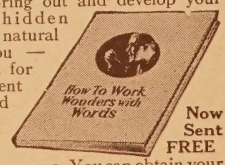

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Guaranty Watch Co., 154 Nassau St., Dept.55, New York

Helen of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 100)

dred—and it's getting late now and I must get dressed."

WHILE Helen prepared to keep her engagement for the evening, she told Arline in detail of the events of the night before.

"You must be careful, Helen," the other girl cautioned. "It seems to me that you're playing with two or three fires at once. And then she added, with a little flush: "I have a date myself tonight, Helen, and if there isn't anything I can do for you I'll be running along."

"You! A date!" exclaimed Helen, who had never known Arline to display much interest in men. "I'm glad, dear, if you've met someone you like. It'll do you good once in a while. Who is he? Tell me about him?"

"Some other time," said Arline shyly as she put on her hat and approached the front door of the bungalow.

At that moment the doorbell rang and Arline, who had her hand on the knob, opened the door.

Helen saw, with a momentary feeling of fear, that Signa Shipstead was standing there. She stepped forward, and after introducing Signa to Arline, the latter made her excuses and left. Signa accepted Helen's invitation to come in and then the door closed on the two women. Helen was in a fever of impatience, as already it was time for her to be leaving if she wished to be on time for her appointment at the Green Mill with Halliwell. And yet the situation in which she found herself was one, she knew, that demanded finesse and diplomacy on her part.

"I came to see you," said Signa hesitatingly, after she had seated herself, "about—Halliwell."

There was rather an humble and pleading expression on the wan and drawn countenance of the star whose youth had passed by. Helen, wondering how she could extricate herself from the predicament she was in, maintained her silence.

"You see," explained Signa Shipstead, "I really love Dick Halliwell. Not many women do, I guess, but I am sincere in what I say."

"I believe you, Miss Shipstead," said Helen, sympathetically, "but I don't see how your love for him concerns me. Certainly, I don't love him."

"But he has taken a fancy to you," said Signa, "and he has money and power—things that girls are susceptible to. You don't love him, I know, but like many others you may be inclined to use him to advance yourself. . . . Those orchids over there—"

"I can't help myself if he sends me orchids," objected Helen. "I didn't encourage his attentions."

"No?" questioned Signa. "At the party last night—when you sat on his lap—when you let him drive you up Laurel Canyon this morning—"

"It wasn't my fault, I tell you!" insisted Helen. "I was having drinks forced upon me, and I'm not used to liquor."

"That may be true, my dear," the star admitted. "But, as woman to woman, I want to plead with you to let him alone. Everyone in Hollywood knows

Harry Carr Says

(*Continued from page* 45)

Ruined Again

IN HOARSE whispers, it is being announced that Erich Von Stroheim is ruined. That no producer will ever have anything to do with him any more. He is too dangerous, etc., etc.

This is one of the normal events in Von's life. I never heard of any other person who had been abandoned as a ruin so many times.

But don't kid yourself. Von will never be "ruined." After the release of his latest picture, "The Wedding March," he will be deluged with offers as usual.

Von is a child of grief. When he starts a picture in a studio, the result is about as serene and calming to all parties concerned as a cat fight at a wake. But his work as a director is so marvelous that it is worth the grief.

Right now, I know that he has a sheaf of letters; but he is tied up in such a legal complication over an old contract that he can't do anything.

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of our relationship. Always he tells me he is going to marry me. And always, just as he is going to do this, some other woman comes along and takes him away from me. I'm not exactly young any more, my dear, and it requires some effort at my dressing-table for me to be still beautiful. Dick can't mean much to you, and he means so much to me. It's not his money I want, because I have plenty of that myself. It's just that I want to take care of him, to make something out of him if I can."

"I want to assure you, Miss Shipstead," she told her, "that I won't have anything to do with Halliwell. There has been nothing between us, and there never will be. Won't you come to see me some other time?" she added, impulsively. "Then we can talk this over some more. I happen to have an appointment this evening, and, really, I am now quite late."

She saw the fires of suspicion and jealousy light up the eyes of the star.

"Let me drive you to your appointment in my car," Signa suggested. "That might save you some time."

"I am afraid your car won't be much use to me now, Miss Shipstead," she said sweetly. "I have to drop in at a friend's home over on El Centro for a few moments before I go on to my appointment. Thank you just the same."

With an unconvinced air, Signa took her departure. As soon as she saw the limousine start up towards Hollywood Boulevard, Helen snapped the door of her apartment shut and caught a bus toward Culver City which would land her in the neighborhood of the Green Mill.

Even as she walked up to the green door and told the obsequious headwaiter that she had an appointment with Richard Halliwell, she wondered why she had simply not mailed back the bill. Here she was playing with fire again. . . But the dress-suited dignitary was already guiding her to a table practically concealed by palms. Halliwell, as she had anticipated, was already effusively drunk. He got unsteadily to his feet as she approached the table and raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Dear one," he murmured, "I'm delighted to see you again. What was the matter when I called up?"

"Signa Shipstead dropped in to see me," Helen told him shortly, "and I had to be a little diplomatic."

"Signa is nothing to me. Not after meeting you—Helen."

"She has been something to you, and if I'm not much mistaken she intends to continue to be something. Here's the hundred dollar bill you put in my stocking last night. I'm not that kind of girl."

"Return the bill?" he said. "That is not necessary at all."

"I feel that it is," Helen insisted. "I don't care to accept gifts that are presented in that way."

She took the bill from her purse and extended it to him. "No girl will make a fool out of me," he raged, and tore the bill into bits.

"That's that," he said, grimly. "You won't have the satisfaction of returning it or of spending it, either."

The incident had a queerly depressing effect upon the blond-haired beauty who sat there studying the other's fat, selfish face. Dozens of extras scattered about Hollywood could have dined well and happily out of that bill, now forever wasted.

"For God's sake!" he exploded, at last. "Let's get a little action here! Come on, Helen. At least we can dance!"

The girl consented to this. They had started to their table when the music came to a stop and suddenly she came face to face with someone she knew.

"Hal Howard!" she gasped.

"Helen Beck! I've been looking all over Hollywood for you. Couldn't find your name at the Central Casting Agency or anywhere else."

"No, it's Helen O'Troy now, that's why you couldn't find it."

THERE were mutual introductions, and then Helen went back to the table with Halliwell.

"Who's that kid?" Halliwell asked her.

"He worked on a newspaper back in Carthage where I came from, and I used to go to high school with him," Helen explained.

"Well, I don't like that idea of your dancing the next dance with him," growled Halliwell. "When I take out a girl I expect her to devote herself to me."

"I'm sorry," said Helen, "but I intend to dance with him just the same."

"Listen!" exclaimed Halliwell. "You're not putting anything over me, baby! You're going to eat and drink with me and then you're going home with me where we can be alone. You're drawing five hundred dollars from me tomorrow if you do what you want. Berwick said he'd engaged you for something, and if you don't do what I want—"

"You can tear the five hundred up just as you did the hundred-dollar-bill," was the retort. "I'm ready to work and earn my money, Mr. Halliwell, but just at present I'm not for sale!"

She rose from her seat, wrested herself from the hand which clutched her, and hurried over to Hal Howard who was seated at a nearby table with another young fellow. "Hal!" she said. "Take me home, will you?"

TRYING to keep her jumpy nerves in check, Helen O'Troy sat back in the studio limousine as it speeded along toward Culver City where the air-thrill re-take was to be filmed. An apologetic note had come from Halliwell that morning, urging her not to engage in the hazardous stunt. A note had also come from Signa Shipstead, congratulating her upon her courage, and wishing her luck.

And there was another reason, a reason of pride, why she must go through with this. There had been a note of exultation in Signa Shipstead's letter to her. Did Signa hope that she would fall and get killed? Possibly.

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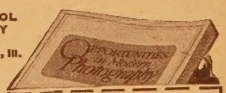

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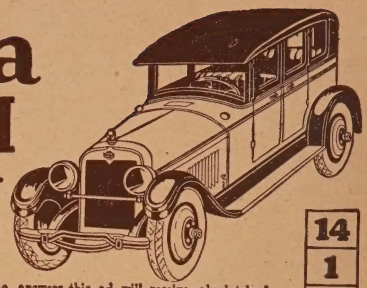

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In a sort of daze, she reached the field, heard the crisp instructions of Berwick to herself and the cameramen. As the plane took off she caught a glimpse of the worried face of Berwick, the feline eyes of Signa, the fat, puzzled-looking face of Halliwell.

THE plane soared high and circled about to come in line with the third plane which held the photographers. She could see the roofs of the Goldwyn and Ince studios over in Culver City; motorists crawling like flies along a ribbon of a road; a close-up of the lined face of Hedley, the cameraman in her own plane, as he let down the rope ladder. Her pilot throttled his motor as Hedley shouted: "All right! Remember! Take hold of the side of the ladder, not the cross-pieces—one of them might break. Hold your nerve."

And then, as victory seemed all but won, she saw the frantic gesticulations of the cameramen in Garret's plane below her, saw the plane dip low and recede and side-slip and Garret working feverishly at the controls, saw her landing-place shoot out from under her, saw the treacherous earth far, far below. And there, dangling between heaven and earth, she felt her nerves slipping at last.

(To be continued)

Helen doubles for a star in a dangerous airplane film in the next installment of the story. Order your copy from your newsdealer today.

Fore!

(*Continued from page* 56)

around and he finished the match well up in front.

George Von Elm, former amateur champion of the United States, was a courtesy entrant, and a huge gallery followed him. Playing around the course with him were Hagen, Charlie Guest, private tutor to Jesse Lasky; Howard Hughes, young Texas millionaire who is producing *Hell's Angels,* and Harry Cooper, well known professional golfer. George Von Elm led this fivesome with a brilliant 68.

Richard Arlen, star of *Wings,* was a bit up in the air on his playing during the tourney, losing out after a sand trap brought him to grief.

The tournament brought out seventy-six players, numbering most of the golfing enthusiasts of filmland. The SCREEN SECRETS tournament will be held annually—but until next year, Neal Burns reigns as the champion golfer of the film industry.

HERE is a list of the players and the scores turned in at the end of the first annual SCREEN SECRETS Golf Tournament:

Actors

Neal Burns	70- 8-62
Walter Hagen	69-10-79
Albert Biggs	77- 4-73
Harold Goodwin	82- 8-74
Wallace McDonald	83-16-67

(*Continued on page* 112)

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for April 1, 1928.

State of Minnesota, } ss.
County of Hennepin. }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. H. Taylor, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.
Editor, Roscoe Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.
Managing Editor, none.
Business Manager, W. H. Taylor.

2. That the owners are:
Fawcett Publications, Inc., Robbinsdale, Minn., W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn., Roscoe Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn., A. F. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

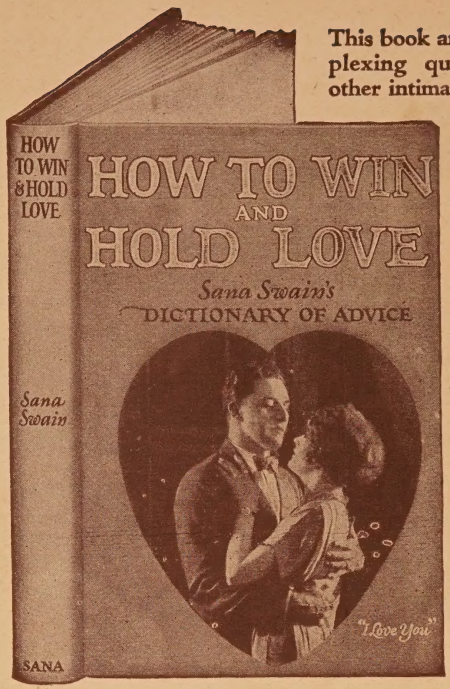
W. H. TAYLOR,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this First day of April, 1928.

(Seal) LEON PILON, JR.

Notary Public, Hennepin County, Minn. (My commission expires August 7, 1938.)

This book answers the following perplexing questions and a thousand other intimate questions:



- How lonesome men and women can meet their mates?
- How to develop an attractive personality?
- When does unrestrained spooning kill love?
- Should the secrets of the past be told before marriage?
- When is kissing dangerous?
- How to control an ardent spooner?
- How to hold love at 17, 28, 35, 45?
- How to recognize and win your love mate?
- How to encourage steady company and a proposal?
- How, when and where a man should propose?
- Proper etiquette at the table, the theatre and the dance?
- How to write love letters?
- How to win back a lost love?
- The secret of a happy honeymoon?
- The unwed mother?
- The guide to married happiness?
- How to save a man from flapper love?
- When does jealousy destroy love?
- Divorce, and how to prevent it?
- How to hold the charm of youth?

Intimate Book on Love

that handles a delicate, mysterious subject with startling frankness

YOU can win in the game of love. You can have a complete understanding of the innermost thoughts of lovers. Sana Swain gives this information to you in the most valuable book on love. The intimate problems that confront you are answered frankly and completely in the latest sensational book, *"How to Win and Hold Love"* ("Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice").

This wonderful book tells you how to fascinate the opposite sex. It is written for both men and women. It clearly tells you what to do and say on all occasions in love.

It answers hundreds of intimate questions that you wouldn't dare ask your closest friend. It tells you how to change mere interest into love; how to avoid long-drawn-out courtships; how to quickly read a person's intentions. A letter from M. E. B. of New York, says:

"'Just a pal,' but never a sweetheart, was my trouble. Men played around with me until the girl they eventually married came along. Gradually I realized that I was playing a losing game so I got your book. It made me see how poorly I had played the game of love—and I thought I knew it all. I followed your good advice and now I'm a happy bride."

This book is not a "story book"—it is a valuable reference book listing almost a thousand questions—giving the answer to each frankly and completely.

Spooning of Lovers

Some girls may kiss before engagement—others can't. Sana Swain carefully analyzes your emotions. Every girl and man of spooning age should read this intimate book. Married men and women should read this book, too, for it tells how to hold the cherished love they have won. It is after marriage that jealousy and temptation start their bitter work.

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You need this book

Sana Swain gives you information that will make you more fascinating, more charming, more alluring.

If you hope to win love or hold love you must know how. If *you* know the rules you will win, if you don't you are doomed to fail. This book gives you all the rules—not a lot of "don'ts" or prudish advice handed down from grandmother's time, but in frank, simple language answers your problem—*how to win and hold love.*

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Postal Pouch

(*Continued from page 86*)

KATHLEE MacD. I don't blame you for being a Billie Dove fan. Unless I've mixed my dates, she'll be 24 years old on the 14th of May. She was born in New York City. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115, has dark brown hair, and very soulful dark brown eyes. She is married to Irvin Willat, the director. Write to her at the First National Studios, Burbank, where she is under contract. Ask her to send you her picture—and don't forget to enclose twenty-five cents to cover mailing costs. You can write Wallace MacDonald at 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood. It's not often that we get letters from Nova Scotia, but we're as glad to hear from you as if you were the next door neighbor coming to borrow sugar.

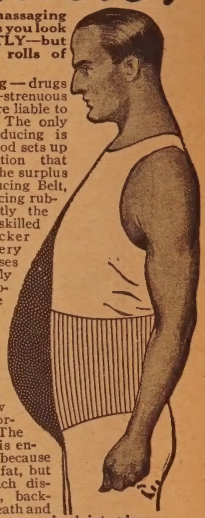
CAROLINA GIRL. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans on November 7. The year is not given, but I'd say about 27 years ago—and heaven help the working man if I've exaggerated! She's 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 125, unless she has reduced. She's quite an athlete, you know. Her hair is black and her eyes are brown. She used to be Mrs. John Gilbert. "Is Dolores Costello really going to marry John Barrymore?" I'm not a fortune teller. Besides, John is the husband of "Michael Strange", the well-known poetess. So far there has been no gesture toward a divorce—so how can the fair Dolores wed the stalwart John? Mae Murray was born on May 10, 1893—so get your own pencil and scratch pad and figure out her age. Do I like chicken, Southern style? Yes, if that means you.

ANNA P. Bessie Love was born in 1898. Estelle Taylor in 1903. Frances Lee in 1908; Fay Wray in 1907, and Florence Vidor in 1895. Anna Q. Nilsson's birthday is March 30, but the year is not given. That's all there is; there isn't any more.

A. L. W. Ann Little is one of the old-time stars, but has not been in pictures for a long time; so I can't tell you of any current release to watch out for in your home town. "Maybe" you'll write to me again? Well, I like that! Don't keep me in such awful suspense, I beg!

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.



DIET is weakening — drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt *works for you every second.*

Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue
From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanish in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

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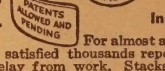
No straps, buckles or spring attached.



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M. Trilety's New lipshaper, together with its thick lip astringent lotion, will now reduce protruding, prominent, thick, unshapely lips to normal and thus improve your facial features 100 per cent. My new appliance is comfortable, easy to adjust, and is worn at night. It will also promote correct breathing and eliminate the harmful and annoying habit of snoring.
Write for full information, testimonials, etc., without any obligation on your part.
M. Trilety, Dept. 228 Binghamton, N. Y.

Does a petting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel," Page 199

Are You Afraid To Love?

Has true love come into your life — or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

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Fore!

(*Continued from page* 108)

Richard Robinson	83- 6-77
Huntley Gordon	84-10-74
Tom Kennedy	84- 6-78
Ed. Kennedy	85-10-75
O. N. "Babe" Hardy	85- 8-77
Chas. Stevens	86- 9-77
Geo. Somerville	86-14-72
Holmes Herbert	88-18-70
Frank Coleman	87-12-75
Capt. E. H. Calvert	88-10-78
Warner Oland	91-12-79
Jim Finlayson	94-24-70
Richard Arlen	99-18-81
Armand Kaliz	100-18-82
Tom Wilson	101-24-77
Lloyd Hughes	102-24-78
Erwin Connolly	105-24-81
Chas. Bowers	123-24-99

No cards from George Ovey, Bert Roach, Joe E. Brown and Chas. Delaney.

Executives

Howard Hughes	77- 2-75
J. Wesley Smith	78-12-66
Mike Farley	79- 8-71
George Marshall	80- 6-74
Kenneth N. Hawkes	81- 8-73
E. J. Bleger	82-10-72
Jas. T. Ryan	87- 8-79
Sid B. Brennecke	88-12-76
John A. Waldron	90-22-78
Robert Fairbanks	90-18-72
Mack Sennett	98-22-76
Leo McCarey	100-24-76
Wm. N. Martin	101-24-77
J. G. Allison	106-24-82
E. W. Butcher	108-24-84
Bill Steinkamp	114-24-90

No card from Hector Turnbull.

Directors

Bill Seiter	79- 8-71
Bert Glennon	84-18-66
Wesley Ruggles	86-12-74
William Nigh	89-12-77
Alan Crosland	89-14-75
Robert F. McGowan	94-20-74
Jack Boland	96-14-82

Al Ray failed to hand in his card.

Writers

Jimmy Fidler	82-10-72
Max Autrey	84-20-64
Paul Schofield	85-10-75
Phil Klein	87-10-77
C. H. Wellington	88-12-76
Chas. F. Coe	89-10-79
Ed. McDermott	91-18-73
Lex Neal	93-18-75
Wid Gunning	94-16-78
Francis Murray	97-24-73
J. Scott Darling	97-20-77
Graham Baker	106-18-88
Al Cohn	109-24-85
Ray Miller	110-24-86

Camera Men

John J. Mescall	74- 4-70
Geo. P. Hommell	92-14-78
Jimmy Howe	97-18-79
Karl Struss	97-24-73

Technical Division

E. Hornbostel	86-14-72
E. J. Litton	90-14-76
A. A. Gillespie	94-16-78
Louis Witte	121-24-97

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The crowd's all here. Everybody's ready, and now that Charlie has come, the fun will soon be fast and furious. One of the girls can play accompaniments, but for real "hot" foot-tingling music they need Charlie. Yet just a few months ago Charlie knew nothing about music—not one note from another. He had been just "one of the crowd." Now he is invited everywhere—welcomed everywhere—the center of popularity. The amazingly easy music lessons of the National Academy of Music have meant all this to him.

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Asthma sufferers will be deeply interested in a letter recently written by Mrs. Mary Bean, Nashua, Iowa. She says:

"I had asthma for 17 years, coughed most of the time and couldn't rest, day or night. I tried everything, but grew so weak I could hardly walk across the room. After taking part of one bottle of Nacor, I could do most of my housework. That was 8 years ago. I recovered completely, am still feeling fine, with no signs of asthma."

Hundreds of other sufferers from asthma, bronchitis and chronic coughs have reported their recovery, after years of affliction. Their letters and a booklet of valuable information about these diseases, will be sent free by Nacor Medicine Co., 696 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. No matter how serious your case, write for this free booklet. It may give your whole life a new meaning.

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21 Jewels

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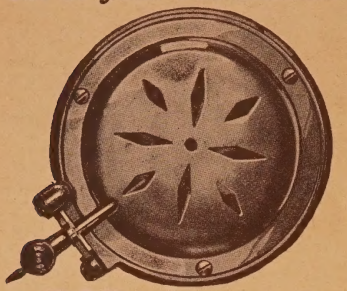

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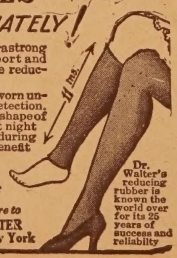

Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability

Tia Juana

(*Continued from page* 42)

race. The crowd surges around him. Slaps him on the back. Congratulates him. How the world loves a winner! Jack, Estelle clinging to his arm, finally manages to reach the track near the judges' stand.

Graciously Estelle and Jack give red roses to eagerly clamoring souvenir hunters and admirers. The clubhouse is eventually gained. Jack stages an impromptu celebration. The pop of champagne corks. Jack takes a wee sip, no more. I'm not quite so modest, or sensible. Tia Juana champagne is like drinking liquid dynamite, only worse, I found out later.

Norma Talmadge gave a toast. So did Tommy Meighan. And so did many of the other stars. I didn't wait to hear them all. I slipped down and cashed in my two-dollar mutuel ticket on "Doc Wilson." Just like Jack, I always bet my two bucks "on the nose."

UNLESS you are out of Tia Juana by six o'clock you have to stay there all night. It is a Mexican law. When we again crossed the border into God's Country, the shades of night were falling. The drive back to the hotel was a merry one.

When I asked Jack about his calmness during the race, he replied:

"I was frozen stiff, Guy. Couldn't have moved for the life of me. Great horse, that 'Doc Wilson'."

Still curious, I asked Estelle what it was she had whispered in "Doc Wilson's" ear.

"Why, I told him to win for Jack!"

Jack was lucky in winning a big stake race like the Tia Juana Derby, but he's a darned sight luckier in having Estelle for a wife. If you don't believe me, ask Estelle.

Save the Drunkard

An Odorless and Tasteless Treatment

Any lady can give it secretly at home in tea, coffee or food, and it costs nothing to try! If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of whiskey, beer or wine, send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 2635 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you absolutely free, in plain wrapper, a trial package of this wonderful treatment. Write today and be thankful all your life.

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Silk Hose FREE! We give you fine silk hose for your own use.

I want men and women to act as my Local Sales Agent No experience needed. New selling plan. Credit given. Commissions paid daily. Extra bonus. Auto furnished to producing salesmen. Write for samples and state size of hose worn.

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8 Ounces for a Dollar!

Never before has this exquisite perfume been sold at such an extremely low figure. Mail name and address (please print) with dollar bill—or we will send perfume C.O.D., plus postage. Delivered in a beautiful box of imported French paper.

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NEW YORK ~ PARIS ~ MINNEAPOLIS

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Abolish sunken cheeks forever

YOU can abolish forever sunken cheeks, thin necks, hollow shoulders, flat busts. No dieting or tiresome exercise is necessary.

Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder to develop more flesh where you want it. It is a secret compound of amazing building oils. Hollow cheeks, hollow temples and shoulders, flat busts, skinny necks round out almost at once—dainty and firm. New beauty is yours now and forever.

"I have used Tiffany Tissue Builder only two weeks," writes Miss Gonzales of Reno, Nevada, "and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed the wearied, worn-out lines that woman dreads. I used to look so old for my age but now am proud of my appearance."

Crow's feet and wrinkles disappear as though by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. *Neither will they grow hair.*

Results guaranteed and your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks use. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer send no money but deposit $3.00 plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it.

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TRIPLE EXTRACT

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A new creation, an enchanting powerful aroma. Rich and poor, old and young, surrender to its charm. $2.50 size for $1.00 postpaid, or $1.27 C.O.D. with instructions for use. Secrets of Love's psychology and art of winning the one you love with the original 7 Psychological and Successful plans and stratagems for winning, inspiring, captivating and holding the love of the one you love and exercising your Magnetic, Invisible Power within you, to which you hold the key.

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JUST send your name and address—no money—and I will send these dresses to you. This is a wonderful opportunity of getting two pretty dresses for either street or house wear, for about the regular price of one of them. One dress is made of plain colored linene, trimmed with checked linene and braid. Pleats in front of skirt give fullness. Slip-over model. The other dress is made of a washable dimity in light ground with colored designs. New Colonial style with a large double collar and pockets made of dimity and white organdy, piped in contrasting color. Short sleeves. Skirt is gathered in full flare effect. Do not think these dresses are cheap because the price is so low. They are worth double our price. **COLORS:** Linene dress comes in **blue or tan;** the dimity dress in **white with colored figures.** Sizes to fit misses 14, 16 and 18 years; women 32 to 52 bust.

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Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3½	$2.35	$1.25	34x4½	$3.95	$2.35
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32x3½	2.70	1.45	33x5	4.35	2.60
31x4	2.95	1.75	35x5	4.45	2.75
32x4	3.00	1.80	29x4.40	2.70	1.50
33x4	3.45	1.85	30x5.25	4.00	2.50
34x4	3.50	1.90	31x5.25	4.25	2.60
32x4½	3.75	2.25	30x5.77	4.35	2.75
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Will you try this amazing treatment? Test it to whiten hands, face or neck. Apply in three minutes at bedtime. See what a remarkable improvement just three days make.

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not simply delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM *Lotion* FACE BLEACH

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(Mrs.) Gervaise Graham,
Dept. PF-6, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

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"Think of it, Nell—$460! And to think that just a few months ago we couldn't save a cent.

"Remember the night we talked it over and you persuaded me to send in that I. C. S. coupon? It was the best investment we ever made.

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Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare time for bigger work.

One hour after supper each night, spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your home, will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

This is all we ask: Without cost or obligation, put it up to us to prove how we can help you.

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- ☐ Architects' Blueprints
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- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
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- ☐ Automobile Work
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Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Hell's Angels

(*Continued from page* 80)

A GERMAN GOTHA, a giant bomber of the World War type with two 420 horsepower motors and a carrying capacity of 20 passengers, was purchased for use in this picture and flown across the United States to Hollywood. A Zeppelin will be shown on the screen in the act of dropping bombs on London, a replica of this famous English capital having been constructed on a location site near Encino, California. Six planes, equipped with two cameras each, are filming the performance of the Zeppelin.

Crashing a speeding airplane through two buildings after successfully guiding the ship through an open hangar—one of the most difficult feats ever attempted—was performed on picture location. Frank Tomick, noted World War flyer, successfully staged this performance for *Hell's Angels*. He wore an armored suit and head-gear, and although his plane was demolished, escaped without injuries to himself. His is just one of the spectacular stunts staged for this air thriller.

Greta Nissen, Scandinavian star, carries the feminine lead and is the object of heart interest of two brothers, in the picture story, played respectively by James Hall and Ben Lyon. James Hall was a well known matinee idol on Broadway before he came to Hollywood and has since made a great impression in *Four Sons* and many other famous films. Ben Lyon has played in German and American pictures for a number of years and is also a screen favorite. Stephen Carr, young son of Mary Carr, famous *movie mother*, and his brother, Tommy Carr, have also been assigned roles in *Hell's Angels*.

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A new creation; enchanting powerful aroma. Rich and poor, old and young, surrender to its charm. Our $3.50 size for $1.15 with instructions for use. Secrets of Love's psychology and art of winning the one you love. **Send no money.** Pay Postman ONLY $1.15 total cost when package arrives.

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LOVE LURE

DARING. This mysterious perfume attracts and fascinates. Its rare and exotic fragrance surrounds you with charm and enticement that few are able to resist. Tantalizing and lingering as one's first kiss. Young and old gladly surrender to its seductive charm. Pay postman only $1.85 plus postage. Secret directions FREE. Double strength, $3.00. Sent sealed.

Winehoit Co., L-3, Woodbine, Pa.

KURLASH is an absolutely harmless device for giving the lashes of the eyes that sweeping upward curl that nature intended. The effect is entirely natural and lasts from one to three days.

Rolling eyelashes up reveals more of the eye, and, as lashes in an upright position are more pronounced, they appear longer. More light enters making the eyes sparkle; they appear larger and much more fascinating.

Kurlash is placed over the eye, close to the upper eyelid, with the lash between the two curler bows. A firm pressure on the handles, only a few seconds, bends the soft rubber and the lashes around the upper bow of Kurlash, producing a decided curl.

Nothing is put in or on the eye—no heat or cosmetics. Short as well as long lashes are neatly curled.

The tips of lashes may be darkened if desired while being held in Kurlash by applying eyebrow pencil, or preparation, in any color desired, against upper bow of curler. This accentuates the ends of lashes and the curl, but still retains that natural sweeping-eyelash appearance.

Besides increasing the beauty of the eyes, Kurlash stimulates the growth of lashes by a gentle massaging of the roots during the natural action of curling. There is nothing like it.

Handles in Apple Green, Baby Blue, Lavender, Cherry, Old Rose, Ivory. Department, drug stores, beauty shops or direct. Send $1 or pay postman. Guaranteed.

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
157 N. Clinton Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

THE MOST WONDERFUL RING IN THE WORLD

If You Are Unlucky or Unhappy You Need the WONDERFUL CRUCIFIX RING

Health, Happiness, Wealth, Success

The ring was first made during the 15th Century by a Spanish Goldsmith and won immediate favor. The Spanish Nobility, Priests, Judges, Merchants, etc., valued the ring highly, handing it down from father to son. Its fame has increased during the centuries and it is today the most sought after and treasured guard ring.

Mrs. Nellie Keene, Tenn., writes: "Since I received my ring a change for the better has taken place in my life. I consider it my most precious possession. Of course anyone can readily understand the marvelous influence for better this ring exerts.

GET YOURS AT ONCE—ORDER NOW

This beautiful ring is a masterpiece of the jewelers' art. Genuine 14-K gold filled. Guaranteed for 20 years.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name and address and a strip of paper to show ring size. When it arrives pay postman only $2.89. Nothing more to pay. Yours to keep, wear and enjoy forever. If not satisfied your money quickly returned.

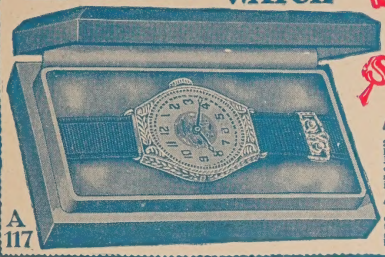
TERMINAL JEWELRY CO.
500 Fifth Ave., Dept. 56 New York

LATEST STYLE WATCHES

Direct From Switzerland

LADIES WRIST WATCH — SPECIAL — MEN'S STRAP WATCH

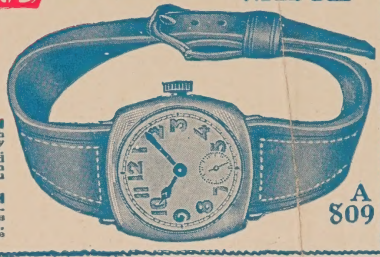
$3.99



A 117

A 117. LADIES' WRIST WATCH
A rare bargain at $3.99 (actually worth $12.00). This absolutely guaranteed dainty ladies' watch has fully jeweled movement. Beautifully engraved case and dial. Platinoid or white gold finish, with grosgrain ribbon and patented engraved clasp. Comes to you in handsome satine gift case.

A 809. MEN'S STRAP WATCH
An unusual offer at $3.99! Cannot be duplicated by American Manufacturers for less than $12.00. Jeweled movement, radium dial, silveroid, cushion shaped case, and genuine leather strap. Accurate and Durable.



A 809

PRINCE OF WALES Extra Thin Model

$3.99

A 70

A 70. Men's fine 6-Jeweled Movement Pocket Watch—White Gold Finish Case. Engraved dial with Raised Gold Letters. Worth every cent of $15.00. The model is the very newest and also the thinnest. The dial lettering is up to the minute.

AMERICAN SPORTSMAN

$5.99

A100

A 100. Men's Strap Watch. Platinum Finish. In Carved Case. 6-Jewel Movement. Radium Dial. Genuine Leather Strap. Sells for $18 in retail stores everywhere. A watch any man will be very proud to own.

NON-STOP 8 DAY MARVEL

$5.99

A 824

A 824. Wonderful Time-Keeper. A Guaranteed 6-Jewel Movement. In Silveroid Case. Silvered Dial with Artistic Designs. Movement Visible Thru Dial. Runs Week on One Winding. Never Sold for less than $12.00 Make it a habit to wind up this timepiece every Sunday, or any other set day of the week, and you will always have the correct time, without a thought or bother with a daily winding. The distinctive dial and smart general appearance make it a favorite Watch with everyone.

GUARANTEED WATCHES
AT LOWEST PRICES IN UNITED STATES

Why Are Our Prices Lowest?

BECAUSE We import direct from our Swiss factories in tremendous quantities.

Enormous Sales Cut the Costs. We Sell for Cash Only.

No Installments! No High Prices!
The FIRST Payment is Your ONLY Payment!

A One-Profit System
Is Our Plan—We Have Cut Out the Wholesaler, Jobber and Retailer. Order To-Day—Save Money.

SEND NO MONEY!
Pay the Postman on Delivery Our Price—Plus Few Cents Postage.
Be Sure to State Number, Name and Price of Watches When Ordering.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The DAZZLING PRINCESS

$9.99

A5

A 5. Rich Looking, 14-Kt. White Rolled Gold Plate Case, Set with Brilliant French White Stones. Combined with Pretty Sapphires. 6-Jewel Movement. Grosgrain Ribbon, worth $25, and you'll be asked that for a watch of this value most anywhere. A superb gift watch and one any lady will appreciate and display.

EXQUISITE LA FEMME

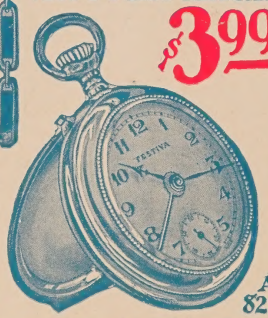
$5.99

A90

A 90. Ladies' rectangular, 6-jewel, platinoid finish, engraved case. The lettering on the dial is particularly artistic and the arrangement of the hours is most convenient for seeing the time at a glance. It's a beauty! Silk grosgrain ribbon. In special display box. A real bargain.

VEST POCKET ALARMER

$3.99



A 823

A 823. A compact Alarm Clock Watch in a Silveroid Case. No bigger than any pocket watch. Jeweled movement. Rings loud and long. Sets on any flat surface when not carried in pocket. Every man and woman can find a thousand uses for this watch. Reminds you of appointments if you set it for the appointed hour.

THE MIDGET BALL WATCH

$14.99

A34

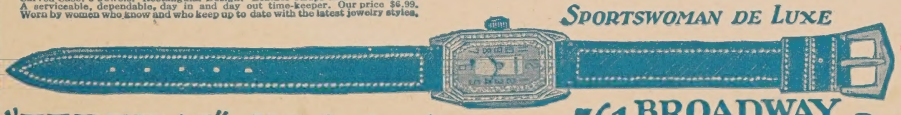
15 JEWEL MOVEMENT
CLEAR VISION DIAL

A 34. Decorative Flower Design. Enamel Inlaid Case. Most effective. This Ball Watch is now to most localities, very few of them ever having been seen in this country—and in addition it is a reliable time-keeper. Worth $35.00 at retail stores.

A 57. Ladies' Sport Watch—14 Karat Rolled Gold, Green or White. Handsomely Carved Case. 6 Jewels. Rectangular Design. Leather straps in assorted colors. A serviceable, dependable, day in and day out time-keeper. Our price $6.99. Worn by women who know and who keep up to date with the latest jewelry styles.

SPORTSWOMAN DE LUXE

$6.99



A57

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A Gust of Wind

May Spoil Your Game

Enjoy your sports with a *Venida* daintily arranged over your unruly locks. Double mesh for sport wear—cap and fringe shape—single mesh for evening wear.

There is a *Venida* for every size of head and shade of hair.

All shades 2 for 25c—Grey or White, 25c each

THE RIESER CO., Inc., 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

VENIDA *"The Guaranteed"* **HAIR NET**

DEARING, INC., LOUISVILLE

Screen Secrets

1928

JULY 20¢

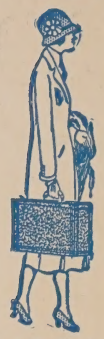
All Rotogravure *Exclusive* Features *Now Only 20 Cents*

Laura La Plante

The Movies Tempt Colonel Lindbergh

30 UP-TO-DATE Selections 30

with this Portable Phonograph



Folds Like a Suitcase

with snap locks and carrying handle. So light and convenient—easily carried wherever you want it. Take it along to parties where you want to dance and sing, or listen to good music. Take it with you on trips. Holds 15 records. Weighs only 17 lbs. **Full size, not a toy.**

When you play it, put it on the table, on the floor—anywhere that is handy. And when not in use, fold it up if you wish and put it away. You don't have to give up any space to this portable phonograph.

Sensational offer. A special assortment of up-to-date high-grade 75c records—30 selections in all, 15 double face records—are included on this wonderful offer. These records are made by the wonderful **new electric process**—more life like, more volume, less surface noise than ever. And they play longer. Very latest selections, popular songs, dance music, band and instrumental pieces—$11.25 worth of brand new records included with this outfit. And we've picked out just the kind of records to please you most. Read our wonderful offer below.

30 Days Trial

Yes, we'll send this Puritone portable phonograph outfit, with 30 high grade selections, 15 double face 75c records, to your home on 30 days' trial for only $1.00 with the coupon. Use it as your own and see what a wonderful convenience it is to have a phonograph that you can carry from room to room, from place to place, wherever and whenever you want it.

We Guarantee:

that you get everything in this phonograph so far as concerns music reproduction that a $250 phonograph can give you. True, you don't get the big furniture, but you do get (**and we guarantee it**) the exact reproducer, the exact style of tone arm and the same grade of records you get in the most expensive phonograph ever made. That's why you get, on this wonderful offer, **absolutely the best** in music that any phonograph ever gave.

$2.60 a Month

Use the outfiit on 30 days' trial, on that guarantee. If within 30 days you decide not to keep the outfit, send it back and we'll refund your $1.00 plus all transportation charges. If you keep it, pay only $2.60 a month until you have paid that sensational price on this special sale—only $26.85. Think of it, a first-class high grade phonograph, more convenient and more useful than an ordinary phonograph and 15 high-grade, up-to-date, double face records—(30 selections) a complete outfit, **ready to play for only $26.85!**

Send NOW

Seize this opportunity on this special sale, while it lasts. Only $1.00 with the coupon brings the complete outfit on 30 days' trial. Remember, 15 Double Face 75c New Electric Process records, 30 up-to-date selections—are included with this outfit. Send the coupon NOW.

FREE Catalog

of home furnishings sent on request with or without order. See coupon.

This Portable Phonograph

plays any make of 10-inch disc records including Edison, and plays two ten-inch records with one winding. Weighs 17 lbs. Waterproof imitation leather case, with hinged lid, closes up like a small suitcase with snap locks and carrying handle. Measures 14½ x 12 x 7½ in. Records placed inside of lid and secured so they will not rattle or break. Holds 15 records. Has quiet spring motor, tone arm and reproducer with indestructible diaphragm and wide throat for full sound volume. Reproducer is reversible for Edison records. Outfit includes 15 double face 75c *New Electric Process* records—30 selections. A complete record library without buying a single one! Shpg. wgt. packed about 25 lbs.

Order by No. W8824JA—only $1.00 with coupon, $2.60 monthly. Total price, $26.85.

Straus & Schram, Dept. B-468 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised Puritone Portable Phonograph with 15 Double Face 75c *New Electric Process* records—30 selections. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay you $2.60 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the phonograph and records within 30 days and you are to refund my dollar and express charges I paid.

Puritone Portable Phonograph and 15 Double Face Records, W8824JA, $26.85

Name.....

Street, R.F.D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

Married or Single?..... *Nationality or Color*.....

If you want only our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐

Straus & Schram, Dept. B-468 Chicago, Ill.

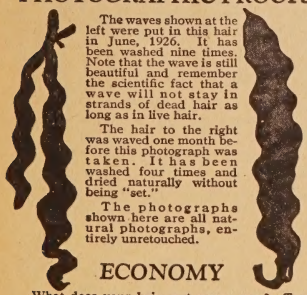
Through a New Discovery-She Gave Herself This Beautiful Permanent Wave *At Home!*

WHAT a problem it had always been—her hair. And what a constant expense. She had never realized how much it cost her each year, until one evening she sat down to figure the cost of her two permanent waves yearly, and the settings which she had every other week. It came to over $75 a year—not counting the inconvenience of making and keeping appointments, and the amount of time it took to keep her hair looking always at its best.

Then she heard of a new scientific method, *U-Wave*, perfected after two years of research and testing by Susanna Cocroft. She had heard a great deal about Miss Cocroft and how her health methods had been used so successfully by more than 100,000 women.

This girl wrote for full particulars about Miss Cocroft's new discovery. When the description came she was amazed at its simplicity and effectiveness. For here, at last, was the answer to her problem—a safe, economical, simple device, with which she could easily, in a few minutes, and for a few cents, give herself a beautiful, loose, natural-looking permanent wave at home, and set her hair without kinks. Not only did she use it to save her own time and money, but she gave her sister a permanent, too. Frequently, Mother, who preferred to keep her hair marcelled, used the device, with a slight adjustment. In fact, the very first week this new discovery more than paid for its reasonable cost. And how easy to use—as safe and simple as the old-time curling iron!

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOFS



The waves shown at the left were put in this hair in June, 1926. It has been washed nine times. Note that the wave is still beautiful and remember the scientific fact that a wave will not stay in strands of dead hair as long as in live hair.

The hair to the right was waved one month before this photograph was taken. It has been washed four times and dried naturally without being "set."

The photographs shown here are all natural photographs, entirely unretouched.

ECONOMY

What does your hair cost you a year? Two good permanent waves cost at least $30. A hair "set," or water wave every other week at $1 each, $26. Total, $56 a year.

If you have your hair marcelled every two weeks it costs you, at $1.00 each time, $25 yearly.

Through this new invention your hair expense is cut down to a few cents. Big savings can be made by other members of your family, too!

As Safe and Simple as the Old Time Curling Iron

For more than two years Susanna Cocroft has been studying and thoroughly testing her invention. It is something entirely different from anything of this kind ever developed. There are certain surprising differences which show its effectiveness even in the brief description given here. Unlike the usual permanent wave method, the hair does not come out of this new device in the form of round curls which tend to come back every time the hair is shampooed—the hair comes out in the form of a natural wave. Thus, when it is washed, it comes back into the same wave, not into little curls and ringlets. There is absolutely no danger of any injury to the hair or scalp. You can give yourself, in 30 minutes, a loose, natural-looking permanent wave. Of course, the device, used in a little different way, will give you a marcel or a water wave in much less time. The cost of the waver and the special liquids that go with it is even less than what you now pay for one permanent wave.

THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU THE FULL FACTS

You will want full facts about this new discovery at once. There is no longer any need to spend so many hours and so many dollars to keep your hair looking beautiful. Mailing this coupon does not obligate you in any way. It will merely bring you the full facts so that you can judge for yourself how wonderfully Miss Cocroft's new discovery solves your hair problem. Mail the coupon below, today. Address: *SUSANNA COCROFT LABORATORIES, Dept. 1, 132 West 43rd Street, New York.*

Susanna Cocroft Laboratories
Dept. 1
132 West 43rd St.
New York

Susanna Cocroft Laboratories,
Dept. 1, 132 West 43rd Street, New York.

Please send me at once full facts about your new *U-Wave* Method of giving "A Beautiful Permanent Wave At Home." I understand that this obligates me in no way whatever.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

SCREEN SECRETS

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Freedom or Her Husband's Love

Which should she choose?

Man Made Women

The absorbing serial of a flapper wife's battle against the conventions in the face of her husband's disapproval, of her lovers and adventures in the carefree world of Bohemia beings in the August issue of SCREEN SECRETS. It will also be released soon as a Pathe De Mille feature film, starring Leatrice Joy.

Among other attractions in the August issue, Lilyan Tashman, famous screen vamp tells why men like 'em wicked; the story of Gilbert Roland's rise to fame is revealed; Richard Dix's early loves are told in the second installment of his life story. Beautiful full page rotogravure art features; unusual articles about the stars.

In the August issue, on sale, July 20th.

Best In Its Class, Least In Its Cost

SCREEN SECRETS MAGAZINE entered as second class matter May 6, 1926, at the Post Office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Broadway at Eleventh, Louisville, Ky. Editorial office, Robbinsdale, Minn. W. H. Fawcett, Publishers; Roscoe Fawcett, Managing Editor; Jack Smalley, Ass't Man'g Editor.
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Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow.* Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public.* Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way.* There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow,* if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.
Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.
Mlle. Heffelfinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.
Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"
Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.

Lucille Young,
8377 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Big Sale

Honest Values
Honest Merchandise
Honest Prices
Is Our Slogan

Compare our prices and you will be astonished at our Bargains

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No Deposit Required
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Buy From Us and Save Money

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With Box of 100 Cartridges Free

No Permit or License Required

You need no permit or license to own this newly invented high power but **absolutely safe and harmless automatic.** Positively not a toy. Built like a real automatic, same in construction, appearance, finish, weight and every other detail—except that it fires blank cartridges only. Handy for self-defense, frightens tramps, scares away dogs, handy in the house—**a real home protector**—without the danger of keeping dangerous firearm at home. Play a practical joke on your friends. Ideal at festivals, fairs, picnics, outings, camping, hikes, outdoor sports, etc., etc. Blue steel, case hardened frame, a duplicate of internationally famous German automatic. Makes powerful loud report. Has **six shot** magazine that can be reloaded instantly. Uses standard blank cartridges. Checkered Grip. **Box of 100 cartridges free with each automatic.** Convenient pocket size. SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery $4.99** plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below.**

Wonder Fountain-Pen and Pencil Combination $3.49

The original two-in-one Pen-Pencil. On one end is a high grade self-filling **Fountain Pen,** with fine 14-Kt. Solid Gold pen with iridium point. At other end perfect **mechanical pencil,** which propels, expels and repels. Extra Supply of leads in patented chamber in cap. Assorted colors. **Real $7.50 value. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman** our low introductory price. **Fill in coupon below.**

CHINESE GOOD LUCK RING $1.96

Good Luck in Love, long life and great riches are symbolized for you in this ancient **Chinese Ring.** 14 Kt. Solid Gold Effect. Attracts, compels, mystifies. Tie string around finger for size. SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery. Fill in Coupon below.**

$5.34 TARGET PRACTICE AIR AUTOMATIC

With Box of Ammunition Free

The New Improved Air Pistol. No permit required. Endorsed by Pistol Experts as a truly—reliable—accurate—hard hitting pistol. Excellent for hunting small game, birds, rabbits, etc. The ideal automatic for target practice. Become a good marksman in short time at very little expense. Shoots lead pellets distance of 40 feet with accurate precision.

A wonderful weapon for Home protection—without the usual danger of having firearms around. Ammunition costs next to nothing—built and looks like a real pistol—**Usually sold all over for $15.00**—order today—Save money.

SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery $5.34,** plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below.**

Science Has Created the World's Finest Reproductions of $500 DIAMONDS!

At last! A new process is discovered. The result—we challenge experts to tell these from $500 Diamonds! Living fire plays over their diamond-cut facets—dazzling, sparkling, scintillating!

Choice of Six Rings, $1.98

When shown recently in New York City these new Jenkins Diamonds created a sensation. You, too, will be thrilled! Instant beauty for the hands!

GIRLS! MEN! Do not confuse Jenkins Gems with ordinary "imitations." Nothing has been found to compare with their lasting beauty. Every stone set in famous DEAUVILLE mountings, guaranteed 20 years. Put your faith in a ring that won't disappoint you!

SEND NO MONEY!

Just pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage when ring you choose arrives. No instalments to pay. Order by number. Rings No. 3 and 6 can be had in MEN'S style. Tie string around finger for size. **Buy for GIFTS! Act NOW!**

PISTOL SHAPE CIGARETTE CASE $1.79

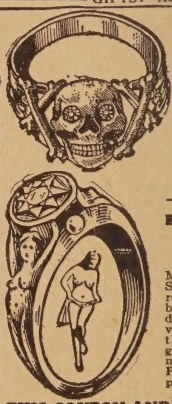
Fool your friends with this novelty cigarette case. Looks in every way like a real automatic. Pull trigger and lid flies open, showing a package of your favorite cigarettes. Made of light weight metal in blue steel finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

10-Kt. Solid Gold Emblem Rings of Fraternal Orders $2.75

You can have these rings at our new cut price in any of the following emblems: Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knight of Columbus, Elks, Eagles, Knights of Pythias, Moose, Modern Woodmen, Redmen, etc. All same price. Each with **Guaranteed** 10 Kt. Solid Gold Artistically designed and engraved emblem on ruby background. State size. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

$1.98 Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol

The newest thing in cigarette lighters. Shaped to look like a small vest-pocket gun. Pull the trigger—the pistol opens and lights with a rich flame. **Built to retail at $5.00.** Our introductory offer $1.98. In nickel or gun-metal finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**



'Famous' Skull and Bones Ring $2.39

Surprise your friends with this most original ring. Made of **solid sterling silver,** handsomely decorated. Worn for good luck by both men and women. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just specify size. **Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

French 'Lucky' Art Photo View Ring $1.97

Famous "actress" views. Most sensational and newest. Set with world's most famous reproduction diamond with the blue-white sparkle of a $500 diamond. Besides, ehank has view of French actresses seen through strong magnifying glass, 14 Kt. solid gold effect mounting. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 72-R7, 621 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C.O.D. the following advertised articles (check articles desired):

- ☐ **Six-Shot Blank Automatic** $4.99
- ☐ **"Wonder" Pen-Pencil Combination** 3.49
- ☐ **Target Practice Air Automatic** 5.34
- ☐ **Pistol Shape Cigarette Case** 1.79
- ☐ **Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol** 1.98
- ☐ **Miscellaneous Rings. Specify size and kind desired** .....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

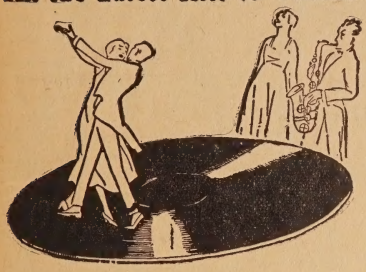
20 Selections on Any 10 Records

$1.98

Send No Money

10 Days' Approval

All the Latest Hits to Choose From—Less Than 20c a Record



Have you heard of the truly immense sensation caused by our new super electrically recorded Records? They have a great big mellow tone, clear as crystal, which is absolutely unobtainable elsewhere. For example, take our superb songs and dances, Among My Souvenirs, My Blue Heaven, Blue Ridge Mountain Home, Mary Ann, Wreck of the Old 97, My Ohio Home, Rovin' Gambler, Ford Has Made A Lady Out of Lizzie, Back in Your Own Back Yard, etc. We will positively guarantee that you have never heard records of this quality, no matter what price you paid. They are literally miles ahead of old style records. The following list contains the "Cream" of our entire catalog. Every selection is a masterpiece of its kind. Nothing but the very best is included and we guarantee that you will not be disappointed. All records are in the standard 10-inch size with music on both sides and play on any phonograph. Send no money with your order. See coupon below for terms. All records are strictly on approval. Please act at once, as this is an introductory advertising price which may be discontinued shortly. Simply write catalog numbers of records you want on coupon below.

POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud
4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of Dreams
2398 Ramona
In the Valley of Memory
2386 My Ohio Home
Alice of the Pines
4172 Wreck of the Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona
2369 Among My Souvenirs
When We Were Sweethearts
2387 My Melancholy Baby
Let Us Waltz Thru the Night
2400 The Germans and the Irish Did the Trick
The Germans Brought A Little Bit of Ireland Over Here
2394 Mary Ann
Ticklish Tillie
4167 Preacher and the Bear
Sting of the Bumble Bee
2385 Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella
Goldenrod is Blooming
2381 Ford Has Made A Lady Out of Lizzie
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
2344 Me and My Shadow
Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Log Cabin in the Lane
2350 Just Another Day Wasted Away
Cottage on Dreamland Shore
4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament
2337 Plucky Lindbergh (*Patriotic*)
What Good Are Tears
2338 Lindy Lindbergh How I'd Like to be You (*Comedy*)
Positively No
8102 Black Bottom in Charleston
Hard Boiled Mama
2256 Bye Bye Blackbird
Chinkey Charleston
2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket
8101 Roll 'Em Girls
Save it for a Rainy Day
4132 Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother
Sweeter Than Sweetheart
2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of the Shenandoah

POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS (Cont'd)

2323 Get Away Old Man Get Away
Well I Swan
4116 Letter Edged in Black
She Ought to Be Home
4038 Sleep Baby Sleep
Roll on Silvery Moon (*Both Yodel Songs*)
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
4123 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
Lone Trail Rose
4142 Silver Threads Among the Gold
In a Garden Rare
4125 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground
Oh Susanna
4143 Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee
I Wanna Fall in Love Again
4121 When the Roses Bloom Again
Waiting for One Girl of All
4133 Jesse James
Butcher Boy
4122 When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget
Dear Father Come Home
4128 Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight
Juanita
4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4127 Tell Mother I'll Be There
Ben Bolt
4090 In the Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree
4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
4140 Wild & Reckless Hobo
Shine
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
4093 Little Brown Jug
You Can't Tell Any More
4117 Where the River Shannon Flows
Send Me a Rose From Ireland

SACRED SONGS

4075 Church in the Wildwood
Voice of the Chimes
4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul
Safe in the Arms of Jesus

SACRED SONGS (Cont'd)

4046 Nearer My God to Thee
The Lord Is My Shepherd
4069 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line
4091 The Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds

INSTRUMENTAL

4193 Whistler and His Dog
Powder Puff
4161 Dixie Favorites
Medley of Southern Airs (*Both Banjo*)
4136 Humoresque
Spring Song
4158 Favorite Barn Dances
Old Time Jigs & Reels
4138 By the Waters of the Minnetonka
Over the Waves (*Waltz*)
4061 Listen to the Mocking Bird
The Song Bird (*Both Whistling*)
4068 Turkey in the Straw
Arkansas Traveler (*Both Fiddling*)

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

4154 Swing Low Sweet Chariot
Were You There
4165 By an' By
My Lord What a Mornin'
4166 Ride Up in De Chariot
Oh De Lan' I Am Boun' For

RACE RECORDS

7021 I Need a Good Man Bad
I Can't Be Worried Long

POPULAR DANCES

(*All with vocal chorus and all fox trots except where otherwise marked*)

1463 My Blue Heaven
Best Gal of All
1505 My Ohio Home
My Daddy's Gal
1405 In a Little Spanish Town (*Waltz*)
Girl I Can Love
8110 It's Up to You
Stop Crying
1449 Dew Dew Dewy Day
And I Don't Mean Maybe
1402 Mary Lou
Powder Puff
1435 Nesting Time
Restless Mary

Famous Old Favorites—Latest Hits

That Will Give You Months and Years of Pleasure
See Catalog Numbers Elsewhere

Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella
May I Sleep In Your Barn Tonight
My Blue Heaven
In The Baggage Coach Ahead
Where River Shannon Flows
Mary Ann
Jesse James
Dream of Miner's Child
Diane
Jigs & Reels—and Blues

POPULAR DANCES (Cont'd)

1448 Are You Lonesome Tonight (*Waltz*)
At the End of the Rainbow

COMEDY

4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hy and Si and the Line Fence
4110 Flapperjacks
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
4111 Flanagan at the Barber's
Flanagan's Real Estate Deal
4004 Flanagan in a Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4112 Flanagan at the Vocal Teacher's
Arkansas Traveler

BLUES

7023 St. Louis Blues
John Henry Blues

BLUES (Cont'd)

7024 Memphis Blues
Beale Street Blues
7025 Yellow Dog Blues
Hard Time Blues

HAWAIIAN

4156 La Golondrina
Dreamy Moon
4023 My Old Kentucky Home (*Vocal Chorus*)
O Sole Mio
4007 Aloha Oe
Kamehameha March
4008 Mahina Malamalama
Kawaha
4113 Kilima Waltz
Honolulu March
4084 Aloha Land
Honolulu Bay
4055 La Paloma
Kawahan
4009 Palakiho Blues
One-Two-Three-Four (*with Vocal Effects*)

Tear Out Coupon and Mail Today

Mutual Music Club, PU-27, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass. You may send me on 10 days' approval 10 records listed below by catalog numbers. When the 10 records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only $1.98 (plus postage from factory), in full payment. I will then try the records 10 days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory, I will return them, and you agree to refund at once, all that I have paid including my postage expense for returning the records.

1.....6.....
2.....7.....
3.....8.....
4.....9.....
5.....10.....
(Write Clearly)

Write 3 substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.

1.....2.....
3.....
(Write Clearly)

IMPORTANT ☐ **Place crossmark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.**

Name.....

Address.....
(Write Clearly)

City.....State.....

FAT WOMEN!

HERE IS SPLENDID NEWS

Take Fat Off Any Part of Your Body

No Drugs To Take.

No Foolish Dieting.

Amazing Discovery.

MILLIONS of overstout, fat hips, double chins, bulky arms and protruding busts, thick looking legs and ankles will soon disappear, thanks to the discovery of "COLLIPASTE," which you rub into any fat parts, as you would a cream, yet it is not a cream and does not contain a drop of water.

COLLIPASTE actually penetrates the pores of the skin, creates excessive heat, thereby bringing oxygen into contact with the fatty tissues, which melt and pass out with excreted moisture. The parts are thus reduced in size, the flesh made firm and normal, pleasantly and harmlessly.

Slenderizing the figure this new easy way is meeting with hearty approval by physicians who warn against dangerous internal drugs. The success of COLLIPASTE will surely revolutionize methods of reducing, because it is pleasant and healthful to use, at night, and it works while you sleep. Get a jar now and take away those ugly, fatty, burdensome parts.

Send no money. Simply mail Coupon below to Dermolav Laboratories, Dept. 41, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for jar costing only $1.95. On arrival pay postman. If you are not more than pleased with reduction your money will be refunded.

— — — CLIP AND MAIL COUPON — — —

Dermolav Laboratories, Dept. 41,
No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid in plain wrapper, one jar of COLLIPASTE, with book of instructions. On arrival I agree to pay postman $1.95, plus few cents postal charge, which will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City or Town.....

State.....

CHEERS AND JEERS

Colleen Visits Tampa

TAMPA surely had one thrill, if it never has another.

There had been rumors and hints that our beloved Colleen Moore was coming back to Tampa on a visit and sure enough one morning across the front page of the paper was announced:

Colleen Moore will arrive this afternoon on the 4:15 for a visit of two days.

What a scurrying around there was to get all primped up for the 4:15. The whole town was making elaborate plans to welcome Colleen. Before 4 o'clock the station was jammed. The mayor with many of our leading and representative citizens were there.

There was an enormous basket of flowers to be presented to Colleen on her arrival. Our best band was playing "Hail The Conquering Hero Comes."

The crowd was so thick by the time the train pulled in that Colleen had to give one real movie leap and run for the waiting automobile to keep from being smothered by the pressing crowd.

Headed by the band with Colleen in the first car, accompanied by the mayor and her hostess, the procession started across the town. It was one grand triumphal parade, with Colleen bowing and smiling in her own sweet way.

All evening the avenue, on which the home was situated where Colleen was entertained, was a popular thoroughfare. Everybody was hoping to get one good look at a real live famous movie star.

How sweet and gracious she was to come out on the steps time after time to speak to the children that had fairly camped on the lawn, and with, Oh! one different dress after another on, too. The girls were speechless with admiration. Some of the girls that were known to the hostess were called up to be introduced. They were envied by all the rest.

The home where she was visiting was a bower of beautiful flowers and presents sent in by Colleen's admiring friends. Graciously Colleen appeared at dinners, luncheons, dances and teas. How interested she was to talk over old times when we all played circus in the back yard and Colleen was always the leading lady. The town even wanted to put up a monument to her and name the new municipal after Colleen Moore, but she would not allow any of these honors. She had achieved in her profession and that was enough for her.

Two days was all too short a stay. Everything seemed so flat now. Nothing to do but to let our windblown hair grow so that we could get a bob just like our beloved Colleen.

The truly great know how to become great without becoming spoiled, so it was with the little Irish girl that we had lived across the street from and known as Kathleen Morrison in Tampa, Florida, on old Tampa Bay.

ELLA VIRGINIA SMITH,
Tampa, Florida.

Paging Perfection

Fans from all over the country will probably be furious at what I say. To start the fireworks, I'll begin by saying Billie Dove, a brunette, and Esther Ralston, a blonde, are the only two perfect women on the screen. Every other actress has some flaw, either in her features or figure.

Little Betty Bronson would be a real beauty if her teeth were not so prominent. The same flaw also applies to Thelma Todd, Yola d'Avril and Dolores Costello. Mildred Davis and Fay Wray have eyes that are too light in color and look faded in front of the Kliegs. Clara Bow's mouth is too large for her other tiny features. Greta Garbo, Gertrude Olmstead and Renee Adoree all have teeth that are too far apart. Molly O'Day and Alice Day are too plump. Louise Brooks' expression is too hard boiled to make her a beauty. Mary Astor's mouth is entirely too large while Bebe Daniels' mouth is too small.

But why go on? Each one is a good actress and each has a large fan following.

Now for the men. There is only one perfect male among them. He is Lloyd Hughes. Mr. Hughes is really perfect from his head to his feet—not a flaw. Gary Cooper is handsome but his eyes, like Fay Wray's, are too light to face the Kleigs. Dick Barthelmess is too short by five or six inches to be a really perfect hero. Richard Dix's nose detracts from his looks as does George O'Brien's and Jack Gilbert's. Jack Mulhall's teeth are crooked, William Boyd's eyes are too narrow and James Hall's mouth is too large.

So now fans, check up yourselves and see if what I say isn't true.

MARY WALSH,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Poor Press Agents

DEAR Editor:

In every magazine I pick up I see where the movie producers are looking for new faces. Then why is it so hard to get a chance in pictures? The press agents are certainly the bunk when it comes to swapping yarns. I read the other day where a director saw a little girl peeping through the wall of the Fox studio and he immediately said to himself, "Zounds, how much that girl looks like Mabel Normand." He straight-way called the little girl in off the street and when she walked out of his office she was carrying a nice fat contract under her arm. Somebody ought to muzzle such press agents. We all know that is the old hokum.

DOROTHY B. BEDFORD,
San Diego, California.

DRAW ME and WIN A PRIZE

Copy this bathing girl and send us your drawing perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only, so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize - - - $100.00
2nd Prize - - - 50.00

3rd Prize - - - - $25.00
4th Prize - - - - 15.00
5th Prize - - - - 10.00
6th to 15 Prizes, each 5.00

To the next 50 best drawings a Fountain Pen

FREE! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book "YOUR FUTURE", showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "the School famous for successful students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL DESIGNING

54 Federal Schools Building 2827 Minneapolis, Minn.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

This contest open only to amateurs. Professional, commercial artists and Federal Students are not eligible.

Note These Rules Carefully

1. Make your drawing of girl and water exactly 5½ inches high, on paper 3½ inches wide by 6¼ inches high. Draw only the girl and water, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by July 15th, 1928. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.

FLICKER FLASHES

PARIS, FRANCE—Adolphe Menjou, debonair gentleman of the films was married here to Kathryn Carver, screen actress. They will probably remain here while Menjou makes one picture before returning home again.

NEW YORK—Monte Blue, just back from the South Seas is off again for Europe on a brief pleasure jaunt. Irving Thalberg and his bride, Norma Shearer, who have just returned from a belated honeymoon excursion in Europe, met Monte for a short visit just before they sailed.

RIVIERA, ITALY—Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have arrived here to spend some time on a vacation trip. Mary Pickford is recovering from the shock occasioned by the death of her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, one of the outstanding business women of the motion picture industry. They expect to remain in Italy for some time to come.

NEW YORK—Dolores Del Rio who recently sang over a national radio hookup has signed a three-year contract to make Victor phonograph records. She has already made two discs. She will sing in both Spanish and English. It is estimated that she will derive about $50,000 a year from this source alone.

LA HAVRE, FRANCE—Lily Damita, noted French actress sailed from here to become a star in American motion pictures under the banner of Samuel Goldwyn.

NEW YORK—*The Godless Girl*, the new special, made under the personal direction of C. B. De Mille starring Lina Basquette, will tour the country as a road show.

HOLLYWOOD—Ronald Colman will play the role of Sidney Carton in Dickens' famous story, *A Tale of Two Cities*, Samuel Goldwyn announced here. It is a part that Colman has wanted to play for a long time. A version of the book was filmed once before with Dustin Farnum playing Sidney Carton.

Nancy Carroll, pretty little Paramount star registers surprise. Imagine her embarrassment when the camera caught her in an unexpected moment in the garden.

NEW YORK—Jim Tully, known for his novels and magazine writings about Hollywood folk is here to make arrangements for the publishing of his next novel. One of his early autobiographical books, *Beggars of Life*, is being made into a picture by Paramount with Louise Brooks and Wallace Beery.

LONDON, ENGLAND—Betty Bronson's recent visit here brought rumors of an engagement to a young Englishman whose name has not been revealed. Betty refused to either affirm or deny the reports.

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—Alice White, pretty little red-head who started in pictures as a script girl while she was still attending high school will be starred according to an announcement made by First National. Without any previous acting experience, Miss White was given an important role with Milton Sills in *The Sea Tiger*. She made her biggest hit as Dorothy, in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

NEW YORK—Janet Gaynor arrived here to spend some weeks of her vacation looking over the Great White Way. She is taking a rest from work on a picture of circus life which she is making under the direction of F. W. Murnau. Miss Gaynor, who is accompanied on the trip by her mother, came to New York by boat around through the Panama Canal.

HOLLYWOOD—Buster Keaton has bought a bicycle. He rides from home to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and back every day, a distance of four miles to get in training for his next picture in which he plays the role of a news-reel cameraman.

NEW YORK—The most intense rivalry in the history of the news-reel business was experienced during the recent race for first shots on the landing of the Bremen flyers on Greenly Island. Armed guards were employed to watch both photographers and prints.

SCREEN SECRETS

¶ As Hollywood Looks to the Editor

¶ By Captain Roscoe Fawcett

IT LOOKS to me as though the comedians were beginning to get the better of the jinx that has hovered over funny pictures for the past year or so.

Audiences have recently staged a return to the days of Bertha M. Clay. We have been having just a lovely time sniffling in our bandanas over the cruel hardships the beautiful but unfortunate heroine has been forced to undergo. Even the comic relief in heavy pictures has been conspicuous by its absence, and as for laughing through an entire film, we wouldn't think of it.

Now the pendulum seems to be swinging back the other way. *The Circus* marks a return for Chaplin to his earlier carefree days. *Speedy*, Harold Lloyd's new opus, is one long riot of fun. And both pictures are lining them up at the box office consistently.

We may like to sob out our sympathy for a while but after all there is nothing like a good evening of laughter to lighten up our cares.

Be Yourself, His Secret

SPEAKING of Harold Lloyd, one of the reasons that he is always so amusing on the screen is because he is always himself. I have watched him work and Harold never has a rehearsal. The first time he goes through with a piece of business the camera is clicking. He believes that he gets better results that way than by going through with a thing again and again until all the punch is taken out of it. There are no "yes men" at his studios. He complains that his gag men will laugh at everything except his jokes.

About Lillian

I SEE that Lillian Gish is going to be starred in *The Miracle*, a picture version of the recent Broadway spectacle, with Max Reinhardt directing. It is likely to be one of those beautiful statuesque sort of parts. That's too bad. I would like to see Lillian play the role of a real human being with some real emotions in a good liver-and-onions sort of play for a change. The trouble with Lillian is that she's just too darned noble for words. She doesn't seem real. It's a pity, too, for she is one of the finest actresses on the screen when it comes to sheer artistry. Just for once I would like to see Lillian chew star plug and wipe her nose on her coatsleeve.

Continental Vamps vs. Flappers

MR. SAMUEL GOLDWYN, the well-known producer, has taken his telescope in hand and has been scanning the horizon across the Atlantic for new talent with the result that he has recently imported Arthur Byron, stage and screen idol from England, and Lili Damiti, footlight favorite, from France. Lili has an intriguing name, but they will probably find another one for her that won't use up so many electric lights. Continental women, maintains Mr. Goldwyn, are much more feminine than our flappers. He also avers they are more popular with men because they are accustomed to pleasing rather than dominating. The only danger in Mr. Goldwyn's policy is that in looking so far afield he is likely to overlook some promising talent at home. After strolling down Hollywood Boulevard on a sunny morning, I could see no earthly reason for going any farther in a search for pulchritude.

"There'll Be Some Changes Made"

GOOD things are in store for picture-goers in the next few months, especially those in small towns, in the way of mechanical improvements, the producers tell me. With the perfection of sound projection devices to be announced shortly, the pictures will be made more realistic than ever. The tiniest hamlet will be able to enjoy the music of the greatest symphony orchestra. The voices of famous people will be made as familiar to them as those of their next-door neighbors. When you see a train wreck or battle you will be able to hear all the sounds that go with it. And that is only the beginning. In huge laboratories men are at work night and day perfecting color pictures, third dimension effects and other improvements for your entertainment. It is safe to say that the motion picture of five years hence will hardly recognize the movie of today as a remote ancestor.

Now if the producers will only keep pace by giving us better stories, the twentieth century will have given birth to an art form to be proud of.

Production Mysteries

ONE of the mysterious things to me or to any business man visiting Hollywood, is the terrific amount of delay in the making of motion pictures. Any other business run on the same plan would go on the rocks in no time. It couldn't keep pace with the overhead. Yet in Hollywood it is no unusual sight to see whole companies sitting idle for hours at a time. Whenever someone suggests that production be speeded, the agonized cry goes up that it can only be done at the sacrifice of art. But every now and then someone wakes them up. James Cruze made an excellent picture a short time ago in seven days, while Ruth Roland, who is a successful business woman, startled the colony recently by making a two-reeler complete in only three working days time.

Happy Ending Up-to-Date

THE popular idea of the happy ending is undergoing a change, it would seem. During my recent visit to Hollywood I was shown a reader's report on a story being considered for filming. The report read, "The story can be given a happy ending by having the husband die so that the wife can go to her lover."

Roscoe Fawcett

New Portraits

IT was a windblown day in Hollywood when the camera man caught Marian Nixon, the gay comedienne of Universal Studios, in this pose.

Melbourne Spurr Photo.

SOMETHING of the charm which has made Charlie Farrell the favorite of millions, has been captured in this picture.

Melbourne Spurr Photo.

CLAIRE WINDSOR *in a reflective mood. Miss Windsor is busy these days with plans for making a new series of pictures.*

Rayhuff-Richter Photo

TO DO justice to her, any picture of Mary Astor should be in color in order to catch the auburn tints of her beautiful hair.

Irving Chidnoff Photo

The Movies Tempt

"I'm an aviator, not an actor," Colonel Lindbergh said quietly at an M-G-M luncheon. With him, left to right, are Harry Rapf, Ralph Forbes, Marion Davies, and Bill Haines.

CARL LAEMMLE heard about a young man preparing to hop to Paris. He offered $25,000 for a movie contract, win or lose. Charlie Lindbergh was tempted—that sum would take care of his mother if he lost. From that day on the movies have dangled millions before the Lone Eagle. Will he tire of saying "No"?

By Dorothy Woolridge

A MILLION dollars dangled before the eyes of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh—yet goes untouched. The coffers of the movie magnates which opened a year ago to the Lone Eagle still are open. The hope remains that some day this slim, sandy-haired boy will consent to make a picture and if he does, the greatest sum ever paid any individual for appearance in films will be his.

I have talked with leading producers about the prospects of "Lindy" listening to their overtures and bringing his new plane "The Spirit of Restlessness" to their realms. And I have heard them emphatically say:

"Only upon one condition now, will he come. That is, that the picture be purely and solely for the purpose of advancing interest in aviation. The idea of his playing a character part in a commercial film today is out of the question. As well ask President Coolidge, Henry Ford or Chief Justice Taft to ride a bucking broncho down Broadway for a $10 bill as to ask "Lindy" to play a hero role in just a film. That's out!"

NOW that the thunderburst of applause which rocked the world when he landed in Paris has subsided, tales of the scramble of producers to get his signature to a motion picture contract are being disclosed. Lindbergh scarcely had discarded his salt-soaked coveralls in the Parisian home of Ambassador Herrick, before the offers started coming. And they continued to pour in until the movie magnates, appalled by the world ovation, began realizing that their gold would not suffice. The accomplishment of the boy was something bigger and finer than that which usually is commercialized in films. It was an event in history; not a stunt.

Along about the middle of last May, Carl Laemmle, head of Universal Pictures Corp., read a newspaper item or two regarding a young fellow who was going to sail out above the vast wastes of the Atlantic in a monoplane, headed for France.

"If he makes it," said "Uncle" Carl, "it'll stir up considerable interest. He'll be a sort of hero, flying that far. Better see if we can't tie him up in a contract before he starts. If he makes it, all right. If he don't, well, it'll just be our gamble."

ROBERT E. WELSH, Mr. Laemmle's personal representative, got the company's agents into action. They found "Slim" tinkering around with his plane, giving it the final touches before the day when he would sail out into the ocean mists on his great adventure. A flat sum of $25,000 was suggested to him, "win or lose."

"The money," the agent said, "may go to your mother. That sorter will take care of her, you know,

Colonel Lindbergh

Hollywood couldn't turn Lindy's head, even when he lunched with Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Marion Davies.

in case you, you—well, in case you don't make it."

"Lindy" pondered over the proposal. He was poor. Two thousand dollars, all the money he had in the world, had been put into his venture. His mother was teaching school. He was her only boy. And if the silent waves of the Atlantic closed over him during his flight, that mother would be left to earn her daily bread so long as she lived, and her Charlie would be but a memory.

Adolph Zukor, head of Paramount, cornered Lindy in Paris with a staggering offer.

Carl Laemmle, head of Universal, was the first to offer Lindbergh a movie contract.

"We waited for two or three days," Mr. Welsh says. "The proposal was not pressed. In fact, we didn't think a great deal about it. It looked like a game of chance. No one at that time fully realized the importance of the undertaking. But Lindbergh, it seems, had utter confidence in his ability to make the flight, and one day without giving us any definite reply, he hopped off and was on his way. We did not feel sorely disappointed."

THEN the newspapers began bulletining the flight. Hour after hour went by. The day passed. Night came on and the world suddenly started realizing that far out somewhere above the uncharted waters of the Atlantic, a lone, sandy-haired, blue-eyed boy with some sandwiches and a bottle of drinking water was trying to do what no one ever had done before—drive an airplane from one hemisphere to another. Away into the night America talked. In the still, small hours of the morning, the plane was fighting its way through storms, air pockets and adverse currents, and then—sighted the Irish coast.

"He's over Ireland!" said that message, heard 'round the world.

"He's over England!" came the second cable.

"He's headed across the English channel!" said the third. And then that never-to-be-forgotten flash—**"Lindbergh is landing at Le Bourget Field in Paris!"**

(*Continued on page* 90)

A Penny Photo Strip

Launched Laura La Plante

JUST a row of postage stamp photos—you remember the kind—was all Laura La Plante could afford when she timidly submitted her portrait to the movie producers. But Al Christie liked them, and gave her a chance in comedies.

By

Laura La Plante

DOESN'T the name Isabella sound theatrical?

That is my middle name.

When my sister Violet and myself first applied for picture work the director said, "We could use the little one" —meaning Violet—"but the other—why put her in pictures?"

You see I was only fifteen years old then and at an awkward age. Not a thin, gawky figure, but a pudgy, baby fat person. And I had long curls. An impossible type, I am sure.

I was born in St. Louis, in the old French market district, November 1, 1904. My father was French, my mother an American. When I was nine, mother brought Violet and myself out to California where we continued with our schooling in San Diego. Those were years of hard financial struggle. My mother had a position in a San Diego department store and supported Violet and myself. She even spared enough from her meager earnings to give me violin lessons. My sister Violet was trained to play a cello, as mother thought we might later continue musical careers.

DURING a summer vacation, I visited cousins in Los Angeles. A boy cousin of mine used to embarrass me terribly by saying to everybody, "Doesn't Laura look just like Mary Pickford?" I am sure I never very closely resembled America's sweetheart. My cousins were very ambitious to have Violet and myself try for work in pictures.

William Clifford, a well known author and scenario writer lived next door to my cousins. He said he would introduce us to Harry Caulfield, manager of Priscilla Dean, and other stars, and he in turn might send us to some producers.

Mr. Caulfield advised us to have some photographs made, so being in dire financial straits, I went down on South Main Street, in Los Angeles, and had rows of cheap stamp pictures made to show the directors. These pictures did not entirely block my career, for after Mr. Al Christie was introduced to us by Harry Caulfield, he looked at the pictures with interest and said he would have a movie camera test made of me.

TWO weeks later, I began extra work at the Christie studio. That was in November, 1919. My first extra work was as bridesmaid and I was placed just behind Edith Roberts, playing the bride, so I registered in all the close-ups and was frightened almost to death.

They called me the baby of the Christie comedy lot and I did lots of extra work there. Kathleen Key was at the studio at this time, also Miss Du Pont and Mary Lewis, who is now a Metropolitan Grand Opera star. My first bit was an opportunity to fall down in the midst of a department store crowd; and my fall was successful from the director's standpoint, so that I was put on a guaranty of $20 a week at this studio.

My salary went up to $50 when, after tests had been made of thirty extra girls, I was given the lead in the series *Bringing Up Father.* Then the studio had a temporary shut down, so I was engaged at the old Ince studio for a part in a picture called *Love,* with Louise Glaum and Jim Kirkwood.

I had a great deal to do in this picture, but my acting was so impossible that Wesley Ruggles, the director, cut me almost entirely out of the finished picture. I know he thought me a real dumb-bell at that time. When we were on location at La Jolla one day, he wanted me to say, "Look at the beautiful sunset" for a scene of the picture.

I rehearsed it over and over, but could not catch the spirit of just what he wanted. I was just a failure. That, of course, was a good many years ago, and just lately, Wesley Ruggles directed me again in *Finders Keepers,*

which I consider the very finest picture of my career. The story of this picture is told in another part of this magazine. He also directed me in *Silk Stockings* and *Beware of Widows,* and now we get along beautifully and he no longer thinks I am just a young, stupid beginner!

NOW I was to get into what I then thought big money. I was engaged at $125 a week to play opposite Charlie Ray in *The Old Swimming Hole,* that famous picture which was the first one ever made without a title. But from that financial success, I had a long period of inability to find work and finally did some one reel comedies at $12 a day. Then came some two-reel western pictures and a chance at the Fox studio in two crook pictures and a second lead with Tom Mix.

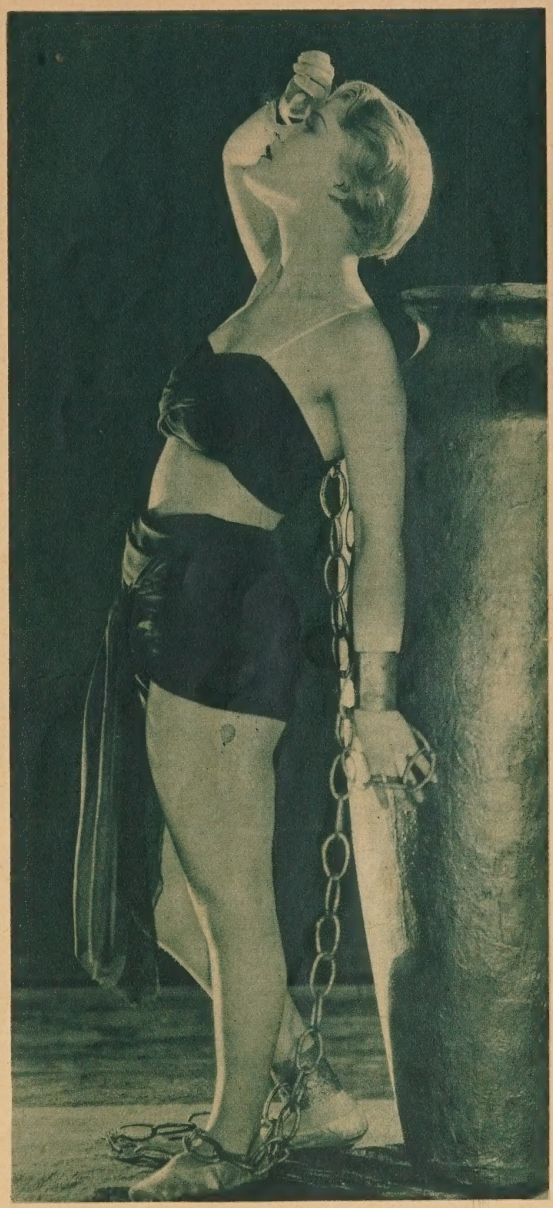
The Universal studios called me for about a dozen two-reel pictures and a serial opposite William Desmond, in *Around the World In 18 Days.* I was paid $100 a week for this work and later played in another serial with William Desmond, *Perils of the Yukon.*

And there were plenty of perils! We had some difficult athletic stunts to do, rode horseback a great deal and were almost frozen for days at a time when we had to do swimming feats in the icy cold waters of the winter Pacific. We spent three months up in the snow at Truckee, too, and endured many hardships there. The snow was 25 feet deep in many

In romantic Honolulu, Miss La Plante fell in love with her director, William Seiter.

places, and the horses could not plow through it without breaking their legs. So, the actors were given skis and had to walk three miles each day to location. Every one of us had to carry some heavy merchandise, or props, as well, and I carried the lunches and the coffee pot strapped to my back. Experiences like that make you patient with all the small annoyances in the future, and are, I am sure, good for any player who is inclined to temperament.

Next, I was given six leading roles in Hoot Gibson pictures. And then came my first lead in *Sporting Youth.*



A photographic study of Laura La Plante.

Universal.

The director at first did not want me. He was Harry Pollard, who lately directed *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* for Universal. They took another leading woman up to Del Monte on location, but she had only done a few scenes when Mr. Pollard decided she would not do, so they sent for me to come and I got the chance.

(*Continued on page* 107)

Looking Backward With Richard Dix

A Biography
by RUTH TILDESLEY

—Photo by Gene Robert Richee

"SEE you tomorrow!" said Richard Dix as we said good night after our interview, with which I began his biography.

His sister, Joda, walked to the curb with us and stood there smiling while Richard put me into the car. Lovingly she reminded him that he was due at the hospital the next day for an X-ray of an appendix.

"Sure, but that won't take long!" laughed the athletic star. "If those doctors think they're going to get *me* to operate on in their zeal to further medical science, they're—ahem;—mistaken! Don't you remember that I'm leaving by the end of the week for my first vacation in years?"

"Rich is a regular small boy about that precious vacation of his," Joda explained to me as Scotty Devlin, the star's trainer and chauffeur and a privileged character, started the car.

Alas, for the best-laid plans of the well-known mice and men which so often gang agley . . . the appendix which Richard spoke of so lightly began to make itself felt that very night. The "medico" was hastily sent for, and after several hours spent in trying to relieve the pain, ordered the actor sent to the hospital at once.

THE next morning while I was blithely preparing to keep the appointment made the night before, a distressed Joda phoned to say that her beloved brother had already been operated upon.

"I was out and they tried and tried to reach me, but I didn't get to the hospital until it was all over," she half-sobbed, "but, thank God, the operation was a success and he is resting easily."

Two days later, filmland's newspapers carried scare headlines that the popular star had had a grave relapse and was not expected to live the night. Pneumonia had set in and septic poisoning was threatening. The calls at the hospital telephone became so frequent that it seemed for a time a special wire would have to be installed. Worried, exhausted Joda spent every minute away from her brother's bedside answering inquiries from family friends and trying to keep the news from her mother who has not been very strong of late.

Sweet little Mary Brian, Jean Arthur and Nancy Carroll—Richard Dix's lat-

"Before and After" is the title for these pictures—showing Richard Dix when he was Baby Ernest Carlton Brimmer and as he is today—famous, wealthy, and minus an appendix!

Just before undergoing his recent operation Richard Dix began the story of his life for SCREEN SECRETS readers. For a time it looked as tho it might be an "unfinished story" but he is now on the road to recovery and more chapters of his biography will folllow

est leading ladies—kept running into the Paramount publicity office to ask for the latest bulletins.

Shadows were cast on gay luncheon parties at the Montmartre, Hollywood's smartest cafe. "Have you heard about Rich?" "Isn't it *dreadful?*" "Why, he's always been so well—" "Oh, my dear, don't you know it's always those big hearty men—"

And so it went until the happy news came that the beloved star had rallied; the much-vaunted strong constitution had pulled him through.

He will shortly be able to give me the second installment of his life story. In the meantime—here is the first:

WHEN it came to naming the new baby, who was, of course, "just the most adorable infant ever," Mr. and Mrs. Eli Brimmer, of St. Paul, Minnesota, decided on Ernest Carlton. In the immemorial manner of parents, they began at once to plan a career for the wee, red-faced atom in the Brimmer cradle . . . He should be a doctor, say, or a lawyer, or how about a civil engineer?

But when the baby reached the age of sixteen, after the immemorial fashion of children, he made his own plans, which included the other side of the footlights. He even discarded "Ernest Carlton" and became Richard Dix.

"I loathed the name *Ernest,*" explains the most sought after bachelor on the screen, "I liked *Richard*, so when my father objected to the stage, I re-christened myself, —the 'Dix' part coming from my mother's family. I wouldn't risk failing as a Brimmer, and Dix seemed short and snappy. I didn't get myself psycho-analyzed. I just picked out my name."

A REAL American, Richard's family have been native sons for more than two hundred years. Not so long ago, Richard and his father drove through the Catskill mountains and picked out the spot where the first Brimmer, coming from England, settled in a log cabin with his wife, two young sons, John and Godfrey, and little girl ward, Elizabeth Manchester.

Richard likes to tell the story of the upstanding young ancestor, John Brimmer.

"John and Elizabeth were in love," relates Richard. "They were soon to be married, and Elizabeth sat on the doorstep of the cabin in the wilderness, spinning thread for their wedding sheets and watching John and his brother Godfrey following the oxen down the long furrows of the corn fields.

The ancient remnants of the newspaper Richard Dix is holding relate the thrilling adventures of his great-great-grandfather, John Brimmer, who was captured by Indians.
—Paramount Photo

"Just as the sun set, a band of a dozen Indians suddenly sallied out of the encroaching woods. The first shot killed Godfrey. John ran toward the underbrush where he kept an old musket ready for such attacks, but before he reached the weapon, he saw his brother scalped and knew there was nothing for it but surrender, if he would save his sweetheart. Elizabeth fled inside the cabin which was defended by the senior Brimmer, and from the small porthole in the back, she saw her lover carried into captivity.

"THE shock of the murder and capture of their two sons resulted in the death from grief and worry of the parents. Elizabeth lived alone in the cabin until one night the Van Rensselaers, (who owned all the land for hundreds of miles around the spot where the city of Albany now stands), lost their way and stopped at the cabin for directions. Their young daughter was with them, and she and Elizabeth formed an immediate friendship, which became so strong that Mrs. Van Rensselaer took the lonely girl home as her daughter's companion.

"John had the height and dignity, as well as the high cheek bones and (through sunburn) the dark skin of an Indian. Perhaps for this reason the tribe did not put him to death but kept him for four years as a member of their band, teaching him their language, their woodcraft, their warcraft, and all secrets of the red men.

"It might not have been an unpleasant life for an active youth, who loved outdoors, but—Elizabeth was not there! No doubt John dreamed of her as he mastered the bow and arrow. After four years, he escaped and made his way to Montreal, where the French caught him and believing him to be an Indian, made him a slave for two years. Stealing away by night from the fortress, John fell into the hands of the British who held him for two years more, when he made his third escape and got back to the cabin to find no trace of his family.

"All he could think was that the Indians had wiped them out. Broken-hearted, he joined the Continental Army and engaged in war against the tribes that he believed had bereft him of his beloved. Since he knew the ways of the red men, his aid was invaluable. He rose to lieutenant and then to captain. Because he did not care whether he was killed or not, he became noted for his absolute fearlessness and was called "the man who knew no fear."

Richard showed me a yellowed and tattered copy of

We'll let you in on a secret—the paper they are holding is labelled "The Bootlegger's News"! Listening to the quotations, in the front row of the group, are: Walter McGrail, Mary Astor, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, and Alan Crosland.
—Paramount Photo

the Boston Press dated either 1751 or 1753,—the last figure being so faint that neither of us could make it out,—in which a full account of the courageous ancestor is carried.

"People say that happy endings are 'tacked on'," observes Richard, "but there was a happy ending to this story. One night, the Van Rensselaers gave a ball for the officers of John's regiment, and, though John usually dodged parties, he was obliged to appear. Elizabeth was to help receive the guests.

"John saw her coming down the great staircase. Elizabeth saw him standing in his gay uniform against the dark oaken door . . . It's my favorite love story."

Perhaps Richard's continuing bachelorhood is a heritage from John Brimmer who couldn't be satisfied except with the "one right love" . . .

IT HAS been widely printed that Eli Brimmer's religious fanaticism was responsible for his strenuous opposition to a stage career for his youngest son. Richard scoffs at the idea.

"Most ridiculous thing for anyone to say who *knows* Dad!" he declared, indignantly. "Although he was born in New York state, he was brought up in the far west—Texas and so forth—and had all the western feeling for freedom in religion and everyday life.

"When my brother, Archie, my sister, Joda, and myself were spending our childhood in the middle west, it just wasn't the thing for youngsters to go to the theatre. In fact, traveling companies were few and far between. Children were expected to and did amuse themselves with games and sports. Then there was school and church, of course."

Speaking of church reminds me of a little story his mother tells of young Richard, or Ernest, as he was then.

"He might be as restless as most small boys during the lengthy prayers, but let the preacher begin his sermon and Richard sat there entranced," Mrs. Brimmer relates, fondly. "He was absolutely fascinated. Not that we noticed any sudden saintly change in his behavior. He was always what is called 'a real boy'! But he loved to come home and act it all out. He'd stand on a chair, thump the back of it with his little fists, and preach at anyone who would listen.

"His favorite sermon consisted of this exhortation: 'If a man wants to do it, let him do it; but if he doesn't want to do it, don't make him do it.' That's still a by-word with our family."

MR. BRIMMER'S idea in opposing his son's choice of a career was that he thought acting effeminate and had planned a profession for his son. But the much-publicized tale that Richard's family never saw him behind the footlights until he had been on the stage for several years, is a fable. At high school plays and at the opening of every stage engagement playing within reach of the home town, Richard's mother sat shaking in the front row, terrified for fear he'd forget his lines and puffed up with pride when he made a hit.

During his picture career, Richard Dix has come within an ace of losing his life a good many times, but the first narrow escape he can remember came when he was a little boy.

"My father and elder brother, Archie, were cutting down a cottonwood tree in our back yard and had it all fixed with ropes to fall in a certain direction," remembers the star, "but their plans went wrong some way and the tree began to fall toward the house just as I walked out of the house.

"I saw it poised against the sky over my head, heard

my mother shriek and doubled myself up into a small ball. There was a crotch halfway up the trunk, and the tree caught me between the two giant arms. I got up shouting, "I'm all right, Mom! I'm not killed a bit, Mom! Jiminy, my shirt is torn down the back!"

RICHARD says that he got through the Murray Grammar School in St. Paul on the good reputation of his older brother, Archie, whom he idolized. It was to Archie that the younger brother confided his dream of the stage.

In the last year of high school Richard made the football team, but when the day of the big game came, school authorities refused to let him play because he was below grade in one of his studies.

"I hated school anyway," says Richard, registering extreme repugnance, "I was so disgusted that I quit on the spot. The only position that offered itself was work in a bank, so I was a bank clerk by day and a dramatic school student by night. Only Archie knew of my nocturnal pursuits.

" 'If you want to be an actor,' he said to me, one day, 'be one; because if you want to act badly enough, you'll be a good one.' "

With the moral support of Archie, Richard left the safe, sure job at the bank and got a part in a St. Paul stock company at twenty dollars a week. Like every other actor who strides the boards of a stock theatre, Richard dreamed of New York . . . Broadway . . . His name in electric lights . . . Again came Archie, and Archie's endearing faith in his younger brother. The elder brother paid for two new suits of clothes and the fare to the Great White Way . . .

"There was a girl in our town," Richard recalls, and his voice is reminiscently tender. "We used to go to the theatre and watch Maurice Costello and Francis X. Bushman on the screen, and I would point out to her where I could have improved on their work. When I went to New York to seek my fortune, she promised

"Warming Up," Richard Dix's recent photoplay, called for a few warm poses with lovely Jean Arthur.
—Photo by Gene Robert Richee

Gertrude Olmstead and Dix get along famously. Beauty and brawn, you know!

to wait till I succeeded, 'even if it was a whole year,' though, with her faith in me, she didn't expect it to be so long, I am sure.

"TEN months later, I opened a letter addressed in the familiar handwriting that made my heart beat faster—and read that she had become engaged to another man. I can still see the little dingy dressing-room in a Pittsburg stock company theatre and smell the leaky gas-jet and the heavy odors of grease-paint and powder. I had to go on in a few moments. Feeling that life was over for me, I brushed aside the things on the dressing-table and wrote a few words wishing her luck. She's had it. She has four children now."

Richard—to go back—arrived in New York determined to succeed or never to see his scoffing father again.

"I had a $2 a week room," he reminisced, a pensive look in his brown eyes, "The landlady soon learned I was an actor and asked what experience

(*Continued on page* 94)

Athletically

YOU might gather from these pictures, and rightfully, that the lilies of Hollywood are chiefly water lilies. They toil, but also do they swim. They must have their exercise, but in summer time they prefer the cooling kind in scanty garb.

Riding for a fall! That's the thrill of the surfboard, says Patsy Ruth Miller. You never know when Old Man Neptune is going to give you a tumble.

Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost are having a hard day at the poles. What poor fish wouldn't bite on this?

No matter how hot the blistering breezes blow you'll find Madge Bellamy out on the tennis court keeping cool.

Inclined

THE bathing suit has been chosen as the national costume of filmdom for July by popular vote. Of course there are some hardier souls who disport themselves on tennis courts and in gymnasiums, but all wind up on the beaches.

Lina Basquette has just told George Duryea that she can beat him to the end of the pool.

The best part of athletics is resting afterwards sometimes. Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland are getting second wind on the edge of the pool at Norma's home after a hard swim.

Those pillows which Nils Asther is wearing look nice and soft, but to get in the way of one of them is much like being hit by a freight train. His idea of quiet relaxation is to exchange wallops with a "pro."

GARY COOPER *Comes* OUT OF *the* WEST

Two-gun Gary of the Westerns in a fadeout popular in the pictures out where men are men and horses are still used for transportation.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR who came out of the west had nothing on Gary, who blazed his way through Western thrillers into such notable pictures as "The Legion of the Condemned" and "Doomsday."

By RALPH PARKER

YOU think you have Gary Cooper all figured out. And suddenly you discover that you were wrong. He rambles on in that easy, western voice of his, expressing the standardized thoughts shared by 99 per cent of mankind. And suddenly you are aware that he is voicing a startling paradox. Or smashing one of public opinion's idols.

You notice that he rolls his own cigarettes, using the old reliable Bull Durham. Incidentally, he does it so well that each of the quick moves seems instinctive. So this is the keynote! He is just a real guy who likes simple things. But as he rolls the cig, he remarks that he is impatiently awaiting the day that he can trade in the splendiferous car he already owns on something in the Rolls Royce class.

He wears plain-looking shoes, for comfort. And sports an oversize ring of the sort you would expect to see worn by a Chinese gentleman with an oriental flare for the bizarre.

In short, young Cooper is a mighty interesting personality.

HE IS tall, six feet two, and rangily western. His blue eyes are friendly, with a glint somewhere in their background of hardness. If he had naught but a certain appealing, hurt sadness, he would still be the flapper's dream. But he has more. He has a chin curiously indented by nature to comfortably receive the chin of the woman he is kissing.

When he sits down for a chat, he is as likely as not to put one foot up against the wall and swing the other leg carelessly across the chair arm. Sometimes he sits or stands in positions that would cause any other man to look ludicrously awkward. But he has a natural, animal grace that makes it quite impossible for him to be awkward.

Asked to talk about himself, he repeated the set, publicity formula information in a bored tone of voice. He wanted to get that part over with, so that we might discuss other things.

Flash, the wonder horse, Gary Cooper's partner in the good old days of the Westerns.

Gary's father began ranching out in Montana in 1884. His uncle was one of the Northern Pacific's first engineers.

"Dad and mother were born in England," Cooper began. "They met here in America, on a ranch in Montana. Dad bought the ranch in 1908."

INCIDENTALLY, Gary is now putting into that ranch all the dollars he can save. The old place is building up, thanks to Hollywood cash. Gary is such a sentimental cuss that I believe he is doing it as much because the ranch is where his parents met as because it is good business.

Taken to England when he was a year old, Gary's boyhood was spent in both countries. Alternating between English schools, with their laws of etiquette and their class lines, and Montana schools, with their rowdyism, Gary early learned to be adaptable.

"Every time I came back to the ranch country, I was looked upon as an English freak," said Cooper. "And when I arrived in England it was always a few weeks before the children stopped being half-afraid that I would suddenly lasso them cowboy fashion or scalp them a-la-Indian."

But it was the ranches Gary loved most of all. When he was still in his early teens, he could ride as recklessly as his elders. He became western not only in cowmanship but in attitude toward life. He never guessed, as he rode the plains at night and, looking up at the star-jewelled sky, dreamed about the world he was to conquer, that some day he would be a star in a celluloid firmament. But such was his destiny.

The new Gary Cooper, one of the handsome young bachelors of Hollywood.

In 1918, Gary's brother went to war. Gary left school in order to manage the family ranch. It was not an easy task for a 17-year-old boy, but Gary handled it very well.

THE war ended, Gary studied drawing at Bozman, then attended Grinnell college in Iowa.

"I decided that in applying my talent for drawing I could best earn a living," said Gary. "So I came to Los Angeles and began looking for a job with some advertising agency, as an illustrator.

"I couldn't land a job with any of the newspaper or magazine agencies. I applied to a company selling space on theatre curtains, thinking that I could paint those ads. They turned me down as an artist, but offered me a place as a salesman.

"I set out with a lot of determination, and was able to sell quite a lot of space. I did well until I was transferred to the Long Beach territory.

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Sue Carol *Grows*

SINCE Sue is learning to fly, what would be more fitting than to interview her above the clouds? Intrepid Miss Tildesley reports the results, along with the story of Sue's narrow escape in a sky crash.

Ruth Tildesley, special correspondent for SCREEN SECRETS, and Sue Carol, Fox's flying actress, take off for the first airplane interview. *Fox Photo.*

A Sky-high Interview

By RUTH TILDESLEY

THE usual interview takes place in the Montmartre, Hollywood's favorite cafe, in the star's dressing room, or on the set of the picture she's making.

But Sue Carol is not an ordinary girl. It was her suggestion that we sail the clouds together in the plane she is learning to fly for Fox's *Air Circus*, while she showed me all she knew about high life above Hollywood. Having once felt the thrill of following sky lanes it's hard to keep Sue on the ground.

We drove to Clover Field, climbed into the plane of Leo Nomis, stunt flyer, who is also Sue's teacher in her new sport, waved a gay farewell to the friends who watched us take off, and taxied across the field.

Perhaps in a few years, it will be possible to conduct an interview in a plane in the proper fashion. But now the roar of the engine drowns everything but shouts. We talked in alternate shrieks and pantomime. Some of the tale had to be re-translated when we reached the ground.

WE SOARED out over the blue waters of the Pacific straight into the path of gold created by the famous California sun. Sue Carol bounced up and down like an excited child as her pantomimic signals elicited the fact that we were now 2,000 feet above the earth, now 3,000, 4,000—

"Five thousand!" she shrieked gleefully into my ear. "Let's go on to Honolulu!"

That was all right with me, but evidently Mr. Nomis had other plans, for suddenly the plane dipped to an exciting angle, wheeled and turned about for the Santa Monica hills, dressed in their spring green.

"Air pocket!" pantomimed Sue, her brown eyes dancing—she had long since pushed her goggles up onto her helmet. There was a slight sensation as of a sudden drop in an elevator before our plane resumed its even flight.

"Don't you love it?" her sweet, husky, boy's voice came clearer as our pilot began the descent from above the clouds. "I'm crazy about it—I'd like to *live* in the air!"

And yet her first experience in a plane was enough to discourage the most courageous person. One of Miss Carol's early assignments in pictures was the ingenue lead in *The Cohens and Kellys* with those tried and true troupers George Sidney, Kate Price and Vera Gordon. An aeroplane played a significant part in an amusing sequence of the film.

HOWEVER, all the scenes were shot with the plane and its occupants safely on terra firma. Roy Wilson, the pilot, had a sense of humor and took a delight in teasing Kate Price and Vera Gordon by pretending that when he taxied across the field, he was really going to "take the air."

"If you do, we'll annihilate you!" they threatened him, never happy for one moment until the director megaphoned the welcome news that they might alight.

"But *you're* not afraid, are you?" the pilot asked the little leading lady who blithely assured him she didn't have sense enough to be afraid—she'd never been up. So when he gallantly offered to initiate her after the day's shooting, she as happily consented.

Wings!

Positively the fastest and highest interview ever made in Hollywood!

It never occurred to her to ask permission, and when Roy Wilson strapped her into the seat and adjusted her helmet and goggles, no one noticed . . . They were all so glad to be on the ground once more and stretch cramped muscles.

Sue leaned out joyfully and called goodbye at the "take off," marveling a little that everyone began to run so wildly. "How nice of them to be so excited for me!" she thought and waved her appreciation.

She learned afterwards that in the take-off, one of the wheels had broken. Roy Wilson knew at once what had happened and everyone below witnessed the accident. He signalled that he would try to transfer his precious passenger in mid-air if another plane was sent up. In the meantime, a hurry call was sent in for an ambulance and medical assistance as well as a call for the fire department as there was danger that in attempting to land, the plane would burst into flames.

ONCE they were in the air, Sue reveled in every minute of this new sensation. Behind her, the pilot signalled madly to those below and presently the roar of another plane reached the girl above the noise of their own engine. She looked out with interest as the other pilot circled closer and closer, and blew him a happy kiss. He seemed to be signalling but whether to her or to Roy, she couldn't tell. Presently he flew away and she dismissed him from her thoughts. She hoped Roy would keep her up for a long, long time.

She tried to pick out familiar spots in the landscape below. How tiny everything seemed. When the varicolored bungalows began to look less like children's toys, she realized they were leaving the fascinating clouds for the less interesting earth. Now she could see the flying field. Why, what a large crowd of people—she hadn't thought the company numbered so many! And what did they want with a fire engine? And what was that—impatiently, she pulled off her goggles and leaned out for a clearer view. Why, that was an ambulance and those white-robed people must be doctors or nurses. They must have written a new scene in the script. "Hoo-hoo!" she called, gleefully. The people below all appeared to be trying to tell her something and from their frantic signals she judged they would be happier if she didn't try to hang over the side of the aeroplane.

Fox Films wanted a girl pilot for some flying photoplays, so Sue Carol joyfully sprouted wings.

Sue Carol is adorably feminine, but she much prefers flying togs to frills. *Pathe-De Mille Photo.*

Roy shouted that he was going to make a landing and for her not to tense herself but to let go as much as possible. Never dreaming that this order was anything out of the ordinary, Sue assured him that she understood. "Gee, this is exciting!" she chortled.

Then came the crash. Sue was hurled forward but somehow miraculously held by the restraining belt

Sue Carol's first hop nearly was her last. The plane lost a wheel in the take-off, and there was no way for her to land without a smash-up!

Something seemed to rise and hit her a blinding blow . . . But for that happy accident in pulling off her goggles, she might have met with serious injury. That it turned out so happily was all due to the nerve and skill of the pilot.

Ah, these airmen! But that's a story in itself. I could write a book about Leo Nomis and his deeds of daring . . .

THAT was Sue Carol's sole experience until a few weeks ago when the Fox Film Company asked her if she would care to learn to pilot an aeroplane as they were planning to make a picture around the exploits of a pair of daring boy and girl fliers. Sue joyfully consented and now every day—fog or sun—finds her in the air taking instruction from Leo Nomis who says she has the makings of a wonderful flyer.

She looks like an enchanting boy in her brown leather aviation outfit. "Fox wants me to get used to it—to feel perfectly at home in boots and trousers by the time the picture starts," she explained with a gay little toss of her wind blown bob. "I feel so free. I'll hate dresses."

Sue Carol is a Wampas Baby Star of this year's vintage and much has been predicted for her future. Less than a year in the film capital, she has succeeded in bringing tears of envy to many a veteran actress with more opportunity and with less to show for it.

The strange part of it is that a screen career has been more or less forced upon her, since at no time has she sought it. Belonging to a prominent family in Chicago, every winter since she can remember her mother has brought her to Southern California to escape the inclement weather in the Windy City.

LAST winter, she met young Nick Stuart at a dance the evening she arrived. He mentioned that he was playing in a picture and invited her to visit the set. A day or so later, having nothing in particular to do, she wandered over to the studio. Nick welcomed her enthusiastically and introduced her to his various friends, including the director.

"By the way, I'm going to need extras for a college sequence," remarked the director, casually. "Would you care to be in it?"

"Oh, no, I'd be too scared," said Sue. And all young Stuart's pleadings could not move her.

Twice after that, visiting friends on the set, she was offered extra work. Nick asked her if she wouldn't take a screen test—he knew an assistant director who could arrange it but Sue still resisted. One night at a dance, a director asked Nick if his charming friend wouldn't care to have a test for an ingenue lead and Nick had to explain that "wild horses couldn't make her."

"I can," said the director and lo, and behold, Sue actually consented to appear at the studio the next day for the test.

"Can't do more than scare me to death," she said. "I'm going home in three weeks and it will be something to tell the girls."

HOWEVER, she did not go home. Once the test was safely over and the result brought the offer of the part to the girl, she forgot that she had ever been scared and seriously set herself to work to learn the rudiments of this new career which had been thrust upon her. It was not long before Fox offered her a contract. This she declined as Douglas McLean had just signified that he desired her services as leading lady in *Soft Cushions*. Then came *The Cohens and Kellys* made for Universal. Two of her latest pictures are De Mille's *Skyscrapers* with Bill Boyd and *Walking Home*, directed by Rupert Julian.

And now she is learning to fly. She is very earnest about it. "You handle the stick this way when you want to go up," she tells you. "You see that thing there? You do this if you want to turn left and that for right. It's just as simple. Oh, I'm going to love making this picture! I wish it could last forever and forever!"

And that's just how I felt on that first glorious flight with Sue Carol. . . .

Stars on the Air

Did you tune in? On this $50,000 program were: Dolores Del Rio, John Barrymore, Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, and Norma Talmadge, seated; A. K. Schoepf, Doug Fairbanks, Joseph M. Schenck, head of United Artists, standing.

"SCARED speechless!" That's what happens to many film stars when asked to say a few words into the microphone at a movie premiere.

Freeman Lang, announcer, discloses some of the amusing things that happen when the stars broadcast.

By MARCIA MANNERS

FREEMAN LANG is broadcasting the premiere of a new motion picture at one of the gorgeous Hollywood theaters. Thousands of fans are crowding the sidewalks, eager for a glimpse of the celebrities; many more thousands are scattered over the country, tuning in delightedly for a description of the scene.

Trailing the cord of his portable microphone, the broadcaster stands in the lobby, describing the event. It's as exciting as a football game.

"Here comes Billie Dove, in a big coat of white ermine," he announces. "Maybe she will say hello to you." And Billie, even more beautiful off the screen than on, gayly greets her unseen admirers.

But let Mr. Lang give you the real lowdown on this broadcasting business—telling in his own words some of the amusing—and exciting—things that happen when the stars go "on the air."

"Some of the stars are scared almost speechless when they are dragged up to the mike," Mr. Lang told me. "It really frightens even some of the hard-boiled screen villains!

"Practically all of the stars will say a few words, even though reluctantly. But Douglas Fairbanks won't. I think the reason is that he has a rather soft voice; and he is afraid that his voice might disappoint admirers who think his voice is husky, adventuresome.

"Only once did a guest get really balled up. Ernest Krause arrived, escorting Anna Q. Nilsson. I asked him to say a few words. Then the fun began. He dropped his cigarette case and nervously picked it up. Then he walked up to the microphone on the wrong side of Miss Nilsson. He bumped against the microphone noisily. And then, when he did start to speak into it, he talked into the wrong side, the back side!

"IT'S sort of disillusioning how little originality the stars show in saying their few words. Almost invariably, each star says, 'Good evening, everyone! We're having a lovely time and wish you were here, too.'

"Once in a while, someone shows a little originality. One evening I told the listeners-in that Erich Von Stroheim was approaching. You remember that during and shortly after the war, he was looked upon as an embodiment of the Germany we disliked. Von Stroheim took advantage of that, for he snarled into the microphone, 'Dis iss der Hun!'

"Tom Mix got a lot of laughs one evening. He said into the microphone, 'If this show isn't good, I'm going straight to Tony's stable when I get out, and kiss him.' Tony is his horse, you know.

"When *Street Angel* opened at the Carthay Circle Theatre, I thought I would try something new in order to get away from the standardized greetings to listeners-in . I had a tiny microphone strapped about my chest, with a wire leading from it down my trouser leg to the broadcasting outfit. There was plenty of

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HARRY CARR SAYS

Gizelda Goten sounds all right for a fairy princess but how far would a girl get with a name like that in hard-boiled Hollywood? That's why Harry Carr rechristened this girl June Marlowe.

THERE is no one who has the lowdown on the film colony quite as pat as Harry Carr, veteran scenario and magazine writer and newspaper columnist. His spicy, piquant observations written about the places and personalities that he has known intimately for years are appearing every month. If you want to get a different slant on Hollywood, here is your golden opportunity.

THE new crop of movie stars are straws in the wind. Perhaps it would be more gallant to call them rose petals. Well, anyhow that's how they are.

Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor, June Marlowe . . .

Miss Wray is an Easter lily. Janet Gaynor, a wistful girl with sorrowful appealing eyes. June Marlowe, a shy beautiful willowy girl who suggests cloisters and penance . . . prayers in the moonlight.

Oddly enough, they are all graduates of Universal cow operas. Wild West maidens who shot from the hip and rode over burning bridges to the rescue . . .

Discovered!

FAY WRAY was discovered by Erich Von Stroheim; Miss Gaynor by Frank Borzage. I don't know who discovered June Marlowe. I think it was Mal St. Clair. Anyhow, she has been signed by First National.

Famine in Villains

WHAT is worrying me almost to distraction is the villains. I don't see how these demure and virginal young flowers are going to get along in the movies without villains to lock them in lonely houses; and kick over the furniture chasing them around the room while the sap hero gallops to the rescue.

And the villains have struck. The latest rebel is George Bancroft who doesn't want to be wicked any more. No doubt it is trying, at that, to spend your movie life chasing young ladies round and round rooms and never catching them.

Revision Downward

THE best liars in Hollywood are all running in reverse gear. In the golden days of the past, when you made a picture for $300,000 you always claimed that it cost $2,000,000. Now, when you make one for $100,000, you tell the world that it cost $25,000 —subtle and softening influence of the banking interests.

Sweat Shop Stuff

BY THIS token, the person in Hollywood now greeted with deepest respect and veneration is a young French boy—Robert Fleury. He has made one—and a pretty darn good one at that—for $75.

The Quickies

I CAN see where the boys who have been making Quickies will be in great demand. They make them for a lick and a promise.

Some of their devices are amusing. I knew a young director who just had to have a crowd for a picture he was making. All the money he had available wouldn't have hired two men and a goat.

Whereupon he rented a delivery wagon; planted it down on the middle of the car tracks at Seventh and Broadway where the

FLAPPERS haven't any kick any more. They are just about flapped out . . . The film villains are striking for less villainy . . . Truth about the real Ramona . . . she's still alive . . . Carol Dempster has vanished . . .

traffic is as heavy as at any corner in the whole world. The traffic cops ordered him to move on; but he claimed he couldn't. Pretty soon the patrol wagon arrived and bundled him in. An enormous crowd surged into the street. He had a ride to jail; but he got a gorgeous crowd—shot through a hole in the side of the wagon.

The Real Ramona

WHATEVER else, I am a merciful heart. When the beauteous Dolores Del Rio was making *Ramona*, she sent some one to me to know if I would tell her about the real Ramona.

It happens that—having lived in California all my life—I knew not only Ramona in the flesh; but also the man who shot Allesandro; and the man who ordered that Indian village burned down.

I wouldn't tell her then. I didn't want to spoil her romantic young dreams. But I will tell her now.

Disillusion!

THE real Ramona was an elderly Indian squaw who had forgotten to count her calories; and who liked to play Mexican monte.

The killing of Allesandro was cruel and pitiful—very much as shown in the picture. But the man who ordered that Indian village burned—having been pictured for half a century as the villain of a great novel—told me he just hadda do it. The Indians huts were of grass and sticks; and they were so full of cooties, he was afraid they would crawl away.

And now, how could Dolores make a picture of that? It isn't always good for young ladies to know too much about everything.

Author C. Chaplin

HOLLYWOOD is turning literary. Charlie Chaplin has signed a contract to write a series of fiction stories. He has got as far along as telling Hollywood the plot of the first one: it is about a blind extra man. Knowing Charlie, I imagine that is as far as he will get.

Feeling Funny

CHARLIE isn't what you would call a speed fiend. He drives his production managers to strong drink and despair. He gets the stage filled with people; a raft of expensive camera men on the set; a full stage crew at union rates: then decides that he doesn't feel funny that day.

Plagiarism

CECIL B. DE MILLE is fighting his usual damage suit, this time over the *King of Kings*. Valeska Surratt says she wrote it—presumably claiming authorship of the New Testament.

De Mille tells me that these plagiarism suits have become so common that, when starting a new picture, he always sets aside a fund of from $30,000 to $50,000 to fight the claims.

Belated "Find"

PERSONALLY, I think that Jean Hersholt is the best actor in Hollywood. D. W. Griffith has just found him; and his excitement at the discovery is considerable.

This fat Dane is an extraordinarily fine stage actor also. One of the finest performances I have ever seen was in one of those dreadful little French tragedies at the Writers' Club: he played a gloomy, depressed hangman. At the same time, Lilyan Tash-

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Quaint, wistful little Janet Gaynor is an indication of the prevailing preference for the shrinking violet type of heroine of mid-Victorian days, Harry Carr says.

Now What Will Happen to

THE Shimmy Queen has cast off her prime minister—how long can she reign without Gil Boag behind the throne?

By BASIL WOON

Author of "The Paris That's Not in the Guide Books," "The Frantic Atlantic," and other novels.

Gilda Gray was sitting on top of the world with clever Gil Boag, her husband, managing her affairs. Now that they have separated, friends wag gloomy heads. —*United Artists*

IF YOU solemnly announced some morning that the Woolworth building was moving out to sea—that Charlie Chaplin was through with women—that Clara Bow had taken up knitting—you might find some one who would believe you.

But to ask people to swallow the tale that Gilda Gray, the famous shimmy queen, and her manager husband, who have been one of the most devoted couples of the stage and screen have now come to the parting of the ways, is expecting too much of human gullibility.

At least if such a thing had been suggested to this writer six months ago, he would promptly have phoned for a straight jacket.

It always seemed that if Gil and Gilda should divorce, then anything could happen.

But, now?

Well, last Christmas I received a New Year's card from Gil. For the first time since the Siamese Twins of the Shimmy Circuit got married, 'way back in pre-bootleg days, *Gilda's name was not on it!*

As I write, no suit has actually been filed—at least, no public suit, and if I know Gil and Gilda, the divorce, if and when it comes, will be a plain, ordinary American suit for separation, for neither have ever shrunk from publicity, and I don't think either Paris or Mexico will appeal to them.

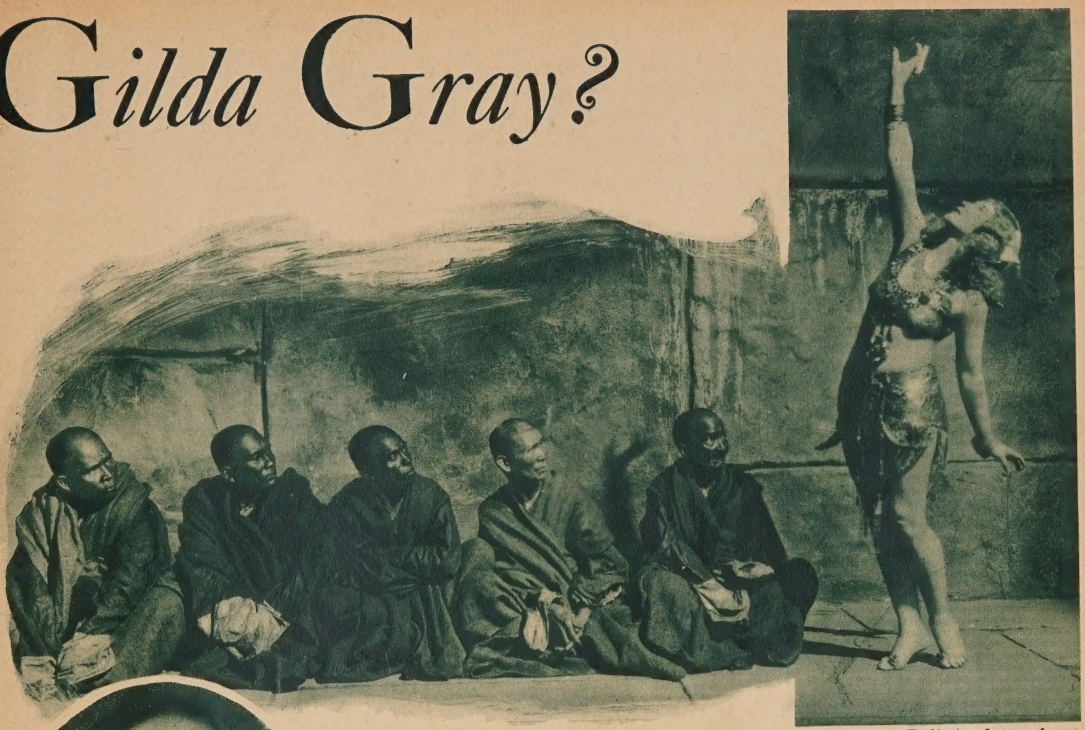
No suit has actually been filed, as I say, and there seems room for doubt as to whether one ever will be filed. A reconciliation has more than once been in the offing and it would be more than extraordinary if finally they did not realize what each has been to the other, and call bygones bygones.

Gil—Gaillard—Boag is Gilda's second husband. Her first attempt to be happy happened in Milwaukee, and lasted only long enough for her to acquire a son. Her devotion to this son has been a high-light of her career.

TO UNDERSTAND fully the amazing story of Gilda Gray, perhaps the best known American woman of the stage, it is necessary to knock the gilt off the press agent blurbs. Gilda was no queen of Polish music-halls. She never thrilled crown princes in Warsaw. A romance with a decayed Baltic nobleman did not send send her to America.

Gilda came to the United States when she was three years old. Her parents were Polish immigrants and her mother died when she was four. The father worked his way westward

Gilda Gray?



Gilda has that sex appeal that makes even the bald headed rows in Thibet take notice.
—Photo from The Devil Dancer

Gil Boag, Gilda's husband.
—Wide World Photo

on the railroads, first as a laborer, then as a lumberman. He was a skilled woodsman and, as such, was appreciated in the lumber camps located in the North.

In Idaho, when her father was a foreman, Gilda, aged six, was dancing her first dances in the pine mess-shacks of the rough but kind sawyers. She danced in many camps, to which her father took her, and brought to the primitive loggers something of beauty and something of a certain unformed art. The lumbermen would have died for her.

Her father died when she was still a child. Gilda had never been to school. She lacked a trade. She had no money. But she had a reputation already as a dancer, and she was welcome in the big saloons of the mining and lumber camps, and in these, for awhile, she made her living.

Ambition burned within her. She felt rather than knew that her future lay in dancing. She saved her money and went East. Lacking anything which could remotely be termed technique, and above all, lacking the will to work for slave-driving chorus directors, Gilda finally drifted into independent dancing.

Her stages were the floors of cheap cabarets, her audiences—enthusiastic, these were—the lesser spenders, the sports of the Middle West. From Kansas City to St. Louis. From St. Louis to Chicago. And from Chicago to Milwaukee, where she was the "star" of a place that was half dance hall, half saloon.

AT THIS time, a former newspaperman, who had been both reporter and advertising solicitor, went to Chicago from New York. In the latter city he had, in partnership with two other men, opened the Moulin Rouge. He sought talent in Chicago, and heard of the strange little Polish girl who was "shaking herself to fits" in a Milwaukee cabaret.

Scenting something new, Gaillard Boag went to Milwaukee. He saw Gilda dance, recognized the talent there that needed development and merited a larger public, and watched her for awhile. Finally, when from the Moulin Rouge he graduated to proprietor of the famous Palais Royal, Gilda, then a specialty dancer in a small way in New York, was remembered and hired by him.

Boag was a genius as a press agent. He was probably America's greatest genius of publicity, when you came right down to it. He invented the word "shimmy," and by insistent publicity made Gilda the "Shimmy Queen," known from coast to coast and from the Canadian border to Mexico. Soon, her fame became international. She danced in Paris—at Deauville—at Cannes. The élite of international society approved her. She became a world star.

Every move of Gilda's—except her "shimmy"—was initiated by Boag. She never gave an interview, never saw a reporter, except at his instigation and with him present. He set in motion the most formidable publicity campaign the stage has ever known.

When he returned to the United States he conceived and inaugurated—in Los Angeles—the now famous "personal appearance" stunt of the motion picture theatres. At first the idea was scoffed at. Al Kauffman, then directing Paramount's theatre in Los Angeles, saw possibilities in it, and signed a contract with Boag by which the latter was

In Gil Boag's cabarets, Gilda Gray made her name famous as the world's Shimmy Queen.
—Paramount Pictures

to get only fifty per cent of the gross *after the entire overhead of the theatre had been taken care of.*

Such a contract was without precedent in theatrical annals and doubtless Kauffman thought Gil Boag a little mad. How exactly mad Boag was, developed when Gilda collected close on to seven thousand dollars the first week.

From that to actual acting in the movies was a logical and perhaps an inevitable step. She went with Paramount—with Boag, as usual, dictating the hardest terms that a corporation has ever paid a newcomer. So harsh were the terms and so severely did Boag insist on the contract being fulfilled to the letter that the Paramount people practically told Boag to get off the premises. Gilda, they intimated, would never make another picture for them.

But in face of the big success of Gilda's first picture they thought better of it. They approached Gilda—but they talked to Gil Boag. Again he "talked big." They laughed, waved their hands, and refused with scorn. A few weeks later they accepted. They had to.

WITH her third picture Gilda was with United Artists, the company of stars, a co-attraction on the season's program with Douglas Fairbanks, Vilma Banky, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, and Norma Talmadge.

Unprecedented? But Gil and Gilda *are* unprecedented. Nothing quite like this remarkable pair has ever existed before. On the one side, Boag, with his extraordinary gift for publicity, and his tenacious habit of extracting the last dime from reluctant managers; and on the other side, Gilda, the "shimmy queen," now able to read and write, and a finished performer in every sense of the word—originator of a tradition.

One was never seen without the other. The partnership was as true in a romantic sense as it was in a business way. When they were in a strange town, even in such a city as Paris, they preferred to take their meals in the intimacy of their hotel room, where they could kiss between each course, rather than in public in a restaurant.

I knew them thus on many occasions and I never knew nor heard of a theatrical pair so very much in love as these two were.

Their quarrels were famous; at times noisy. But they always forgave in short order and then were better lovers than before. When Gil was ill, one summer in Paris, Gilda mothered him with a revealing tenderness; when Gilda was ill in New York, Gil never left her side.

In all the time I knew them I never knew Gil to look at another woman, even in fun; and certainly Gilda had no eyes, no tenderness, but for Gil Boag.

They had been married during the days of Gilda's first success at the Palais Royal, and their union was one of the few stage marriages to be followed by constant propinquity. Such was their devotion, this big, rough, laughing dance-hall proprietor and this child of the lumber camps, that Gil went to Gilda's dressmakers to help her choose her gowns, and Gilda picked Gil's ties! Neither ever took a train journey without the other. It was as much as they would do to take a separate taxicab.

But now they are undoubtedly apart, and have been for months. The reason? Their most intimate friends are only vaguely aware of it. Another woman? Boag's friends swear the report is false; say he is eating his heart away for love of his "shimmy queen." Another man? To anyone who knows Gilda the idea is nearly ludicrous.

AND so—say their friends—the matter stands today. Gil still represents Gilda in a business way—but, if a divorce *should* come, will he continue to do so? Will his faith in Gilda's future triumph over the crash of their romance? And, if not, who will take Gil Boag's place in Gilda's life? Can *anyone* take that place? Will the Shimmy Queen remain a queen without the tremendous personality of Gil Boag to maintain her on her throne?

"Well from what I hear. . ." It's in the long waits between shots in film making that those spicy tales about pictures and picture people which keep Hollywood from falling asleep go 'round. See how eagerly the ladies of the harem are awaiting the next word of gossip.

Latest News From Filmland — *By* ANNE HOWE

Janet's Romance

THERE is much interest in Hollywood over the romance between Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, brilliant young attorney and member of a prominent San Francisco family.

Peck fell in love with Miss Gaynor through seeing her on the screen, so the story goes, and asked William K. Howard, the director, who is also a friend of Janet's, if he could arrange a meeting between them.

The two were introduced recently at the Mayfair Club, and their romance blossomed forthwith. When Miss Gaynor left for New York a short time ago on a vacation trip she refused to commit herself concerning the rumors of an engagement. Peck also maintained a discreet silence when he was interviewed recently in San Francisco. However, their friends in Hollywood point to the fact that Peck has kept the telegraph wires humming ever since Janet's departure and has made it possible for several florists and perfumers to retire and live comfortably the rest of their lives.

And Charlie Farrell, Too

MEANWHILE, Charlie Farrell, Janet's screen lover, who has risen with her from obscurity to stardom, and who is one of her best friends off stage as well, is reported engaged to Virginia Valli. But they, too, insist that there is no prospect of an announcement. They are seen together constantly and Charlie recently made Virginia a present of a tremendous Great Dane puppy from Harold Lloyd's own kennels.

A Bear of a Job

EDWIN CAREWE, engaged in filming *Revenge*, taken from Konrad Bercovici's story, *The Bear Tamer's Daughter*, wishes now that he had never seen a bear in his life. Bears are necessary to the story and everything went along smoothly until a 600-pounder got loose from his moorings and hid in the high rocks on a location outside Hollywood.

"We finally lassoed the creature but it took six men to pull him down," wailed Carewe. "I'll be tickled pink when we're through with the bears."

Mrs. McAvoy Recovers

MRS. JULIA McAVOY, mother of the pretty May McAvoy, is on the road to recovery from burns she suffered in an accidental gas explosion. The accident occurred at a time when the dainty actress was on a vacation and was preparing to spend it at her beach home. This is the third gas explosion in which a member of the film colony has been hurt. Art Acord was the first victim, while another was Helen Taylor White, sister of Estelle Taylor Dempsey.

Bebe's Jinx

BEBE DANIELS, in pursuance of athletic roles for the screen, has suffered innumerable accidents which have laid her up in several hospitals. She attributes it all to a jinx. Fair Bebe wants to shake this jinx. So she has started a contest in which she asks everybody to send in the prescriptions for a charm to shake the jinx. You'd be surprised what Bebe has received—everything from wishbones to rabbit's feet. She is planning to give a prize to the winner.

Incidentally Bebe's engagement to Jack Pickford is still being rumored. They're seen around a lot together and whenever Bebe is asked about it she retorts:

"Whenever I am ready to get married I'll go to the highest hilltop and shout it out so everybody will know it."

Romance at Paramount

TWO interesting romances are being watched at the Paramount Studio. One features Evelyn Brent, former wife of B. P. Fineman, an executive at the same studio, and Gary Cooper, young leading man. The other one being whispered about on the same lot, has as its principals, Fay Wray, actress, and John Monk Saunders, noted writer. All pooh-pooh the reports, but their friends advise that they be watched closely.

Her Yearly Bath

WHAT do you think of an actress who takes a bath only once a year? That's Minnie. She takes one only once in twelve months. Don't get agitated, though, for Minnie is Universal's big elephant, and the bath was given recently at the studio at Universal City. She was bathed in oil to keep her skin healthy and her disposition happy. The oil was black because a black elephant looms up better on the screen than a gray one.

It was a grand chance to talk over old times when stars who hadn't worked together for many moons gathered once more on the liam Haines are making. A get-together luncheon was given for the stars as shown above. From left to right they are Polly Leatrice Joy, Renee Adoree, Rod La Rocque, Mae Murray, John Gilbert, Norma

A Quaint Hobby

THE hobbies of stars are often those you would least suspect. You would not think that Raymond Griffith, "the silk hat comedian," would be absorbed in so profound a study as criminology. But he is an amateur criminologist who knows his subject. Recently, he journeyed to the California state prison at Folsom to meet Booth, a "lifer" who has been writing for a number of publications. He witnessed a hanging at San Quentin prison—but he never wants to see another. Formerly mildly opposed to capital punishment, he is now very actively aligned against it.

"All anyone would need, to be forever against hanging," he says, "is to hear the thud when a man is jerked back at the end of a rope after the trap has been sprung."

MY GOODNESS, how the old tabbies have been talking! Sally O'Neil has been going everywhere with a handsome youth from the east, and how did the busier than thou persons know that the lad was Sally's brother?

She Lives Simply in Hollywood

CAMILLA HORN, the dainty little blonde fraulein recently imported by United Artists, like many of the other foreign stars who have come to Hollywood, follows her own individual tastes regardless of the way things are done by the American artists all about her. Fraulein Horn is living in an unpretentious house and cooks many of her own meals, because she prefers her own simple dishes and her own way of preparing them. And she made a dance frock recently which looked like a Parisian importation when she appeared at the Mayfair Club. Abroad, she has been used to simplicity in living, and she has too wise a head to change all that over here.

EMIL JANNINGS is a big man, but he was downed the other day by a small salad. It seems lobster appealed to Emil, but the gastronomic tax was too great, so he had to take a day off from making the picture "The Street of Sin."

It is estimated that the salad cost Paramount $5,000.

Who Got The Benefit?

GLORIA SWANSON did a clever thing in New York when she announced that the premiere of *Sadie Thompson* would be a benefit performance. That marked this particular picture as the smart opus to see, and sent a stream of the right sort of folk into the house. It is said that dozens of other stars and producers are chagrined that they did not think of this clever move on the part of their own pictures, and that they will soon follow up this original idea by giving premiere benefits also.

BEN LYON has an awful time when he has to move his make-up box, shirt studs and belongings over to another studio. And it's because Ben has so many pictures of Marilyn Miller of all sizes and heftiness of frame that his load is far from light.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot to act as atmosphere in the behind-the-scenes picture of film life which Marion Davies and Wil- Moran, Dorothy Sebastian, Louella Parsons, Estelle Taylor, Claire Windsor, Aileen Pringle, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Marion Davies and William S. Hart.

Not being able to go to Atlantic City this year, Christie Comedy bathing beauties brought Atlantic City to Hollywood. Here they are staging their own contest without going near the water.

PHYLLIS HAVER is said to have broken her engagement to Stephen Gousson.

Scouting the Plains

A FOX cameraman has been scouting from one Texas rodeo to another to find a handsome, athletic, clean cut chap to become a Fox western star and replace the recently departed Tom Mix. Many tests were taken, but none of these seemed to compare with tests taken of George Belden, of Los Angeles, and Duke Morrison, of Glendale. Finally the choice narrowed down to George Belden and he has been renamed Rex Bell. It seems Europe and South America cannot conceive of a cowboy hero being named George or John or any old yankee names like that, but they associate the names Rex, Tex, Buck and so forth with their cowboy screen heroes. So that accounts for the christening of the new star as Rex.

LARRY SEMON is going off on a vaudeville tour and Clyde Cook, former Warner comedian, has planned to do the same. But Cook has been held in Hollywood by an interesting event, the arrival of the stork. Mrs. Cook is Alice Knowlton, former Follies girl who has played in a number of comedy pictures opposite her husband.

The High Cost of Indecision

LACK of decision costs most of us a lot of money, but not so in the case of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. Because it took the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio officials about three months to make up their minds what stories these two famous stars would do next, Gilbert drew about $60,000 at the rate of $5,000 a week and Miss Garbo $36,000 or $3,000 a week. And did they have three months vacation? They did not. The studio stipulated that the stars must keep in contact with the studio daily during this time.

"Buy me one of those, poppa!" You can just tell that is what Alice White is asking Arthur Lake. It may be only an ice cream cone, but from the expression on Arthur's face its more likely a Rolls-Royce she's asking for.

RAMON NOVARRO has gone off to Europe on a holiday. Greta Nissen, Norwegian star, who has just completed "Hell's Angels," may also return to Norway to visit her relatives. She came to this country four years ago.

A Great Misfortune

NORMAN TREVOR, English actor, who is well known on the New York stage and in pictures, has recently been committed to a sanitarium by his friends in California. Trevor was perhaps best remembered on the screen for his role in *Beau Geste*.

Recently, this well known actor's mind has noticeably failed and he has had delusions of grandeur and wealth which his friends knew were all too pitifully untrue. H. B. Warner, one of his oldest and best friends, was compelled to swear to an insanity complaint in Trevor's case. Only a few months ago, Trevor was a conspicuous figure at many Hollywood social gatherings.

WALLACE BEERY is evidently just as careless in real life as he is absent-minded in his recent picture roles. Anyhow, he left $100,000 worth of stocks and bonds in his dressing room the other day while he was out

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MARY Realizes her DREAM

By JACQUES LORY

IN A small Hollywood bungalow lives Mary Philbin—a bungalow covered with perfumed foliage, and with a little pathway leading through a diminutive gate. Inside the living room it is cozy and peaceful. On the chimney mantel, there is a portrait of the young star by Willy Pogany, the Hungarian artist, a portrait wherein the painter has reproduced with remarkable truthfulness the mass of black hair, the well sculptured nose, the eyes with the frank regard and the mobile, expressive mouth, loved by millions of motion picture fans.

I was admitted into the house by a man with a wonderful face, one of those faces so full of kindness that they always set you dreaming. It was Mr. Philbin. He has one of those faces. Once you have met him and Mrs. Philbin, just a simple and lovable couple, you understand why their daughter is such a public favorite.

SOON Mary herself came into the room. Her greatest charm is that she looks like a beautiful and unspoiled child. Mary Philbin, the latest star to be loaned to D. W. Griffith for his present picture: *Drums of Love*, is one of filmdoms most interesting subjects for an interview. With her, words run to form well-constructed sentences and the interviewer, when departing, cannot but find himself carrying away with him a treasure chest of pleasant impressions.

"You want to know how I feel, now that I am working under the supervision of D. W. Griffith, to my mind one of the acknowledged masters of the silent drama? I feel that I am the happiest girl in the world. In fact, I am so happy to be with him that I find it difficult to express my gratitude for the opportunity.

"When I was a little girl, I used to go and see his pictures with my parents. I often thought then how wonderful it would be if I ever could work under his guidance. Just a dream, you know—the dream of a little girl, a fancy that had no reason at all for floating out into space. Yet, it has happened. Here I am, working in one of his pictures, acting under the influence of his masterful mind, and feeling great and glorious for the contact."

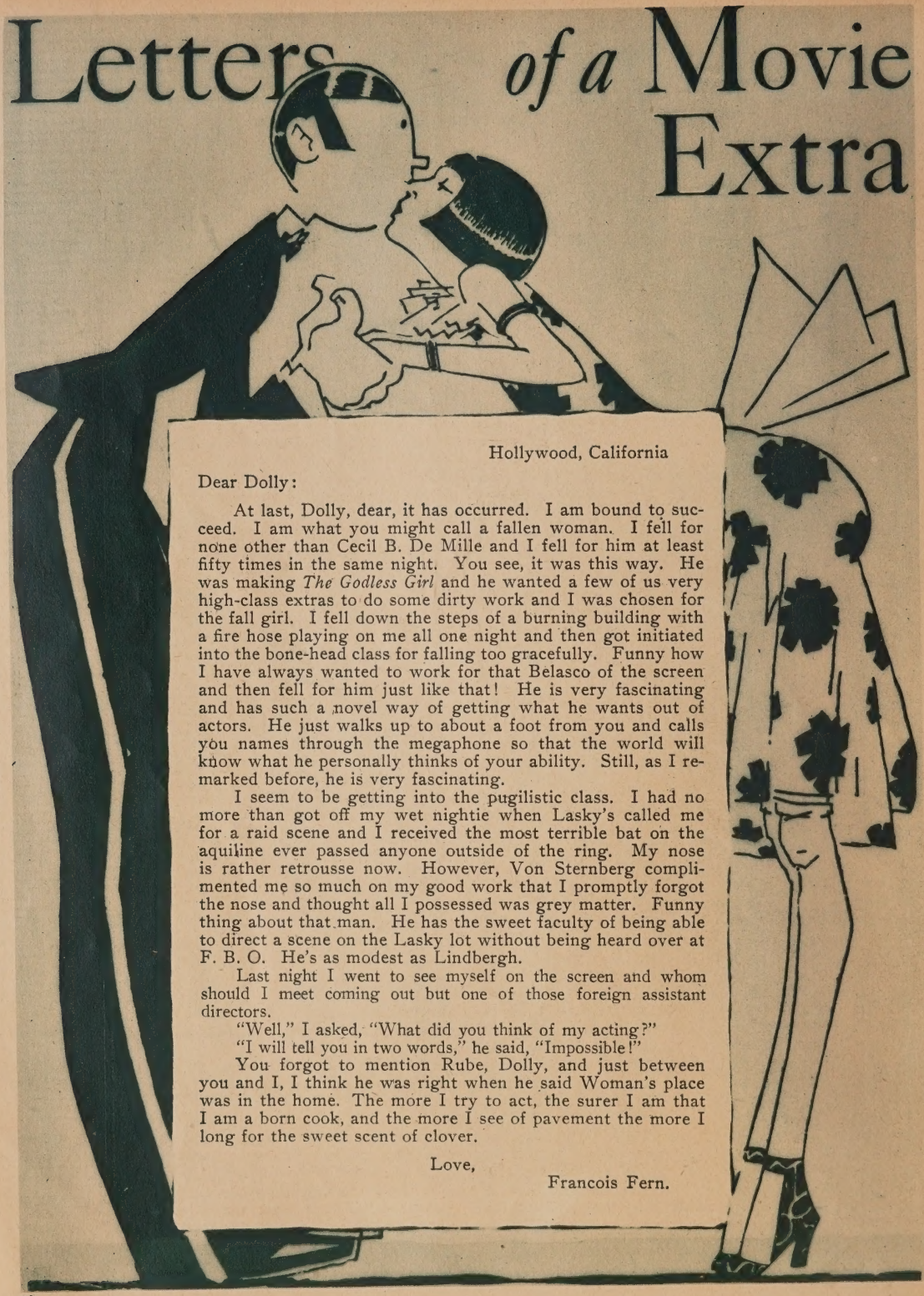
Then, being curious as most interviewers are, I asked Miss Philbin if Griffith had ever been known to get temperamental and cross at actors during difficult shooting scenes. But the young star who has worked with so many directors since her first great success *The Merry Go Round,* answered energetically:

"Mr. Griffith is the easiest director to work with I know. He is joviality in person. His is a happy mood, even if he does deal mostly in tragedy. One

(*Continued on page* 115)

Mary Philbin has come back to the screen triumphant. Her work in "The Man Who Laughs" and "The Drums of Love" are two of the finest portrayals of the year.

Letters of a Movie Extra



Hollywood, California

Dear Dolly:

At last, Dolly, dear, it has occurred. I am bound to succeed. I am what you might call a fallen woman. I fell for none other than Cecil B. De Mille and I fell for him at least fifty times in the same night. You see, it was this way. He was making *The Godless Girl* and he wanted a few of us very high-class extras to do some dirty work and I was chosen for the fall girl. I fell down the steps of a burning building with a fire hose playing on me all one night and then got initiated into the bone-head class for falling too gracefully. Funny how I have always wanted to work for that Belasco of the screen and then fell for him just like that! He is very fascinating and has such a novel way of getting what he wants out of actors. He just walks up to about a foot from you and calls you names through the megaphone so that the world will know what he personally thinks of your ability. Still, as I remarked before, he is very fascinating.

I seem to be getting into the pugilistic class. I had no more than got off my wet nightie when Lasky's called me for a raid scene and I received the most terrible bat on the aquiline ever passed anyone outside of the ring. My nose is rather retrousse now. However, Von Sternberg complimented me so much on my good work that I promptly forgot the nose and thought all I possessed was grey matter. Funny thing about that man. He has the sweet faculty of being able to direct a scene on the Lasky lot without being heard over at F. B. O. He's as modest as Lindbergh.

Last night I went to see myself on the screen and whom should I meet coming out but one of those foreign assistant directors.

"Well," I asked, "What did you think of my acting?"

"I will tell you in two words," he said, "Impossible!"

You forgot to mention Rube, Dolly, and just between you and I, I think he was right when he said Woman's place was in the home. The more I try to act, the surer I am that I am a born cook, and the more I see of pavement the more I long for the sweet scent of clover.

Love,

Francois Fern.

How I Broke Into *the* Movies

By Will Rogers.

"I'm an ex-Follies man," says Will Rogers, "and if John Barrymore had my legs he'd still be on the stage."

NOW about this movies business and how I got my start. To be honest about it, I haven't yet got a real good start. And the way I figure things, a fellow has to be a success before he goes lecturing and crowing about himself.

Out here in Hollywood, they say you're not a success unless you owe fifty thousand dollars to somebody, have five cars, can develop temperament without notice or reason at all, and been mixed up in four divorce cases and two breach of promise cases.

Well, as a success in Hollywood, I'm a rank failure and I guess I'm too old to teach new tricks and besides I'm pretty well off domestically speaking and ain't yearning for a change.

Now about how I actually got started in this picture business. Mrs. Rex Beach was really the one who helped me get started, by selling the idea to Sam Goldwyn that he ought to star me in the movies. Mr. Goldwyn was connected with the Eminent Authors, Inc., of which Rex Beach was President. There was eight Eminent Authors in the outfit, maybe that's where they got the name, I guess.

Anyway Sam signed me up, and I starred in a series of six-reel comedy dramas for him during 1921 and 1922. The outstanding picture of this group was *Jubilo* based on the theme of the song of that name.

I also made *Doubling for Romeo* for this company. It was the story of a cowhand who went to sleep and dreamed he played Romeo in Shakespeare's immortal drama. I liked my work in this one a lot, but they had a sales convention at the studio and showed the film to the gang. Although I thought the picture was very funny, the boys seemed to think different and refused to laugh. At the time I was nearly heartbroken, I felt that I was a flop and was about ready to quit pictures. Gosh it was awful!

I wasn't writing much in those days although since then the papers seem to like my stuff and pay me for making wise cracks, which doesn't make me a bit sore.

For recreation I used to keep some horses and goats on the lot back of the studio, and I spent most of my time enjoying the companionship of dumb but honest animals. They couldn't laugh at me. Which was encouraging!

From Goldwyn's I went to work for Hal Roach and made a series of two-reel comedies there. It's a serious business—this making people laugh!

I remember when I was in the Follies. All I did was my rope act, and I didn't say nothing. But one evening the manager asked me to make an announcement, and foolishly I did, and everybody laughed at me or with me, and I was a success, and they've kept me talking or writing ever since. That's what comes of talking too much and trying to help some one out. Now I can't stop.

But wise cracks and picture work pays better than the rope

(*Continued on page* 98)

New

THE MAGNIFICENT FLIRT — *Excellent*

If you have any desires to become an adept at magnificent flirting there is no one who can set a magnificent example better than the brilliant Florence Vidor. Her best picture since *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter,* directed by H. D. D'Abbadie D'Arrast who specializes in fluffy trifles with that Parisian touch. All about a naughty mother with a grown-up daughter who acts her age but try and guess what her age is. A clever puffball of a picture with the love affairs of mother and daughter caught up in a pretty tangle, which fortunately for all, especially the audience, no one takes seriously.—*Paramount.*

HAPPINESS AHEAD — *Excellent*

Eddie Lowe as one of those cruel, blase men of the world, who really means well after all, although nobody would ever suspect it. Colleen Moore is the innocent country girl who makes him see the light and forsake his wicked ways. Lilyan Tashman is the bad influence who gets left behind. The picture ranges between the sophisticated gay whirl of New York life, night and day, and the peaceful atmosphere of an upstate town. Of course, true love triumphs in the end, but, oh, what a struggle there is first. Some excellent acting lifts up a mediocre story by the bootstraps, Colleen especially, in portraying the character part assigned her.—*First National.*

PHYLLIS OF THE FOLLIES — *Good*

A picture that goes to show just what a chorus girl is up against in trying to get along in the world and that's plenty. Alice Day plays the Follies girl who is different. Of course, there are a lot of complications of the sort that Follies girls are always getting into. Someone makes the mistake of introducing her under an assumed name and from then on you can just imagine her embarrassment. Matt Moore is a debonair young man who falls in love with her, thinking she is someone else's wife, and just doesn't know quite what to do about it. But after considerable dodging in and out of apartments, hiding behind doors and running off to beaches, someone explains it all. Lots of breathless fun.—*Universal.*

HALF A BRIDE — *Good*

The good old favorite of the girl "whose white hands have never known work," cast away on a desert island with a real heman. But there is a new angle. The picture treats of the popular subject of companionate marriage and just what a girl is likely to let herself in for when she tries it. Esther Ralston departs from her light comedy roles to play the pampered daughter of luxury cast suddenly into a lot of highly dramatic rough housing and she does quite well by it, too. Gary Cooper plays the sturdy young man of the wide open spaces. Nothing very new about this one outside of the trial marriage stuff, but good absorbing entertainment.—*Paramount.*

Classified

A handy directory of current films classified

ROMANCE

Two Lovers—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky together for the last time in picturesque story of love and war in Seventeenth Century Holland—*United Artists.*

The Divine Lady—Corinne Griffith making a very lovely picture as Lady Hamilton, known in history as Lord Nelson's girl friend—*First National.*

The Actress—Norma Shearer does well in sweet, simple and girlish role—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Lilac Time—Mademoiselle Colleen Moore falls for a young aviator who is none other than Gary Cooper—*First National.*

Skyscraper—Bill Boyd tosses hot rivets and hotter wisecracks. Sue Carol has some moments—*Pathe-De Mille.*

Street Angel—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in romance of misunderstanding in picturesque Naples—*Fox.*

Glorious Betsy—Love in pantalettes. Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel on the Vitaphone—*Warner Bros.*

Ramona—Dolores Del Rio in colorful picture of early California life. Beautiful scenery of which Dolores is no small part—*United Artists.*

Films

STATE STREET SADIE *Good*

Still the crime wave rolls on. Here is another picture showing the wild life among the denizens of that quaint city Chicago, said to have been taken at great risk to the cameramen. For those who crave action, here it is, and in what manner. The producers have evidently tried to maintain the commendable average of having at least one gunman bite the dust in at least every ten feet of film. It is all wound up in a thrilling yarn about how a sturdy lad takes the place of a man whom he resembles in a bandit gang to clear his brother's honor.—*Warner Bros.*

THE RED DANCE *Excellent*

Not just another Russian picture. Charles Farrell and Dolores Del Rio appear together for the first time in a thrilling drama of the revolution. Miss Del Rio is a chorus girl in Moscow, a daughter of the peasantry, who distinguishes herself from the rest of the cast by wearing a red dress and shawl, thus becoming known, naturally enough, as "The Red Dancer of Moscow." But that word red turns out to have a double meaning. She falls in love with a grand duke of all people, and that gets her into no end difficulties. Yes, it sounds like just another Russian picture, but the drama and scenic effects save it from that. Dolores makes it worthwhile.—*Fox.*

THE YELLOW LILY *Good*

Now Billie Dove, the American beauty, the home town product, the local girl, has gone European. It seems that in spite of all the recent racket about making the world safe for democracy that a title just will come between a girl and her love. Miss Dove is the daughter of a small town doctor in far off Hungary, and is quite satisfied with her simple life until the Archduke Alexander, played by Clive Brook, hove into view. And who could resist him in one of those special grand duke uniforms? She certainly couldn't. But the gulf between them is something terrible and try as they will they can't seem to bridge it. In the end she wins the Archduke, hosses, palaces and all.—*First National.*

HOLD 'EM YALE *Good*

Rod La Rocque forsakes his dramatic roles for the time to zip through an uproarious comedy. This looks like the movies last fling for a while at college pictures. There is a good football scene but the college sequences are reduced to a minimum. Rod is a rollicking young Argentine who comes up to North America to receive an education. Well, he receives it and a broad one, too. The picture is largely concerned with his efforts to adapt himself to Anglo-Saxon modes and manners, and of course, there is a girl who simply adds to his difficulties, as all girls do to young men, be they American or Argentine, college bred or what not.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

Picture Guide

for the convenience of movie goers.

Garden of Eden—Corinne Griffith runs from room to room in delectable teddies. That's about all—*United Artists.*

MELODRAMA

The Drag Net—George Bancroft defies the law in a tense underworld drama—*Paramount.*

Tenth Avenue — Phyllis Haver, as angel of Hell's Kitchen, keeps busy lending helping hand to her buddies of the underworld—*Pathe-De Mille.*

Dressed To Kill—Eddie Lowe proves irresistible in crook role; wins Mary Astor—*Fox.*

COMEDY

Speedy—Harold Lloyd causes New York traffic jam with mirthful antics. Madder and merrier—*Paramount.*

Harold Teen—Comic strip hero comes to life in the films. Arthur Lake forced to choose between Mary Brian, Alice White and gedunk sundaes—*First National.*

Thanks For The Buggy Ride—Why she didn't walk home? Anyway there is Laura La Plante and a catchy title—*Universal.*

(*Continued on page* 98)

Naughty Duchess!

THAT'S the title of Claire Windsor's next picture, and paradoxically, her genuine simplicity makes her an ideal duchess, truly regal. Miss Windsor is one of the reigning social queens of Hollywood.

Claire Windsor's charming lack of affectation insures her popularity. She is to be starred under a contract just signed with Tiffany-Stahl.

Claire Windsor is as much at home in a swimming suit or riding togs as in a ballroom costume, and unfailingly beautiful in either.
—*Rayhuff-Richter Studio.*

CLAIRE WINDSOR is returning in triumph to the screen. Her fans have missed her. Now her beauty and talent is to be recognized. Let us hope that under her new starring contract with Tiffany-Stahl she will be granted good direction, good stories, good exploitation. No star can stay at the top without this supporting tripod.

The first of her new series of pictures bears promise. Miss Windsor will first appear in Anthony Hope's *Naughty Duchess.* The title has box-office pull; the story is the work of a most capable writer. The contract paves the way for a big comeback for Claire Windsor.

Working her way up from the extra ranks, as have so many of her sisters in the Hollywood family of struggling young players, it seemed that nothing would hold Claire Windsor back. Her beauty is flawless, and as genuine as her quality of sweetness and simplicity. In Hollywood she is extremely popular. Domestic complications, with the combination of weak picture plays, retarded her progress. Hollywood believes that this new opportunity, coupled with the fact that her marital troubles have been cleared, will establish Miss Windsor for good and always in her rightful position as a star.

Movie News *and* Gossip *from* GAY PAREE

ALL else is forgotten in Paris now, as plans are being made for that annual outburst of abandon, the Quat'-Z'Arts Ball. The gay ones are trying to outdo each other in new and daring costumes. Read what SCREEN SECRETS correspondent has to say about events in the capital of gayety.

By RENE DE LA SEINE
Special Correspondent

PARIS—First, you may be interested to learn that the brunette is still holding her own as the typical French beauty. Winners of three recent beauty competitions have been brunettes, although several startling blondes competed. Not only that, but a summary of French female picture stars and stage actresses reveals only three blondes among them!

We shall now have to wait until next week for the verdict of the Quat'-z'Arts Ball, which is to be held this year at Salle Wagram, inspiration for costumes being found in the reigns of early potentates of Africa.

IT SHOULD not be hard to find plenty of inspiration for costumes for the Quat'-z'Arts this year.

One lady I know has had a palm leaf sent up from Nice. It is to be her only costume. Another threatens to appear wearing a cocoanut. Shark's teeth necklaces are at a premium. Nose rings are going rapidly.

As for me, I shall wear the usual loin-cloth which has served me through eight successive Four Arts Balls. In it I have been an Inca, a Roman, a Greek, an Assyrian, an Indian, an Egyptian, a Hottentot, and a Cochin-Chinese. Merely the coat of paint has differed occasionally in color.

I understand the committee is discouraging ladies from coming as the Queen of Sheba. It is understood that the golden costume habitually sported by the queen was voluminous in character—longer and fuller, in fact, than the modern dresses worn by Sadie Katz at the glove counter. And that would never do at the Quat'-z'Arts Ball. For there it isn't what you wear that counts. It's what you bare.

Let's hope it is warmer this year than last. My cold lasted two weeks and a friend of mine caught pneumonia. Well, he had no business swimming about in the fountain of the Place de la Concorde at five o'clock in the morning. I told him that at the time; but he said he was a fish.

THAT delightfully dangerous lady, Peggy Joyce, came over a week or so ago on the Levi Nathan. She denied to me that she was going to marry a lord. She denied to me that she contemplated a return into motion pictures. She said that she might go to work for Lee Shubert—in London.

She was looking very young and charming and lacked not at all for male companions. When you know Peggy you find that she's a pretty good little scout. But don't ask me "how she does it." Not even she knows that.

FOR some time now in Paris *le noir a été á la mode*—black has been the fashion. This goes not only for women's dresses but for society's preferences as regards night cafés, the smartest place in Montmartre being run by a chocolate-hued lady named Florence.

Florence has just returned from New York, where she ran a night club during the winter on Forty-eight Street, at which, during a trip there, I met most of my Paris friends. Florence is considerable of a dusky beauty but I like her husband, Palmer, the pianist, better. Prosperity has not gone to his head.

HENRY FORD, according to friends who talked with him here, is contemplating an invasion of motion pictures.

That's news, as Arthur Brisbane would say; but I could obtain no confirmation.

Ford has been studying the picture field for a long time, his friends say, and has about concluded that here is ample field for his talents.

But he doesn't expect to join the ranks of producers of

fiction romances. Rather, he feels that the educational value of motion pictures has lain too long undeveloped. Ford has conceived, and it is rumored that Edison has conceived with him, of a company which will produce a series of scholastic pictures by which pupils of all ages can be taught visually all the subjects of the curriculum—even to mathematics.

Other folks have had the same idea but have lacked the cash to put it into execution. It is understood that Henry Ford is cognizant of the other failures, but believes that he has sufficient surplus to put the thing over. After all, it may only be a matter of twenty millions or so . . . .

SCREEN SECRETS being the organ of the public patronizing the picture-theatres and not that of the producers or exhibitors, the European case can be given here.

It is purely a matter of protection, of life and death to the European producer. If American exhibitors ever get the grip over the European theatres that they have over the American theatres, the doom of the independent European exhibitor is sealed.

For years—in fact, ever since the nursery days of the industry—American photoplays have dominated in Europe, as they have dominated the world over. The domination was the result of superiority, superiority gained by the better finances of American producers. Distribution became scientific.

The European still likes and wishes to see the better American pictures. What he objects to is the flooding of his programs with trash. It should be remembered that the European is almost totally unfamiliar with the kind of life portrayed by these films. He is not even impressed by the type of pulchritude displayed by the Mack Sennett bathing beauties. The Europeans do not think the Hollywood blonde beautiful at all. This may sound mad to the American, but it is true. The European conception of beauty is not ours. Films therefore which have as their sole appeal quantities of shapely blondes in abbreviated bathing-suits are not at all attractive to the Frenchman.

Camilla Horn is another expatriate who may never be seen again in Paris if reports that she has fallen in love with Hollywood are true.

Paris still longs for the return of Marietta Millner, who has recently forsaken the boulevards to play leading roles at the Lasky Studios in Hollywood.

They demand, and they have a right to demand, pictures which, being produced by people with the same ideas as themselves, amuse and entertain them. They love Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Vilma Banky, Lon Chaney, Gloria Swanson, and other big stars; but they ask that on the same program with these big American pictures be one or two French comedies or dramas.

GERALD R. (JED) KILEY has blossomed out as a *bistrot*. A bistrot is French slang for café-keeper.

Jed, you remember, has had a spectacular career. He is the hero of a "fatal man" story in an American scandal sheet alleging fourteen women, loved by him, had come to untimely ends—through no fault of Jed's, of course.

Next we heard of him as a bosom pal of the Prince of Wales. Next as a spectacular gambler at Deauville.

Anna May Wong, delectable Chinese star may soon be seen doing her famous sword dance in the Paris Cafes. She has recently signed a contract with UFA, the German company and promises to become a frequent commuter from Berlin.

Then, when Erskine Gwynne started his magazine, *The Boulevardier,* Jed remembered that he had had a college education, had once been a newspaper reporter, and became assistant editor. Some of his contributions were remarkable for their cleverness and one, *Little Morphine Annie,* I quoted in these columns.

Jed's new venture is a tiny bar in the Latin Quarter frequented by artists, models, writers and the like. His pianist, Vivian, is one of the most beautiful women in Paris, and once nearly managed to marry a Pittsburgh millionaire. The millionaire returned to Pittsburgh and Vivian turned her piano playing talents to good purpose by becoming Jed's orchestra. Opening night saw Marshal Foch and Mayor Jimmy Walker at Jed's bar, *College Inn.*

A Millionaire *Playboy* *in* Hollywood

Clara Bow, the girl who wanted to break her contract and marry romantic Bob Savage.

YOU'LL want to know what really happened in that harum-scarum romance between Bob Savage and Clara Bow—and here's the inside story from the lips of the millionaire playboy who startled Hollywood with his daring wrist-slashing exploit.

As told to

EDWIN GALLINAGH

WHEN Bob Savage set out for Hollywood to meet Clara Bow, the young millionaire's son had only a vague idea as to how he would accomplish his mission. One thing, however, was certain. He was far better equipped to win success than upon the previous occasion when he had made the same trip for the purpose of meeting his first screen love, Mary Miles Minter.

At that time he had been a callow youth, knowing little of the ways of the world and still less of the ways of movie stars. He was, in a way of speaking, only half baked.

But now he was 25 years old. He had put in a year at Yale and won fame as a football star at Center College. He had seen his name in newspaper headlines when he married Geneva Mitchell, star of the Ziegfeld Follies. He had trekked through the wastes of northern Alaska and bummed his way as a hobo through the length and breadth of the United States. He knew something of the habits of Hollywood's film colony and was well versed in the wiles of the opposite sex.

So when he was attracted by Clara Bow's picture in a movie theater at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and informed those who were with him that he intended to meet her, it was far from an idle boast.

Arriving in Hollywood, he might well have been mistaken for a popular and prosperous young film star. Blue-eyed, his clean-cut features surmounted by a crop of wavy blond hair, with the figure of an athlete, wearing the best clothes that money could buy, he cut no mean figure as he drove through the streets of the film capital in his powerful and shiny-new roadster.

His first step was to inquire where Clara Bow might be seen, and he soon gained the information that she was to play golf at the Ranchero Club the following day. Obtaining a card to the club, he was out at the course bright and early, and in due course of time Clara made her appearance at the first tee.

SO FAR so good—but how to go about securing an introduction? Clara was surrounded by a bevy of her admirers, and to break into the party would simply mean a waste of energy. No percentage in that, thought Bob, so he looked up her director.

The director had heard of Bob Savage—had often read of his exploits. Yes, indeed—he would be charmed to introduce Mr. Savage to Miss Bow.

Miss Bow was delighted, too—and wouldn't Mr. Savage call for her after the game?

Mr. Savage told the slant-eyed world he would—and when the game was over they drove off together in the aforementioned powerful and shiny-new roadster, leaving Clara's bevy of admirers with open mouths and flapping ears.

This was the beginning of an affair which soon had the film colony agog with excitement.

After a drive through the country, the couple adjourned to Clara's bungalow in Laurel Canyon, where they spent the afternoon getting acquainted. Bob told Clara how her picture in the Hot Springs movie had inspired him to make the trip to Hollywood for the sole purpose of meeting her in person. And she astounded him by confiding that she had been his admirer for many years, ever since she had seen his picture in the newspapers at the time of his marriage to Geneva Mitchell, when Clara was a high school girl in Brooklyn.

Then she told him of her early life and her long struggle for film fame.

Her story touched young Savage. Reared in the lap of luxury, he could still appreciate the courage with which she had overcome the many obstacles which beset her path. That afternoon, in the Laurel Canyon bungalow, a friendship was formed which has lasted to this day.

The scar on Bob Savage's wrist is from a snake bite and not from his attempt to make Clara Bow the most talked of star in Hollywood.

BOB did not see Clara that evening as he had a dinner engagement with Gene Tunney, but the next night he went as a guest to a party which she was giving at her home. It was a rather hilarious affair. As the evening wore on, the merrymaking grew more and more uproarious—and somehow it hit young Savage the wrong way.

He was not in the mood for a gay party, and the fact that Clara had thrown herself with abandon into the spirit of the occasion didn't make him feel any better. It grated on his nerves. He sulked, so much so that Clara could not help but notice it and became quite piqued. The old killjoy! She'd show him! And she became even more hilarious.

Furious at the way everything was turning out, Savage started to leave—only to find that some of the guests were out riding in his car. And then Clara, perhaps considering that she had tormented him enough, asked him to remain after the other guests had gone. They were standing on the balcony at the time—standing very close together. Bob was still rather sulky and tried to keep on with his Iron Man act—but somehow Clara's close proximity broke down his reserve. A faint perfume struck his nostrils, his head started whirling—and the next thing he knew, they were in a close embrace.

How long the kiss lasted is not recorded. Suffice to say that it was uncensored—and when it was over, their first quarrel was a thing of the past.

From that time on, they were together during nearly every waking hour. Gossip about their affair spread rapidly, and Clara's producers began to watch her with apprehension. If she should get married, they feared that it would hurt her drawing power as a film star, and their worry increased as the days wore on.

As a matter of fact, marriage was exactly what Bob and Clara were contemplating, but Bob was hesitant for the same reason that Clara's producers opposed the match. Such a step, he considered, might retard her progress toward stardom on the silver screen, and might even end her film career.

AND so they marked time. What to do? Neither of them knew. But they were both very young and very much in love—and at last they decided to hold out no longer. It was in the afternoon, at Clara's bungalow when the decision was made. His head awhirl with love, Bob declared.

"There's no use bucking it, Clara—we'll get married. I'm afraid it will be unfair to you, but I love you so much that nothing else seems to matter"

"When?" Clara asked.

And Bob, as always, showed himself to be a man of action.

"Right now!" he cried—and in less time than it takes to tell it, they were in his roadster, speeding for the nearest courthouse.

"You'll have to step on it," Clara said, "or the courthouse will be closed."

And Bob stepped. The powerful car shot down the boulevard, exhaust booming, wild-cat whistle screeching, and throttle pushed clear to the floor. It whirled through streets and around corners and pulled up with a screaming of brakes at the courthouse door. Bob and Clara jumped to the ground and ran up the courthouse steps—only to have the door slammed in their faces!

"Too late!" Clara cried.

"Yes—and it looks like a hunch,"said Bob, sadly shaking his head.

And it looked even more like a hunch when they returned to Clara's bungalow. For there was a letter from her producers, stating that her contract would not be worth the paper it was written on if she married the millionaire's son.

(*Continued on page* 108)

At Ruth Roland's party in honor of Anita Stewart, who departed for a vaudeville tour, were, left to right: standing, Carmel Myers, Ruth Roland, Anita Stewart. Seated: Lita Grey Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Pauline Garon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Billie Dove, Maude Wayne, Gertrude Olmstead, Ruth Dyer, and Claire Windsor.

SOCIETY *in* CINEMALAND

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

ONE of the most elaborate affairs of the season was the *bon voyage* shower and surprise luncheon given by Peggy Hamilton in honor of Jane Winton who was leaving for a vacation of four months in England, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Charles Kenyon, Jane's husband, is not going with her but may join her later on —he said all he wanted to know was "Are you going to take your wedding ring along, darling?"

Among the beautiful decorations was a ship of red roses with tiny airplanes flying above and two long trains encircling it. Miss Hamilton had written a farewell poem and gave us each copies of it with essential words omitted—Billie Dove proved that she had the brains of the crowd by supplying the proper omissions and winning thereby a lovely rose crystal lamp. Pauline Garon won the second prize—a dainty doll. Miss Winton received a memory book in which appeared photographs of all the guests together with a boat-letter written by each one.

Alma Rubens and Ona Brown vied with one another in proffered advice on "how to behave abroad." Betty Bronson, who has just returned, declared that all Jane would need would be a large umbrella and a slicker because it never does anything but rain.

Parties do not occupy all the spare time of movie folk at home. Here is Fred Niblo and his wife, Enid Bennett, snapped in a carefree moment with the children.

Kathryn Landy (who is going to change back to "McGuire" again), Carmel Myers, Sylvia Breamer, Kathleen Williams (who is staging a comeback in pictures), Beverly Bayne (who plans to do likewise), Ruth Clifford, Pauline Starke, Vivian Duncan (who insisted that everybody should please remember that she was planning to go to Italy soon and what about a bon voyage for her?), Doris Arbuckle, Mrs. Jack Ford, Ruth Collier, Mabel McCane and many others were among the guests.

ANITA STEWART is another one of the film colony planning a long trip abroad. Many pleasant affairs were given in her honor, among them a delight-

A ship made of red roses was the beautiful centerpiece at a luncheon given recently for Jane Winton upon her departure for Europe by Peggy Hamilton. Those in the picture, left to right, are Billie Dove, Peggy Hamilton, Vivian Duncan, Kathryn Landy, Kathleen Williams, Jane Winton, Ruth Clifford and Pauline Garon.

GOING away parties, house warmings, premieres—all gay affairs that contribute to the round of social activities in Hollywood, these are reported for you with intimate detail. If you would keep up on Hollywood's social life, take heed of this exclusive feature each month.

ful luncheon at the Mary Helen Tea Room with Ruth Roland acting as hostess. Baskets of spring flowers surrounded the long table in the sunlit patio and a corsage of pansies lay at each place.

During the repast, a motion picture camera was busy grinding. "Thank goodness, we're not eating spaghetti!" murmured Louise Fazenda.

Gertrude Olmstead and Carmel Myers teased Maude Wayne with questions about her elopement with Johnny Walker. Johnny and Maude had all their plans made for a large church wedding and then slipped away down to the old Ventura Mission, having the ceremony performed there with Lorie Hagerman as bridesmaid and James McElhern as best man. But the other girls contended that Maude shouldn't be teased. She had saved her friends from contributing wedding presents—no one is obliged to remember runaway couples!

Lita Grey, Pauline Garon, Billie Dove, Claire Windsor, Virginia Fox and others were present.

UNIVERSAL dedicated the opening of their *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to Carl Laemmle in honor of his twenty-third year in screen activities. The celluloid version of the historic classic took practically two years to make, the cost running close to $2,000,000.

One novelty of the premiere was the minstrel show given outside the theatre before the picture to amuse the throngs gathered to see the celebrities attending. One group performed from the balcony above and another from a unique Uncle Tom's Cabin float in the street.

Blond Laura La Plante came properly escorted by her husband, William Seiter, and dainty Mary Philbin by the faithful Paul Kohner. Topsy and Eva—Mona Ray and Virginia Gray came with a large party of friends and relatives and were fairly showered with floral offerings after the presentation by Lucien Littlefield, master of ceremonies.

John Roche came with his pretty mother and his brother, Angelo, lately arrived from the East. Bess Meredith and Michael Curtiz whose divorced wife is due to reach Hollywood from Hungary. Lita Grey in vivid scarlet with the smiling Roy D'Arcy. The Victor McLaglens in a party with Hal Wallis and his famous wife, Louise Fazenda, Betty Compson, Edouard Raquello and others. Billie Dove and spouse,

(*Continued on page 96*)

Something novel even in the line of entertainment was staged by Vera Reynolds recently when she transformed her entire home into a miniature replica of Times Square at a farewell party for Ben Piazza with whom she is shown in the picture above.

HELEN *of* HOLLYWOOD

By BEN CONLON

WHAT has happened so far: HELEN O'TROY, *pretty little blonde who has left her home in a small country town, hoping to make her face her fortune in the film capitol is confronted with two opportunities for success on the screen upon her arrival in Hollywood. One lies in encouraging the attentions of* RICHARD HALLIWELL, *a director, who helps struggling extra girls to stardom—for a consideration. Her friendship with* HALLIWELL, *however, incurs the enmity of* SIGNA SHIPSTEAD, *a noted star who is jealous of the director. Her other chance comes when she is offered a dangerous part doubling for a star in a hazardous airplane stunt. She is about to enter the plane when she receives a note from* HALLIWELL *begging her not to risk a life which means so much to him. But* HELEN *is afraid of complications that might follow her acceptance of* HALLIWELL'S *attentions. She prefers to take the risk in the airplane. Suddenly, just after the ship has left the ground, she finds that she has lost her nerve.*

Now go on with the story from here.

PERHAPS the faint hope that Garrett was merely faking a plane-fall to add to the effectiveness of the picture was what caused her to continue to hang on desperately. She saw, as she looked down, that his bi-plane was still sinking eccentrically away from her. In a moment more, perhaps, Garrett would right his plane and climb up beneath her again. The anger that she felt, too, seemed to send a new current of strength rushing through her body; for no emotion can be more invigorating than anger, and the blood of the extra girl boiled because she had not been told in advance of this twist in the air stunt. Little enough they were concerned with her safety if they could inject an extra heart-leap into their old picture. . . . She gritted her teeth and hung on to the ladder like a limpet. For the instant she all but forgot, in the surge of anger, her position between heaven and earth.

Then terror gripped her and she felt herself grow weak again as, looking down, she saw a sudden burst of smoke and fire envelope Garrett's plane. Still descending sideways, the ship slipped to the earth like a flaming meteor. Something terrible had happened . . . Garrett and the cameraman who had been in the plane had crashed . . . Her death seemed inevitable now. . . . She tried frantically to draw herself up on the ladder, but fear had rendered her incapable of physical exertion. Her fingers were weakening . . .

She heard, behind and below her, the roaring of mighty motors, and a feeling of relief ran through her and strengthened her. She remembered that there was a third plane in the air, the plane that carried the cameraman ready to shoot her drop from the ladder to the top of the bi-plane. She saw the aircraft circling beneath her, climbing up in her direction. She looked up and caught the frightened face of her pilot looking down at her from over the side of the cockpit. He was gesticulating wildly to her, but she could not understand what he meant. She only knew that her arms were aching—that she could not keep her grasp on the rung much longer.

THEN, slipping under her and almost touching the tips of her toes, came the third plane. Helen let go of the ladder and found herself poised on the flying craft beneath her.

She knew that the plane on which she was riding was sweeping down toward the earth in great circles despite the fact that she could not see beneath her. There was a slight jolt, and then the plane was bounding over the surface of the landing-field, and as it taxied along she caught sight of various running figures and finally could recognize faces . . . . She saw a knot of by-standers a few yards away. They were looking at something from which clouds of smoke were rolling upward. The crowd divided, and she saw some men come forth from the smoky area with a burden in their arms. Then she recalled what had happened to Garrett's plane . . . . She turned sick at heart, and covering her face with her hands, she relaxed into darkness.

WHEN Helen O'Troy regained consciousness she found herself stretched out on the ground, her head pillowed in the arm of Nigel Berwick who was kneeling beside her. For a moment she was curiously confused, and she could not gather her thoughts together. She saw Berwick's sympathetic eyes, saw the white face of Signa Shipstead. She thought she knew where she was now . . . She had thrown herself in front of Berwick's gold-striped roadster . . . All that Beverly Hills revelry, all that drama of dawn in Laurel Canyon, all that aviation stuff, must have been a dream . . . And yet there was a leather helmet on Berwick's head, and he wore a pilot's leather coat . . . Then she realized everything. No, there had been no dream, but there had all but been the dreamless sleep of death. Berwick had been in the plane that had come up beneath her and had rescued her. Nigel Berwick—more than ever he now seemed like some wonderful knight jousting for her honor and her safety. She felt the hand of Berwick stroking her hair, smoothing it back from her forehead, and she was content for a moment to lie there and relax. Then she smiled courageously at the director.

"I'm all right now," she said faintly, making a movement to get up. "I was just a little dizzy, that's all."

Berwick helped her to her feet and supported her with his arm about her waist as she swayed unsteadily for an instant. She looked toward the wreck of the crashed plane.

Arline turned on Helen savagely. "Success," she sneered, "anybody can get success the way you got it."

"Are they . . . dead?" she asked, nodding in the direction of the smoking heap where Garrett's plane lay like a great bird with a crushed wing, a bird that only a few moments before had been skylarking through the sunshine far above the earth.

Berwick shook his head sadly. "Come now, Helen," he urged. "You must not think of that—now."

"I guess I was lucky," Helen murmured, after a while. "I'm so sorry for them."

"Lucky?" repeated Halliwell. In her all-enveloping interest for the young director she had previously failed to see the pudgy figure of the wealthy producer standing close to her. "Lucky? It was your courage that saved you—courage and presence of mind. And Berwick's quick action. There was no luck about it. You've got the stuff, kid; no question about it. If you feel all right in a couple of days we'll try again."

Berwick looked over at Halliwell as though he could not quite realize the words spoken by the latter.

"Try it again!" he exclaimed. "You mean that you want Miss O'Troy to repeat the stunt?"

"It has to be done," argued Halliwell, somewhat reluctantly. "It's the last shot to be taken, and I want to get the picture on the market."

"Good God, man!" shouted Berwick. "Have you no sense at all? Haven't you a heart or a soul? They've just carried two dead men off the field, and it's only through the grace of God that the girl isn't dead, too. And yet you stand there and talk about getting your picture on the market!"

"I would just as soon go through with it again," protested Helen. "I'm not afraid to repeat the stunt. After all, it was just an accident that happened. It probably wouldn't occur again."

She knew that her words were at variance with the

fear in her heart; and yet this was no time to turn back. She had gained, at least, a little recognition, and it was no time now to relinquish this and slip back into obscurity.

"You won't go through with it again if I have anything to say about it," asserted Berwick. "I never could see this business of underpaid extras taking the big risks for high-salaried stars who are afraid to play out their roles!"

Helen saw that Berwick was really angry, that he was trying to protect her, and her realization of this thrilled her strangely.

"Well," retorted Halliwell, coolly, "just as it happens, Berwick you haven't got anything to say about it. I'm producing this picture, and even if you are the director, you're taking orders from me. And I'm telling you now that if Miss O'Troy is willing to chance the stunt again I'll have her do it in spite of you!"

SIGNA SHIPSTEAD was in the circle surrounding Helen, and with a venomous glance at Berwick, she cut into the conversation.

"I'll do the stunt myself!" she snapped. "If you, Berwick, or any one else, thinks that I am afraid to play my own role, I want to tell you that you're mistaken!"

"Miss O'Troy will do it," asserted Halliwell impassively. "And because of her courage and her beauty I am going to give her a contract to play in my productions."

"I've always realized that you were interested in beauty," said Signa, cattishly, "but I never knew before that you were so interested in courage."

"Then you learned something that time," retorted Halliwell, quietly. "As soon as we get back to the studio I'll sign her up for two-fifty a week as a starter. The contract will cover three months, and at the end of that time if she's as good a bet as I think she is, I'll double that salary for another three months. Her future, after that, will be up to her."

Signa Shipstead had whirled upon Halliwell and was about to make utterance to some spirited remark when an elderly, round-figured little man shouldered his way into the group. "Just a minute, Miss O'Troy," he said. "Maybe you don't know me, but I'm Sid Weil. I guess you've heard of Weil's Screen News Shots. I've started making regular productions, too, in the independent field. If you got killed today, I'd have shown you in my News Shots. As it is, my news cameraman caught you anyhow. And since you came through safely, I got a real proposition for you. I like your looks and your nerve, and I'll sign you up right now for five hundred a week. I'm just casting for an aviation picture to be made around Tia Juana and you're just the girl I've been looking for What d' you say, Miss O'Troy. Want to sign?"

Camilla Horn, famous German actress, who created a sensation with John Barrymore in "The Tempest."

THE little man had thrust forward a contract and was handing Helen a fountain pen.

"Wait a minute, Weil!" interrupted Halliwell, angrily. "What business have you got butting in here?"

"What business?" echoed Weil, with a shrug of his shoulders. "This is a public aviation field, ain't it? And Miss O'Troy is old enough to know what she wants to do and who she wants to work for. If she's worth five hundred to me, that's my business. What d' you say, Miss O'Troy?"

"I'll raise this interloper's offer," said Halliwell, quickly. "I'll make mine six-fifty, Helen. You don't want to tie up with any little fly-by-night producer."

"And my offer is seven-fifty," said Weil, with a little smile. "I don't mind spending money when I know I got a sure thing. And," he added, with a meaning glance at Halliwell, "I've got the money, too. I'm a business man, I am, and my business is making and selling pictures. That's all I'm interested in."

"What do you mean by that, Weil?" asked Halliwell, coldly.

"Why," replied Weil, shrugging his shoulders again, "I meant just what I said. I'm a producer, ain't I? That's my business, ain't it?"

Helen O'Troy, somewhat dazed by the present developments, felt as though she were on an auction block. A short time before she had not been worth anything to anybody. Now two producers were haggling over her, bidding for her, offering for her services sums that she might have dreamed of but had never, in her practical moments, hoped to obtain. She had heard of Weil and knew that he was a shrewd and highly successful independent producer. She rather liked his attitude, also; she knew that he wanted her only because he believed she would be profitable to him. Halliwell, on the other hand, might very well be trying to hold her for other reasons, and she was inclined to cast her lot with Weil.

"I discovered Miss O'Troy," she heard Halliwell saying, "and I intend to keep her, Weil. I'll raise your offer to eight-fifty."

"A thousand," said the imperturbable Weil. "Maybe I ain't no discoverer, but I'm a business man, and sometimes I'm a gambler."

"I believe that I'll accept Mr. Weil's offer," said Helen, hastily. "But I think that it's only fair to Mr. Halliwell that I go through the work that I started for him."

"That is not at all necessary," interrupted Signa Shipstead. "I'm perfectly capable of acting my own part in the picture."

(*Continued on page* 102)

Edwin Carewe, Dolores Del Rio and Finis Fox, on board the "Gypsy" during the making of scenes for a picture before misfortunes drove them home.

Dan Cupid's Bulletin Board

Latest News of the Marriage Marts in Filmland

IT MUST be quite a surprise suddenly to find yourself divorced! That's what happened to **Mary Akin** and **Edwin Carewe.** Mr. and Mrs. Carewe separated, but things were left in a rather nebulous state until Mr. Carewe's attorney decided to get the matter off his hands, and obtained a decree which he presented to the couple with his compliments. Mrs. Carewe was given the Beverly Hills home, custody of the children, and a large cash settlement.

After finishing *Ramona* in which Edwin Carewe directed the darkly beautiful **Dolores Del Rio,** he ordered steam up on his yacht and with Miss Del Rio and **Finis Fox** on board they cast off for the coast of Mexico. It was undoubtedly an opportunity to join forces in misery, for Miss Del Rio is even now in the midst of straightening out her own marital connections. Suit for divorce from **Jaime Del Rio** has been filed.

* * *

THE news of **Richard Barthelmess'** marriage to **Mrs. Jessica Sargeant** surprised the movie fans when it was announced. As a matter of fact, Dick had cherished a fond attachment for the former wife of **Stewart Sargeant,** a New York broker, ever since he met her in Paris two years ago. It is not unusual for a disappointed young lover to seek consolation; Dick found it after his engagement to **Katherine Wilson** was broken. Friends are sure the newly married couple are ideally suited, and that this marriage will "take." They are honeymooning in Honolulu.

* * *

SYLVIA THALBERG scenarist and sister of **Irving Thalberg,** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive, appeared at the studio the other day wearing a huge diamond engagement ring. The fortunate man in the case is **Lawrence Weingarten,** a producer on the M-G-M lot. Irving Thalberg and his bride, **Norma Shearer,** will return from their European honeymoon in time for the wedding. It is also an interesting fact that when Miss Shearer returns she will start work on a story that Miss Thalberg, her sister-in-law, has just completed. All in the family, dontcha know.

ONE of the complaints in **Mrs. Harry Langdon's** divorce suit against the comedian was that he did not take her to the preview of his latest picture, but instead accompanied another lady to this showing. This couple was considered one of the always-to-be married folk of theatrical life, for twenty-three years have gone by since the former vaudeville headliner wed Mrs. Langdon.

* * *

JACK DOUGHERTY, former husband of **Barbara La Marr,** and now wed to **Virginia Browne Faire,** has for the second time, separated from Miss Faire. They have not made plans for a divorce and it is believed another reconciliation may be a possibility.

* * *

JOSEPHINE DUNN recently divorced **William P. Cameron,** a contracting engineer in Philadelphia. The couple were married in 1925 when Miss Dunn was appearing in *Kid Boots.* She has recently dined quite frequently in Hollywood with **Charlie Chaplin** and the film colony believes that the comedian is on the verge of a new romance.

* * *

ANNA Q. NILSSON'S former husband, **John Marshall Gunnerson,** Los Angeles shoe manufacturer, has wed again. His second bride is **Viola Vollmer,** a recent graduate of the University of Southern California.

* * *

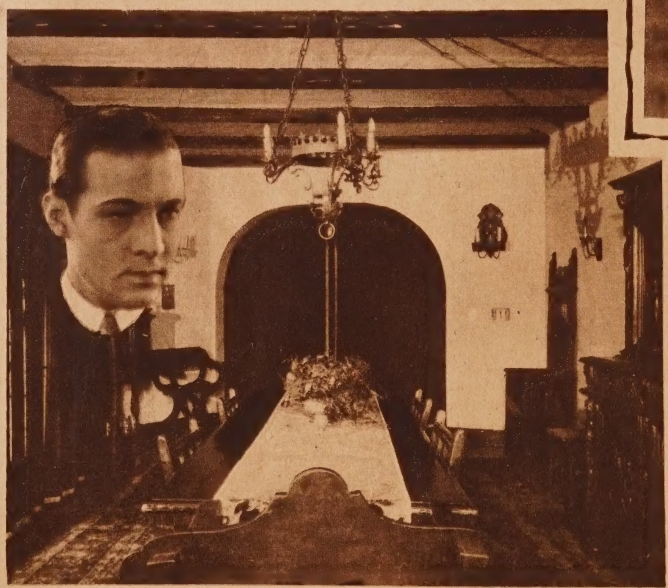
PAT SOMERSET'S fitful marital bark has again hit the rocks. **Shelby Worrall Somerset,** Texas society girl, is going to divorce him. The carefree actor first leaped into prominence when he was named as co-respondent by **Carl Carleton,** London producer, in his divorce suit against **Edith Day,** musical comedy star. Somerset later married Miss Day, only to be divorced by her two years later. He was next named as co-respondent in the divorce suit of **Skeets Gallagher,** the actor, against **Irene Martin,** a former **Gus Edwards** star

(*Continued on page* 114)

House of

The outer court of Falcon Lair where it is said the spirit of Valentino has been seen walking.

Is this snapshot of Valentino standing beside his own grave significant?
—From Valentino's Own Camera.



The dining room of Falcon Lair where people have seen Rudolph's dog bound through the rooms as though playing with his master.
(Exclusive photo from the collection of Mr. Ullman.)

Does Rudolph Valentino's Spirit Haunt Falcon Lair?

by MARY SHARON

PERCHED upon a crag overlooking Beverly Hills, untenanted, bleak and forbidding stands Falcon Lair—the last earthly abode of the screen's greatest lover, **Rudolph Valentino.**

The mansion is the last word in architectural beauty and from the porthole windows of the master bedroom one can see the whole of Beverly Hills and its adjacent territory.

The estate was sold at the initial auction of Valentino's possessions, but the party who bid it in later re-

MEMORIES

Valentino's bookplate, reproduced for the first time.

Bretan-Masses painting Valentino in his immortal role in "The Four Horsemen," and Natacha Rambova for whom Falcon Lair was built.
(*Exclusive photo from Mr. Ullman's collection*)

fused to accept the property. Other sales have been reported but something always occurs at the last moment to prevent an actual transference.

It is whispered about, that strange influences are at work in the lonely, forsaken mansion, which Rudolph Valentino built hoping thereby to call back to him the woman he loved and for whom he gave everything in vain.

Before the idyllic romance of Natacha and Rudolph was blasted, she confided in him her desire to live in Beverly Hills and take her proper place in filmdom's elite circle as the wife of the screen's greatest lover. Later, when his happiness crumbled into ruins, Rudolph remembered this desire and when every other attempt to call her back to him failed, he built and furnished the mansion on the hilltop.

Falcon Lair was an unreal sort of abode to Rudolph, for it was mixed up and founded upon a dream of love's fulfillment—a dream that never came true. Natacha never spent a single night in the house upon the summit.

Valentino was blissfully happy for a time in the belief

(*Continued on page* 113)

FINDERS KEEPERS

THE most amusing comedy Laura La Plante has ever done, and a picture which made such an impression when it was shown at the studio after completion, that Universal will release it as a super-special Laura La Plante starring vehicle.

The Story of the Picture:

WHAT, pray tell, were pretty girls to do when soldiers were busy preparing for war? And so, Barbara (Laura La Plante) the daughter of Colonel Archibald (Edmund Breese) in command of Camp Evans, organized a "Make Them Happy" club. It was the object of this club to make the boys as happy as possible before they went off to war.

Barbara was tender hearted and also popular—oh, so popular. So, when the boys of the regiment offered her engagement rings, she so feared that her refusal would make them unhappy, that she accepted them all. At a dance at the camp club, Ken (Eddie Phillips), an officer, proposed to Barbara, but Colonel Archibald overheard and declared that Barbara could not promise herself to anyone until after the war. Little did the Colonel know that Barbara was already engaged to his entire regiment!

A mere private, Carter Brooks (Johnny Harron) had fallen harder in love with Barbara than any of the others. These two met outside the camp and grieved at thought of parting, for the regiment had been ordered to leave that night. Barbara added one more engagement ring to her collection, this one being the ring that belonged to Carter's mother.

Orders had been issued that no civilians enter the cantonment, so Barbara was forced to stay outside. Then Percy (Arthur Rankin) the timid pal of Carter's, came along late for bugle call and begged

(*Continued on page* 114)

Imagine his embarrassment when the Colonel (Edmund Breese) discovers that his daughter (Laura La Plante) is engaged to his whole regiment!

The fun waxes furious when Barbara (Laura La Plante) takes Percy's (Arthur Rankin) place in the ranks, and goes through drill.

A tropical isle with waving palms and sunny beaches is Marie Prevost's idea of the perfect honeymoon spot.

"Give me Venice, the most romantic city in the world with its gliding gondolas, seductive melodies and moonlit nights, says Carmel Myers.

To some people, the Alps are just mountains, but to Sue Carol they are the world's greatest setting for romance.

Ideal Honeymoons

By GLORIA GOULD

WHERE shall we spend our honeymoon? Where to go when the vows are spoken and the throwing of rice and shoes is at an end, to get the utmost out of that perfect period of existence?

It is a question uppermost in the hearts of all youth as they look forward to the future, and the movie folk in Hollywood, even those who have not yet selected their prospective mates, are no exception. Between pictures, in a quiet corner of the set, on location, at their homes, they can be found with travel literature, planning, seeking for the ideal spot.

Their choices of ideal honeymoon settings are as varied as the personalities of the stars themselves. Chance words or past experiences often govern their selections. Take Fay Wray.

One of her screen daddies once told her never to marry a man until she had been in the mountains with him, because it's only when a man's roughing it that he shows his real character.

"Of course, he didn't mean I was to have a trial marriage or anything like that," laughed the dainty actress. "A location trip would do. He meant that away from civilization I'd have a chance to find out if my man cared about real things."

Ben Lyon, on the other hand, believes in seeking the most sophisticated city in the world for his honeymoon.

"Paris! What could be jollier than sitting opposite the one you love at a sidewalk table in a cafe watching the kaleidoscopic scene as turbaned Turk, gaitered Zouave, monocled Englishmen, Russians, Chinese, Persians, Swedes and every nation saunters by?" rhapsodizes this popular bachelor. "Early morning rides in the Bois de Boulogne, trips to Fontainebleau and Versailles—endless ecstacies."

Jetta Goudal agrees with him but, although Julia Faye votes for France, she vetoes Paris because she'd be sure to meet everyone she ever knew, and if she happened to like her husband, she'd prefer having him to herself. So she'll find an old chateau in a sleepy little village—go there in the springtime when the fruit trees are in blossom.

In spite of the fact that the Hawaiian Islands are known as the "Hollywood Commuter's Paradise," Marion Nixon insists that on her recent trip there,

On the beach at Wakiki—That's where you'll find Marion Nixon spending her honeymoon, making love to the strumming of ukeleles and guitars.

she didn't meet a soul she knew.

"I made up my mind then and there that Hawaii is an ideal place for a honeymoon," confides Marian. "The ship voyage is perfect and the hotels are splendid. After all, one's honeymoon is a cherished period in one's life and to make it the more beautiful, it should be enjoyed in the utmost comfort."

RUTH ROLAND, Thelma Hill, Franklin Pangborn and Janet Gaynor also cast their votes for the "Pearl of the Pacific." Thelma dreams of love on a moonlit beach and early morning dips in the exhilarating surf. Ruth remembers a six-months' engagement in that magic isle as a child actress. "I have always wanted to return," she sighs. "Not to the usual haunts of tourists, though. Perhaps a banana or pineapple plantation would satisfy me or a sweet little vine-covered bungalow in the suburbs—alone with my love."

Franklin wants to see the beach at Waikiki and find out for himself if the song-writers are telling the truth about the place, and Janet longs for a spot where there is no work and no winter. No cold weather for this popular star.

Which leaves Charles Farrell, who is popularly supposed to be engaged to Miss Gaynor rather high and dry for Charlie roots for snow and thinks he would be happy if he could go up to the North woods to spend a Christmas honeymoon.

Carmel Myers is all for romance.

"So why not spend one's honeymoon in the most romantic city in the world?" she argues. "Venice with its gliding gondolas, moonlit nights, soft, seductive melodies—who could ask for a more perfect setting?"

"I don't care where I go so long as it's on the bounding blue. The sea fascinates me," declares Lina Basquette, earnestly. "The ceaseless roll of the waves soothes me as nothing else can."

Marie Prevost thinks honeymoon tickets for a tropical isle would be in order for her. "Think of the wonderful beaches we could have all to ourselves with all the swimming and the surf-riding. And I wouldn't have to bother about a wardrobe, either. Just a swimming suit. Oh bliss!"

Patsy Ruth Miller, Arthur Lubin and Roland Drew refuse to consult a time-table at all. They'll stay right in Hollywood. Patsy Ruth wants a poor man who is a good tennis player, if possible, and who would be willing to spend part of his honeymoon on top of the Sunset Boulevard bus.

"The first days of marriage should be spent at home," says Arthur Lubin, firmly. "You haven't got acquainted and you hate going on trains and boats and hearing people whisper 'Just married!'—or thinking you hear it, which is just as bad."

"None of this Robinson Crusoe stuff for me!" handsome Roland Drew says emphatically. "No matter how much a couple love one another, they must have outside contacts. I believe in staying at home, seeing a lot of shows together and meeting many friends, and keeping on with your everyday life as much as possible."

"I'll go to China where the fighting is thick and fast," says Bill Haines, "That's the proper atmosphere for a honeymoon."

THAT flaming flapper, Clara Bow, is sure she'll be working on a picture when the right man comes along and won't dare take more than two days off. "In that case," she says, "I'll go to Catalina and see what it's all about. Like most people in Hollywood I've never been there."

However, Hollywood's most sought-after bachelor, Richard Dix, says that if and when he meets the

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Jacqueline Logan can think of no better place for romance than far away Algiers, with its quaint bazaars and strange sights, sounds and smells.

A New Wray in the Heavens

YOU haven't heard of Fay Wray? No wonder! She's been working for two years on one picture—Von Stroheim's *Wedding March.* But in between she appeared in *The Legion of the Condemned,* and the fans have become aware of a new ray in the movie sky.

By CLIFFORD GILL

When Von Stroheim called her "Mitzi" after she tried out for the part, Fay Wray knew she had won the lead in "The Wedding March."

ONE day in spring, two years ago, that militant of the screen—Erich von Stroheim—was meditatively pacing back and forth in his office. The wise ones of Hollywood whispered one to another. They discerned the cause of his self-imprisonment.

The plans for a new picture, *The Wedding March,* had been on the mind of von Stroheim for months. It was known—and many a hopeful had rushed to disappointment in this knowledge—that the director-star was in quest of a leading lady to play Mitzi, a role in the story comparable in importance to his own.

A secretary interrupted the pondering of the artist to announce a visitor.

She was a comparatively obscure girl who entered the lion's den to ask for a role that had already been denied to stars. It is that girl who can best describe those brief but epochal moments of her life.

Fay Wray is the girl. Nor did she seek the part blind to the odds that were against her. The very ones who urged her to see von Stroheim warned her against disappointment. But four years of enduring hardships and disillusionment to reach a place in the movie heavens had taught her the futility of discouragement.

"I had been playing the feminine lead in a series of westerns," she told us, "when I heard that von Stroheim was seeking a leading woman for *The Wedding March.* Friends suggested that I make a bid for the part, but at the same time they cautioned me not to have too high expectations of getting it as a great many others were attracted by the role.

"Believing that the time was ripe to attempt something more difficult in acting, I sought out von Stroheim at his office. Our meeting was a short one. No doubt I should have been very uneasy in the presence of the famous director and star, but if I learned anything in my years of comedies and westerns it was to keep in possession of my nerves. I even managed to remain calm, outwardly anyhow, when after a few minutes in which he seemed to do what little talking there was, he waved an end to the interview, leaving me with no idea as to how I had impressed him for the part.

"He had not uttered a word, nor indicated in any manner whether I had pleased him at all, and his silence made me begin to doubt. Then—"

Miss Wray's voice had grown tense, and she looked up as though to ask us if she should continue her narrative. The smile with which she greets most questions was gone. It was easy for us to picture her now as she was at the moment she rose to leave the director.

"Then, as I thanked him for the meeting and started

Gary Cooper and Fay Wray, youth personified, won high commendation as the young lovers in "The Legion of the Condemned."
—*Paramount Photo by Hommel.*

to leave, von Stroheim stood up and held out his hand to me and said:

"Good-bye—Mitzi."

"Mitzi—the Mitzi of *The Wedding March*—the Mitzi that had been the subject of those precious few minutes. One magic word, but it meant the world and all to me, for I knew then that I had been selected for the wonderful role. I tried to take his hand in thanks, but I couldn't—I was so thrilled—too enraptured to do or say anything. Instead—instead I burst into tears and ran from his office."

FAY WRAY had told us in those words the dramatic story of her introduction to the elite of the screen, for von Stroheim marked but the first of that circle of celebrities into which destiny—or should we call it plain hard work—had admitted her. Now, seated in a lounge chair much too large for her five feet three inches, the girl of the pretty brown hair and large blue eyes seemed more like the heroine of a high school play than the actress whose name filmdom now seeks.

She did, indeed, begin her fascinating career on a high school stage. Although born in Alberta, Canada, on September 15, 1907, Fay did some rapid roaming in the first few years of her life, her family moving from Canada to California, from there to Arizona and then to Salt Lake City, Utah. When they

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While still in Hollywood High School, Fay Wray played in her first picture.
—*Portrait by Gene Robert Richee.*

And They Lived Happily Never *After*

AFTER the final kiss has been carefully recorded on celluloid, how many of the stars hurry away from the studios to appear in their own divorce dramas? Here's a story of a new kind of marital ending.

By MAURICE MERTON

HOLLYWOOD has just broken another record!

From now on, that vast army of Cinema Connoisseurs the world over, who are wont to sit in wide-eyed adulation at the unreeling of screen romances featuring their favorite stars, will have another laurel to place on the noble foreheads of their idols.

With June — the merry month of brides—upon us, Hollywood has surpassed in number for the year any annual amount of divorces ever recorded in its history.

Practically everybody who was anybody—of the marriageable age—got a divorce during the past year.

It was just being done in Hollywood, that's all.

And there were positively no restrictions as to professional status or length of time one was married.

Extras received legal recognition with the same decorum as any one of the illustrious stars.

Silver-haired veterans evinced as much enthusiasm over the breaking of their marital ties as any henna-haired consort of a year.

CHAMPION screen lovers broke away from their heated wooing on a studio set to rush to the nearest divorce court and act the villain role in their own domestic lives.

Voluptuous sirens, who were known cinematically far and wide for their box-office power in over-throwing kingdoms and making monkeys out of millionaires, were metamorphosed into literal cakes of ice before the judges of the Superior Court when their husbands' names were but mentioned.

Hard luck dogged Marie Prevost from the day of her marriage to Kenneth Harlan. Now she is single and on the road to regaining her happiness once more.

Not all Hollywood marriage barques end up on the rocks. Billie Dove—Mrs. Irvin Willat—is one of the few who have never seen the inside of a divorce court and she never intends to.

Press agents hardly got the copy out of their machines which told of another "happy marriage" in Hollywood, when they would have to correct the statement by writing "a most satisfactory divorce."

To what this divorce vogue in Hollywood could be attributed is most difficult to ascertain. Although it is known statistically that the peak of divorces in the Film Mecca was reached in 1923 when more than sixty-five screen actors and actresses had their domestic bonds severed.

But during the past year that record has not only been broken but, we might say, shattered.

According to authority, Mrs. Charles Chaplin caused the new incentive for marital mix-ups when she packed her things and left her husband's Beverly Hills mansion.

BIG Bill Hart and Mildred Harris told the world of their estrangement at Reno.

Such directors as Raoul Walsh, William De Mille, Clarence Brown, Alan Crosland, Emmett Flynn, Dell Andrews and John Wray were sued by their wives either for divorce or separate maintenance.

And Lynn Reynolds committed suicide after a wrangle with his wife.

Of the screen stars Agnes Ayres, Jack Pickford, Marilyn Miller, Evelyn Brent, Priscilla Bonner, Ruth Corbin, Hedda Nova, Adolphe Menjou, Viola Dana and Noah Beery were in the front rank of divorce vanguard.

Soon afterward Claire Windsor started proceedings against Bert Lytell on a charge of cruelty and jealousy.

When the decree was granted, Bert and Claire went away together happily, and dined with the Edwin Carewes that evening.

Lytell moved his clothes from his home to an apartment hotel and the Lytell-Windsor romance which started in 1925 had ended.

But it was not long after that the two were working contentedly in the same studio on the same picture.

Next we hear of Marie Prevost and her husband, Kenneth Harlan. They were happily married in 1924 and settled down after a well-planned honeymoon.

Things were going fine till Marie was rushed away to a hospital for an operation. While she was convalescing her mother was killed in an automobile accident. Her pet dog was stolen, and soon rumors were reaching her ears about Kenneth.

It wasn't long after that her love dream was broken.

ABOUT this time Connie Talmadge was getting ready to shake her second husband, Capt. Alastair Mackintosh whom she married in California in 1926.

Miss Talmadge had nothing bad to say about him, and frankly admitted that she was merely not in love with him any more. This break came soon after the pair had arrived in New York from a trip abroad.

Connie's first husband was the tobacco merchant, John Pialoglo. And now it is rumored that she might soon have a third.

After being married ten years, Ford Sterling, comedy star of the movies, and his wife, known on the stage as Teddy Sampson, went separate ways and she decided he was not coming back.

Mrs. Sterling filed the suit under their real names, Nora and George Ford Stitch.

They were married in San Diego in 1915 and separated in 1917.

Once before in 1919, Mrs. Sterling brought suit for divorce.

Last Leap Year, four years ago, Ann May, screen actress, joined the newly organized Leap Year Club which was to give a bonus of $500 to the first of its members to wed. It is not known whether Ann received the bonus or not but soon after joining the club, she married C. Gardiner Sullivan, the scenarist. As this Leap Year came round, their marital felicity had been broken up.

To Marie Dodds, screen actress, goes the distinction of being the first woman in 1928 to refuse alimony. She told the judge she didn't want any alimony but that her husband, Edward Dodds, assistant production manager of Universal Pictures, should provide for their boy. She alleged that despite Dodds' income of $200 per week he had not supported her or their boy since 1925.

Gilda Gray and Gil Boag, the once inseparables, have drifted apart and Gilda says that they never will be re-united.

Helen Crandell, another screen actress, met three judges recently and finally had to go to the fourth before she could obtain the divorce she wanted. It was all due to the fact that she did not inform her attorney as to where she resided.

Now Francis X. Bushman, the film idol of other days, is being sued by his first wife, Josephine Fladuene Bushman for $55,000 back alimony. Bushman claims now that he is out of pictures he cannot determine the exact amount of money he makes a year and therefore she will have to regulate her living according to

his means. Mrs. Bushman divorced her husband, and he married his leading lady, Beverly Bayne.

Reginal Denny and his wife, Irene Hazeman, musical comedy singer, were also divorced recently after they had established the reputation of being one of the most happily married couples of Hollywood.

Marian Nixon, the screen actress, and her prizefighter-husband, Joe Benjamin, have been on the in and outs for the past year. Every so often Marian decides to a divorce him and then again she makes up. Just what the ultimate outcome will be is hard to prophesy.

Adolphe Menjou, that sophisticated lover of the silver screen, has been divorced from his wife and was recently married again to the comely Kathryn Carver, in a simple ceremony, which was performed in Paris, France.

Tom Mix was yanked into the court room recently by his ex-wife to O. K. an increased allowance for their daughter.

Despite the example set forth by most of the Hollywood notables during the past year, many of the film colony's younger set are boldly taking a chance on married life.

Cullen Landis, who was finally divorced by his wife, Mignon Leburn Landis, a few months back, is now wed to a sweetheart of childhood days, Loca Hearne.

Joan Marquis and Neal Burns, Christie Comedy stars, were recently married. So was Leila Hyams, daughter of the stage favorites, Hyams and MacIntyre. She has been in pictures but a short time. Her husband is Phil J. Berg, theatrical manager.

Patsy Ruth Miller has never been divorced, but then she has never been married either. She has been a principal in many engagement rumors, but none of them have materialized.

Patsy Ruth Miller has been reported engaged several times, but so far has refused to confirm or deny the reports.

Arthur Stone, First National comedian, decided to hit the marriage route recently with Dorothy Westmore.

Miss Dupont, film actress, was wed a short time back, to Sylvanus Stokes, the young millionaire. The romance began while he was playing extra parts in pictures for fun.

Norma Shearer recently returned from a honeymoon in Europe where she went after her marriage to Irving Thalberg, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS is another movie actor who comes in for a lot of concern by his romancing the past year.

Having been divorced from Mary Hay, the musical comedy star, about a year ago last August, Dick has taken past care of their little daughter and at the same time was engaged to Katherine Wilson, stage actress.

The couple announced their marriage for November 15 but somehow or other when the time came they hesitated and now it is called off.

Barthelmess was married recently to Mrs. Jessica Sargeant, former wife of a New York broker, and is now embarked on a second matrimonial venture which promises to turn out more happily than the first one did.

Quite a few more of the younger players seem ready to take a chance on matrimony when they feel that they have finally decided on the right man. Alice White recently announced her engagement to Dick Grace, daring young stunt flier, and although it has been called off several times, everything seems to be "hotsy-totsy" again at the present time. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are also the subject of engagement rumors, and there are those that maintain they have been secretly married. However, the young couple insist that so far they are just good friends and remain discreetly silent on their plans for the future. No doubt in the near future they will open up and let us in on the secret, if there is one.

Still the youngsters are demonstrating their belief in the Utopia of the Silent Drama, which the movie actor has painted as a world of ultimate romance by staunchly marching in the opposite direction from the divorce courts, and thereby, dimming, somewhat, that brand which seems to be stamped on married persons of their profession—"and they lived happily never after."

MOLLY O'DAY and SALLY O'NEIL, *sisters in the famous Noonan family, both say they are having the Luck of the Irish.*

THE LUCK *of the* IRISH

By Mary Sharon

A true daughter of Erin, Sally O'Neil dons the costume of her country.

BLISTERING pavements, M-G-M Studio blocks away and only fifteen minutes left in which to keep my appointment with Sally O'Neil!

I stepped gingerly from the curb and a low built racer came rushing down upon me. The siren screamed a warning. I am a fatalist. I have always expected to be "it" in some day's casualty list in this town where they kill six per diem.

Miracles do happen! It was Sally O'Neil, herself, behind the wheel, with a glad welcome and a brisk command to get in.

Speed! I never knew the meaning of the word before I climbed into Sally O'Neil's car. I don't know where the motorcycle cops were that day.

"Aren't you going a bit fast?" I ventured.

"I always do." Sally replied promptly. "It's far safer to speed than to go poking along in California. Every time I drive slow I have an accident."

We were already passing through the gates at M-G-M.

"This is the way I have figured it out," Sally explained. "If you go fast, you must keep yourself strictly on the job and give all your attention to your wheel and the road ahead. On the other hand, if you go slow, your attention wanders. You get lax. You feel there is no danger and you don't watch as carefully as when you are driving fast. I have had several accidents while I was driving slow and so I don't drive slow any more. I speed, and I watch what I'm doing. It's far safer."

There, you have audacious, lovable, little Sally O'Neil's philosophy of life. She is a creature of impulses and action, but she is canny, too. She gives her whole self to whatever she is doing but she keeps her eyes open meanwhile. Sally is a girl that could take care of herself any place, any time under any circumstance. Speedy! Yes, but careful and vigilant, too. She is a dynamic little person—the epitome of modern youth. Ready for anything, delightfully unafraid, but with a clear eye on the road ahead.

You know that Sally O'Neil has the Irish girl's heritage of courage when you glimpse the gleam in her clear, blue eyes, and humor lies in that delicious quirk of her lips.

If any luck lies in four-leaf clovers, I would be willing to bet that Sally has a whole trunk full of them some place, for she has had the luck of the Irish in her speedy climb to fame.

MICKEY NEILAN discovered Sally's possibilities and her part in *Mike*, under his direction, planted her feet securely on the rocky road to stardom. She has not faltered since, but has gone from one creditable characterization to another. *Sally, Irene and Mary*, was a particularly luscious plum that fell in her lap shortly after *Mike*. This was followed by *The Auction Block, Slide, Kelly, Slide, Frisco Sally Levy, The Callahans and the Murphys, Becky*, and now *Lovelorn*.

In *Lovelorn*, Sally plays the part of a vivacious young flapper, which is not difficult for Sally to do. Larry Kent has the juvenile lead and her own sister, Molly O'Day, has the part of her older sister.

I watched her in some scenes with Larry. Sally was sitting on the side lines with me. She is so anxious for Molly to get the right start from the first.

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THE most successful of the Wampas babies, Lina Basquette, with Richard Barthelmess in "The Noose", her first big role.

A CHILD STAR *and* FOLLIES DANCER

By MADELEINE MATZEN

THIS is going to be a story about a young and beautiful star presented to the public by the world's most temperamental director, Mr. Cecil B. De Mille—a story about Lina Basquette.

As I write, an anecdote of Bill Hart rises up in my mind. There were rumors rife in Hollywood that Bill Hart was going to return to the screen—so I went to interview him. I found the rumor to be a true one and as we sat in Mr. Hart's dusty little office above the busy hum of Sunset Boulevard, we chatted together and among other things I asked him an idle and rather impertinent question.

"Haven't you any idiosyncrasies, any hobbies — any special prides?" I said.

Hart thought a moment, his stern eyes fixed on the great heap of bundles that littered the place —toys for his boy, then a twinkle dawned back of the sternness—

"No, Mam!" he drawled, "I'm just a plain fellow! My pride is my son—I guess the only thing that marks me as a freak in Hollywood is the fact that I have never attended what is known as a 'Hollywood Party' and I have never been inside the 'Montmartre Cafe'"

GRAVELY I extended my hand, "Shake!" I cried, "Neither have I!" and after shaking hands we sat back looking as snug and exclusive as possible. But it is bad business to boast for the very next day I fell out of the exclusive circle comprised of Mr. Hart and myself. Now I am DEVOTED to the Montmartre Cafe—and it is all the fault of Lina Basquette.

The gay voice of Lina called to me over the phone—

"Come over to the house for dinner—I want to show you my new car—mother will be here—please come!" she begged.

So promptly at quarter of eight I drove up the boulevard, all a twinkle with holiday lights and thronged with people. Past Highland Avenue and then after a bit we turned toward the hills. Lina's house is a hillside affair. The garage stands beside the drive and you run up a flight of stairs to the big doorway. Lina herself opened the door.

Lina is a vivid girl, she looks Spanish but is not. Her family were early California settlers, they came here in '48, but as Lina says, "Better make it '49, most people know that date, it means something!"

Lina's door opens into a huge living room, a room so simply and unobtrusively furnished that it is at once restful. At one end is a big fireplace, the chairs are all comfortable, there is nary a sign of period furniture—it is a young room made to be danced in and to have happy times about its fireplace.

Lina wore a green frock and a little green felt hat—she looked like a love bird —a vivacious one.

"The house is so upset—we are going to pick up mother at her home and then we're going to the Montmartre for dinner!" she said gleefully. And then and there I decided that nothing in the world would be more fun than going to the Montmartre for dinner. Lina always affects people that way —she is so alive, so enthusiastic that she immediately envelops you in a wave of enthusiasm too and you are carried right along by it.

Lina Basquette, as she appeared in the Follies.

But I suspect that back of the desire to dine at the Montmartre was a still stronger desire, the desire to drive down the boulevard in her new car purchased just that afternoon.

But before we left, Lina wanted to show me something. I am not supposed to tell what that something was for the De Mille publicity department feel that it would be unfair to Lina for the fans to know. But if I were a star just nineteen years old and had the most adorable baby in Hollywood I'd want all the world to know it—regardless of publicity policies.

Lina, as you know, married Sam Warner, one of the many Warner brothers. He died and left Lina with a girl baby—Lita Warner. Lina's mother wanted to take the baby and bring it up with her own children, she has two by another marriage, but Lina would not let the baby out of her sight. If you study the baby's picture carefully you will discover why—she is a beauty!

The baby greeted me like a long lost friend—she

has the biggest eyes, the longest lashes that I have ever seen? And lots of personality—in fact she is the only baby I have ever met who had a personality; and she is not yet old enough to walk.

Tearing ourselves away from the entrancing baby we went down the steps and climbed into the car. It was a modest little car, upholstered in a soft taupe color.

"I had a big Minerva—but after Mr. Warner died, and I stopped doing much entertaining, I sold it and bought this small one, that I can drive myself. I felt so grand walking into the dealers and buying my own car!" she told me with a smile.

LINA'S mother lives only a few blocks from the hillside house on a quiet, unpretentious side street. I have, in my time, met many mothers of screen celebrities—but of them all Lina's mother is the most delightful. To begin with she looks only a few years older than Lina. She, too, is vivid, gay of manner, vivacious and has great charm. She and Lina have the same flashing smile, the same smart way of wearing their clothes — but while Lina is volatile and restless and young, her mother has quiet poise, gentleness and sweet eyes. And while Lina has a dynamic and dramatic personality—two of nicest things about her are her baby and her mother.

Lina's mother is the wife of Ernest Belcher, the ballet master, who has a most successful school of dancing in Los Angeles. Lina was trained as a child by Mr. Belcher and at the age of eight was a skilled child dancer. Universal heard of her and signed her up on a five-year contract.

A friend of mine, now a well known scenario writer, met Lina and her mother on the boulevard shortly after Lina had signed her contract with Universal. In those days she was a black eyed, vivid child—as frank and unaffected as a boy. She looked like such a baby, she was so sturdy, so freckled that he began to tease her.

"I don't believe you signed any five-year contract, I don't believe YOU can dance!" he exclaimed.

Thereupon to her mother's horror and the young man's amusement Lina demonstrated her ability as a dancer then and there. She pirouetted and did some high and fancy kicking on the street corner as gravely unconcerned by the staring passersby as though she were in her father's classroom. Today Lina takes the same pride in her dancing, and she is the same unaffected kid.

"I love to dance—ballroom dancing, classic or excentric dancing. If anything happened to keep me from dancing I should simply die. I've always danced, ever since I can remember! And next to dancing I like sincerity—sincerity in love and in friendships, sincerity in one's work, in one's play, in one's business relationships!" she said, in a spasm of confidence. And then we arrived at the Montmartre. Confidences were halted for the nonce.

Steep steps, heavily carpeted, lead up to the second story where the Cafe is situated.

Lina Basquette, "The Godless Girl," in action with George Duryea.

It is a very small place but high-ceilinged so that there is no feeling of being crowded. Our table was by a window overlooking the boulevard. We had broth, and baked ham and delicious spinach, coffee and ice cream. There were no cocktails, no cigarettes.

From his table across the room, Douglas Fairbanks watched the crowd rather wistfully. He was dining alone but sooner or later every girl in the place drifted to his table to say "Good Evening!" but drifted away again.

Mrs. Belcher watched Lina's onslaught upon the Turkish Delight.

"I'm never worried about Lina's getting overweight!" she said. "She dances too much for that and she is so intense, feels everything so keenly, especially her roles in the filmplays that she burns up all the superfluous pounds."

Lina was thrilled over her first part under the De Mille regime. "I play *The Godless Girl* a heavy emotional role—it gives me a chance to act—I think I can act—so does De Mille. Anyway it's a glorious opportunity!"

Though we talked constantly all through dinner she made no criticism or unkind remark about any picture person. She related no bit of gossip. So I believe her to be a most unusual person. And she is beautiful—in a gorgeous, exotic way.

The Great White Way Goes Dark

Ziegfeld has entered the realms of Nigger Heaven to produce his newest sensation "Show Boat," the all colored review which with "Porgy," the negro drama, is the brightest spot on The Great White Way. Here is the World's Fair scene from "Show Boat."

Our New York correspondent digresses from film news to comment on the dark cloud that lingers above the Great White Way, a cloud that has a bright silver lining for those seeking entertainment.

By JOHNNY STUYVESANT

IN SPITE of sunny days and the imminence of summer it continues to grow darker on old Broadway. The colored revues and night clubs are running away with the amusement field. Even Ziegfeld's *Show Boat*—incidentally the best musical show in New York—features singing and dancing choruses of negroes.

The other night—or morning, if you *will* be technical—I strolled into Eddie Small's black-and-white café, a favorite haunt in Harlem, and noticed at different tables half a dozen of the *Show Boat* girls, distinguished for past appearances in various Ziegfeld revues. There were Katherine Downer, Martha Marr, Tara Kamp, and two or three others.

"What are you girls doing here," I asked them, "when you ought to be getting your beauty sleep?"

"We're picking out our new complexions," twittered Nancy Kaye, a stately, Titianesque beauty.

"That's right," solemnly affirmed Rose Gallagher, "we've doped it out that by next season we'll have to dinge up if we expect to get a job anywhere in the show business."

Meanwhile, *Keep Shufflin'*, the leading colored revue, is packing Daly's Sixty-third Street Theatre, with the prospect of moving down in Times Square for a summer run. Billie Yarbo, headline dancer with this fast-stepping outfit, is acclaimed by connoisseurs of *la viande sombre* the equal of Josephine Baker, who has deserted to Paris, and the legitimate successor to Florence Mills, colored favorite of Broadway, who died last winter.

The olive-skinned beauties are undoubtedly giving white show girls some powerful competition. The other night I saw the dignified gray heads under high hats of two well-known Wall Street figures waiting by the stage door at Daly's. And when Miss Allegretti Anderson and Miss Honey Brown came tripping out to enter the Rolls with them I couldn't find any fault with the taste of the two financial gentlemen.

ANOTHER film idyl ruthlessly smashed on the rocks of reality—and how!

Only yesterday it seems that we stood in the Ambassador suite—an aggregation of Broadway friends—pledging eternal happiness to enticing Blanche Mehaffey and her brand new husband, George J. Hausen, the oil millionaire.

They were giving Manhattan the once-over as a part of their globe-trotting honeymoon. The occasion was George's birthday. He was forty-seven and his bride just twenty-two. Blanche, a former Follies beauty, who has recently won success in pictures, is a plump and pretty

Honey Brown is cutting out her white sisters of the stage, when it comes to after theater parties

Celtic type—red hair, blue eyes—altogether a desirable half portion. We frankly envied George as we drank his health that afternoon at a big party in their Ambassador suite.

And there is no question of George's devotion. Blanche had only to express a wish and it was gratified—anything from an airplane ride to Cuba to a string of pearls for Pom Pom, the Pekinese pup.

But this happy couple no more than landed in Hollywood after their eastern trip than — bang! Separation. Impending divorce. Nobody knows what it's all about. We can only pity poor old George whose millions failed to bring the happiness he ought to have had.

THE most pathetic figure in Greenwich Village these days is that of Charles Ray, once rich and famous in the films. He is living here with his wife in a studio apartment—broke—and looking for a job.

Charlie had a two-weeks engagement in *Within the Law* when it was put on in stock at the Cosmopolitan. Since that one life-saver he hasn't landed anything else. The beautiful English cottage-style mansion that Ray built and furnished in Beverly Hills, near Hollywood, is again in the hands of his creditors.

WANDERING wanly in the Astor lobby, a little chap, wearing a derby and with a familiar looking long nose attracts my attention. Yes, it is Larry Semon. He also fails to look particularly happy or prosperous. And he isn't eager to talk about his future prospects. Larry has filed a voluntary bankruptcy petition.

In marked contrast, Harold Lloyd, beaming optimism, radiating money, hops off the Broadway Limited after his trip from the coast here in connection with the opening of his latest Paramount release, *Speedy*, in which the character that made such a hit in Lloyd's football comedy is revived.

Anna May Wong is another pilgrim from Hollywood, taking in Broadway with demure and watchful Oriental eyes. Nita Naldi and twenty-eight empty trunks have sailed for Europe and a month of restful shopping on the Paris boulevards. Eddie Carewe is off to Italy where he may or may not make a picture.

JOHN S. SUMNER, strident protector of Manhattan's virtue, might well concern himself with what wicked Atlantic City does to our innocent Broadway chorus girls. Jean Paurel, producer of numerous acts, sent eight little innocents down to the Jersey resort to carry on the merry-merries at the Folies Bergere night club.

"I don't know what happened to those babies," confided Jean. "Before they left New York they were so upstage I was afraid they wouldn't click in a night club. All of them protested they wouldn't mix with patrons. Just do their act and then go home to bed.

"Hey, hey! You ought to see 'em after a week in the Boardwalk atmosphere. The most austere of the bunch —New England girl—regular blue stocking—has been

(*Continued on page* 109)

Does a petting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel," Page 159

Are You Afraid To Love?

Has true love come into your life — or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

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THE OLIVE CO. Dept. C Clarinda, Iowa

Ideal Honeymoons

(*Continued from page 72*)

girl who gives up her name for his, he will march her down to the justice of the peace and then pop her into a car and motor off.

"I won't leave any address so nobody can come and interrupt us with the sad news that I shall have to go to work," promises Richard.

"Well, maybe," Vera Reynolds smiles in her impish little way, "but I once knew a couple who went to a quiet place in the Adirondacks. At the end of the first week, they were so bored that they began to wonder why they had married each other. Then an invitation came for a gay house party on Long Island and they went and had a gorgeous time and forgot they were ever tired of one another."

Blond Rita Carewe coyly suggests that Alaska might not be so bad—her bridegroom would be busy hugging her to keep her warm.

Betty Bronson is not going to marry any man who can't plan a perfectly marvelous honeymoon by himself and take her to a great many thrilling places that she's never even heard of, but where he knows and is known by everybody—especially headwaiters.

WHICH is just what William Collier, Jr., has planned for his beloved. "Several years ago when I was abroad making technicolor pictures, I chanced on just the one right spot in the world for a honeymoon," Buster was all enthusiasm. "It's the famous Negresco Hotel in Nice on the Riviera. My room had a little balcony overlooking the Mediterranean—you could toss your hat into the incredibly blue waters, it was so close. There's something about the air there—I don't know what it is—but you don't need any rest at all. I know, I played all night and worked all day and was never tired. Watching the sun rise from that romantic balcony is one of the things I want to share with my bride."

Old and storied lands abroad polled many votes.

There's little Sue Carol, baby star of 1928, longing for the Swiss Alps and Jacqueline Logan looking to Algiers with its picturesque bazaars and its flat roofs open to the sky.

Marceline Day waves banners for Carcassone, the quaint-walled city, and dark-eyed Bebe Daniels plans for a certain Hotel Plaza on a hill overlooking Rio de Janeiro in romantic South America.

But, alas, William Haines blasted many a secret hope in certain feminine hearts by vociferously proclaiming that there isn't such a thing as an ideal honeymoon.

"If you've got to have one, what about China?" he demanded. "There's a lot of fighting going on in China. One couple more wouldn't matter!"

Watch women envy the wavy radiance of your hair

YOU at your best . . . perfectly groomed . . . your smartest frock . . . your sheerest hose . . . And then—eyes . . . women's eyes . . . appraising you . . . eyes that are suddenly sharp with envy and unwilling admiration . . . at the sight of the perfect wave . . . the brilliant lustre of your hair. And the secret of it all . . . a crystal-clear, faintly perfumed liquid . . . Hennafoam Shampoo! What shimmering, natural radiance a tiny *touch of henna* has given your hair! How utterly perfect it has made your natural or permanent wave! Use Hennafoam Shampoo when you want women to envy your perfect grooming.

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PF-7

The Postal Pouch

Questions and Answers—What you want to know about your favorite Players and Pictures.

Address all inquiries to the Postal Pouch, Screen Secrets Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minnesota.

ALFRED G. So you're a Gilbert Roland fan, too? Watch out for him and Norma Talmadge in *The Dove* and —sometime in the future—*A Woman Disputed*. He is about 24 years old, and she is about 32. Both can be addressed at the United Artists' Studios, Hollywood.

C. M. W. Ken Maynard has nine horses of his own. Fred Thompson's stables include nine white steeds and several dark ones. Thompson can be reached at Paramount, and Ken Maynard at First National, Burbank.

MISS ROSE BADALI, 717 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., announces a Dolores Del Rio Club and a Maurice Hart Club. She will gladly send particulars to anyone sending a stamped envelope.

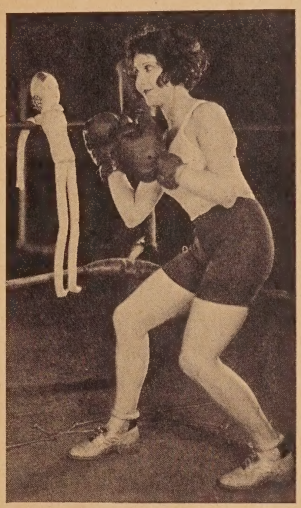
ELAYNE P. We're always glad to have a new booster for Screen Secrets. Sure, all the addresses you want! Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky and Renee Adoree can be reached at M. G. M., Culver City. Don Alvarado is at United Artists, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Come along again any time.

ELSIE A. How tall are extremely high heels? Oh, three to four inches. I'd say the average height out in Hollywood is about 3 inches; but for ultra-evening wear they are sometimes four. Your shoe salesman probably has styles that can compete favorably with those worn by Renee Adoree. Yes, yours is a very nice hobby, for it is said that a woman can be judged by her footwear. Speaking about myself, I've a great understanding. Size 10-EEE.

THERESA S. Just address the Publicity Department, Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corp., Marathon Street, Hollywood. I'm sure they will help you by giving you information that will help in starting a Buddy Rogers Fan Club and a James Hall Club. Josephine Dunn is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115, has very short blond hair and blue eyes, and was born in New York City on May 1, 1910. She was formerly a member of the "Good Morning, Dearie" musical comedy chorus and other productions. Among her recent productions are *Fireman, Save My Child,* and *Swim, Girl, Swim,* Paramount productions. Betty Bronson is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds, has long brown hair and blue eyes. She was born on November 17, 1906, in Trenton, N. J. Write to her at Warner Bros. Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Yes, I answer letters personally, when a stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies your request for information. Sure, come again and bring your lunch along.

MRS. A. L. M. Alice White was born in Paterson, N. J., and educated at Roanoke College, Virginia. No, she does not come from a professional family. She was script girl at the First National Studios when somebody became interested in her and gave her a screen test. She has reddish-gold hair and dark eyes, and is a walking personification of Pep.

EUNICE E. H. Victor McLaglen is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 212, has black hair, and hazel eyes. He was born in England and educated in South Africa. He has lived in 23 countries. His professions have included boxing, prospecting, mining, wrestling, hoboing, fighting, and acting on the vaudeville stage and in pictures. He reads Yogi philosophy, and likes to work in the garden. He was a captain in the World War. "All I know about him"? Well, that's a pretty big order—but I can add that he has a most infectious smile and is a great fellow—and that doesn't mean just size.



Audrey Ferris, Warner Bros. ingenue, packs plenty of punch according to Postal Pouch fans.

LADONA. Tom Mix gives his age as 47, and his birthplace as a now extinct village in El Paso County, Texas. Tony, his "wonder horse", is 12 years old. Tom started his movie career about fifteen years ago with the Fox Films Corporation, where he has been ever since. He has been married twice. He has a fifteen-year-old daughter, Ruth, by his first wife, and a six-year-old child, Thomasina, by Victoria Forde Mix, a former leading lady of his. Buck Jones has a twelve-year-old daughter named Maxine. Tom and Buck are both Americans. So's their old horses.

Thelma V. McP. Oh, so you're a Buddy Rogers fan! Goodness knows, he's been making enough breeze himself, since *My Best Girl* and *Abie's Irish Rose*. He's 26 years old. No, he has never been married. He's not even engaged, though there have been rumors —very vague ones, however—that he is interested in Claire Windsor. Just write to him at Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Hollywood. Mary Philbin is under contract to Universal, but at present is making a picture under D. W. Griffith for United Artists. Dolores Del Rio can be reached at the Edwin Carewe Productions, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood. She's at present working in *The Bear Tamer's Daughter*. What'll you bet that the title isn't changed to something much more romantic before it is released? Marian Nixon gets her mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, while Larry Kent calls for his at the First National Studios, Burbank.

ALICE K. Buster Collier is one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor's. He's 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. His real name is William. He played with Dolores Costello in *The College Widow*. You hope Janet Gaynor *gets* Charles Farrell? Gets him what? A necktie, maybe. Tut, tut! Anyhow, see them in *Street Angel,* which is said to be every bit as good as *Seventh Heaven*—though I'm from Missouri. Now, Alice, you must have fallen into Wonderland when you asked me if you could become a motion picture star. You're about two inches too tall, and besides only beauty isn't enough any more to make you a successful actress. So forget your screen aspirations and marry the boy-friend back home. Just the same you sound mighty good to me, and I'm willing to stake you to a lunch any time you want to drop around.

WM. T. F. B. O. is my last address for Gladys Quartero. Did you address the letter to F. B. O. Studios in Hollywood or New York? Try the Western studio, where the pictures are made; and you might write "Please forward" on the envelope so the mail boy will send it on to her.

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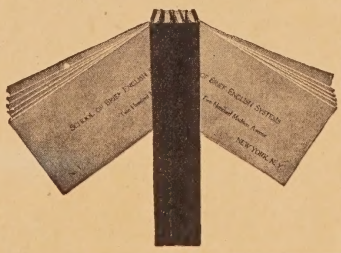

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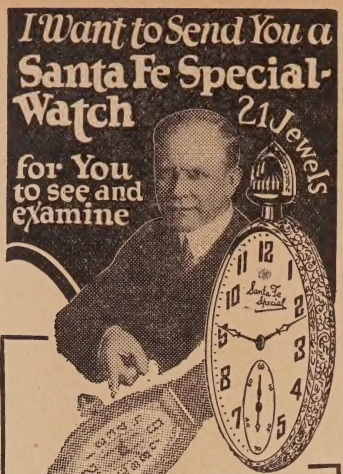

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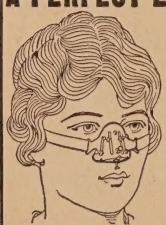

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TEN YEARS AGO

Mary the Mascot

BACK in 1918, Hollywood was concerned with real, rather than mimic warfare. Every studio maintained a home guard unit which drilled religiously every day. Among the best of them was the regiment of the old Lasky studio with Col. Cecil B. De Mille as commander and the beloved Wally Reid as color bearer. Mary Pickford was the mascot of the regiment.

Fate has dealt strangely with the "buddies" of those days. Mary Pickford and De Mille went separate ways, and a tragic death cut off Wally Reid in his prime.

"Over There"

MRS. VERNON CASTLE, then at the height of her popularity, was signed for a patriotic serial film. Her husband was "over there" and the famous dancing team split up. The picture, *Patria*, was successful, but the death of her husband for his country cut short Mrs. Castle's career. Mrs. Castle has retired from both stage and screen, though she did much war work after this picture.

Who Is This Chaplin?

A GROTESQUE comedian named Charlie Chaplin has been signed by the Lone Star Corporation to do a series of comedies. But they had trouble raising the money to put the pictures over. Apparently no one could be found with enough faith in the funny man's drawing powers to come in with financial backing. Like those people you hear about that refused the first Ford stock.

In Those Days

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS had two successful pictures showing; one with Arline Pretty in the leading opposite role and the other with Marjorie Daw.

Arline Pretty is no longer remembered and Miss Daw is fast fading from the memories of even the older members of the film fans, though Doug has just scored heavily again in *The Gaucho*.

Lowell Sherman, a stage favorite, condescended to do a picture, lured by the high salaries paid to actors for the silver sheet. He preferred the stage however and intended to go back to it to stay.

Mr. Sherman is now one of the better known villains of the screen and has long since lost his contempt for it. He recently "heavied" in *The Divine Woman*, starring Greta Garbo.

Some of the other stellar figures appearing in big pictures during 1918 who are now dim memories of the past were:

Maxine Elliot, a former stage favorite who was appearing in Goldwyn pictures.

Pearl White, then at the top of her ladder of success doing serials. She was one of the best recruiting aids the Navy had.

Annette Kellerman was doing her stuff and getting over big.

Max Linder was the suave polished French comedian of the day.

Col. C. B. De Mille, Mascot Mary Pickford, and Wally Reid, color bearer, were active members of the home guard unit at the old Lasky studio back in 1918 when Hollywood took war seriously.

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

Get This Week End Set —SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

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PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Amazing Perfume Offer

EIGHT ounces for one dollar—an astonishing introductory price on La Pompadour Narcissus perfume. This alluring perfume has been perfected to give a more delicate narcissus fragrance. Offered to you for a limited time for 1/10 of its retail value.

8oz. $1.00

From Romantic France

La Pompadour Narcissus is based on an ancient French formula, famous in the court of Louis XV. Never before has this exquisite perfume been sold at such an extremely low price. Print name and address on margin of this ad and mail with dollar bill—or we will send C. O. D. plus postage. La Pompadour, Inc., 602 N. 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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IF

they really are blondes! But if their hair is flat and lifeless—if it is beginning to fade or darken in streaks—it is certainly far from attractive.

Thousands of blondes keep their hair beautifully golden with Blondex, the new shampoo for blondes only. Brings back the true golden color—brightens the hair and prevents fading and darkening. Not a dye—no harsh chemicals—fine for the scalp. Over a million users. At all good drug and department stores.

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are all menaced by irregularities or painful delays due to colds, anemia, fright, or other causes. Such delays with their attendant pains and worries are quickly relieved by Mensez—a standby of women for 20 long years. Ask your druggist or send $1 (or pay postman $1.15 on delivery) for large box in plain wrapper. Money Back Guaranteed.

THE CROSS CO.

93 Nassau St., New York Dept. PF-

The Movies Tempt Colonel Lindbergh

(*Continued from page 27*)

TWO days after completion of the flight, the Associated Press estimated that 27,000 columns of newspaper comment on the flight, had been printed. "Uncle" Carl Laemmle realized how infinitesimal that $25,000 offer seemed and a cable was dispatched to Paris:

"Offer Lindbergh five hundred thousand dollars to appear in Universal films," it said in substance.

No response. A few days later, before the lad took off for London, Mr. Laemmle cabled James B. Bryson:

"Offer Lindbergh seven hundred thousand dollars to appear in Universal films."

In the interim, Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount, who then was in Paris, tendered him an offer personally to star in a picture play and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a similar overture. All were refused "for the present," as Lindbergh said.

Was ever a young man so deluged with proffers of gold? The ones from Paramount and Metro were not made public but are said to have exceeded in both instances the amount tendered by Universal. And these to a tow-headed boy who landed in Paris without personal equipment other than a toothbrush and safety razor and who was loaned a suit of clothes by members of Ambassador Herrick's household!

ALEXANDER PANTAGES, head of a vaudeville circuit, cabled Lindbergh an offer of $10,000 a day for a period of 365 days to appear in his vaudeville houses.

"Thanks!" about sums up his reply.

When "Lindy" refused 150,000 francs tendered him by the Aero Club of France through the generosity of Mme. Deutsche de la Meurthe and suggested that the money be given to the families of Captains Nungesser and Coli who lost their lives in an attempted trans-Atlantic flight, the motion picture producers began realizing they were endeavoring to deal with a world hero. When he later protested that he wanted no great trust fund raised for himself and mother and thus passed up possibly $2,000,000, he convinced the movie producers that mere money could not lure him to the studios. They saw him come back to America and watched the country "go wild" over its awkward, gangling, wind-blown boy.

"The Prince of Wales better not appear in town with that bird if he wants anybody to look at him," Will Rogers wrote.

Deferentially, the motion picture producers ceased wiring him proposals for pictures but never has the idea been dropped.

"Wait till he comes to Hollywood," they said.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER bought the screen rights to *War Birds* with a view of having Lindbergh appear in the picture. First National bought *Hardboiled Haggerty* which was filmed with Milton Sills in the featured role. The company purposed asking "Lindy" to appear in the production, promising that a percentage of its earnings should go to widows of war aviators, but the idea died in the studio.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs sought to get "Lindy" to appear in a film intended to arouse interest in American home life. Mrs. John Dickson Sherman, president of the organization, started the movement.

"Colonel Lindbergh has created a new standard of ideals and hero worship," she said, "in the minds of the youth of our country, at a time when this change of thought is sorely needed."

But "Lindy" did not join in the proposal. He turned a deaf ear to all.

COLONEL LINDBERGH arrived in Los Angeles last September, the time when it was obvious something definite should come from him. Three hundred thousand persons were banked on the aviation field when "The Spirit of St. Louis" came to a landing. The streets of the city were jammed with cheering throngs. Colonel Lindbergh was taken to the Ambassador Hotel for a 4 o'clock luncheon (which really was his breakfast that day) given by Marion Davies. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were among the guests at the head table.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio next day, Colonel Lindbergh delivered his decision. A breakfast was arranged at which the motion picture stars gathered. The affair was given in the studio cafe where stars, extras, cameramen and craftsmen gather. Noticeably ill at ease, "Lindy" talked little, shifted uncomfortably in his seat and seemed to sense his inability to "speak the 'movie' language." And the "movie" folk were timid in speaking about feats in the air. And the "Lone Eagle" talked freely though not boastfully of his flight across the Atlantic and sought to make himself agreeable. The breakfast was a very pleasant affair, splendidly handled, but its portent, so far as the studio was concerned, could be felt.

Adroitly, carefully, just at the psychological moment, Colonel Lindbergh was asked:

"Would you consider making an appearance in a motion picture, Colonel Lindbergh?"

Just as slowly, just as carefully the blue-eyed boy replied, looking his questioner straight in the eye, "I am an aviator; not an actor!"

There was nothing more to be said.

(*Continued on page 92*)

To Men Getting Bald I Say!

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how much of it is already gone—I make this amazing guarantee! I'll end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or you don't pay me a cent! No strings attached! No "Ifs", "Ands" or "Maybes"! New hair or no pay! And you are the sole judge!

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new healthy hair in 30 days!

Here's My Contract!

If your hair is rapidly falling out—if your appearance is spoiled by approaching baldness—if you have tried countless expensive hair treatments unsuccessfully—it makes no difference. My contract stands! I'll grow new hair in thirty days—or the trial costs you NOTHING!

Here's My Secret!

Years of training and research and day after day experiences in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—asleep!

You're wasting your time — you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the *surface skin* and *never even get* to the roots, the *real* source of trouble. How could they ever *possibly* grow new hair?

My Method Reaches the Roots

It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You *must* get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates *below* the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the *cause* of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF!

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—*and for just a few cents a day!*

New Hair or No Cost!

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless. Only remember this—these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant hair through my method, that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days—AT MY RISK!

Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately — refunding every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

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The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet, which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today. *Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 487, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

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"I want to tell you how wonderful your treatment is. The first week my dandruff left entirely, and by the third week a new growth of hair could be seen all over my head."
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The Movies Tempt Colonel Lindbergh

(*Continued from page 90*)

Colonel Lindbergh has a way of giving a courteous finality to his remarks and this straight-forward declaration left no room for argument. It implied, possibly—"If you think I'm an actor, you've got me all wrong. My place is in a plane." And it was apparent there was no reason for pressing the matter.

COLONEL LINDBERGH had delivered his ultimatum.

Nevertheless, the motion picture producers still have hope that some day the conqueror of the Atlantic will make a picture which may be handed down to posterity. The time now, they admit, is not yet ripe for their intrusion. There still is educational work for him to do. What they hope to impress upon him is the fact that motion pictures will carry to more eyes any message he has to deliver than most all the other agencies in America combined.

On a shelf in the cloistered office of Cecil B. De Mille, is an autographed photograph of Lindbergh, sent that celebrated producer because of his pioneering interest in aviation. It stands alone, conspicuous.

"I'm proud of that," Mr. De Mille said the other day. "It's a picture of an unspoiled American boy whose head couldn't be turned by a whole world's applause. Somehow, in view of what he has done and the way he has conducted himself, one can't feel in a mood to offer him a picture contract. It just doesn't seem to fit in with Lindbergh. And I think all the producers feel that way. But, if a picture could be devised which obviously would promote the idea of conquering the air, and which would not place him in a fluffy, romantic role, I think that he might consent to appear. For such a picture, no valuation could be set upon his services. It is something not to be measured in dollars and cents."

Louis B. Mayer, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, voices the same opinion. So does Robert Welsh, of Universal, the representative of Mr. Laemmle.

"That little speech of President Coolidge in which he said—'Here is one hero who is not going to commercialize his honor,' sums it all up," one producer said the other day.

COLONEL LINDBERGH thus far has avoided appending his signature to an endorsement that the Lallapolussa Soap is the only soap that doesn't scratch. He has not let the world know that he would walk a mile for a bottle of ginger ale. He doesn't care whether a union suit is cut from a house awning, a cotton-lined gunnysack or circus tent. He wears an ordinary collar bought at an ordinary haberdashery at an ordinary price and he doesn't announce his name when he buys.

When the "Lone Eagle" was in Los Angeles, Sid Grauman, one of the greatest showmen on the Pacific coast decided he wanted "Lindy's" footprint in the cement walk leading to the forecourt of his Chinese theatre. Imprints are there of the feet of Doug and Mary but the footprint of "Lindy," he knew, would be a greater attraction. So he called in Harry Hammond Beall, his press agent, and told him to get it.

"Yeah!" said Ham. "Nice little assignment. Just get Colonel Lindbergh to come out especially to step in the soft cement in front of our theatre. Great! I'm a press agent, Mr. Grauman, not a footprint collector."

"Nothing is impossible," said the showman. "Get it!"

HARRY HAMMOND knew it was up to him to try to get an imprint of Colonel Lindbergh's foot. So he set out after it. He first rented a room at the Ambassador Hotel opposite that of the flyer. Then he got a little kiln of cement and began dogging "Lindy's" footsteps. Every now and then he'd have to run away a bit to put more water in his box. Then he would lay for the Colonel again.

"Colonel Lindbergh!" he would begin when he got within ear-shot.

Then some one or two or a group would interpose.

"I want to get—"

Something else would happen. "Lindy" was as elusive as a will-o-the-wisp. Finally Ham decided that an imprint of Colonel Lindbergh's shoe would suffice. So he wet down his cement again prepared to ask the flying ace to step in it.

But the Colonel didn't appear to want to step in it. His managers didn't seem anxious for him to step in it. "Ham" appealed to the cordon of police for aid and even asked the mayor to intercede.

Did he get it?

Out on a vacant lot in Hollywood there rests a block of hard material, rectangular and smooth. The mists of the morning daily lave its sides and the receding sun kisses it a warm farewell as it dips behind the ground swells of the murmuring Pacific at sundown. It has missed its mission in life.

It is "Ham" Beall's cement block especially cast for an impression of Colonel Lindbergh's naked foot—an impression which never was made.

Recently Colonel Lindbergh came within range of Hollywood on his vacation trip to Santa Barbara. But still he insisted that this was a pleasure trip only and successfully eluded all those who sought to approach him with business offers.

Only time can tell whether the immortal aviator will ever appear in any film—beyond the news reels.

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Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

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Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

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Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much.

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

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Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

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Looking Backward With Richard Dix

(*Continued from page* 33)

I had. I said, 'Oh, very experienced—lots of training—two or three years.' So she said there was a manager in the house looking for a youth to go to Pittsburg with him to play in stock. I sought him out. He asked my salary; I had heard $40 was good, so I mentioned that. He said: 'I'll give you $25.' I thought 'Good Gravy, with offers like this coming in the first day, why take a two bit offer? I'll be a star in two weeks.'

"Well, I walked over New York for the two weeks and failed to get a job. My capital diminished to three dollars. I could have kicked myself for not taking that offer and was feeling pretty miserable. Just a few days later, the same man called again offering me $35, and I practically fell on his neck. In Pittsburg, I played everything in the world and at last progressed to the heavy class where I even played a Mexican rotter.

"IT WAS at this theatre that the girl jilted me. It was also at this theatre that the greatest grief of my life overtook me. I was waiting to go on in the second act of *East Lynne*, as the black-mustached villain, when they handed me a telegram: **Archie very low hope almost gone come home at once—Mother.** I didn't even know that my brother was sick. Somehow I managed to answer my cue and finish the performance, then I took the night train home.

"My brother had been my best friend always. He knew that he was going to die, for he was a doctor, and he forced himself out of the mists of coma to talk with me. 'They operated three days too late,' he told me. 'I'm gone, Dick. But before I go there are things I want to tell you, things I've found out myself.'

"And as I knelt there by his bedside, he talked to me about love and marriage and other things, with the strange authority of Death. It was the last time he spoke to anyone."

Richard was no longer a carefree boy, lilting through life. He was a man with a tremendous ambition. He must succeed, to justify his brother's beautiful faith.

ELI BRIMMER was a manufacturer of soap and metal polish and was an able business man capable and willing to take care of his wife and daughter. But about this time he fell ill of a rheumatic complaint that completely disabled him and Richard came to the rescue.

At this juncture, Oliver Morosco offered the young leading man a position at the head of his Los Angeles stock company, which the actor accepted because of the equitable climate of Southern California. Surely his father would get well in the famous sunshine!

DURING his two and a half years' engagement at the Morosco Stock Company, he was a popular matinee idol and many were the screen producers who turned eyes in his direction.

Jeannie McPherson was among those who thought that there was motion picture material in the big dark youth who was making such a sensation at Ninth and Broadway, Los Angeles. She met Richard socially rather often and each time she would ask: "Ready to make that test, Mr. Dix?"

At length Richard grew tired of refusing. He ran out of excuses, he says.

"I never was so shocked in my life as when I saw myself on the screen for the first time," says the attractive star. "I couldn't believe that I was looking at Old Man Dix's son. I stared at the shadow on the screen. 'Is that the way I look?' I said, in horror. I had no screen make-up and I didn't seem to know what to do with myself. My hands seemed like big fans or huge slabsided hams. 'No film career for me!' I cried, before Jeannie could cry it first. I got off the lot as quickly as possible.

And so he gave up all thought of the movies and went again to New York in search of fame, fortune and electric lights on the Great White Way. . . .

(To Be Continued)

The intimate story of Richard Dix's early loves will be revealed for the first time in the second installment of this fascinating life story which will appear in the August issue of *Screen Secrets* on sale July 20th. This story was told to Miss Tildesley by the star as he was recovering from his recent illness which was nearly fatal.

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SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER: For only 10 cents to help pay for postage and handling, we will send to any reader a full carat size Austrian Diamond—the world's finest. Simulating genuine gems they are simply dazzling in their vivid play of rainbow fire, shooting their electric blue-white flashes in every direction at your slightest move. Only a perfect gem with 32 diamond cut facets is able to provide this dazzling display of fire. Even experts are astounded! You will be more than delighted with its value and beauty.

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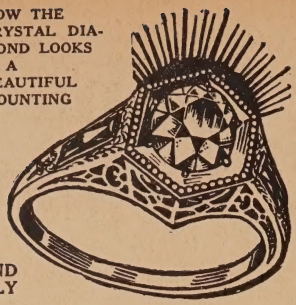

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Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page 63*)

Irvin Willat. Franklin Pangborn and I joined Hugh Allen and his friends. Hugh was in the seventh heaven because he was going on location near the border. "Just half an hour from Mexico!" he exulted. "And we're taking twenty of the prettiest extras in Hollywood for the harem sequence! And they call *that* work!"

EDWIN CAREWE'S party on board his yacht "Gypsy" came back from the trip to the southern coast of Mexico barely in time for the opening of his picture, *Ramona.* The cruise was taken for the purpose of filming scenes for his next picture *Revenge.*

Dolores Del Rio, who had so looked forward to this trip to her native land, declared that Hollywood never looked better to her on her return. "The day we land' in Mexico comes an earthquake," she recounted with her fascinating accent. "Then Mr. Carewe was attack' by malaria—oh, so seeck, he was! We all suffer by mosquitos so large as horses! Finally, when we set sail for home comes a ver' bad storm which cripple the yacht and make us row for shore in little boats. Jus' one thing after another!"

SOMEONE must have been homesick for little old New York when Vera Reynolds planned her combination house-warming for her new home and farewell party in honor of the Ben Piazzas (Mr. Piazza has been western manager of the Orpheum Circuit and is now transferred to the east)—For what do you think Vera did with her living room? Took out all the shiny new furniture and converted it into a replica of dear old 42nd and Broadway! A great sign "Orpheum-Ben Piazza," electrically lighted, stood at the foot of the stairway. The door leading into the dining room was marked "Bartoldi Inn."

Entering the door of the inn, a typical actor's boarding house presented itself. Rag carpets, cheap lace curtains, horsehair furniture, family portraits,—nothing was spared down to the family album on the marble-topped table.

An Italian dinner was served to fifty guests while entertainers from the Orpheum circuit provided amusement.

ANDRES DE SEGUROLA, former grand opera star, now gracing the screen, was host to several distinguished guests recently—Princes Marie de Bourbon, Mrs. Braar Dahlberg and the Marquis Alfonso de Figueroa, cousin to the King of Spain.

Mr. de Segurola tells many an amusing tale of his encounters with famous people. In fact, his first appearance in the movies was with the Prince of Wales when they were both guests of the August Belmonts at the races. De Segurola's impression of the prince is that of a shy young chap with very little to say; at one small dinner party, his sole remark the entire evening consisted of the word "Rather!" given with varying intonations. . . . .

CHECK up another brilliant premiere for the Carthay Circle Theatre. Fox's *Street Angel,* starring America's Sweethearts"—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—opened recently to one of the most illustrious gatherings in film history. Sky rockets burst in golden rain above the beautiful white edifice and vari-colored flares illumined the waiting mob. (Never have I seen such a concourse of eager fans; most of them thoughtfully provided themselves with seats while enterprising small boys carried on a lively trade renting soap boxes and barrels to the less-forehanded souls. I even noted one obviously sick man on a stretcher!)

The two young stars of the evening arrived carefully chaperoned by their mothers and were greeted with wild acclaim. Later, when Edmund Lowe as master of ceremonies, introduced Janet and Charlie from the stage at the close of the program, the theatre fairly shook with applause.

That charming little heart-breaker, Sue Carol, was accompanied by Nick Stuart, lately returned from a personal appearance tour of the East. James Hall squired Merna Kennedy in a party with his *Hell's Angels* buddy, Ben Lyon, who beaued a mysterious blonde.

During the intermission, Edouard Raquello paused to invite Natalie Kingston, who made such a vivid impression in the picture, to a Polish party he is giving soon. "I'll come if I may do a Polish dance!" laughed Natalie.

Ralph Forbes spent his time looking for unattached males as he was host to six attractive members of the fair sex, among whom I recognized Julianne Johnston and Zasu Pitts. Ralph carried a cane—he said he needed it to keep them all in line so he'd know where they were.

Youthful Arthur Lake looking very "Harold Teenish" in a full dress suit. Georgie Harris, lately returned from England, bubbling over with plans for Movietone acts. Ben Bard and Ruth Roland—Ruth all excited over facing the kliegs once more after her long retirement from the films. Alice Day with Junior Laemmle. Greta Nissen and Roland Drew. Claire Windsor and Buddy Rogers. Lita Grey and Roy D'Arcy. . . . .

PROJECTION parties are still in vogue. Prominent members of the film colony often favor their guests with private showings of current features in the home projection room. Recently, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo entertained in this pleasant way. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice (Diana Kane), the Antonio Morenos and Roland Lee being among the fortunate guests.

They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play

... but I was the life of the party after that

THE first day of Dorothy's house party at her cottage on the shore had been a huge success. With an afternoon of swimming, boating and golfing we were all set for the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill enthusiastically, as we were leaving the table, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm all pepped up for a good dance."

"Fine," cried Dorothy, "Dick Roberts has his banjo and can sure make it hum. Now who can play the piano?"

Instantly the laughter and merriment ceased. All looked at one another foolishly. But no one said a word.

"How about you, Jim, you play don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes, I'll play 'Far, Far Away'," laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly, Dot, I hate to admit it, but I can't play a note," she answered.

It certainly looked as if the party were going flat. Plenty of dancers but no one to play.

Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst out in laughter.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"Quit your kidding," cut in another, "I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life."

"There isn't a bar of music in your whole makeup," laughed Mabel.

A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came over me. But as I strode to the piano I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them.

No one knew what to expect. They thought I was about to make a fool of myself. Some laughed. Others watched me wide-eyed.

Then—I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loosing fox-trot, "St. Louis Blues." Dick was so dumbfounded he almost dropped his banjo. But in a flash he had picked up the rhythm and was strumming away like mad.

Although they could hardly believe their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in a jiffy. And how they danced! Fox-trots, waltzes—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

The couples, who but a moment before had been dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends. Questions were fired at me from all sides.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you played for us before?"

"How long have you been studying?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?"

"Who gave you lessons?" He must be wonderful!"

I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how some time before I made up my mind to go in for something besides sports. I wanted to be able to play—to entertain others—to be popular. But when I thought of the great expense and the years of study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an announcement in a magazine telling of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

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How I Broke Into the Movies

(*Continued from page* 53)

throwin' act, and that salves my bruised feelings considerably.

Sam Rork, who produced *A Texas Steer*, in which I got the big comedy part of a congressman who was a Texas cowman, says he picked me out of all the Hollywood actors because all the rest of them have morality clauses in their contracts and are afraid to act like congressmen.

But I figured it out that it's because I was in the Follies. I'm an ex-Follies graduate and if Barrymore had my legs he could still be on the stage.

But I'd been in the movies before I signed up with Sam Rork for *A Texas Steer* for First National pictures. I've been in more punkin-seed movies and most of the job was handling the rope. But now I'm in a smart movie, a comedy special they call it, with real actors helping me out, and all I've got to do is act the big comedy part of being a congressman. That's a cinch. Any day in the week any congressman I've known can give me a big laugh acting natural. They tell me I act natural, so the picture ought to be a riot.

My advice to aspiring movie struck folks is to buy a good twelve-foot rope, practice with it and then if you don't succeed, why you can always stretch it over a nearby tree with one end around your neck.

Classified Picture Guide

(*Continued from page* 55)

Detectives—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur sniping snoopers—*M-G-M.*

The Patsy—Rollicking Marion Davies, Cinderella, who got her man. Film for younger sisters—*M-G-M.*

Hot Heels—Glen Tryon, comic hotel keeper, turns jockey to win horse race and Pasty Ruth Miller—*Universal-Jewel.*

The Goodbye Kiss—Mack Sennett makes a long one, still about the war. But there are Sally Eilers and Matty Kemp—*Sennett.*

Abie's Irish Rose—A hardy perennial blooms again in the films. Everybody knows all about this one—*Paramount.*

The Circus—Charlie Chaplin is himself again. A riot under the big top—*United Artists.*

Vamping Venus—Charlie Murray runs wild around Rome in spats and a derby. Kidding the classics—*First National.*

DRAMA

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—Dick Barthelmess, local hill billy, who makes good but rejects riches to come back and marry Molly O'Day, the gal in the calico dress—*First National.*

Laugh, Clown, Laugh—There's a broken heart among Lon Chaney's souvenirs. Is Loretta Young to blame?—*M-G-M.*

The Street of Sin—Emil Jannings as a soul saver in the slums of London. Heavy Drama—*Paramount.*

Drums of Love—D. W. Griffith comes back from the grave with lavish South American films. Mary Philbin, Don Alvarado, and Lionel Barrymore do good work—*United Artists.*

Sunrise—Murnau gets beautiful results with camera tricks. Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien do fine acting in heavy German near-tragedy—*Fox.*

The Trail of '98—Gold rush days brought back on Birth of Nation scale with Dolores Del Rio and Ralph Forbes—*M-G-M.*

WESTERN

Horseman of the Plains—Tom Mix saves the old homestead, straightens out crooked horse race, licks gang, exposes rustler and marries girl in fifty-three minutes flat—*Fox.*

Sunset Legion—There's gold in those hills and Fred Thomson gets it although he has to change horses and whiskers fifty times to do so—*Paramount.*

Wild West Show—Hoot Gibson dodges cross-eyed knife thrower, poses as lady bareback rider, catches runaway stage, saves girl and foils villain. Hardly seems enough—*Universal.*

Riders of the Dark—Tim McCoy gets his woman in a fast one, full of riding, wrestling and roughmatic—*M-G-M.*

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Hundreds of other sufferers from asthma, bronchitis and chronic coughs have reported their recovery, after years of affliction. Their letters and a booklet of valuable information about these diseases, will be sent free by Nacor Medicine Co., 696 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. No matter how serious your case, write for this free booklet. It may give your whole life a new meaning.

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D. J. LANE, 497 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas

The Luck of the Irish

(Continued from page 79)

"It is so easy to keep straight ahead, but difficult if one has to go back and undo anything." She told me sagely, "Molly is a wonderful girl and she has a wonderful future ahead if she keeps going like she has started."

As soon as the scene was finished, she brought Molly over to me. Sally is very confident of her little sister's future. She knows that Molly will be a famous tragedienne or something.

MOLLY is several inches taller than her petite sister, and a decidedly different type. Some day, she will know how fortunate she is, if she does not now, to have such a loyal little trouper as Sally to fight her battles for her. Failure would be out of the question.

When it comes to battles, they can't last long where Sally is concerned, for she has a most disarming smile, and when she brings it into play almost any old adversary will run up the white flag of surrender. It takes brains to win the fight for fame, and Sally has enough for a whole regiment of sisters. When Molly indulged in a bit of temperament recently, and her position seemed wobbly, it was Sally who acted as peacemaker and threw oil on the troubled waters. It was Sally who brought Molly to understand that a wise little sailor always obeys his captain without questioning. Molly learned her lesson and intends to obey the captain.

Molly O'Day is doing creditable work in straight dramatic roles such as she had in *The Patent Leather Kid* with Richard Barthelmess. She is too young in age and dramatic experience for one to be able to forecast how far she will climb. The sisters are inseparable and Sally insists that Molly is prettier and more gifted. I cannot detect much resemblance between the two girls and I feel sure there can never be another like Sally.

Sally has her film favorites like everyone else. She never misses a Renee Adoree picture and she is a confirmed Dorothy Gish fan. She thinks Dorothy gave an unbeatable performance in *Nell Gwyn.*

It was with real regret that I left Sally when I came away. I had been to luncheon at the Ambassador with a famous star who has reached the point where she is a confirmed victim to ego and must be petted and praised at every turn. It was relief to meet a girl as wholesome and unspoiled as Sally O'Neil.

SHE is a pretty colleen who knows what she wants and is speeding towards it. It is a pretty safe bet that no accidents will mar Sally's course to stardom, for she will not allow her attention to be distracted from her goal ahead, and she has the luck of the Irish. Courageous, careful, little Sally! May that uncanny luck never desert you.

Romain Fielding, fifteen years ago chosen by fan ballot as the most popular male actor in the films, died recently from an infected tooth.

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Stars on the Air

(*Continued from page* 41)

the long, tiny cord, so I could walk about naturally. I would talk to the stars; and their replies would go out over the radio. The novelty of the stunt made it quite a hit.

"AFTER Molly O'Day had said a few words, I told her that her words had been going on the air. 'Oh, heavens!' she exclaimed. 'What did I say?' I can imagine how all those listening-in laughed when she said that!

"I'm always glad to see Mary Pickford or Dolores Del Rio appear. They're very gracious and kindly. Vilma Banky always sweetly refuses. She insists that her husband speak for her. But Cecil B. DeMille, the director-producer, is the real answer to the announcer's prayers. He speaks willingly and clearly—and always says something out of the ordinary.

"One way our station is useful to us is in helping to keep our stars on location happy. If, for example, a company is on location in the Mohave Desert, we put on a program for their special benefit and they listen in."

Dodge Brothers arranged a national hookup recently with 52 stations at a total cost of $200,000. They paid United Artists $50,000 to have Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Dolores Del Rio, Norma Talmadge and John Barrymore speak.

The picture people did their talking from Doug's dressing room on the United Artist's lot, while Paul Whiteman's band supplied the music from New York.

It was estimated that 50,000,000 people listened in. Dolores Del Rio sang *Ramona.* Now the little lady from Mexico proudly claims that more people have heard her sing than ever before heard any singer, at one time in history.

FAIRBANKS acted as master of ceremonies, and did it well.

The emotional Griffith became so excited about the event that his eyes filled with tears. Some listeners-in detected the tearful note in his voice. He talked about love and various other subjects.

Charlie Chaplin was the only one to stutter. He was quite worried about the event, days before it took place. He even investigated the matter of an insurance policy to provide cash consolation if he couldn't carry on. An English accent reminded fans that Charlie was born in England.

John Barrymore, the most experienced stage performer of the lot, did well by Dodge Brothers. He delivered the soliloquy from "Hamlet."

Norma Talmadge was quite a hit. She gave an excellent talk on Hollywood as the new style center.

Dodge Brothers felt quite compensated for the enormous expense by including in the program a ten-minute talk on the Dodge car. The company had insured the appearance of the stars before the microphone for $250,000.

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Get into this thrilling business at once while the field is new and uncrowded. Now—by a unique new plan—you can quickly secure at home, during spare time, the preliminary training necessary to get a start in the Aviation Industry. Experts will teach you the secrets—give you the inside facts that are essential to your success. And the study of Aviation by our method is almost as fascinating as the actual work itself. Every lesson is chock-full of interest—and so absorbing that you actually forget you are studying. But best of all are the ultimate rewards you are fitting yourself to gain.

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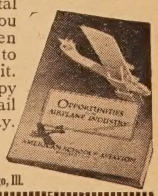

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Helen of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 66*)

HALLIWELL'S face was white with rage as he spoke to Helen.

"Do as you damned please, then!" he barked. "But don't ever come to me for any more favors!"

Berwick's eyes flashed angrily. "Don't forget for one minute, Halliwell," he said, "that you are speaking to a lady."

"Well, both you and the lady," retorted Halliwell, with a sneering inflection, "are through so far as I am concerned. No woman is indispensible to me; and no director, either," he added. "Your contract expires with this picture, Berwick, and I'll pay you up and dispense with your valuable services."

"Never mind paying me up," Berwick flashed. "Just tear up the contract, and we'll call it quits. And I'll tear up mine."

"That is very satisfactory to me," said Halliwell, icily. "We'll end the discussion then, right here."

"The discussion won't end right here," said Helen, with tears in her eyes. "You inferred a moment ago that I have been asking favors of you, Mr. Halliwell. I'm not aware that I ever asked anything of you."

"Well, maybe you didn't," admitted Halliwell. "Perhaps I was a trifle hasty when I said that."

"Come on, Miss O'Troy," insisted Weil, triumphantly. "We'll go to my studio right now and get this contract witnessed. "Come on. I have my car right over here."

BUT IT was some time before Helen could make her way to the car. Reporters from various Los Angeles newspapers were already on the scene of the tragedy, and had waylaid the extra-girl as she tried to cross the field. "You have some pictures of yourself, of course?" asked one of the young men eagerly.

"Hesser has some of mine on file. Seeley, too, has a couple of poses." But even as Helen was speaking she could hear the click of the shutters on the news-photographers' cameras which had been set up before her. She saw Hal Howard talking and gesticulating excitedly to the reporters, the young publicity man making the most of this wonderful opportunity to emblazon the name of his home-town friend across the front pages. Opportunity, and a tragedy, had suddenly raised Helen O'Troy, born Helen Beck, to front-page importance.

When finally she was able to continue her way to the car, she paused for a word with Berwick. "I'm afraid, Mr. Berwick," she said, "that I am responsible for your trouble with Mr. Halliwell."

"Don't you worry a single minute about that," Berwick told her reassuringly. "I'm just as well satisfied to be through with Halliwell. And I'm glad to have you signed up with Weil. He's a straight business man, and business is all he's interested in. And he has plenty of money. It's a wonderful break for you. The tragedy of today would have happened anyhow. You must try to forget it. This is Hollywood, you know; tragedy and triumph have gone hand in hand before this. I offer you my sincerest congratulations."

"But I feel grateful to you, Mr. Berwick, for what you have done for me," she protested, "and surely I shall see you again?"

"Of course," replied Berwick. "Why some day I may even be your director. I hope you won't be hard to handle. And when you get settled in your new splendor, I'll not lose a moment in coming to see Cinderella at the ball."

She said good-bye to Hal Howard, who told her that he would come to visit her that evening. Then, with the exultant Weil beside her, she rode away in the luxurious limousine of the producer.

HELEN arrived at her bungalow-apartment on Vine Street and found that Arline was not there, although it was already well after five o'clock. She had been driven home by Weil's chauffeur, who had later brought copies of both the Herald and the Record. There, splashed across the front pages of both of the Los Angeles evening dailies were black headlines telling of the disaster at the flying field. And her own part in the episode had been sensationally featured by the reporters. There were pictures of her, too, some of which had been taken that afternoon at the field and others which, for a moment had puzzled her. She had wondered how the papers had ever secured that picture of her in a bathing suit, a picture that she had taken for the express purpose of displaying the charms of her figure.

Why, of course! It had been on file in the Central Casting Bureau and in the casting departments of several of the producing concerns. It had been an easy matter for the reporters to secure prints of it. Helen O'Troy. . . Helen O'Troy. . .Helen O'Troy. . . . Her name was everywhere through the story. Her beauty, her courage, and her presence of mind were all the subjects of lavish encomiums, and as she pored over the papers again in the privacy of her apartment, she felt the immense satisfaction that is derived from fame or, lacking that, from notoriety, at times, and in certain ways.

There was a soft slap against the door of the little apartment. She opened the door. The carrier boy had hurled Arline's copy of the little Hollywood newspaper against the door. She picked it up. Publicity again, only more so this time. Her place in the sun at last. . . Helen O'Troy. . .Helen O'Troy.

She even forgot, as she read on, that a check for a thousand dollars was

folded up in her purse together with most of the five hundred that she had received from Halliwell for the perilous stunt that had held her suspended, for a few horrible moments, over the pit of eternal darkness.

Then Helen O'Troy returned to more practical considerations. That night she and Arline would have a party to celebrate the passing of poverty and worry. Helpful Hal from her old home town; Hal Howard was going to drop in, dear, and the three of them would have a good chat over bygone days in Carthage when she was just plain Helen Beck.

IT MIGHT be well, she thought, to have a little something to drink. . . for Hal. . .well, in view of what had happened to her, she might take a little drink herself. After all, everybody did, or nearly everybody. . .in Hollywood.

She hurried up to Hollywood Boulevard, entered an elaborate delicatessen, and bought recklessly of all the choicest viands that she could see—caviar and roast capon and compotes and pate de foie gras. It made an imposing bundle. She paid for it. She would call back. For she wanted to make still another purchase. She stopped in at a drugstore, and called the glossy-haired clerk to the rear of the store. "I want to make a certain little purchase—without a prescription," she started, "and while I can't prove I'm not a Prohibition agent—."

The young clerk grinned broadly. "That's all right, Miss O'Troy," he said. "I guess everybody in Hollywood knows who you are, miss. What'll it be?—Hollywood Gordon? Scotch? And a pal o' mine got through some good rye up from Tia Juana last week. I've got part of a case left—and it won't last long."

"Miss O'Troy!" The clerk knew her—and she had never seen him before. The thrill, the delight, of fame!

"Three bottles—of the rye," she told him. After all, money was nothing to her any more. She had a purse full of it. And, besides, she was on the threshold of stardom, and could not be cheap. She paid the clerk twenty-four dollars for the liquor. "Shall I call a taxi, Miss O'Troy?" asked the clerk, solicitously.

Of course. A taxi. Helen O'Troy would not walk the few blocks down past Santa Monica Boulevard. . .

She accepted the taxicab as her due, sent the driver into the delicatessen for the package of food, nonchalantly tipped the driver a dollar when she reached home. It felt good to throw money away. It was a luxury that not once before in her life had she been able to afford. She fixed up the table with her array of delicacies, and then proceeded to open one of the bottles of liquor. She had no corkscrew, but by the manipulations of a screw-driver and a pair of manicure scissors managed to get a little less than half of the cork outside of the bottle, and a little more than half inside of it. The bouquet of the liquor spread through the room, and Helen wrinkled up her nose distastefully.

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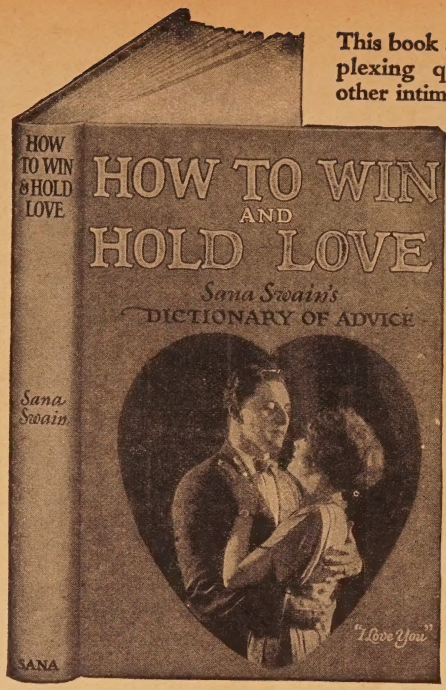

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SHE did not like the odor of it and she knew that she would not like the taste of the whiskey, but she decided that while waiting for Arline she would indulge in a small drink. After all, it was her night to celebrate, wasn't it?—wasn't that the way folks celebrated in Hollywood?—and elsewhere, for that matter? She washed down the drink with a glass of water. She felt its fire course through her body, and it was followed by a sense of lightness, of well-being. It made her dreamy. She was hardly conscious of the presence of Arline until she heard the front door close softly. Then she turned and saw her friend, looking rather tired, standing in the middle of the floor.

"Hello, old dear," shouted Helen exultantly. "You must have seen the papers. This is going to be a big night for us, old dear."

"Yes, I saw the papers," said Arline in a flat voice. "I saw about the accident and your contract with Weil, and everything."

"Well, then," Helen suggested, "fill up a glass and we'll drink to my success."

"All right," replied Arline, moodily. "I'm perfectly willing to drink to it."

She took the bottle and poured out a generous drink of the liquor and gulped it. Helen was mildly surprised. She had never known Arline to drink before, and had hardly expected her to take advantage of her invitation.

"Take off your things and let's eat," said Helen, merrily. She had joined Arline in drinking to her own success. She was feeling more and more elated. "Hal Howard's coming around a little later, and we're going to have a party, kid."

They ate the meal almost in silence. Arline seemed to be more and more depressed. She seemed anything but a joiner in a feast of celebration.

LATER in the evening she became a trifle more volatile with the re-union with Hal Howard, but her enthusiasm was short-lived. Hal Howard, himself drinking copiously to the continued success of Helen, was sure that triumph was near at hand. He would take care of her publicity and Helen would blaze forth like a comet in the skies. He talked of scenes during high-school days back in Carthage, hinted at walks in the moonlight, and failed to notice the glowering attitude of Arline. "One more drink to Helen's continued success!" shouted Hal.

Arline turned upon him savagely. "Success!" she sneered. "Anybody can get success the way she got it!"

The remark brought Helen to her feet. "Arline!" she exclaimed. "Oh, surely you can't be jealous!"

"Jealous! Of what?" was the hasty retort. "If I wanted to stay out all night with Halliwell or someone like him perhaps I could get what I wanted, too. Success!" she raved on. "I know how you got your success!"

The violent and unjust attack sobered Helen, and at the same time infuriated her.

"You know that's a lie!" she said, tensely, feeling the suspicious eyes of Hal Howard upon her. "It's a damnable lie!" she repeated, almost hysterical. She felt stunned, incapable of argument.

"A lie!" Arline mimicked. "I'll show you how much of a lie I think it is. I won't stay with you another night. I'm getting out of her and getting out now!"

"But Arline! Why this sudden outburst? I don't deserve this from you, Arline. I've had good fortune, yes, but I've worked hard for it. Have I ever failed to play square with you? I'm willing to go ahead and play it. Now I'm in a position to soften your troubles. You could live with me—in some nicer place than this. You—"

BUT Arline Saunders, this queer Arline Saunders whom she was now seeing for the first time, was immune to argument. She had a place to go, she inferred, as good a place as Helen could offer her. She packed her few belongings quickly and departed. Helen O'Troy sat there depressed and mystified. The action of her well-tested friend had cast a pall over the night's celebration. She heard the drone of Hal's voice trying to cheer her up. And then the doorbell. The new caller proved to be Nigel Berwick. The strong-faced young director looked disapprovingly at the bottles on the table, and almost as disapprovingly at Hal Howard.

"I had dropped around to complete my congratulations, Helen," he told the girl a trifle stiffly. "I was going to offer certain suggestions for you, suggestions as the result of my Hollywood experience. I am somewhat sorry to see that you have not waited for suggestions. You see, Helen, sudden riches can make or break—especially break, in Hollywood. I hardly think that now that your opportunity has come, you should indulge in any riotous living, that you—."

He cut himself off shortly with a deprecating laugh. "But I'm sorry. I didn't mean to lecture," he said.

Coming as it did, on the heels of Arline's weird behavior, the prim words of Berwick seemed to irritate Helen. She sensed that Berwick was jealous. He had found her alone with another man—and with alcholic refreshment. He had assumed that it was her choice; he had not waited for her to tell the reason of it, the sudden departure of Arline. He was like all men, ready to disapprove when someone else appeared to be the favored one.

"You didn't mean to lecture," she said, drily. "But you seem to be doing it, Mr. Berwick—very well."

"I'm rather afraid you're right," admitted Berwick. "Well, good evening." He bowed in her direction, and to Howard, and hardly before Helen knew what he was about, he had opened the door of the little apartment and had disappeared into the court. She wanted

to cry out. But she sat there silently, reached for the bottle. . .

HELEN O'TROY, film actress, finished reading her mail as her maid entered her suite with her breakfast on a tray. "Mam'zelle will be ready for ze bath at ten hours and a half?" she asked, solicitously.

"Yes, ten-thirty will be all right, Celeste," Helen replied. Her inflection, her attitude, might have indicated that she had been used to this surrounding luxury all her life. "You may lay out the sport suit. I'm motoring to the Beach Club for luncheon. And the blue bouffant gown for the affair at the Grove tonight."

"But certainly, mam'zelle," replied the eager Celeste. "And if mam'zelle wishes some more coffee, perhaps, she will ring."

The maid departed, and as, propped up in bed against several soft pillows, Helen lingered over her breakfast, she gazed out through the window of her suite which overlooked the velvety lawn of the Ambassador Hotel. Hal Howard, the publicity man, had suggested the Ambassador. Now that she had been elevated from the ranks of extradom she could not continue to live in the stuffy little bungalow-court apartment, and it would cost too much to take a house and furnish it.

Within a week she would start with the Weil production unit out on location near Tia Juana, just below the Mexican line; then there would be danger again, since it was to be an aviation picture. But meanwhile here she was, snugly ensconced at the magnificent Ambassador, with the substantial advance that Weil had given her tucked away in Hellman's Bank on the Boulevard; with a maid, a rented car and chauffeur, and quarters fit for an empress. Her gaze swept over the elaborately appointed room, the chaise-lounge by the window, the period chairs, the flame-colored curtains of the cozy alcove.

A few days before she had been a scared little extra girl, the possible prey of such men as Richard Halliwell. Now the footage of Weil's News Shots had been given day-and-date showings at Grauman's mammoth Metropolitan, at the Egyptian Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, at the new Chinese Theatre across the way, at Loew's State and several others. The law-suit against Weil by Halliwell, in an effort to restrain the showing of the contested news film, had only served to add to the publicity of Helen O'Troy. "We may lose the suit eventually," Weil had told her, "but we're getting more right now than I'll ever have to pay back. You see," he had added cannily, "I won't at least have to pay for all the good advertising that my new screen player is getting."

THEN there had been the pictures of her in the newspapers; the interview by the representative of a national magazine; the request by one of Hal Howard's friends that she appear at the great Wampas Annual Ball as one of

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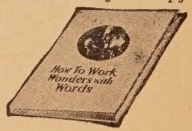

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the Baby Stars, as they called the girls whom they believed destined for stardom. How wonderful it all was. And yet, it was all typical of Hollywood, the magic land where former salesgirls in five-and-ten-cent stores had become the anointed of the world via far-flung cinema screens; where an Italian landscape gardener had become the greatest vicarious Lothario in all the passionate pages of world history; where a little Toronto girl named Gladys Smith had become Mary Pickford. What a strange, Alice-in-Wonderland world it all was, where extras starved and former extras, now famous, attended Lucullian feasts and partook of the fat of the land—unless by chance they had to diet to keep within the weights prescribed in their contracts; Hollywood, where anything strange could happen and many strange things did happen; where the fondest dreams of the old-time alchemists of turning baser metals into gold had been outdone. It was being outdone even now, in the case of Helen Beck, the workman's daughter from Carthage, New York, becoming Helen O'Troy, film actress and potential film star, with a salary drawn by few. Beauty—and tragedy—and opportunity—and luck. Any one of them, alone, might have been useless to Helen O'Troy, born Helen Beck. Together they had raised her to a glimpse of Paradise, had even placed her for the time being above the clutch of such libertines as Halliwell. And Helen O'Troy, in her new luxury, lost no time in thoughts of the sordid past. Let others look down at the graves of sorrow; she would look up to the stars.

FAULTLESSLY groomed, Helen motored to the Beach Club at Santa Monica; spent a joyous hour with Hal Howard and his fellow-member of the Wampas who made arrangements for her appearance at the Wampas Ball; motored back by a roundabout way, dropped into the Montmartre for tea with Hal. Up to a week before she had never been in the Montmartre, that is, in the upstairs part of it. She had occasionally eaten at the counter in the downstairs room, filled with extras, with actors at liberty, with men who came in for hurried snacks and with electricians, property men and various artisans of the studios. She thrilled as the waiter guided her politely toward the Hollywood Boulevard side of the room—the side which had become, by tradition, the position of the screen stars who frequented the upstairs part of the Montmartre.

It was all "good stuff," Hal Howard claimed. She must keep herself in the public eye, and not lose the place in the sun that publicity had given her. He had a pair of tickets for the fights at the Hollywood Stadium the coming Friday night.

SHE listened with pleasure to Hal's enlivening conversation; finished her tea; bowed to her increasing acquaintances as she made her departure. It was nice to be well known. . . .Folks were so gracious. She spoke here and there to a friend. "Your sports-suit is so becoming, my dear.". . . .

It was a nice world that she was living in, and Hollywood was the very nicest part of it.

Tonight there would be the party at the Cocoanut Grove. She would dance on the long, wonderful floor. . .perhaps Nigel Berwick would be there. . . She had not seen Nigel to speak to since the night he had walked out of her little apartment so primly. Once she had seen his gold-striped roadster speeding along Wilshire Boulevard as her own car turned out from the Ambassador driveway. But Nigel had not stopped. She hoped it was because he had not seen her. . .

Back in her suite at the Ambassador she dressed carefully, with the assistance of Celeste. She had been at the Cocoanut Grove once before. Her telephone rang. Hal calling for her, perhaps. . .

But the caller proved to be Nigel Berwick. She greeted the director joyously.

But Berwick's face seemed sad and lined. "I was driving by," he said, "and I thought I'd tell you the news. Ordinarily I am not a bearer of bad tidings. Tonight I am. I just received word that something happened to Signa. They postponed the air stunt, you know, and Signa tried it today. She was not the person to try that sort of thing. Poor Signa. Her nerves have been sapped by riotous living. Pride drove her to try it. She fell . . .

Helen felt herself growing weak, felt herself reeling. "I was getting ready to go down to the Grove," she started, "but—."

She felt herself sinking toward the floor, felt the strong arms of Nigel Berwick about her, saw the concern in his face.

(To Be Continued)

In her struggle for fame and fortune, Helen O'Troy at last reaches the point where she must decide between love and a career. Which will she choose? You won't want to miss the next exciting installment in this tale of an extra girl's rise to stardom. In the August issue of *Screen Secrets* on the stands July 20th.

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A Penny Photo Strip

(*Continued from page* 29)

I WAS first introduced to my husband, William Seiter, the Universal director, when he directed Reginald Denny. We knew each other a year before we were married. During this time I was sent to Honolulu with a company starring Eugene O'Brien. Mr. Seiter directed the picture and we had an opportunity to become better acquainted on this romantic journey.

We had a large church wedding at the Wilshire Congregational Church in Los Angeles on November 14, 1926, and all our friends in filmdom were invited. We took a second trip to Honolulu, this time together as a honeymoon journey.

I was starred in several pictures, then put in leading roles, then starred again. I have been a real star during my last eight pictures. Some of these you may have seen, *Beware of Widows, The Cat and the Canary, Silk Stockings, Thanks for the Buggy Ride, Home James* and *Finders Keepers.*

My husband and I are both very busy people, so we are not going to build the large home we have planned for a few years more. Even a film star has responsibilities with a large home to manage! So, we are living in a comfortable apartment hotel which overlooks a beautiful golf course. I am studying French, and music and for athletic recreation, I play tennis.

Now, you know just how I broke into the movies and I hope you will read the story of my picture *Finders Keepers,* also in this magazine, and which I consider the very best one of my career.

—o—

Harry Carr Says

(*Continued from page* 43)

man gave a remarkable performance as the marooned girl in Eugene O'Neill's *Thirst.*

Christening Parties

ACTORS seldom name themselves. Lucile Langhanke became Mary Astor by vote of the dramatic critics of New York.

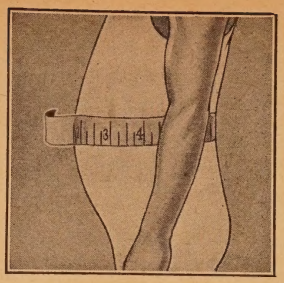
Chotsie Noonan became Sally O'Neil because that is the way she looked to Mickey Neilan. Her own name was better. Her sister was christened Molly O'Day by order of First National.

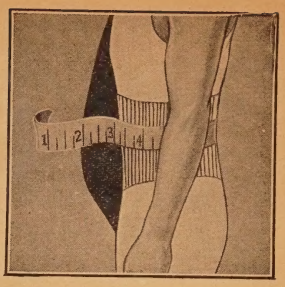
I named June Marlowe myself—as I couldn't see any girl soaring to fame under the name Gizelda Goten.

Carol Says Goodbye

ONE of the mysteries of Hollywood is the vanishing of Carol Dempster. Since leaving the Griffith studio, she has not been seen. She said goodbye without regret.

Carol has a lot of money, some of which she has invested in a big bean ranch near Ventura. She has an ambition to write; and I think she will be a success at it. She has a brilliant and sensitive mind.





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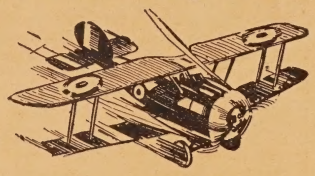
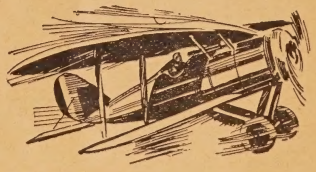
An Air Story With A Thousand Thrills



In Enemy Skies

By Raoul Whitfield

IT TOOK the quick wits and amazing courage of a daring American "ace" to discover and rid the skies of the Boche sky pilot who led a flight of Yankee fliers to death. Read this thrilling drama of the Flying Corps



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A Millionaire Playboy

(*Continued from page* 61)

That decided young Savage. Matrimony was out of the question, and that was that.

But it also aroused his anger. The producers threatened to break her contract, did they? Well, he'd show 'em! He'd make them give her a better contract than ever before!

But how? Ah, that was the question. He kissed Clara good-bye and went back to his hotel to think it over.

IT WAS considerable food for thought. He wanted to place Clara before the public in such a way that her producers would be forced to raise their figures for her services. Publicity—that was the stuff! But it must be something pretty sensational to bring the results he wanted.

While he was pondering over this problem, a friend entered his suite and asked the reason for his despondent manner.

"You look like the last rose of summer," the friend chided. "What's the matter? Did Clara give you the air?"

Thus urged, Bob outlined his problem.

"And now," he concluded, "what in heck can I do to give Clara all that publicity?"

"That's easy," said the friend. "Make a fake attempt at suicide—and say you did it because she turned you down."

Bob jumped to his feet. The very thing!

The next morning he called on Clara and requested some of her autographed photographs. Then he left, saying—

"Don't worry about me, no matter what you hear. Tomorrow your name will be head-lined in every newspaper in the country. Good luck, dear—and good-bye."

Returning to his hotel, he considered the details of staging the suicide hoax. A revolver? No. Poison? No. They were both too dangerous. A razor? Ah, there was an idea—but cutting his throat would make an awful mess.

Just then he noticed the scar which a snake bite had left on one of his wrists. His problem was solved!

Going into the bath room, he cut both wrists just deep enough so that the blood would flow, then smeared it on his hands and arms. Returning to the living room, he carefully placed his autographed photographs of Clara on the floor, lay down beside them—and waited.

In a few minutes, by prearrangement, the friend who had suggested the hoax burst into the room—and the sight which greeted his eyes was so realistic that at first glance he believed it to be the genuine article! A word from Savage put him right on that score, however, and he rushed for the telephone.

AN AMBULANCE was called and Bob was rushed to the nearest emergency hospital. A newspaper reporter appeared on the scene and inquired the cause of all the excitement.

"Attempted suicide," he was told.

This did not arouse much interest in his repertorial heart until he ran across Bob's hat. In the hat was Bob's name. Huh—Robert S. Savage! The football star—yeh, the millionaire's son that married that Follies girl when he was in Yale! The reporter's interest increased. Then he found a card upon which Clara Bow had written a message—and almost fainted at the sudden realization of the magnitude of the "scoop" he had stumbled across.

The Big Story was out. It was carried to all parts of the country by the lightning fast wire services and splashed over the front pages of newspapers from New York to Red Dog, California. It was the main topic of conversation with movie fans far and near—and Clara Bow was the most talked-of actress on the screen.

What a woman! One look at her, and men went out and tried to kill themselves! What d'ya know about this young guy Savage slashing his wrists because she turned him down? She was picked as Elinor Glyn's "It" girl—and her salary was given a rapid skyward boost. Bob Savage had put it over—Clara Bow was an outstanding star.

Meanwhile, Savage was examined as to his sanity, but the experts, naturally enough, found him perfectly normal. And then, his business in Hollywood being concluded, he prepared to leave, once and for all. He penned one last poem—

Sweet Clara Bow, I loved you so
The world was dear to me,
The pulse of Spring made me, a king,
Your slave on bended knee.

But Spring and June were flown too soon,
Till sad was I to learn
A romance rare that bloomed so fair
Could never more return.

Though another Spring some bliss may bring,
As on through life I go,
I'll ne'er deny in days gone by
I loved sweet Clara Bow.

The poem completed, young Savage placed it in his writing kit and took the next train for the east. His next move was to South Africa, where the mysteries of the Dark Continent helped to dim the memories of the past.

He returned to America with a new viewpoint. Tired of philandering along the highways and byways of life, he determined to stand on his own feet and make his own way in the world.

Today he is doing just that—living on the salary he makes as a reporter on a mid-western newspaper. His closest contact with movie stars is watching them on the local theater screens every now and then when his day's work is done. For Bob Savage has hit Hollywood for the last time.

The Great White Way Goes Dark

(*Continued from page* 84)

nicknamed 'Salvation Nell'—she's so good to everybody! And little Nan, who was just a baby before she left the protection of Times Square, is baking pies and taking them to her new boy friend, a gangster locked up in jail for implication in a murder!"

FANNIE WARD, who may take a whirl at pictures some summer, is now sixty-one in years and looks not more than twenty-one under the closest scrutiny. In fact, she looks younger off the stage than when she is under her own lighting. Fannie tells this one on herself:

She said that having need of a press agent recently, she and her husband Jack Dean, received a likely-looking young man who came to apply for the job in Fannie's dressing room at the Palace.

"What makes you think you're the man to handle Miss Ward's publicity?" Jack began to catechise the applicant.

"Well here's the last job I held," replied the young man, tendering a card.

On the card appeared his name and underneath in good-sized letters: "Publicity representative for *Old Ironsides.*"

"I'M NOT exactly superstitious, but this is a little too grim for me."

Max Lief, dramatic critic of the *News*, leaned across the table where we were dining in the Village Cotton Boll and displayed a theatre pass. On the pass the name of Hans Stengel had been crossed off and his own name written underneath.

"I complained about the seat they assigned me at Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory, so they took up my old pass and sent me this one."

Hans Stengel, Max's friend and former dramatic critic of the *Journal*, had hanged himself a few days before at a party in his Village apartment.

WITH this desperate deed of a despondent man, New York lost one of its most talented journalists, artist as well as writer. Only the other day I saw the most extraordinary drawings executed by Hans Stengel, on the walls of his divorced wife's apartment.

Leni Stengel was almost broken by his death. They had separated chiefly for professional reasons and always remained close friends. The tragedy, typical of the Great White Way, had all the components of a movie story. Leni singing at the Maison Lafite, uptown, unconscious of the body hanging lifeless in the room adjoining a scene of Greenwich Village revelry.

Leni is still at the night club on Fifty-fifth Street where her golden voice and vivacious person cause patrons to forget somewhat the terrific overhead of an evening in its exclusive purlieus.

SPEAKING of night clubs, the crowd at present is flocking to Helen Morgan's on Fifty-fourth Street. Miss Morgan, triumphantly vindicated in court after a raid on her place, expects to make the brutal prohibition snoopers pay for the furniture they smashed and the tapestries they swiped. Some of the latter have been returned.

Meanwhile, the fair Helen continues in the featured role of *Julie* in the *Show Boat* at the Ziegfeld Theatre. But there are members of the cast who sadly remark that *Julie* does one scene all too realistically—the scene in which she appears to be under the influence of something stronger than near-beer.

These wise ones say that a pushcart peddler can't stay in business if he keeps eating his own oranges.

THE opening of the *Greenwich Village Follies*, 1928 edition, is still a vague but pleasant memory. I only remember that it was a howling success, especially the after-theatre party staged by Blossom Seely and Benny Fields, partly in celebration of the opening, partly of the fact that they have been married for ten years and are still working at it.

Jake Shubert was rubbing his hands with pleasure in the box office—I remember that much about the earlier part of the evening. And well he may, for at last the Shuberts have put a high class show into the Winter Garden. Beauty and brains is the term that defines this latest edition of the Follies. One of the pleasantest features is the dancing of Martha Graham's trio of classic terpsichoreans — sixteen-year-old apéritives for jaded appetites. And as long as the Shuberts can sign up for show girls such types as blond Adalaide Larraine and brunette Alice Martin, no reasonable person can complain.

"THE Fresh Air Fund" is what Greenwich Village calls Jesse Lasky's experiment in taking seven well-known authors to Hollywood on a trial basis, to see if they can write for the movies. Before they left he warned them not to be sophisticated. The Village expected them back quite soon.

But one of the seven already has written home that he's landed his first script. The lucky boy is Sam Ornitz, author of *A Yankee Passional,* who told me when he left that he hoped to get a chance to write stories for Emil Jannings.

AT LAST we know why Edgar Allan, head of the Fox Vaudeville Circuit, was always in the hock—in spite of salary and winning. Another item in the long account of Peaches Browning. Now it is rumored that the showman may lose his mansion in Pelham. The wife got tired of Peaches.

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Gary Cooper Comes Out of the West

(Continued from page 37)

There I could not sell any space at all.

"When I had left Montana for Los Angeles, everybody had assumed that I was going into pictures, and kidded me about it. But I laughed at the idea. Now I began to think about it seriously.

"I began going the rounds as an extra. My first experience was as part of the atmosphere in *The Lucky Horseshoe,* a Fox production starring Tom Mix.

"For almost a year, I went through the tough experience of being an extra. Lived on very little money. Hammered on the gates of fortune until my hands were sore—or, to be literal about it, begged for chances until my tongue ached. A thousand times, I was tempted to give up. But I kept on. I don't know why. Maybe because, having once decided that I was going to succeed in pictures, I simply refused to give up.

"THEN I began to get occasional 'bits' in pictures. I was co-starred in a picture with a dog. I had to go through seven fights in two reels. Counting all the rehearsals, I fought so many times that I was almost ready for the ring when that picture was finished.

There was a telephone call from the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation.

"The message was for me to call on B. P. Schulberg," explained Gary. "Mr. Schulberg is associate producer, in executive charge of the studio. I hurried to the studio, walked proudly past the casting office, where I had spent many fruitless days seeking work as an extra.

"I would have been nervous enough, for it was an important moment for me, if Mr. Schulberg had been alone. In his office was every department head of the studio! While I stood by the door a moment, a bit embarrassed, Mr. Schulberg turned toward the executives. All he said was, 'Well, gentlemen?'

"He seemed satisfied with what he saw in their eyes—I was too excited to be closely observant—and asked me to wait outside. Evidently they answered Mr. Schulberg's two-word question favorably, for half an hour later I was called into the office and offered a long-term contract.

He was starred in two westerns, *Arizona Bound* and *Nevada.* This led to his being given the title role in *Beau Sabreur,* and a lead in *Doomsday.*

NOW that I have told you a little about the sort of man Gary Cooper is, and something concerning what he has done, let me reveal a few sidelights on his opinions.

The other day, I asked him to tell me his conception of an ideal girl.

"My ideal girl wouldn't be terribly young," he said, in that philosophically indifferent voice of his. "And I would not by any means insist that she be innocently inexperienced. A certain amount of sad experience, of hurt and disappointment even, are necessary to give a woman the sympathy and understanding I seek.

"The girl's weight, or the color of her eyes, would not matter in the slightest. Such things are unimportant in comparison with that which I call, for lack of a better term, the right emotional attitude toward life.

"She wouldn't be a flapper. I'm afraid I don't think much of the wild-party, gum-chewing, indiscriminate type of flapper." He stopped and rolled a cigarette, wrinkling his forehead a bit as he pondered a phase of this flapper question that had just occurred to him. He expressed it: "But maybe, after all, the flappers who seem to be wildest are the very girls who grow up to be exactly the type of women I admire."

GARY COOPER'S ambitions are the old ones, the sound ones that have motivated men for a few thousand years at least. He confessed them frankly. It was a pleasing relief after having listened to any number of stars offer unreal ambitions that they thought would sound well in print.

"I want fame and money," Cooper said simply. "And I want them badly enough to put into the effort everything I have."

I asked Gary Cooper what sort of characterization he was most anxious to play.

"A tough guy!" he answered instantly. "I would like to play a man who had gone straight to hell and didn't care a damn how long he stayed there. A reckless, swearing, fighting son-of-a-gun."

Cooper could play such a part most effectively. Not only because he is a good actor, but because there is much of hardness in the man's soul. But motion picture executives are inclined to see only the rather shy smile and the photographic dreaminess in his eyes. They do not have the time to find the steel that is Gary Cooper. He is likely to play the romantic, nice hero for a long time.

The fame and the money Cooper wants are coming his way. He studies drama and motion pictures, so that he may have more fame and more money. But he will never be a very happy man. There is in him a sensitiveness, almost a forlorn loneliness, that keeps his spirits down on earth.

And he has the quality of wondering over much. Men who wonder are never lightly happy: there are too many questions that cannot be answered.

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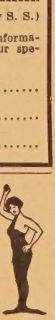

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A New Wray in the Heavens

(*Continued from page 74*)

moved to California again several years later, Fay entered Hollywood High School. Probably it was the nearness of the studios that caused her to take an ardent interest in dramatics and to appear in a number of school plays.

ONE—two—three—with a breath of fortune on each step, is the impression one might gain of Fay Wray's trip to stardom; yet if she has anyone to thank for her lot it is herself. Success is blissful, but preparation for success can be cheerless in the extreme. And Fay Wray spent five long and often forlorn years in preparing for hers. Being dragged, bound and gagged, by bad hombres, even movie ones, over sagebrush and desert land is not much fun, especially when you know that there are more pleasant roles waiting for you in society dramas. Yet Fay was deaf to those who pointed out that fact to her. She regarded those months as stepping stones to a goal, as preparation for a bigger opportunity.

That opportunity came when von Stroheim announced his "help wanted" for the feminine lead in *The Wedding March,* and turned away those who lacked the fibre that adversity instills in a person. He knew that he had found his character when Fay Wray burst from his office in tears, for she was at that instant the very personification of the Mitzi she was to portray in the picture.

The day that shooting on the production began was the turning point of her life. Playing her first real dramatic role, she gave such a convincing performance that before the picture was under way two months, she had been placed under a long term contract by Paramount. *The Wedding March* was completed almost a year ago, although it has not yet reached the screen.

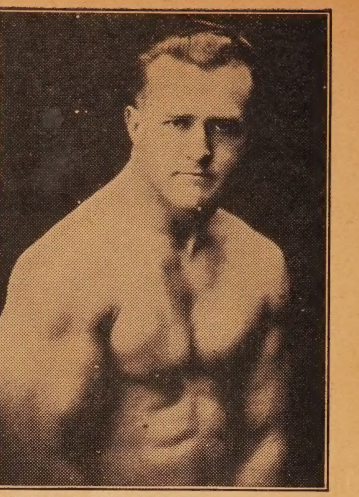
Fay Wray found herself in support of an equally famous star in her next production, *The Street of Sin,* in which she performed as brilliantly. Like the former picture, *The Street of Sin* has also been withheld from public release until it reaches, by cutting and retake, the perfection due its importance.

Strangely enough, therefore, Miss Wray entered her third big film an almost-star without yet being seen by her friends and fans in the first two. The production kings reversed the order of release and revealed her first in her newest picture, much the finest film play in recent years—*The Legion of the Condemned,* with Gary Cooper.

So today, to millions of theatre-goers, Fay Wray is just a pretty foil of slapstick comedies, a heroine of western thrillers. But tomorrow—

If we can believe the gag man who said that anticipation is greater than realization—then—

Fay Wray, you're the happiest girl in the world!



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Some day *danger* will confront you or your friends when you least expect it, and it will be up to you to overcome it or fail. When that time comes will you be ready for it? Will you have *the strength, the muscles, the stamina* every man owes to himself if he wants to be loved and respected?

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There comes a time in every man's life when strength—real strength—is the only thing that can save him. In war or in peace, on the sick-bed or in the prize ring, your strength either makes you the winner or the loser—and losing often means death.

Check up on yourself *now.* How are the old biceps? Are those rolls of flesh around your stomach pudgy fat or lean, strong muscles? Are your legs like toothpicks or are they strong and shapely? How's your wind? If you got into a life-and-death rough and tumble scrap would you be on the bottom or on top when it's all over? Come on, now, be fair to yourself. If you haven't got the punch in a pinch, snap out of it, and be a man. There's a way to get that punch, and get it in a hurry. It's not difficult and it's quick—and it gives you real, live, red-blooded strength. I've given it to over 100,000 men and many of them were weaker than you are when they started. But they don't call me the Muscle-Builder for nothing. *Here's what I guarantee to do for you:*

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Life will begin to be worth while. The little tasks that seem so hard now will seem like nothing at all then. You'll begin to take a new interest in things. Your work will be like play, and the boss will begin to notice it, too. Yes, sir, in just 30 days you'll begin to be somebody.

Then Things Will Begin to Happen

Then give me 60 days more to work on you, and things will really start to happen. This timid weakling that everybody used to take advantage of will now do some ordering around of his own. And when he speaks people will jump, because he's found the strength to enforce his orders. In those three short months that he is with me he will have gained something that takes years to acquire without my knowledge. Those big, powerful arms—that broad, handsome back—that shapely muscular neck. What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit! What a sight in a gymnasium! You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

Well, that's the story in a nut-shell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just sit right down and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny, and you can see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Earl E. Liederman, the Muscle-Builder.

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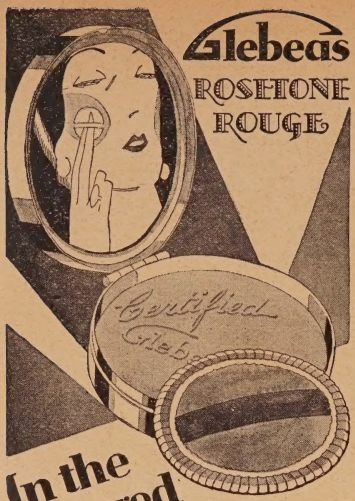

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So This is Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 50)

taking a scene, intending to leave the studio later, to deliver them for the completion of a business deal. But when the scene was finished, there were no bonds.

YOU can imagine yourself in the Hall-Mills, Ruth Snyder or William Hickman courtrooms if you visit the M-G-M lots these days. Monta Bell is directing *The Bellamy Trial* at this studio and has created a courtroom that has the composite features of all the big courtrooms in the United States. And to add to the reality of the atmosphere, a number of real newspaper men and women have been engaged to sit in the press rows during the making of this picture.

Companionate Pictures

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY'S famous book, *Companionate Marriage*, is to be produced on the screen. A well-known group of independent producers will film this widely discussed subject. The Aubrey Roselle, Josephine Haldeman-Julius honeymoon pair, who were the first couple to announce they would try companionate marriage, have recently completed a vaudeville engagement in Los Angeles but are tarying on to have screen tests taken, and it is possible this pair may take some part in the picture.

HOWARD HUGHES, multi-millionaire oil man from Texas, picture producer and nephew of Rupert Hughes, became dissatisfied with Luther Reed, director of "Hell's Angels" the other day, and taking up the megaphone, went ahead to complete the picture himself. Hughes has had no previous directorial experience and has only been financing picture making for a few months. He is rated as another of the boy geniuses of Hollywood.

ELECTRICIAN'S and cameramen are dusting up the monocles these days as well as players and directors. A. Morsby White, representative of the British National Film Corporation of England has invaded Hollywood to look for technical studio talent and it looks as if the English are out for picture making in earnest.

HOPE HAMPTON is prettier than ever and has had great success in operatic fields since she left the pictures and Hollywood. Her millionaire husband, Jules Brulatour, president of the Eastman Film company which supplies all the "footage" used in Hollywood, came west with Hope for a brief vacation trip. Miss Hampton will sign with the San Carlos Opera Company as she wants to have experience with an opera troupe visit-actresses out of them these days. makes the attempt to sing at the Metropolitan Grand Opera company in New York. Miss Hampton is the second picture star to attempt grand opera, as she was preceded a few years ago by Mary Lewis, former comedy girl.

Hope Hampton and her husband will spend the next few months in Paris where Hope will not only continue her musical studies but will make a feature length picture in colors under the direction of Leonce Perrett who directed Gloria Swanson in "Mme. Sans Gene."

AMACK SENNETT featured beauty, Thelma Parr, may never again face the kleigs. Miss Parr was severally injured recently in an automobile accident and her friends fear that she can never resume her career.

THE famous American made picture, "The Big Parade" recently opened a new theater in Birmingham, England. Before the presentation Renee Adoree, at her home in Hollywood, spoke via the radio to the vast English audience gathered to see her most famous film.

MIKE DONLIN, former nationally famous baseball star, has just returned to the Mayo clinic in Minnesota for treatment. Donlin spent many weeks in this hospital last year and his many friends in the film colony gave a huge benefit for him. Since his days on the baseball diamond, Donlin has appeared in vaudeville and in many pictures. He was recently engaged as technical adviser on Richard Dix's current picture *Warming Up*.

CISSY FITZGERALD, she of the famous wink, has done everything she could to persuade her daughter, Cissy, aged 17 and recently returned from private school in England, to do something besides play. So daughter went off and got a bit to do in "Laugh Clown Laugh" with Lon Chaney, and she screened like a million. Whereupon mamma could not get to the studios fast enough to see the rushes and now she is proud as a peacock over her daughter's work.

More Stars Shine

ANOTHER co-starring team has been formed at the Warner studio and the fans will soon see Audrey Ferris, attractive Wampas Baby Starlet of this year in pictures with William Collier, Jr.

The Fay Wray-Gary Cooper team was recently successfully launched at the Paramount studio and Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are already well established in public popularity.

D. W. GRIFFITH is taking the simple little maidens of Hollywood and making great dramatic ing the smaller cities before she

It is said he has just performed a miracle with Mary Philbin in "Drums of Love" and has now picked out Sally O'Neil for an equally emotional role in a new film opus. The man who made the Gishes, Blanche Sweet, Mary Pickford and many other celebrities both emotional and famous, has found new material to mold to the dramatic purposes of the camera.

IT IS whispered about the film colony that all stars of the present day owe a real debt to the late Mrs. Charlotte Pickford mother of Mary Pickford, for driving excellent bargains in the matter of contracts for her famous daughter. Mrs. Pickford, a clever business woman, paved the way for big money contracts for all the stars.

Mrs. Pickford's judgment was unerring. She could pick the flaws in an undesirable agreement. She always advised Mary as to her future course. When Mary signed her famous contract with Adolph Zukor, as a Paramount star, giving her more money than most people ever dreamed there was in the world, it was Mrs. Pickford who held out for the price and who still insisted that her beautiful and talented daughter was worth that and even more.

Beaver!

A BEARD may be only a beard to you, but to Paramount-Famous-Lasky officials a beard is a danger signal. Emil Jannings was in the midst of making "The Last Command" when his fellow countryman, Mauritz Stiller, director, wandered onto the set and told Jannings that the beard he wore was atrocious. "Emil, it will ruin you with your fans." Jannings was so upset that he refused to work the rest of that day. And when production costs total around $1,000 an hour, the loss of even one afternoon is serious.

When B. P. Schulberg, executive in charge, heard about all this he wrote Stiller a memo to the effect that he had best be silent on the subject of beards. In "The Woman on Trial" the judge wore a beard that made him so closely resemble Santa Claus that it changed the court atmosphere from drama to burlesque. One authority estimated that the beard reduced the film's commercial value at least $100,000.

—o—

House of Memories

(*Continued from page 69*)

that his dream home would prove the winning card in bringing back to him the woman he loved. Days stretched into weeks, weeks into months, and the dream gradually lost shape and was swallowed up in the white fog of despair. Rudolph grew thin and wan. He played the good fellow and gave innumerable banquets. He renewed old friendships, sought out new loves, but he could not take up the threads of his life where they had been a few short years before, for they were hopelessly tangled up in memories of this woman he so desired. He could not forget.

Strange tales are being whispered now of inexplicable happenings in the mansion on the hilltop. They say that one man succeeded in scaling the wall and gained access to the palace in the dead of night. He was suddenly confronted by Rudy's Great Dane and the dog made no attempt to molest him. The intruder was struck by the peculiar actions of the dog and observed it closely. The dog leaped and bounded through the empty palace as if it were following someone, known and dear. It cavorted and bounced as if it were being caressed by loving hands. At last, it trotted meekly into the library and stretched itself in front of the spot where Rudy's favorite chair had stood and spent the night as if in vigilance near a loved one.

On February 29, 1928, the last of Valentino's effects went under the hammer of the United States customs official auctioneer, including a consignment of cigarettes, purchased on his last trip to Europe and delivered after his death. Several hundred women attended the auction and bid on the cigarettes but were finally forced out by a cigarette wholesaler.

Of all of Valentino's vast possessions, Falcon Lair alone remains unsold. Many predict that it will never be sold. The private road that winds from the main highway to the summit is crumbling away. The untenanted mansion stands austere and forbidding like a grim sentinel on the lonely peak. It wears a deserted look, like the lair of a falcon after the bird has flown.

When strangers enter the iron barred gate, the barking of the dogs and the tinkling of the fountain have an unreal sound. Some whisper that Falcon Lair is safe from real intrusion, protected by the love that refused to admit of defeat even in the face of death itself.

Are you reading "Helen of Hollywood"? A true to life story of an extra girl's adventures.

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Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page 67*)

in vaudeville. Recently Somerset has been playing in stage productions in San Francisco.

The last **Mrs. Somerset** has been twice wed before. Her first husband was a **Dr. John Lubin** and her second, **Harry Curtis.** The present **Mrs. Somerset** says that at least, her first two husbands were gentlemen but that she cannot class Pat as such!

★ ★ ★

CHARLOTTE MERRIAM, just as her divorce case was pending against **Rex Lease,** put a record, "Kiss and Make Up" on her phonograph. Rex happened to pass by her window, and it is said was so inspired by the sentiment of the song, that he went in to call on his former wife and now all their differences are ended.

★ ★ ★

THE **Reverend Neal Dodd,** Hollywood's most popular clergyman married **Colleen Moore** and **Edmund Lowe** the other day. Don't get excited, it was only a film mariage, in the new Colleen vehicle *Heart's Desire.* Reverend Dodd has the distinction of marrying more stars oftener than anyone else. He marries them in real life and also officiates at the best weddings on the screen. Cupid's lieutenant!

Changing somewhat the idea of leaving the bride or groom waiting at the altar, **Johnny Walker** and **Maude Wayne** practically left their friends in the lurch and slipped off to the old Ventura Mission to be married. Miss Wayne was a former actress with Valentino. She is to be on the stage for a short period in London while on the honeymoon trip and may go back to the stage upon their return to this country.

★ ★ ★

MOTION picture commuting has not proved a success in the case of **Louise Brooks** and her husband, **Eddie Sutherland.** Ever since July, 1926, when this pair were wed in New York City, the vagaries of picture making have kept them on trains, westward bound or eastward bound, as the case might be, and often the trains crossed each other midway on the continent as Sutherland might be called to the New York studio or his beautiful wife to Hollywood. So, they never had a real honeymoon.

And now, when both were planning to take time between productions for a real honeymoon trip, some difference has arisen and they have separated. Miss Brooks has moved from their Laurel Canyon home to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Only recently when Eddie Sutherland had to take another transcontinental journey, he went by plane, but his wife was so lonely she followed a few days later. Now, Hollywood feels regret that this popular couple have separated and hopes for a reconciliation. Miss Brooks is playing in **Jim Tully's** *Beggars of Life* opposite **Wallace Beery.**

★ ★ ★

THE romance of **Virginia Pearson,** screen vampire, and **Sheldon Lewis,** dramatic actor, lasted sixteen years but the couple have recently decided upon divorce. "Two temperaments such as ours can't travel in double harness," declared Miss Pearson.

—o—

Finders Keepers

(*Continued from page 70*)

Barbara to plead for leniency for him with her father. Barbara, however, had a better plan, made Percy change clothes with her, entered the cantonment, and took his place in the drill. Barbara did not prove a very well trained soldier, so her father soon discovered her and ordered her into his office. There, a ribbon she had been wearing around her neck, and which held all the engagement rings she had accepted, fell to the floor and was found by the puzzled colonel.

Deciding to learn the truth about his daughter before he left for France, the colonel sent her an ananymous note telling her that her rings had been found by Finders Keepers, but that she might have them back if she met him at a certain fountain that evening.

Finders Keepers, otherwise Colonel Archibald, wore dark glasses and an ulster, so Barbara did not recognize her father. A struggle for possession of her property took place. Then Carter arrived, and in the melee, Barbara accidentally handcuffed her lover to the colonel.

The train was due in five minutes. Barbara searched wildly for the key to the handcuffs, lost in the fountain during the struggle, while her infuriated father had to board the train manacled to a private. The train started, and Barbara, finding the key, promised to release the colonel if he would give his consent to her marriage to Carter.

A chaplain united the happy couple when Carter, months later, returned from the front in captain's uniform.

AS YOU may judge from the story, situation piles on situation, laugh piles on laugh, until the comedy sweeps to an unroarously funny climax. With the exception of a few lagging moments at the beginning of the film, you'll find that Finders Keepers will swing you merrily through several hours of enjoyment. Laura La Plante is particularly delicious in her masquerade as a soldier.

Mary Realizes Her Dream

(*Continued from page* 51)

would imagine him to be very stern, under those circumstances. I believe that is the secret of his genius. That way he gets the best out of his people.

"For example, his method is very interesting. He applies stage methods to the silent drama. One month before he begins the shooting of a picture, he starts rehearsing his actors. One evening, I was not feeling so well, being troubled with a light cold. Suddenly the telephone rang. I was wanted at the studio. I did not know why they wanted me but I left for the lot immediately. When I arrived at the studio, I found the entire cast ready for work. There was Lionel Barrymore, Don Alvarado, Tully Marshall and others.

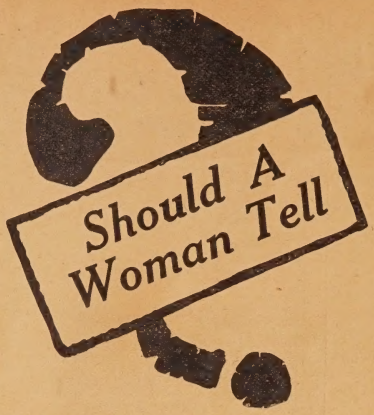
"The walls of the stage were entirely covered with grey draperies just like in a theater, during any rehearsal. And then D. W. Griffith went to work. Soon afterwards I was feeling myself again, working as hard as ever though the set was bare of scenery or props.

"IT WAS while I was in Chicago," the young star told me, "that I was told about Griffith's search for a young girl of my type for his forthcoming picture. I was told also that he had been shown my best screen effort: *The Merry Go Round*, and my last one called: *Surrender*. My next part, as the blind girl in Victor Hugo's masterpiece: *The Man Who Laughs* was three months off. I had taken a short vacation to see all my family and that afternoon I was to take twenty-five cousins of mine to the circus. Then I was called by the Universal Exchange to view one of my pictures. I went immediately and was startled to find my cousins inside the theater. But we went to the circus after all and then I took them all to my bungalow on the 42nd floor of the Morrison Hotel, the same bungalow that Dempsey was to occupy after I left.

"The next morning I took the train home. When I reached Hollywood, I learned that I had been chosen for the coveted part, for Griffith had liked my work in *The Merry Go Round*, and in *Surrender*."

Then I asked this young girl, so full of life, so simply beautiful, what kind of part and what kind of stories she preferred.

"Good stories, of course, and the kind of parts that mean something such as Griffith's *Broken Blossoms* and such as this present picture: *Drums of Love*, a story of the America below the Equator and the conflict of two brothers over the love of a maiden sent to them as a hostage. I am pleased to think that I have enacted a character in a Victor Hugo story. As for being happy, I think that now I shall remain happy for life, for have I not realized the hope of the little girl who once dreamed of a part. . . . . IN A GRIFFITH PICTURE."



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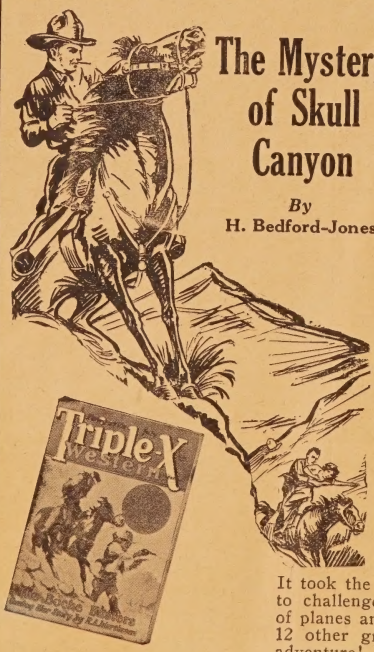

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By
H. Bedford-Jones

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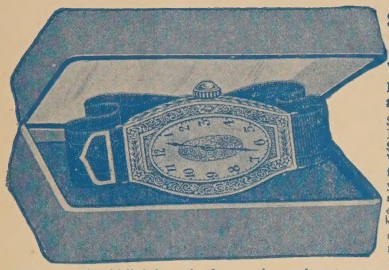

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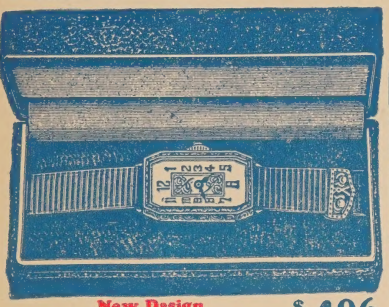

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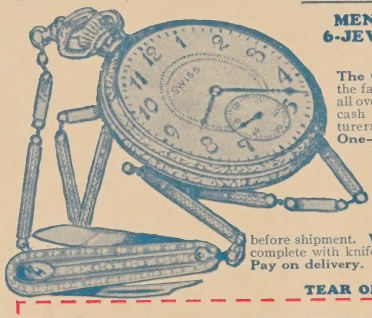

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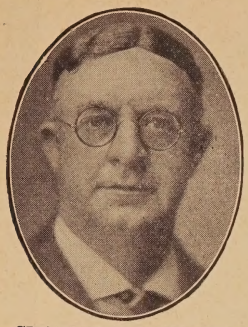

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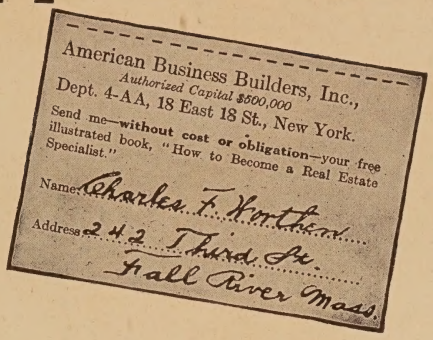

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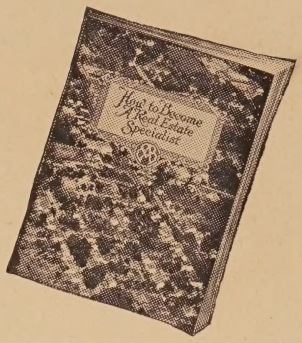

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SCREEN SECRETS

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Colleen Moore

tells how she sat on the extra bench unnoticed for six months to be rewarded with work that lasted only three days. Her struggles, hardships, disappointments and surprises are described by this Small Town Girl with many personal incidents in her career never revealed before as she begins

The Story of Her Life

In the September issue of SCREEN SECRETS
On Sale August 20

Also read the smashing serial of modern womanhood, Man-Made Women, the story of a big motion picture, now running in Screen Secrets and its sister publication, True Confessions. The September issue of True Confessions is on sale August 10.

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Liberal payment for accepted manuscripts. PAYMENT ALWAYS BEING MADE IMMEDIATELY ON ACCEPTANCE. Unless otherwise stated, all names used in fiction stories are assumed. Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by return postage. Terms: $2.00 a year; 20 cents a number. Advertising forms close 25th of third month preceding date of issue. Advertising Manager, Ray Ryan, Offices: New York, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., Chicago, 35 E. Wacker Drive, and Robbinsdale, Minn. Printed in U. S. A. Address manuscripts to SCREEN SECRETS, Robbinsdale, Minn.

Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow.* Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public.* Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way.* There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow,* if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois

Lucille Young

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.
Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.
Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.
Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"
Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.

Lucille Young,
8378 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

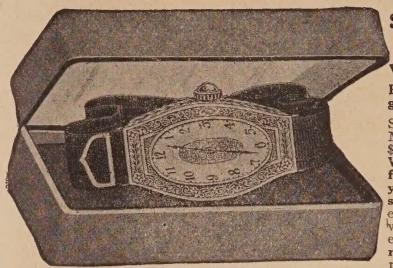
Cut Price Sale

Buy your watches direct from importer and save 50%

Our Written Guarantee With Each Watch

We guarantee each and every watch to be in first class, accurate, time-keeping order, and with proper use and care to remain so for a lifetime.

We guarantee to refund money in full, or replace any watch that does not prove perfectly satisfactory to you in every way.



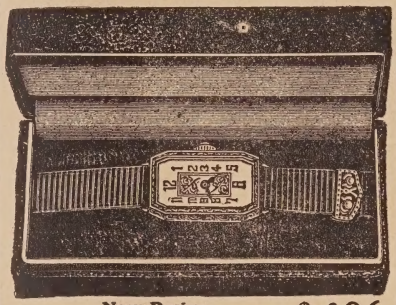
$3.99 Newest Style Wrist Watch With Two Bracelets

Really the greatest Bargain in America today.

Storekeepers and instalment Mail Order Houses charge $12.00 for this very watch—**We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.** Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved case, **fully jeweled movement**—Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and 14Kt. Rolled gold link bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on Delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.**

$3.99 Lifetime Precision Men's Strap Watch

Worn by Practical Men Everywhere—Guaranteed shock proof and weather proof—Perfect timekeeper—**Radium dial**—tells time in dark—Fine imported **full jeweled movement**—Silver finish—Genuine leather strap—**Absolutely a $15.00 value. Fully guaranteed** to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

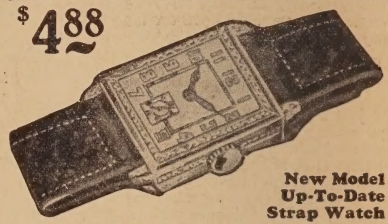


New Design Rectangular Shape Wrist Watch **$4.96**

Everyone will admire this elegant and artistically designed small and narrow shaped **6 jewel wrist watch. 14** kt. white Rolled gold plate case, handsomely engraved platinoid finish top, gracefully carved sides. Fitted with **genuine Swiss movement** of the finest quality, **guaranteed** for accuracy and dependability. Every wheel, spring, screw and jewel flawlessly finished. Furnished with **two bracelets:** a black **silk grosgrain** ribbon for day wear and a **white gold** finish link bracelet for evening and party wear. **A real $20.00 value. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon.**

$5.99

Ball Watch the Latest Fad worn by Women in Society—Destined to become the most popular watch in America. Very decorative—dainty and is usually worn as a neckpiece. Surprise your friends by wearing one of these **6 jewel movement** Pretty Ball Watches—Fancy Enameled decorative designed case—Visible dial and a reliable timepiece. Sold at jewelers' for not less than $15.00. Get yours today for only $5.99. SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below. Written guarantee with this watch**



$4.88

New Model Up-To-Date Strap Watch

Your choice in square, rectangular or tonneau shape at same price. White Gold finish richly carved case, with **extra-fine Swiss 6 Jewel movement,** shock-proof and weather-proof. Tested and adjusted for accurate timekeeping. **Regular $18.00 value.** Radium dial and hands. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

MEN'S DE-LUXE 6-JEWEL POCKET WATCH **$4.39**

The Greatest value ever offered. Produced by the famous watch craftsmen in Switzerland known all over the world for their quality watches. A lucky cash purchase direct from Switzerland manufacturers enables us to offer them to you of **less than One-Third** what it would cost to make them in this country. 14 Kt. Solid Gold effect case, white or green gold finish, handsomely carved sides and back. Artistic dial with **raised gold letters.** Fitted with finest quality movement, **guaranteed** to give you a lifetime's satisfaction, with **6 red ruby jewels,** thoroughly tested, regulated and adjusted before shipment. **Written guarantee with each watch.** Sold complete with knife and chain to match. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

$3.59

This Men's Pocket Watch—Knife—Chain and Pistol Cigar Lighter Combination, sold separately would retail for over $15.00.

Here's an opportunity to buy this combination for only $3.59. Pocket Watch is an extra thin model—Beautifully engraved case, white gold finish—Handsomely designed dial with vision letters—**jeweled movement** and really a perfect timepiece. Comes to you with the latest style **Waldemar chain and a fine gold plated knife.**

The Cigar Lighter charm at the other end of the chain is a unique but practical cigar lighter and will delight you because of its oddness and of its usefulness. Order this $15.00 combination today at the Bargain Price of $3.59. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in Coupon at right.**

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 75-S8, 621 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C. O. D. the following advertised articles. (Check articles desired.)

- ☐ **Newest Style Wrist Watch** **$3.99**
- ☐ **New Design Rectangular Watch** **4.96**
- ☐ **Men's Watch, Chain, Knife and Pistol-lighter** **3.59**
- ☐ **Men's DeLuxe Watch Set** **$4.39**
- ☐ **Lifetime Precision Men's Watch** **3.99**
- ☐ **New Model Up-to-Date Men's Watch.** **4.88**
- ☐ **Ball Watch, latest style** **5.99**

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much.

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

PFU—8-28

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

Fan Club's Bulletin Board

SCREEN SECRETS herewith becomes the first magazine to offer members of fan clubs a department all their own, in which will be printed news of the clubs, their activities, what the stars are doing for them, etc.

ONE of the largest and best-known Fan Clubs in the country right now is the Movie Fans' Friendship Club. Charles Mank, Jr., is the secretary, treasurer and guiding spirit. The dues are twenty-five cents a year and this entitles one to a snappy little news sheet called "Movie Fans' News," which is published every three months, each issue being dedicated to some film player. This club does not boost any star in particular, but is the friend of all stars and when they do some exceptionally good work they are given honorable mention and a write-up about it. A particular activity of the club is to watch out for the good work of the newcomers of the screen and boost them with all their might.

Mr. Mank is only too glad to register new members and hear what they have to say about new film players and old. So if anyone reading these lines has a feeling that such and such an actor or actress is the most wonderful and adorable person in pictures, just say it on paper and a two-cent stamp will take it to "Cheerful Chaw" as Mr. Mank is called by all his friends.

THE Olive Borden Fan Club is now having a new membership drive, the proceeds of which will be used in securing a duplicating machine so they can have a club paper. Miss Borden, herself, has contributed two very beautiful prizes, to be given to the ones who bring in the most new members. The first prize is a pair of Chinese slippers worn by Olive in *Yellow Fingers*. The second prize is a lovely string of handmade Italian mosaic beads.

Miss Borden writes to every boy or girl who joins her club and sends them a large personally-autographed picture. Miss Dorothy Stoll, is the president of the Olive Borden Fan Club and the dues are fifty cents a year.

* * *

The Better Pictures Fan Club, of which Miss Blanche A. Rexicker is president and treasurer, is shortly to try out a very novel stunt. They are going to sponsor an amateur motion picture studio in their city so that their club members may learn more about the fascinating world behind the silver sheet.

Olive Borden, who has a large fan mail club, is offering a pair of Chinese slippers which she wore in "Yellow Fingers" in connection with a membership drive.

Miss Rexicker writes that they will attempt to follow the professional studio in every detail—that is, they'll have a cameraman, players, scenario writers, script girl, make-up artist, director, prop men, publicity writers, wardrobe mistress, location finders, etc. It is to be strictly an amateur affair and they expect to get much fun out of it and in time to produce a really worth-while picture. Colonel Roy Winton, managing director of the Amateur Cinema League of New York, is one of their interested backers.

ANOTHER large Fan Club is the Charles De Roche Club, which boasts a membership of something like 1,800 souls scattered over these United States and Europe. Annie Laurie Buttrey is the secretary. Besides doing a good deal of propaganda for Charles, these admirers have established a standard of perfection in their personal lives which their hero has inspired, and each tries to live up to it as far as he is able.

Miss Buttrey welcomes any interesting bit of news about Charles De Roche that someone may have seen or heard during his recent personal appearance tour throughout the country, for her club paper which is published from time to time.

ALL secretaries of fan clubs wishing to send in items of interest to be printed on this page, or fans who desire to correspond with fan clubs, may address Grace Simpson, SCREEN SECRETS Fan Mail Department, Box 34, Hollywood, Cal. *See page 69.*

THE Wallace Reid Memorial Club, whose president is Ray E. Harris, will shortly have another benefit to aid in further stimulating interest in the reissuing of Wallace Reid films. Interest in this plan is gaining steadily in popularity and many world-famous stars are members along with some fifteen hundred or more fans. The proceeds of these benefits will go toward a Wallace Reid Memorial. Just what form the memorial will take is still undecided, but several things have been proposed, such as a window in the new cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, or a scholarship or a room in a hospital. The Famous-Players-Lasky Corporation will be glad to co-operate with the club, but they want to be sure that there is still sufficient interest in the pictures of their late, beloved star to warrant their going to the trouble and expense of making new prints and sending them out.

The thing to do urges Mr. Harris, is to write him a personal letter saying just how interested you are and assuring him that you will pay your "two bits" to see a Wallace Reid film if he can arrange to have them re-issued.

Mr. Harris bunches all these letters together and when he has what he thinks will be enough to positively convince Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zuker, it won't take him long to jump on the New York Express and arrange for a personal interview.

THE Greta Garbo Fan Club, of which Virginia McGuire, is president, is rapidly growing both in membership and popularity. Miss Garbo, we hear, is sending out large 11x14 photographs to all who join her club.

MRS. S. J. Romero, has formed the Rudolph Valentino Memorial Club, which is similar in principle to the Wallace Reid Club. Mrs. Romero has some interesting ideas which she will confide to anyone who writes her.

(*Continued on page* 98)

MONEY-MAKING DEPARTMENT

Sell from Actual Sample Garments. Finest lingerie, shirts, collars, underwear, etc. Million-dollar factory furnishes complete equipment worth $53.00. Make $47 to $115 weekly. Commissions advanced daily. Write Tellson Mills, Inc., Suite G, 1107 Broadway, New York.

Sell your spare time to us for $3.50 an hour. Show quality dresses, coats and lingerie. America's greatest values. No experience needed. Liberal advance commissions. Selling equipment Free. Write Harford Frocks, 815 Walnut St., Indianapolis, Ind. (Subsidiary of Famous Real Silk Hosiery Mills.)

Big Money. Full or Spare Time. Take orders direct for guaranteed Boys' and Youths' Clothing. Cash commissions and bonuses. Experience unnecessary. Sample outfit free. Write Kraige-Wilson, 719 Broadway, N. Y.

New invention prevents shoulder straps slipping. Earn $60 up weekly. Selling experience unnecessary. Women adore this amazing comfort chain. Free sample offer. Lingerie "V" Co., 98 Oak St., North Windham, Conn.

Agents—New Lines Just Out. Everything in hosiery, lingerie and underwear for men, women, children. Beautiful irresistible Catalog and Samples now ready. Two new special big-money plans. Cash bonus, service awards. No capital needed. Choice territories going. Write quick. World's Star Knitting Company, 141 Lake St., Bay City, Mich.

High Grade Specialty Salesmen. To call on beauty shops, druggists, etc. $50 to $125 commission weekly. Side line or full time. L. Biebou, B-7, Wheaton, Ill.

America's Greatest Tailoring Line Free! 130 large Swatch Samples—All Wool—Tailored to Order—Union Made—Sensational low price. Get outfit at once. Address Dept. 601, Goodwear, 344 W. Adams, Chicago.

I'll start you without a dollar. You'll make $85 weekly taking orders for finest-tailored shirts and ties. Free Outfit. Dan Reilly, 1237 Broadway, New York.

If I show you an all Virgin Wool Suit tailored-to-order, valued at $35, that you can sell for $22.50, make $4.00 yourself; give you absolutely Free, Complete selling outfit, will you give my proposition a trial? P. C. King, 2238 South La Salle, Chicago, Ill.

Stenographer Earned $1000 in Lunch hours selling Christmas Cards. Full or spare time. Weekly pay, $10. Sample Book Free. Exper. unnec. Get details. John Hertel Co., 320 Washington, Chicago.

Make $12 a day and liberal bonus selling Pioneer $23.50 and $33.50 all-wool tailoring. Commissions paid daily. 100 extra large cloth samples furnished. We train the inexperienced. Write Pioneer Tailoring Co., Congress & Throop, Dept. V12T72, Chicago.

Own a roadside Bar-B-Q. We start you in this profitable business with small investment. Peerless Stove Company, Scott and Darby Sts., Columbus, Ohio.

Sensational tailoring offer. $100 weekly. $5 commission paid on $23.50 suits or o'coats. Tailored to measure. Materials, style, fit, guaranteed. Big selling outfit free. Oliver Woods, 515 S. Franklin, Chicago.

$10.00 Daily Easy! We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive Territory. Motor Products, MC, 1760 Lunt, Chicago.

Nimrod's All Year Sellers Pay Agents $10. $25 daily. Guaranteed best values—Dress Shirts, Work Shirts, Overalls, Pants, Sweaters, Underwear, Leather Coats, Lumberjacks, Playsuits. Experience unnecessary. Big Outfit Free! NimrodCo., Dept. 58, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

Salesmen to sell Roberts Clothes; virgin wool blue serge and cheviot worsted, cassmeres and all wool top coats and overcoats at $16.75; commission $3.50 plus liberal bonus; send for Free outfit. Roberts Tailoring, 752 Broadway, New York.

Agents $240 Month. Sell Silk Hosiery. Guaranteed 7 months. We furnish auto. Samples furnished. Free silk hosiery for your own use. Write today, state size of hose worn. Betterknit Textile Co., Silk 1635, Greenfield, O.

Storywriters! Poetry and Song Composers. Make real money. My Free book shows you how. Write at once. Richard D. Abbott, 22 E. 12th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Big Income, Sell Longwear Trousers wherever men work. One Pair $1.95, 3 for $5.50. Outlast two ordinary trousers. Big commissions. Sales outfit free. Dept. L-8 Longwear, 489 Broome Street, New York.

Don't Sell for Others. Employ Agents yourself. Make your own products. Toilet Articles, Household Specialties, etc. 500% profit. Valuable booklet Free. National Scientific Labs., 1929W Broad, Richmond, Va.

Brand New Plan—Free Suit to Each agent—$45 and up weekly, paid in advance. Take orders for our high-grade tailoring. Handsome carrying case outfit of large real cloth samples—furnished Free. Spencer Mead Company, Harrison and Throop, Dept. V-972, Chicago, Illinois.

Make Money Every Day Selling All manufacturing, business, professional, society people and individuals everywhere our nationally known Stationery, Announcements, etc., also America's finest Monogrammed Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards. Large commission paid daily and liberal monthly bonus. For beautiful free sample equipment write Manager, Dept. 19, Process Engraving Company, Troy at 21st Street, Chicago.

Man Wanted Quick—Big Pay as Local representative for $500,000 Kriss-Kross Stores per Corp. $75 week and up! Our Florida man cleared $5300 last year just demonstrating this amazing shave invention. Get details now! Write M. H. Rhodes, Dept. K-3252, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

M. H. Rhodes, Dept. K-3252, 1418 Pendleton, St. Louis, Mo.

Am interested in your proposition. Rush Details.

Name.....

Address.....

Write for Big Free Outfit showing men's made-to-measure rainproof caps. Also men's hats, muffers and charming Lovette Hats for women. Show line—take orders everywhere—$15.00 a day easy. Experience unnecessary. Free Caps given. Fits-U Cap Co., Dept. A-105, Cincinnati, Ohio.

World's leading manufacturer of Fire Extinguishers has positions open for salesmen in direct selling, capable of earning $3,600 to $6,000 yearly. Permanent connections—excellent sales. We train you. Rapid promotions to producers. Fyr-Fyter Co., 1720 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

$100 weekly selling better-quality, all-wool, made-to-measure suits and overcoats at $23.50. Highest commissions. Extra bonus for producers. Large swatch samples free. W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 500 Throop St., Dept. V-672, Chicago, Illinois.

Polmer Polishing Cloth.—Cleans all metals, gets enthusiastic attention, sells fast at 25c; sample free. F. C. Gale Co., 99 Edinboro St., Boston, Mass.

Great neckwear line now free! Features finest quality neckwear at factory prices. Collect big commissions daily. Write for FREE tie offer and FREE outfit. Nawco Neckwear, H-125, Covington, Ky.

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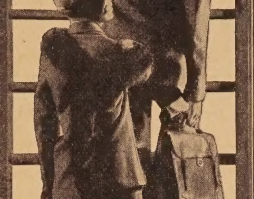
Agents earn big money taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics, Hosiery, Fancy Goods, 1000 Samples furnished. The National Importing Co., Dept. H89, 573 Broadway, New York City.



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FLICKER FLASHES

Last Minute News of Film Affairs from All Corners of the Globe as We Go to Press

VIENNA—Harry Thaw who recently startled Hollywood with the announcement of his plans to become a producer, arrived here on his first European trip in many years after being barred out of England for having committed a crime for which he could be extradited. The crime was the shooting of Stanford White, which made Thaw famous and sent him to the hospital for the criminally insane.

BALTIMORE—Fay Wray, Paramount star, took a leap into the Miles River here recently which was not in the script of the picture, which she is making on location when her foot slipped while climbing from a skiff to the deck of a ship at anchor in the river. Gary Cooper, who plays opposite her in the picture, dove to the rescue.

LOS ANGELES — Wanted — a tame cow. Fox Studio is carrying on an exhaustive search for a bovine with enough intelligence to act before the camera, but to-date, an expensive advertising campaign has failed to bring such an animal to light.

NEW YORK—Dorothy Ward, the little girl who was discovered behind the counter in a Los Angeles five-and-ten-cent store a few weeks ago by Miss Margaret Livingston and given a part in "The Goddess Girl," has been signed for leading roles in Gotham Productions, according to an announcement made here by Sam Sax, president of the concern.

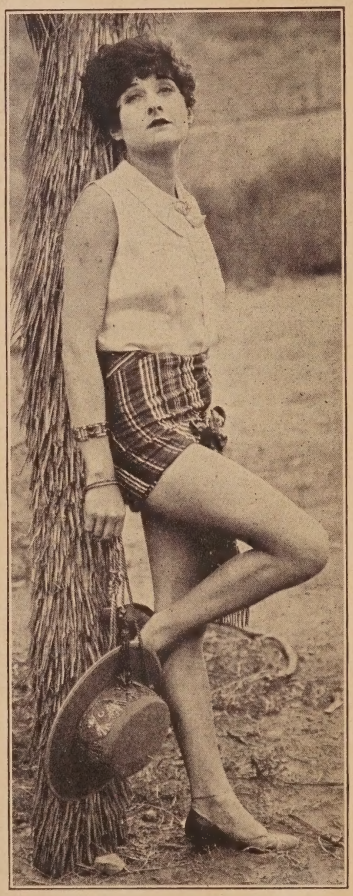
PRAGUE—Czecho-Slovakia, falling in line with other foreign countries, is preparing to enact a quota measure, providing that every theater showing American films must also show at least five Czecho-Slovakian pictures every year.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Because of the record showing here recently of a revival of the great Griffith classic, "Way Down East," that picture has now started on a triumphal tour of the country.

HOLLYWOOD—Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford returned here recently from a vacation trip through Europe. While in Paris, Doug celebrated what he admitted to be his forty-fifth birthday.

MADISON, WIS.—Members of dramatic classes at the University of Wisconsin have been warned by the faculty that the speaking stage is fast becoming extinct and that motion pictures are growing in power every day.

HOLLYWOOD—Alice Day has been selected to play the part of Magnolia in "Showboat," the film version of Edna Ferber's famous novel which will soon go into production at Universal studios, under the direction of Harry Pollard.



Vera Steadman, Christie Comedy beauty, is waiting underneath the sheltering palms. But she shouldn't have to wait very long.

LOS ANGELES—A local cabaret advertises that Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle will appear there in person as an entertainer. Arbuckle recently completed a stage tour.

HONOLULU—In order to try out his new picture, "The Godless" Girl" on an audience that is not preview-hardened, C. B. DeMille, producer, took a print of the picture along on a fishing trip, and is showing it here at a local theater.

LOS ANGELES—Lionel Barrymore, Ralph Forbes and Lew Cody will be in the front rank of featured players in the talking pictures for the coming year, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. They have all distinguished themselves on the stage before going into motion pictures.

BERLIN—Anna May Wong, Chinese motion picture star, who was a favorite with American audiences a few years back is making the biggest hit of her career here, following the release of pictures which she has been making for UFA, the big German company.

LONDON—James Kirkwood, one of the first of America's film favorites, who used to play with Mary Pickford in the old Biograph days has temporarily deserted the screen and is appearing here in "The Barker" at the playhouse.

PARIS—King Vidor and his wife, Eleanor Boardman, are combining business with pleasure. Vidor is working out a plot for his next picture at his villa at Neuilly near here and taking side trips into the countryside of France.

LONDON—Percy Marmont has accepted an offer to play a leading role in "Yellow Stockings," Marmont has been declaring for the past few months that he had retired from the screen and intended to spend the rest of his days on his English estate in peace. But it doesn't look like it now.

LONDON—George Bernard Shaw, who has refused to allow any of his plays to be made into motion pictures in America went to call on Adolphe Menjou at the hotel where he is stopping here following his marriage in Paris to Kathryn Carver. Shaw asked hundreds of questions showing a keen interest in American films.

As Hollywood Looks to the Editor

By Captain Roscoe Fawcett

Roscoe Fawcett

¶Slims vs. Stouts

IT LOOKS to me as though the fight over the feminine figures, to determine whether the slims or the stouts will prevail, is going to be staged in the Hollywood studios and that very shortly, too.

For over a year now we have been hearing that slab-sided silhouettes were going into the discard and that cuties with curves would be all the rage again, but up until very recently we have seen very little evidence of it.

Now comes some of the more courageous producers with a flat-footed stand for plumpness. Many of the popular younger stars, such as Lina Basquette, Nancy Carroll, Sally Phipps, Sue Carol and Audrey Ferris possess figures that would make a comfortable filling for a bathing suit. While slimness is holding its own and orange juice and salads are still popular items on the studio luncheon menus, it looks as though the pendulum were beginning to swing.

When plumpness becomes the fashion on the screen, before long it will become the style in America. As soon as the Mamies of Main Street note that their favorite stars have gone in for curves there will be a rush for the long tabooed nut sundaes and the tomatoes will rot on the vine.

Crook Dramas

THESE crook dramas are holding the boards longer than any of the fads that have gone before them. Costume pictures, covered wagon epics, college capers have had their brief moment before being shoved into the discard. But crook pictures, after having produced *Underworld,* one of the highlights of the past season, are still going strong. The reason is that they are raw, red meat. The life of the average citizen is about as thrilling as a Monday meeting of the Ladies' Browning Club in Peoria. Only on the screen does he find thrills.

In the life of the underworld, producers have found a vein of melodramatic gold. The life of gangsters is one of the few remnants of the primitive in our civilization. The villains of the modern melodrama are human beings, not mere scenic props with menacing mustaches.

Nevertheless, producers still insist on gilding the tiger-lily, resorting to impossible tricks that detract from the air of reality, and add nothing to the dramatic effect.

¶Talking Pictures

A Corner on Beauty

A famous photographer recently made a tour of Europe in search of undiscovered youth and beauty. He found plenty of youth, but if there is any beauty, it is still undiscovered. His conclusion was that he would have done better to spend an hour in Hollywood. America, having nailed most of the world's gold supply, seems also to have cornered its supply of pulchritude. Or, at least the knowledge of how to improve on nature's handiwork.

Another Sheik

THE inevitable has happened. Charles Farrell has been cast as a sheik. In a steaming picture of passion in Arabia, he will play the part of a burning, beturbaned lover with Greta Nissen. Let us bow our heads and pray that the picture won't be too successful. What could be worse than Charles Farrell, with his boyish spontaneity, his talent for pathos and delicate humor, condemned forever to play heavy lover roles? It is every producer's secret dream to find another Valentino. But two of them just don't grow in the same generation.

"Talkies" Here to Stay

THE last dissenting voice has been raised against talking pictures. Producers who only a few weeks back were doubtfully shaking their heads have thrown their hammers over their left shoulders and made a rush to climb aboard the band wagon. The public did it. Where even mediocre pictures were showing with the human voice, they made a rush for the box office. They set up a clamor that couldn't be ignored. Probably the mere novelty will wear off shortly. But by that time talking pictures will have been improved to the point where they are real entertainment.

And now the famous ladies of the stage, Ruth Chatterton, Ethel Barrymore, Ina Claire, will have their innings in pictures for the first time. So far they have found the silent drama tough going. They have been there mainly for looking purposes. All that is going to change.

Portraits of the Month

LINA BASQUETTE, who forsook the Follies to adorn the films, shows fire in love and hate as the atheist rebel with George Duryea, in C. B. De Mille's "The Godless Girl."

NANCY CARROLL, *whose plumpness set a new style in screen figures, won instant fame as a charming daughter of old Erin, in "Abie's Irish Rose."*

FAY WRAY and GARY COOPER both came out of the West to Hollywood. So great has been the appeal of their clean, youthful beauty that they are being co-starred as "Paramount's glorious young lovers."

SUE CAROL, *one of the most bewitching newcomers to the screen, is getting down to earth again. She has just finished making a picture above the clouds, tentatively entitled, "The Air Circus," for Fox.*

What Really Happened

TAHITI—land of romance or sordid realism? Various accounts of a motion picture company's adventures on location in virgin jungles have been printed—accounts written in Hollywood. But SCREEN SECRETS, following its policy of giving readers THE TRUTH, offers the director's diary, unedited, showing, for the first time, the mystic isles as they are. Here is rich humor, wild, exotic beauty, and stark, tragic horror, a true version of a great adventure as it really happened.

WHEN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer transferred the romance of "White Shadows of the South Seas" to the screen, it was decided to take all scenes on the Isle of Tahiti, in order to obtain authentic atmosphere for the picture. W. S. Van Dyke, was selected as director, while Monte Blue and Raquel Torres, Mexican beauty, were chosen for the leads.

On board the R. M. S. Tahiti,

WEDNESDAY

AS THE boat pulled away from the pier, Allan Warner, a friend of mine, who had lived for years in the South Seas, and who had warned me what to expect, staggered along the edge, determined to see us off. We were all praying that he would forget to stop as he reached the end of the pier and thereby afford us all a little harmless amusement by walking over into the bay. But he stopped at the edge, braced himself somehow, and continued to wave until we were halfway to Papeete. I then turned my attention to the passengers and immediately regretted the action. It was a lot of lost motion. The men looked as if they could have gone to sleep in the middle of a Ziegfeld dressing room between the acts, and the women could all have had grandchildren old enough to vote.

When I got inside, Clyde De Vinna, our chief cameraman, introduced me to three men; one, William Leeds, who married the Princess Xenia of Greece, and is one of the richest young men in America; a Mr. Best, an American insurance man, and an Englishman whose name I have not yet understood. I was for voting for all of them on first sight.

"Hardships to be faced in taking pictures in the South Seas make your plans impossible," was the reply Van Dyke received from Tahiti in response to his inquiries regarding the opportunities for picture making. Former residents of the jungle isle confirmed the message. No sane man would attempt it, they said. Van Dyke smiled and went to see for himself.

THURSDAY

SLEPT well last night although I am not used to sleeping on a slat under a quilt that must have been purchased at a ribbon counter. Got up at 6:30 but had to wait until eight for breakfast. Met Robert Flaherty, who directed *Moana of the South Seas* and we went and had a drink. There is a peculiar psychology about drinking. I swore that when I got on this boat where I could get the real stuff and drink it right out before God and

W. S. Van Dyke, director, and author of this diary, found that the natives' idea of a Rockefeller is a man who owns three cans of salmon. He is shown with a native to whom he has given a fortune.

Through trackless jungles, across rushing mountain torrents, forcing ten-ton sweated under a tropic sun, toiled in soaking

In the SOUTH SEAS

By W. S. VAN DYKE, director of *White Shadows of the South Seas.*

everybody, that I was going to stay drunk for a week. As a matter of fact I haven't had half a dozen drinks today and don't care much whether I do or not; that is, not very much. One thing that is bad about this boat is the facilities for striking matches. I have tried to strike a match on every inch of the boat's anatomy except its bottom. Either the head comes off the match or the paint comes off the boat, but there is seldom any ignition. About the most likely place I have seen is the back of the captain's neck. It looks red enough to scorch asbestos. Hope I don't think of that some evening when I am drunk. Carefully refrained from pulling any *faux pas* today unless it was when I accidentally gave the deck steward a one-pound note under the impression I was handing him a tobacco coupon.

Meanwhile at the studios in Hollywood a company was made ready including actors, cameramen, electricians and laboratory workers. Equipment for emergency lighting developing and projection was packed ready for shipment. Everything necessary for the erection of a complete studio in the wilderness was prepared.

TUESDAY

WE MUST be nearing the equator as I begin to feel very sticky and gooey. It looks like rain today which is always a great source of joy in the movies back home, for it spells pay checks without work. It is getting hotter and stickier all the time, but one glorious condition ensues; they can't call me into conference.

After dinner, which was supplied by Leeds, consisting of pigeon and champagne, we all went up to his cabin and had the same supper over again with the exception of the pigeon. By ten o'clock I bought the lot under the boat and ordered it off my property.

THURSDAY

WELL, we crossed the equator. I don't know when. The passengers held a concert last night, but everyone didn't sing. Some did a sleight-of-hand that pleased the children. Mrs. Slocko, who is an islander and the wife of our interpreter, got out a grass skirt and put on an exaggerated hula which I believe they call a Siva, but I could not find the word in the dictionary. It was just nobody's business but theirs. The captain came in and asked us to be quiet but was somewhat placated when he saw the Siva. We could have bought the ship with two of them. Could have had our own private ocean . . . .

SATURDAY

AM SICK of life on the ocean wave. Personally, I would give a month's salary to be back in Hollywood. But I will have to admit the nights surpass everything I have ever seen. I wish I were an owl . . . . Tomorrow we get in.

A nightmare of color, with weird vegetation, towering mountains, steaming jungles, an uncomfortable place to live and work. Such was Tahiti as Van Dyke found it. He wired the brief answer, "O. K." and the company came on.

trucks over paths where only horses had gone before, a motion picture company rains, all for an evening's entertainment.

Compared to the Siva, which Raquel Torres leading lady of the company is demonstrating here, in native costume, the far famed Hula is just a refined ballroom dance.

TUESDAY

WELL, we got here and they haven't thrown us off the island yet. And what an island! Haven't had my arm or elbow straight out yet. I think it is growing into a crook. The people go so slowly here. The island is infested with bicycles. The natives even like to sit down when they walk. When they get off their bicycles they lay down

FRIDAY

AM LEARNING to typewrite with one hand. In this manner I can scratch mosquito bites with the other. I never thought anything could think so much of one person as these mosquitoes seem to think of me. We have toured the water by swimming and by boat; we have toured the land by walking and by jitney. Leeds is sending for his flying machine and when it gets here we will tour by plane. It is a marvelous country and a beautiful sea. The natives and inhabitants are a delightful people. The climate is ideal and the island represents a small corner of heaven. And after I have said all of this, I want to remark that I have had all I want of it already and wish to God that I were back in Hollywood. I guess I am unromantic and unimaginative and un-everything else, but all I can see to this country is that it is a great week-end spot. There is an atmosphere of quiet lazy grace about the place that is rather appealing, but one eventually gets tired of it. The liquor is first class and I am tired of it, too. The women have a certain savage beauty but I lack the desire to give myself a chance to get tired of them. I'm one Hollywood director who is in a hell of a fix . . . .

Almost as if by magic, the studio arose in the jungle where the white man had never set foot before; a studio as complete as though it were in Hollywood, with laboratories, commissaries, living quarters, and a projection room where the day's "rushes" could be shown.

MONDAY

I AM rapidly becoming a South Sea iconoclast. When I got up this morning, the tide was out and the beach looked positively dirty and nasty. Said I was going to do a lot of swimming when I got down here and I am not doing any. Best assures me that the sharks would like to nibble at me as my skin is strange to the island and sharks are naturally very curious . . . Had some sort of muddy concoction at breakfast with hot milk in it that they called coffee. The melons were tasteless and the eggs anaemic. The chickens, dogs and cats that parade in the dining room annoy me, but I find myself eating in spite of everything, for the simple reason that I am starved to it.

Everything droops. Even the foliage. A tree will start out as if it is going somewhere and then the leaves will lean towards the earth as if trying to take root again. Everything is tired . . . All in all, the more I see of foreign climes, the stronger I am for America.

Nothing particularly exciting happened today. Haven't been run over by a bicycle or bitten by a shark yet. I found a particularly slovenly looking native fooling around our machine later and politely took him in charge and marched him to jail. Couldn't understand why he put up such an awful resistance but learned later that I had arrested a native policeman . . . .

They moved ten-ton trucks through trackless jungle thickets . . . they built bridges, broke them and built them again . . . they packed heavy lights and cameras up sheer mountainsides . . . they kept the film cooled with ice and running water to keep it from melting . . . but they got the picture.

WEDNESDAY

FEEL like the country, numb and dumb. Met American vice-consul yesterday. A very proficient drinker. Also met the great-grandson of the king of this island. He is as good as the vice-consul; both are married to Tahitian wives. The governor wants to read our story to see if there is anything therein derogatory to the natives. If he ever reads that script we will get thrown right off the island. Loyalty to my company and fidelity to my art, prompts me to write another story which will have nothing to do with us but which will make very nice reading for the governor.

Yes, the jungle man in the Tarzan garb, about to flee into the woods at the right, is none other than the dapper Monte Blue, gone native for his role in "White Shadows of the South Seas." W. S. Van Dyke, the director, is seated in the chair.

Tahiti is a land of first impressions. Everything is beautiful and serene when you first land here, but if you get analytical and look too closely, you are lost. You begin to see the ugly features also, after a few days here; such as the dead and dried foliage that clings to the green; the worm holes and the damp rot on the bark of the trees; the mosquitoes and other bugs that infest the island. Gradually it dawns on you that this tropical wonderland has its ugliness also and that it is not the immaculate place that South Sea enthusiasts would have you believe. The bay is beautiful and I would like to swim in it, but I am reminded constantly of the danger of sharks. The houses are old, bare and uncomfortable. I am writing this on an upper porch of one and as I strike each key of the typewriter, the porch trembles. Yet the house looked quaint and picturesque when I first saw it. As long as one can kid himself along on South Seas' first impressions, the country is wonderful; but if you become critical, you begin to appreciate home. Many of the natives have no home and they carry a mat under their arm and sleep in the doorways of the main stores and streets at night. Down

here this is supposed to be a quaint habit. Back home, we would throw the bums into jail.

The South Seas are unusual, and that is all. For me, a little bit of heaven is my office back at the home studio, conferences and all . . . .

SATURDAY

NO NEWS. A director is without caste here; and this means in every sense of the word. Back home, most any girl will sit up and listen if they think there is a chance to get into the movies, but here they are totally lacking in ambition and a desire for better things. If I try to be nice and say anything about getting them into the movies, I make no impression at all.

The more I see and learn about these beautiful island maidens, the more I long to get back to Hollywood where a man is a man and, by God, the women know how to treat directors right! What?

Another illusion has gone to smash! This pretty flower business the girls have is an importation. When they are seeking, they wear a lovely red tiare over their right ear; when they have found a mate, they wear it over their left ear; but this is not a native custom. The French suggested this bit of business and the natives obligingly picked it up. So there you are.

No wages for extras appeared on the cost sheet; only an item of 50,000 loaves of bread and 50,000 cans of salmon. They tried paying the extras in money but they didn't understand. They took the money to buy presents for the director. Thirteen cents a day was the average cost of an extra's hire in loaves and fishes. Cheap enough as compared to $7.50 a day in Hollywood!

SUNDAY

WENT over to Leeds' house. We tried to wake up every Chinaman in Tahiti and get him to make us some chow mein, but to no avail. Some native chief died and his followers put on a celebration last night ending in a feast that rivaled an Irish wake. After everyone's appetite was appeased, they went out and buried the old fellow . . . Can't wait for Leeds' aeroplane to arrive. We are busy building a studio here, and it is some job to get the islanders to work. Money means absolutely nothing to them. If they get tired, they quit and go some place else. Even if they are acting as night watchmen, if their job wearies them, they walk away. There is just one chance to keep them on. Every mother's son of them is wild about salmon. They will do anything for a can of salmon, just as some folks will do anything for a dollar.

I begin to see a light, where these native belles are concerned. They prize salmon above movie jobs . . . .

I noticed in the restaurant where I ate today that they were charging me fifty centimes for cover charge. Can you imagine those highbinders, charging me two good American pennies to sit at the table. At that, I'll bet their cover charge pays the rent, help, and government tax. I got big-hearted and tipped the waiter half the cover charge.

The whole business of picture making was something supernatural to the natives. The camera was a machine with an evil eye. When night enes were taken and the searching rays of the huge sun arc cast an unearthly glare over a native village, they gathered for religious rites, thinking that the end of the world had come.

FRIDAY

I GOT a big surprise today. Saw a girl who is a girl. Saddest part about this is I had no salmon with me. I had given up long ago, and I wasn't even thinking of women and song, just walking aimlessly up the so-called street, when I suddenly became aware of this girl, walking in front of me. She may be a half-breed, but she is there on looks. She could match pennies with any of the Hollywood variety. She certainly had IT in the nth degree. I didn't exactly follow her. I merely kept on walking; so did she. We walked farther than I realized. Suddenly she stopped and looked coyly back at me. It was then I noticed that we were alone. I would not allow myself to expect too much. I waited. Here is where the surprise came. She smiled and her teeth were perfect, clean and healthy to the last molar. She was wearing the tiare over her right ear and I was about to shout for reinforcements to come and hold me, when a mean-looking native came along and said something to her and she glided after him without so much as another look in my direction . . . .

Had a real native dinner today, raw fish

This jolly crowd made the voyage to Tahiti a pleasant one. Top row, left to right: Arthur Smith, W. S. Van Dyke, the director, Leo Best, Robert Flaherty, the famous adventurer; in the front row are William Leeds, the famous young millionaire, and Erdeley Wilmot.

and all. The bread fruit tasted like a good sponge, and I enjoyed it, too. There were two delicacies that I did not sample. One was from the tentacles of a devil-fish and the other was long pork, which is short for man. The bones looked like human ones, but you could not prove it by me. The islanders aren't cannibalistic, but I don't think they are above eating someone who has died a natural death. We had liquid refreshment of several varieties, principal of which was the native rum. If they should ever fashion an explosive out of their rum, they could blow up a continent. After I had had about three drinks, I climbed the highest tree on the island. I settled down to more gentle spirits afterwards, such as absinthe, benedictine and what they call "cockoo." They are all of the same family as the rum. I tried sleeping in the ocean last night for the first time, but was very uncomfortable, as the bottom was rocky and the water kept getting into my nose. So much fancy was mixed with fact last night that I can't sort it out; but running through it all, I remember the girl of the scarlet seeking-tiare I saw several days ago. It is funny that none of the boys have run into her. They would be almost sure to mention her if they had. Come to think of it, though, I haven't mentioned her to them. Wish I knew whether that fellow that bosses her is a friend, a relative, or just a husband.

Can't wait for Leeds' aeroplane to arrive. Am not getting along with the natives so well as I am having a hard time making them understand me. It is true that I have an interpreter but I am going to have to get an interpreter for him. The only English they understand down here is, "have a drink." If I could have all my family and friends here, my own home, something decent to eat and some Hollywood gin, I would be more or less satisfied.

The making of the picture was a reunion for Monte Blue and Robert Anderson, the "heavy." Both of them started in pictures the same day. They were sitting on the extra bench while Griffith was casting "Intolerance." Monte Blue got his first job as a ditch digger, while Anderson was cast as a Pharisee. Never again had they played in the same picture until they were both cast in "White Shadows of the South Seas."

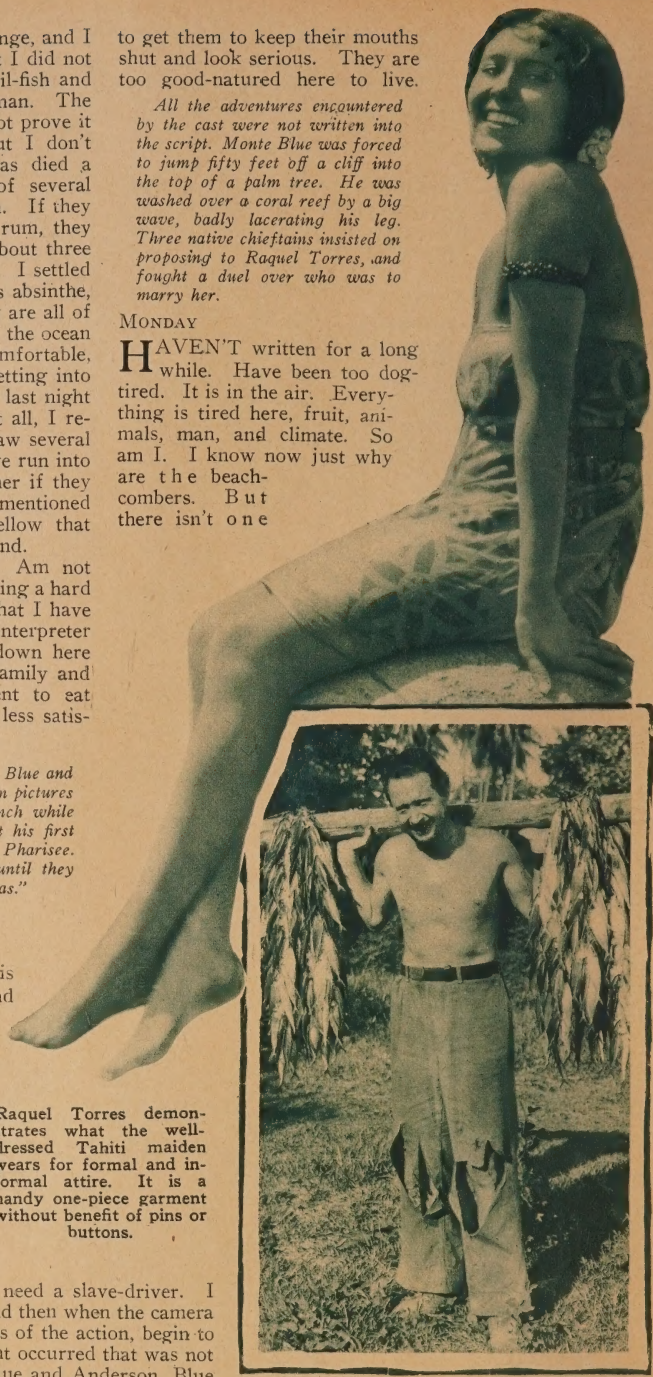
TUESDAY

SEVERAL weeks have passed and the island is still here. So are we. So is Leeds' aeroplane and it has become the seventh wonder of the world in the eyes of the natives. From my window I can see a bunch of them at their allotted tasks of assembling the plane. They resemble nothing so much as a swarm of bees. Never believed that a native could prove so industrious. Leeds is equipping the plane with pontoons and it looks about like a gull with overshoes. Nothing eventful has happened. The work is going on. Things are shaping up and I am slaving like a dog, to get through on schedule time. Haven't had time this week to notice what I am eating and drinking or anything else. These natives need a slave-driver. I will carefully explain a bit of business to them and then when the camera begins to crank they forget it all, and, regardless of the action, begin to laugh right in the face of the camera. One event occurred that was not on the program. In the fight scene between Blue and Anderson, Blue got knocked down. He went out cold; we worked on him the better part of an hour, before we brought him around. All the while, the natives danced and laughed and jibbered as if it were great entertainment. I hope they send me to darkest Africa next time, where the natives will meet me with a spear and a scowl. I am so confounded tired of trying to get them to keep their mouths shut and look serious. They are too good-natured here to live.

All the adventures encountered by the cast were not written into the script. Monte Blue was forced to jump fifty feet off a cliff into the top of a palm tree. He was washed over a coral reef by a big wave, badly lacerating his leg. Three native chieftains insisted on proposing to Raquel Torres, and fought a duel over who was to marry her.

MONDAY

HAVEN'T written for a long while. Have been too dog-tired. It is in the air. Everything is tired here, fruit, animals, man, and climate. So am I. I know now just why are the beachcombers. But there isn't one



Raquel Torres demonstrates what the well-dressed Tahiti maiden wears for formal and informal attire. It is a handy one-piece garment without benefit of pins or buttons.

"I never want to see another fish again as long as I live," says Monte Blue, and here's the reason why. He has just brought in a large catch of the principal article of diet of the South Seas company—morning, noon and night.

When East meets West. Raquel Torres, leading lady in "White Shadows of the South Seas," is shown in native garb in the above picture, contrasting with the mode of the Hollywood flapper worn by Rena Bush.

single chance for me. I have never worked so hard in my life. I can not wait to get back to the States. Am just winding this thing up. This is my last entry. I haven't the heart to write any more. Tragedy stalked me today. I can't sleep tonight and God knows, I'm not as chicken-hearted as some men, either. I can't get it on paper, either. . . . Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten. Leeds equipped his plane with pontoons and the thing was so heavy it would not raise properly. Yesterday it crashed in the ocean. A heavy sea was running and tore the pontoons off. Leeds got a good ducking but had a miraculous escape from death. Could have been drowned easily in the way the freak accident occurred.

But the thing that is giving me nightmares!—!

I mentioned the girl with the tiare, some weeks ago. I haven't seen her since, till yesterday. I went out in a canoe to look for a location. Got out in a jungle-like spot and was walking along the bank by a huge banyan tree. Didn't know there was a soul within a mile of me, and suddenly I heard a cry, just like a tropical bird screaming. Thought at first it was that, until it was repeated and I caught the human note in it. Then I saw her.

She was in a boat, with the fellow who had dragged her home the first night I saw her. She threw up her hand twice towards me. I didn't get her meaning. Thought at first that the boat had sprung a leak or something. The man said something to her and at that she tossed away her flowers in her hair, waved to me and stood erect, poised in the boat. The man slapped her and she leaped straight out. The islanders are wonderful swimmers. I did not think much about it. I am getting used to unusual things happening here.

She was coming rapidly towards the bank, when she disappeared suddenly as if she had been jerked from under. She came to the surface in a moment and the water around her began to go red. Something was thrashing the water horribly into a foam. The native screamed "shark!" It seemed like a native rushed out from every bush. They leaped into their canoes. I was powerless to do a thing but look, for it was too far away. In a second the water around her was dark with native boats; arms and sticks flailing the horrible creature that held her. They kicked, screamed, beat and clubbed and finally tore her from it. I came down here yearning to see a shark fight, but I never want to see another. They dragged her into the boat, minus an arm, and bleeding half to death. They took her away somewhere. Native doctors attended her, of course. I heard in the village today that she will get well. God! There is some more South Sea Island realism to tack alongside its beauty. I wish I could sleep. I wish I could forget everything about this cursed country. I wish I were back in Hollywood . . . .

Homesick, weary and disillusioned but treasuring their experiences on the tropic isle and carefully guarding the precious film taken at the cost of great hardship, the little band of South Sea adventurers has returned to Hollywood. The picture showing all the beauty and the romance of the South Seas on the screen will soon be released, to thrill stay-at-homes with a desire to visit the world's wonderland. But as for the adventurers themselves, to see the South Seas on the screen will be sufficient. "Never again will be soon enough for another trip to Tahiti" is their cry.

Monte Blue and Raquel Torres in one of those torrid tropical poses that gave the South Seas their reputation for being a lovers' paradise, the most romantic land in the world.

ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE? Well, not many nights a week, says Alice White. Not with those lips and those eyes and those hair!

Aggravatin' ALICE

They gave her the gate, but she came back with the gate receipts! And now Alice White is going to be a star.

By
Dorothy Spensley

Alice White used to have three shades of red hair, one shade after another, but now she's a decided blonde. She decided just the other day.

A DIMPLED darling, all lush with love and luxury. That's Alice White.

A couple of years ago First National gave her the gate, amiably, after her first picture, and she thought her career was ended. But the rapture lingered on.

Two weeks later the exhibitors from the hinterland began asking who the cutie with the curves was. And where. And how. So First National had to call her back.

Alice was in Catalina—Mr. Wrigley's island—languishing by the waves, and, incidentally, making life pleasant for the sea urchins. Also others.

She had swiped all the glory from *The Sea Tiger,* left Milton Sills and Mary Astor out in the bitter, bitter cold of unappreciation and gone stalking off wrapped in the cloak of public interest.

The exhibitors wanted to know who the stranger was who shook her sequins in that aggravatin', tatalizin' manner. In *The Sea Tiger* she was one of those girls who does just that.

Since then she has played in fourteen pictures. And now First National is going to star her.

They're going to star her in *Show Girl,* by J. P. McEvoy and Alice hopes they will leave in that scene where she strips off her neat little tailor suit in the office of the great theatrical magnate and stands revealed . . . in her one-piece bathing suit! Sorry, gentlemen.

After that they're going to star her in three more. And if you don't believe in dear old Saint Nick now, it's no one's fault but your own.

MR. CLAUS was the Daddy Browning of Alice's life. Dear Mr. Santa Claus of that fashionable northern suburb. And, of course, Cinderella had her foot in it. She would. But no living, breathing, flesh-and-blood man is responsible for Alice's motion picture success. I should say not.

"And for that reason I have no responsibilities," said Alice, crossing one slim stockingless leg. "No one to kow-tow to. No one to 'yes.' I got along by myself and I have myself to thank."

A little free soul, flitting about town. But men for pastime. That, of course, is different.

Alice sighed, pulled closer her leopard skin coat, scratched a bare knee and looked soulful. The effect was magnetic. Sympathy waves emanated from every corner of the restaurant.

Alice sighed again and ordered another cup of coffee, black.

"I've just had a fight with Dick."

That's Dick Grace, the aviating wonder, the stunt man de luxe, the lucky guy—Alice's fiance. He's the boy, who, several years ago, fell like a plummet from his plunging plane and lived to suffer a broken neck.

"And some magazine said it hadn't hurt his necking. Said that I said it." Alice sniffed a contemptuous denial. No wonder they used to call her "Peter Rabbit," with a sniff like that. A perky, pert little sniff.

"Dick wanted to go home and visit

his folks and I said 'Go ahead.' And because I was so nice and willing about it, he thinks I am anxious for him to leave. And now he's determined to stay and see why."

THERE is something of the *genus* Bow about this baby. Something in the mouth, pursed for kiss or pout. Three inches shorter than Clara. A cute little John Held, Jr., figure in her spiky three-inch heels, she wears her golden anklet and her Hollywood wisdom with studied nonchalance. Sophisticated in the outward grain, she lost her illusions and kept her head as script girl for two years before she became a cinema cherub. Kept her head and changed the color of her hair from dusky brown to ash blond to Chinese red to Chanel pink to devastating, delicious Titian. And now she's a decided blonde.

Decided right then and there.

"I'm going to be a blonde from now on," declared Alice, hazel-eyed through inky lashes, looking up from avocado salad.

She's a Hollywood High School alumna; a daughter of Patterson, New Jersey, part French, part Italian; she lives at home with grandmother, thank you, and doesn't go walking alone in the woods. She's read that Red Riding Hood yarn, and isn't going to cross-examine any wolves in grandma's clothes. Not Alice.

Decided in other things, too. Firmly decided that she's not another Clara Bow, although she was labelled that at first.

"Clara and I stood in front of the mirror one day and compared likenesses. She's three inches taller. Only our eyes are alike. Her mouth is a little broader. And we make up quite differently. She pulls her eyebrows up when she makes up. Mine are pulled down. You'd be surprised the difference a half an inch makes."

And you really would.

When Dick Grace, the famous stunt flyer dropped out of the clouds they said it nearly ruined his neck but not his necking. Now Dick and Alice are engaged. Or, are they?

With lines like these Alice should have entered the movies via the Sennett short-cut. But Alice preferred to draw her own lines—with a pencil.

Alice poised a mean pencil in the days when she was a script girl. A script girl, by the way, is the director's right hand lady, who sits at his elbow and notes down all his observations—that are fit to print. Maybe that's where Alice learned about life.

But the directors soon discovered that Alice's best lines weren't those she made with a pencil in her notebook. How could they help it? So they decided to put Alice in front of the camera instead of behind it. The cameraman liked that — and others.

Then Alice began to take part in pictures—part after part. People began to notice her after *The Sea Tiger*. Then came a small bit in *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*. But a brutal scissors wielder cut it to the bone. Alice joined the sea of faces on the cutting-room floor and it took all her script girl philosophy to keep her going.

Suddenly up popped the part of wise-cracking Dorothy, Lorelei's worldly girl friend in the widely heralded Paramount picture, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. That part was made for Alice, *it was* Alice. Wickedly wise. Smart. On her toes. And Alice rang the bell. That bell can still be heard ringing.

Then came *Harold Teen*, the picture made from the comic strip with Mervyn LeRoy directing. Alice was *Giggles*. Giggles are infectious. At least they proved to be in this instance. So is Alice.

And now *Show Girl*, her first starring picture. Another part cut out for Alice, a chorus kid that knows what it's all about but doesn't let anyone know she knows. The picture is in production at the First National studios, and from all indications Alice is making a success of it.

A wise little cutie in dainty No. 2 shoes — that is Alice White.

No Alice-in-Wonderland here. She knows that the cinema moon is made of cream cheese and too much of it will make her sick.

Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire. But she's not getting scorched. She wears asbestos sandals.

Here's to Clara—Have a Shot!

THE "It" girl becomes a hit girl as she turns from flaming flapper to gunman's gal.

Her knight and a nightie. Picture the chagrin of Clara and her husband, Richard Arlen, when officers of the law make a midnight call and Clara isn't dressed to receive them.

Clara Bow, proving deadlier than ever to the male, adds blazing guns to blazing hair as a child of the underworld in "Ladies of the Mob."

AND another bluecoat bit the dust! Clara Bow has laid away her lipstick and turned to machine guns in her latest picture, *Ladies of the Mob,* a stirring film of the underworld, wherein Clara shows what a bank robber's sweetie thinks about while the bank robber is busy.

Having proved that she can get her man with her witching wiles, she now turns to more deadly weapons. Those eyes that used to roll so roguishly now glint down the barrel of a gun.

As Yvonne, a child whose parents have made the social register at Sing Sing, Clara knows what crime is all about. When Clara meets "Red", a young man, who is very dapper and dashing, the fun begins.

"Red" isn't one who can take his crime or leave it alone. Yvonne thinks crime too uncertain and tries to make "Red" give it up. "Red" won't do it.

Comes at last the gunfire, and "Red" finds out in the end what he might have guessed in the beginning, namely that crime doesn't pay.

A new note in final fadeouts. No moonlight and roses for Clara and Dick. The rattle of machine guns and rapping of night sticks are their prelude to happiness in this newest melodrama.

New Lovers for Vilma

FOLLOWING her professional divorce from Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky finds a foil for her blonde beauty in Arthur Byron.

OFF with the old, on with the new!

Thus Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, those favored lovers of the screen, will greet the advent of the new film year.

For when *Two Lovers* is released this fall, they will have sworn eternal devotion in their final fadeout. No more will Vilma draw Ronald's tousled head down to her own to murmur words meant for his ear alone. No more will her blonde loveliness inspire that soulful look in his dark eyes, for Mr. Sam Goldwyn, the producer, has decreed that they must part.

Vilma Banky gives a farewell glance at Ronald Colman, her old lover, before falling into the arms of Arthur Byron, the new.

Business reasons alone are responsible for their separation. These stars are too valuable to the public to keep them together in one picture. So they are to separate. But romance must go on, and they are about to take unto themselves new screen lovers. "Make two romances bloom where one grew before," is the cry of Mr. Goldwyn.

Ronald proved himself more generous than most lovers in life, by taking it upon himself to choose his own sucsuccessor as Vilma's sweetheart, and he selected for the delectable task the most attractive young man he could find in an exhaustive search of two continents.

Colman was in London being entertained at a formal tea, when across the room he caught sight of a young man who was the center of an admiring circle. He introduced himself to the young man, and in that moment Arthur Byron's fortune was made.

A conference with Mr. Goldwyn followed, with its attendant signatures on the dotted line, and the young Englishman had embarked on his American career.

Lucky Arthur Byron! He hopes to prove as romantic as his name in his new role as Vilma Banky's screen lover. There is plenty of room for a blonde head on those broad shoulders.

THERE are many points of similarity between these two lovers of Vilma Banky. Both are of that clean, athletic type which is the proud product of the English school system. Both of them went through harrowing experiences in the World War at an early age, which left its mark of sadness upon them. Both were well known to the English speaking stage and had made their mark in British films before being discovered by American producers.

But there are differences in experience and in temperament. Byron has been spared the years of struggle, the poverty, the disappointments which Colman experienced upon his entrance into American films. His journey to success has been easier, and shorter. Colman was married—unhappily. Byron is still single.

As a result, the young Englishman looks upon life as a glorious adventure. He is full of a zest for experience of a vital boyish enthusiasm. But he has not Colman's rich maturity.

He is lighter in complexion than the "dark angel" but with the same strong, clean features.

His greatest task is still before him, the task of taking the place of one of the screen's great lovers, of creating as well as his predecessor, the illusion of romance. Time and the fans will tell. His first role, that of a young Uhlan officer, with Vilma in *The Awakening*, will afford him a great opportunity.

He is off to a flying start.

and Ronald

COLMAN consoles himself with a new screen sweetheart in the person of Lily Damita, the French dancer.

Ronald Colman prefers foreigners. Lily of France follows Vilma of Hungary as the idol of his screen dreams.

Lily Damita, toast of the Paris boulevards, is proof that fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong. Below, Arthur Byron in his first American role as a Uhlan officer.

THE witching hour of midnight was approaching on winged feet in one of the gayer Parisian cafes.

A glittering array of beauties held the audience spellbound. At one of the ringside tables were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. Mr. Goldwyn dozed. His head drooped forward. Parisian cafes were no novelty to him and it was getting past his bedtime.

The lights flashed out. Then a single spot revealed a radiant creature dancing out across the floor. The audience was breathless. Before them was Lily Damita, the toast of the boulevards. But Mr. Goldwyn dozed on. His wife touched him gently on the elbow.

"Sam, you are missing something," she said.

He roused himself, blinked, blinked again and stared. He agreed that he *had* been missing something. He reached frantically for his fountain pen. The fair Lily had scarcely disappeared before he was on the way to her dressing room to talk business.

But Miss Damita was bored. She had heard of Hollywood and American producers and fabulous salaries. But Paris loved her and she loved Paris. Why should she leave? The negotiations came to naught and Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn sailed for home.

A few weeks later, however, in casting about for a new leading woman for Ronald Colman, Mr. Goldwyn thought of Lily again and cabled her an offer to play with Ronald Colman.

Mention of that name did what money couldn't do. The wires were scarcely fast enough to bring back her reply.

But yes. *Mon Dieu!* What woman would refuse an opportunity to play with the *magnifique* Ronald? Of a certainty she would come! And within a few days Lily was on the boat.

Lily is much like Vilma. She is distinctly foreign in her beauty. Also like Vilma, she is original. She thinks things out for herself. It has become customary for foreign actresses, upon arrival, to pronounce American men handsome, and American women beyond compare. Not so Lily. She finds American men like children, simple and adorable, and American women too shallow for her tastes. Furthermore, she refuses to diet, but declares she will eat what and when she pleases, whatever the consequences.

She is more vivacious than Vilma, typically Parisian in her gayety, her wit, her love of life. She has had considerable experience in pictures, having played for some time with the Fellner Co., in Berlin. This accounts for the assurance and self-confidence that she has been displaying since her arrival.

And she admires Ronald Colman, tremendously, and with her Gallic frankness, is not backward in saying so.

Thus another romantic couple.

They are already at work on the production of Joseph Conrad's great story of the sea, *The Rescue*, and there are no end of romantic possibilities in that!

She Earns Her Ermines

JUNE COLLYER'S fight for fame is a true life Horatio Alger story of a poor little rich girl who had only her police dogs to guide her.

A working girl, too, must have a little relaxation now and then. Miss Collyer chooses horseback riding.

June Collyer kept right on smiling even when reduced to one ladies' maid.

An informal pose of June Collyer at home with her large family—of dolls.

JUST another poor little rich girl trying to get along.

That's the greeting June Collyer got when she came to Hollywood. They thought she would be just another one of the yearly crop of debutantes out for a career—provided that it didn't interfere with their tea dancing.

The producers smiled and decided to humor her. Playing in pictures was a game that they soon tired of, these poor little rich girls, as soon as they found that it meant hard work. And they thought that this daughter of the Ritz would be no exception.

They call it "playing in pictures." June Collyer, who had never done any more exhausting work than a Parisian shopping tour, toiled eighteen hours a day, in burning heat, in mud and in rain.

But she didn't quit. She thrived on it. And those that came to jeer remained to cheer. "This is the life," she cried, "Being a debutante is so useless."

In less than a year, June Collyer has played leading roles in such outstanding pictures as *Four Sons* and *Hangman's House.* Now she is adding to her laurels with the leading feminine role in *Me—Gangster* under the direction of Raoul Walsh.

DAN CUPID'S BULLETIN BOARD

Those Horrid Contracts!

If Sally Eilers, 1928 Wampas baby star, and featured player in Mack Sennett's romantic comedy, *The Goodbye Kiss,* had her way, she would go right out with Matty Kemp, who plays opposite her in the picture, and find a minister. But Mister Sennett, the mean old thing, has prevented this. Before Sally knew she was going to fall in love with Matty, she signed a contract which prevents her from marrying until the contract is ended. So the young couple have been forced to resign themselves to long glances and to being seen constantly together.

SALLY EILERS

Say It With Cablegrams

These impatient husbands and lovers across the sea are God's gift to the telephone and telegraph companies. Camilla Horn, the lovely German star, who played with John Barrymore in *The Tempest,* left a husband on the other side, a German business man. Said husband is getting anxious about the date of Camilla's return, and is burning up the cables. Mary Duncan, the far-famed "Poppy" of *The Shanghai Gesture,* has been receiving frantic telephone calls from London, from some mystery man whose name she refuses to reveal.

Cupid Whispers That—

Johnny Hines is bringing Bessie Love to all the parties in Hollywood these days.

Rumors of an engagement between Carolyn Bishop, niece of Frances Marion, and Gene Tunney, are still rife around town.

Molly O'Day is often seen here and there in the company of Roland Drew.

Arthur Lubin, one of Hollywood's noted bachelors, has been very attentive lately to Helene, the younger of the famous Costello sisters.

It is said that Mary Miles Minter will soon wed Joseph Diskay, well-known Hungarian operatic tenor, whom she met in Paris.

MOLLY O'DAY

And Now Aileen

Eight years ago, Aileen Pringle, noted for those sophisticated roles in pictures of the high-powered Glynish type, left Jamaica in the West Indies to come to Hollywood, while her husband, who was privy counselor of the island, went off to war. Although the pair have not seen each other except at rare intervals since that time, there had never been discord of a serious nature between them. And now at last, Aileen has decided that it is high time to get a divorce and has taken steps accordingly. At the same time it is rumored that she is engaged to H. L. Mencken, the well-known writer and magazine publisher.

AILEEN PRINGLE

Consolation

Ralph Forbes, who has recently been separated from his wife, Ruth Chatterton, the famous stage star, is finding consolation in riding horseback out through the beautiful Hollywood hills. His frequent companion on these rides of late has been the beautiful Julanne Johnston. Meanwhile, Miss Chatterton is often seen in the smart places of Hollywood with James Creelman, a well-known writer.

* * *

There are rumors of a reconciliation between Marie Prevost and her husband Kenneth Harlan.

Don't Send Me Postcards

Jean Williams, formerly of the Follies, who has been forging ahead rapidly since she changed her name to Sonia Karlov and posed as a Russian refugee, had a good American husband, George Williams, the son of a wealthy Tennessee publisher, in the background all the time. Before she came to Hollywood her husband sent her orchids every day. Lately he has only sent postcards. They aren't enough to keep any girl happy, says Jean, so she is suing for divorce.

JUST JANET

By DOROTHY CARTWRIGHT

who wrote the first interview with Janet Gaynor ever to appear in any magazine. Miss Cartwright herewith gives her impressions of the little extra girl now that she has become a star.

TWO years ago a shy little Quaker maid with curly auburn hair and great wistful eyes stepped before a motion picture camera in her first important role. She walked off the set a few weeks later with most of the honors, a five-year Fox contract, and her first magazine interview The story of Janet Gaynor appeared in SCREEN SECRETS, known at that time as PARIS AND HOLLYWOOD.

It was with many misgivings that I knocked at Janet's bungalow dressing room on the Fox lot not long ago. So much had happened since our first meeting. The child with her brave ambitions had grown into one of the brightest stars in Hollywood. I wondered if time and success had changed her—and how? Was she still—just Janet?

For it is just a strange and beautiful fairy tale to her. She doesn't seem to remember the months of discouraged waiting, broken by only occasional days of extra work. To Janet success is a golden gift; for she has forgotten the price of it.

Some stars have been fortunate enough to be suddenly discovered by a perceptive director; but not Janet. In a group of more striking beauties with the knack of patting themselves on the back to push themselves forward, her frail, childish loveliness was lost like a violet in a sheaf of orchids. Janet never speaks of one of her most heartbreaking experiences.

Fox was searching for a girl to play in the O. Henry comedy series. Filled with great hope, Janet applied for the part. O. Henry's great gift of sympathy and human understanding was an almost perfect medium for her own sensitiveness, her whimsical humor, her infinite pathos. But the director chose a girl with greater experience and more obvious beauty—a girl who has since practically faded from the screen.

Janet's disappointment would have been almost unbearable but for the undying faith of "Jonesey", her stepfather and greatest pal. It was he who first discovered the spark of genius in the little girl. It was he who brought her to Hollywood after her graduation from a San Francisco high school and a year in a business office. It was he who encouraged her, sympathized with her, and advised her during the long months when failure stalked at her heels. It was Jonesey, too, who rejoiced with her when at last she was given a chance to prove her great dramatic power—in Universal two-reel comedies! Janet told me that she and Jonesey went to a little neighborhood theatre to see her first picture. They arrived promptly at seven and stayed—thrilled and incredulous—until the place was closed for the night. Even now she slips into a theatre several times during its run to marvel happily at her success. Lesser stars than she have taken fame for granted.

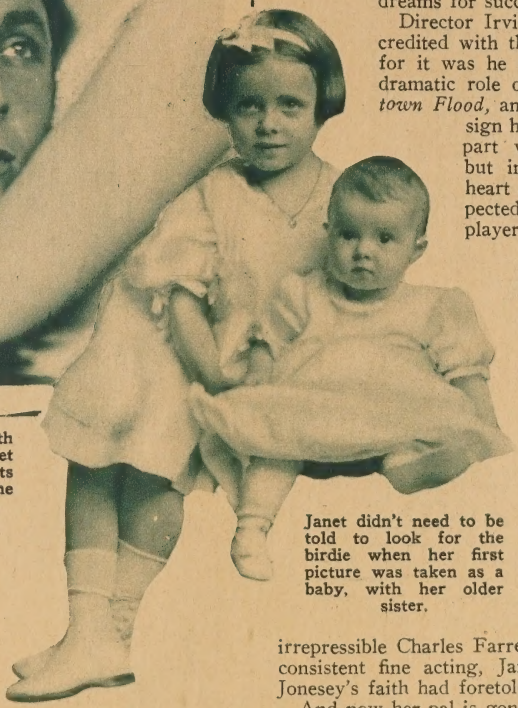
Janet Gaynor attained the heights of dramatic characterization in "Sunrise," a simple human story, produced under the guiding hand of F. W. Murnau, the great German director.

IF you were to describe your idea of a famous motion picture actress you would probably say, "She must be ravishingly beautiful; gorgeously gowned in luxurious furs and sparkling jewels; she must live in a DeMillish palace with marble baths resembling a municipal swimming pool; she must lean back in an ultra-modish car of foreign make, driven by an obsequious liveried chauffeur; have pedigreed dogs to stalk behind her. Life to her must be one lavish party after another."

Somehow that's what we expect a star to be. We just know that if our weekly pay checks were in four figures instead of a scant two, we'd most certainly have and do

WHEN Janet Gaynor was playing bits in comedies and melodramas and SCREEN SECRETS was in its cradle days, this magazine printed her first interview. It is a pleasure to compare the star of today with the girl of yesterday and find that she is still—just Janet.

With Charles Farrell, in "Seventh Heaven," and again in "Street Angel," Janet touched the hearts of millions in bringing to the screen the glories of romance.



Janet didn't need to be told to look for the birdie when her first picture was taken as a baby, with her older sister.

and be all those things! It has often surprised Hollywood how quickly some of our stars have become accustomed to depend on luxuries.

In no manner does Janet Gaynor resemble Film Folk As We Think They Ought To Be. Many persons have granted that she is a very pretty little thing; yet she has never been called beautiful, save by those to whom beauty is a quality of the soul, not of physical perfection.

Janet doesn't dress like one's conception of a star. As simple as her own sweet nature are the things that adorn her. If you should pass her on the street you'd probably say, "There goes a nice little girl in a sweater just like mine!" For evening she wears only the simplest pastel frocks of chiffon or taffeta. She might easily pass for a sub-deb at her first party!

Even her home is quiet and unpretentious. It is just a little white bungalow on a pretty but not fashionable Hollywood street. There isn't room for blooded police dogs. She hasn't even a chauffeur like most stars; for Janet herself drives her moderately priced sedan when her mother isn't at the wheel.

JANET Gaynor is not a party girl, though she attends occasional premieres and is sometimes seen in quiet little groups at the Montmartre. She hasn't time for much play. Work absorbs many hours daily; and even when she leaves the studio, she carries many of its problems home with her. She is still quite serious about her 10:30 bedtime!

Can you imagine anybody more unlike the popular idea of a motion picture actress? Time has not changed her nor fame spoiled the little Pennsylvania girl who came to Hollywood three years ago with great golden dreams for success.

Director Irving Cummings is generally accredited with the discovery of Janet Gaynor; for it was he who chose her for the highly dramatic role of Ann Burger in *The Johnstown Flood,* and who later persuaded Fox to sign her on a long-term contract. The part was small—almost negligible; but into it Janet poured her very heart and soul until it assumed unexpected proportions. The featured player was George O'Brien, who was destined to work with her many months later in one of the finest pictures of all times —*Sunrise.*

Excellent but undistinguished roles followed her first Fox picture. The popular stage play, *Pigs,* retitled *The Midnight Kiss; The Shamrock Handicap; The Blue Eagle;* and *The Return of Peter Grimm* followed in rapid succession. *Sunrise* came next, though it is not yet released throughout the country. Then to Janet fell the momentous role of Diane in *Seventh Heaven,* with the irrepressible Charles Farrell. Step by step, always with consistent fine acting, Janet mounted the heights that Jonesey's faith had foretold.

And now her pal is gone; for during Janet's last week on *Two Girls Wanted* he was suddenly stricken with heart failure. But he had lived to see his dreams come true.

Street Angel and *The Four Devils* have helped establish Janet Gaynor as one of the greatest emotional actresses of the screen. *Blossom Time,* to be made in Germany, is destined to add even greater laurels to her astonishing success.

HOLLYWOOD has tried to link the names of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, those perfect lovers of the screen. She is not engaged to him—this much I know—nor do I believe she ever will be. He dropped into her bungalow while I was there. It was good to see them together—Charlie bubbling over with boyishness, very much resembling an overgrown Saint Bernard in a Pekinese kennel; Janet like a little mother, scolding him when he picked up trinkets about the room and didn't put them back where they belonged; consoling him when he confided some small annoyance connected with his work; reassuring him when he asked her very earnestly if she liked some bit of acting in one of his scenes; teasing him just a little when he boasted of having grown a mustache for *Fazil*; begging him prettily to trot out like a good boy and buy her an ice cream cone!

It is said that Charlie, rather bewildered by success and beautiful women, falls in love with all his leading ladies. Several months ago the papers carried a hysterical story of a secret marriage between him and Greta Nissen, while rumor has recently had it that he is enamored of Virginia Valli. Of course, too, Janet has come in for her share of newspaper publicity. Only a few days ago it was hinted in the press that she is engaged to Lydell Peck, a wealthy San Francisco man. Janet has calmly denied this rumor as she denied a previous one linking her name with that of a young local dentist. Work still has first claim on her affections.

Fate plays strange tricks in Hollywood. Here is a whimsical story of Janet's career. Two years ago when she was playing in Universal comedies she worked in a picture with Glenn Tryon.

"Wouldn't it be just wonderful if I could be his leading woman—some day?" she breathed ecstatically to Jonesey. She was a star when she made *Two Girls Wanted*. And her leading man—who would ever have guessed?—was Glenn Tryon! Even this added bit of success didn't make Janet feel ritzy.

During the past few months success has followed success. Janet's two biggest pictures, *Sunrise* and *Street Angel*, which have enjoyed long-time runs in Los Angeles and New York, will be released throughout the country sometime this fall.

And sometime before long, probably within a year, will come the greatest triumph of all. It is the picture known as *Four Devils*, a great film of European show life, produced under the master hand of F. W. Murnau, the great German, who directed Janet in *Sunrise*. This picture has taken many months in the making and is anxiously awaited as a milestone in movie history. In it Janet has opportunity for one of her marvelous characterizations as a member of a troupe of acrobats.

Work on *Four Devils* was concluded only a few weeks ago. When the final shot was taken, Janet packed up her things and went to New York for her first vacation in many months. Her mother went with her and even on Broadway, Janet shunned the bright lights and the parties that would have proven an irresistible lure for many another girl. At present her plans are to make one picture abroad before going on with her work in Hollywood.

There's no age limit, either way to Janet's admirers. She is shown here with the two sons of Robert H. Yost, publicity director at the Fox studios.

Janet's figure might have been her fortune, if she had chosen to keep on in comedy roles. She stands just five feet in those high heeled shoes and weighs ninety-six pounds.

Wonderful things have happened to this slip of a girl, whose first magazine interview was published two years ago.

(A review of *Street Angel*, Janet Gaynor's latest picture, will be found on page 42.)

The Prince of Tempters is Tamed

An intimate account of the film star's marriage, with his views on matrimony.

By E. ELIZABETH BARRETT

Adolphe Menjou and his bride, Kathryn Carver shown above with John Cecil Graham, British producer, right, and Ernest Torrence, character actor, left.

LOOKING very dapper in a brown suit with a large pink carnation in the buttonhole, Adolphe Menjou, who was stopping in London the other day on his honeymoon with Kathryn Carver, whom he married in Paris, confided to me his thoughts on the prospect of married life.

"Of course we're going to be very happy," he declared, flashing that winning smile of his, "who could help but be happy with a wife like mine?"

He glanced happily at his bride.

Mrs. Menjou was sitting across the room which was a perfect bower of flowers forming an attractive background for her beauty.

Her unbobbed wealth of corn-colored hair was piled high on her head. She wore a dress of filmy, wedgewood blue chiffon, embroidered in gold filigree work. She was radiant.

"It's all too wonderful," she said. "We are having the most gorgeous time. But Adolphe has many rivals in your handsome well-dressed men. I am going to see that he has plenty of suits made while we are here!"

Adolphe lit a cigarette in that inimitable manner of his, leaned back and puffed at it reflectively.

"We are going to lead the quiet home life that I love best," he said, "yes, believe it or not, I am a lover of domesticity. Nothing bores me more than a constant round of hectic gayety and excitement.

"Most people, I am sure, feel that I am exactly the same sort of person that I portray on the screen, but believe me, if I were, Miss Carver would never have married me, for she realizes, as any sensible person must, that no woman could settle down to a peaceful, happy life with a man of that sort."

Husband and wife exchanged a quick look of sympathy and understanding. They were indeed a happy couple.

IT HAD taken exactly three minutes for Adolphe, sophisticated darling of a million susceptible feminine hearts, and the tall and lovely Kathryn Carver, to embark on the uncertain seas of matrimony.

On a radiant Paris morning, the ceremony was held in secret with only a few intimate friends attending.

The bride wore a wide-brimmed hat of rose beige silk and a frock of rose beige crepe georgette with lace ruffles and an enormous rose beige fox fur, on which were pinned orchids and lilies of the valley.

The bridegroom was immaculate in a perfectly tailored morning suit, with white spats and a boutonniere of lilies of the valley. He looked as though he might have stepped out of one of his own films for the occasion.

By the time they reached London, there were thousands of fans, most of them middle-aged women, on hand to greet them.

Yes, they are indeed a happy couple. But the cynical-minded will add, "Why shouldn't they be? They've only been married a few days."

A yachting we will go! But this foursome, Buster Keaton, Natalie Talmadge, (Mrs. Keaton) Constance Talmadge and Buster Collier, believe that when the boat is on dry land there is no outing like a rousing round of bridge.

So This is HOLLYWOOD

Special News by
ANNE HOWE

Actors as firefighters—Doleful Dolores—Pola's Problems—Lupe in Love?—Gloria Packs a Wallop—What About Charlie?—Good Will to Men—Gay Gossip from Hollywood.

A Thriller

THE American public was very nearly deprived of its favorite screen stars, when the leading lights of filmdom, gathered at the Russian Eagle Club, narrowly escaped with their lives when a terrific explosion wrecked the club just a few moments after they had left it. Only the quick thinking and quicker acting of Charlie Chaplin saved the day.

Chaplin was giving a brilliant banquet in honor of Lily Damita, newly arrived French star, one of the outstanding social affairs of the season. As the gayety was in full swing, Charlie suddenly noticed menacing wisps of smoke curling up from under the cloak room door. He said nothing, but quietly excused himself and turned in the fire alarm. He hurried back and in a calm voice informed the guests that there was a small fire in the building and it would be best for them to gather up their wraps and leave. The dining hall was cleared immediately and without confusion. Charlie immediately organized a brigade of volunteer fire fighters and returned to battle the flames. Just as they were about to re-enter the building, an explosion wrecked the place. General Lodiginsky, the proprietor, who was within, was injured. The volunteer fire brigade, consisting of Charlie, Eddie Sutherland and Harry Crocker, directors, the Marquis de Falais la Coudray (Gloria Swanson's husband) and others, fought the flames until the arrival of the Hollywood fire department.

Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor, Renee Adoree, Marceline Day, Richard Dix, John McCormick and his wife, Colleen Moore, had been present at the party and had left just a short while before the fire broke out. The fire was believed to have been started by firebugs and an exhaustive investigation is being conducted by the district attorney's office.

Lupe in Love?

LUPE VELEZ, young Mexican firecracker, stated very positively that she has "no interest in men." She has been seen several times recently in the company of George Jessel. Says she, in explanation,

"Lupe no stay out late. Work hard." We'll believe her—thousands wouldn't! She's the most unconsciously successful actress in Hollywood.

Refused to Cook

PEGGY PREVOST, sister of the famous Maris, was divorced by her husband on the grounds that she refused to cook, and had very extravagant tastes. These specific charges were lumped under the heading of "extreme cruelty." They were married in September, 1927.

Another Separation

IT is rumored that the present separation of Lila Lee and James Kirkwood will be permanent. He has been playing on the English stage, while she has been making pictures in Hollywood. They have been married for a number of years, and have been considered filmdom's most devoted couple. They have one small son, Jimmie, Jr.

Gone East

MRS. LILLIAN PARKER SPICER, mother of Lita Grey Chaplin, won a decree from a husband who, she claims, deserted her in 1923. She has neither seen nor heard from him since 1924, when he wrote her that he was going east. Unlike our biblical examples, who willingly wait seven years for a husband, sweetheart, or what have you, she has decided the time is already a big plenty.

Gloria Packs a Wallop

WHEN Gloria Swanson, Hollywood's only marquise, becomes annoyed, she slaps—and hard. At least, this is the testimony of one S. Alexander Cohen, 185-pound process server, who has filed suit in the New York Supreme Court for $25,000 in payment for a rapid right and left to the cheek. He told the court that he waited outside Miss Swanson's apartment with a summons for her appearance at a suit brought by Janet Beecher Hoffman, an actress, against her husband. Instead of taking the document in marquise style, she said, she got violent. Now the question is: Does Cohen get the $25,000, or does he keep the slaps? The court has not yet decided.

What About Charlie?

WHAT'S this about Charles Farrell, dashing young Fox star who, with Janet Gaynor, rose to fame in *Seventh Heaven*? He is seen most frequently with Virginia Valli, and is said to be mighty fond of her. But then, there's Greta Nissen, whom he was reported to have wed secretly several months ago, and who "just adores" Charlie. This is an admission of her very own.

Doleful Dolores

PICTURE Dolores Del Rio's predicament. The Mexican star has always been noted for her glorious tresses of raven hair and they have played a conspicuous part in all her pictures. Recently during the filming of *Revenge* under the direction of Edwin Carewe, a situation arose where her heavy screen lover was called upon to cut off these same tresses with a dagger. Carewe, a devotee of realism, insisted that her own hair be cut to make the scene realistic. Dolores refused. The scene has been passed up until the momentous question can be decided and will be taken later.

Incidentally, certain newspapers in and around Hollywood have been insistently rumoring that Carewe's planned trip abroad to make a picture with Dolores Del Rio, star of *Revenge*, is also for the purpose of matrimony. Miss Del Rio and Carewe insist that it isn't. Dolores has just been granted a divorce at Nogales, Mex., from Jaime Martinez Del Rio. The decree is expected to be granted soon. The same goes for Carewe only he filed his divorce in the court at Mazatlan, Mex., against Mary Akin.

Director, spare those locks! That's what Dolores Del Rio begged of Edwin Carewe when he wanted them carved with a dagger for the sake of realism in the filming of "Revenge." The "heap big brave" is Warner Baxter.

Good Will to Men

WHEN Pauline Garon, ex-wife of Lowell Sherman, heard that possibly he and Ann Rork might marry, she said, "If he makes Ann as happy as he made me, she will be very happy." What a community of good-will-toward-men is Hollywood, with all the ex-spouses sending each other wedding gifts and layettes.

Bebe and the Babies

BEBE DANIELS narrowly escaped with her life recently when she made the fatal mistake of consenting to act as judge of a baby show at Westlake Park in Los Angeles, at which she was required to pick out the most beautiful baby. Each mother insisted that Bebe had made the wrong choice and a near riot ensued.

Getting Along Swimmingly

MARCELINE DAY is glad it is still summertime. She has spent every minute of her working days, during the past few weeks, in a bathing suit for her part in Buster Keaton's *The Cameraman*. What would Marceline do if Hollywood were in Alaska?

Cupid Scores Again

FAY WRAY, one of Paramount's most favored young screen stars and John Monk Saunders, the accomplished young scenarist who wrote the story of *Wings*, the great aviation picture, recently slipped away while they were working together on location in Maryland, and got married. The ceremony was a

Reginald Denny's fiancee, "Bubbles" Steifel, isn't going to have anyone doubling for her in love scenes on the screen. She is going to play opposite her sweetheart in all his pictures.

very quiet one, with only a few of their most intimate friends in attendance. Although Miss Wray and Saunders had been seen together at many of Hollywood's leading social functions for some weeks, and possibilities of their engagement were pointed out in SCREEN SECRETS, there had been no formal announcement and their marriage came as a complete surprise to the film colony.

Vacation Bent

HOLLYWOOD Boulevard is deserted these days as the stars are taking to the mountains and the sea for their vacations. Wallace Beery is taking his vacations on week-ends, commuting in his own private plane to his cabin in the high Sierras, near the southern boundary of Yosemite Park. Esther Ralston, Colleen Moore, Gilbert Roland and Norma Talmadge are among the many stars who have chosen Honolulu as their ideal vacation spot. Emil Jannings is going to see the country, travelling in summer tourist style in his own car with a complete camping outfit. Richard Dix, still recuperating from his recent illness, is taking a leisurely yachting trip down the California coast to Mexico. Janet Gaynor is seeing the sights of New York.

Fighting in Catalina

THE peaceful isle of Catalina has all the appearances of an armed camp these days, with hundreds of warships in the harbor and thousands of armed extras in camp for reenacting The Battle of Trafalgar for the First National picture *The Divine Lady.*

Shouting it from the Hilltops

ONE of the most thoroughly announced engagements in Hollywood is that of Reginald Denny and Isobel or "Bubbles" Steifel. The first announcement was made by their friends. A second came from Miss Steifel, closely followed by a third from Denny. The matter was clinched when the Universal comedy star made another and very formal announcement, at the same time presenting his fiancee with a square cut diamond ring. But now it isn't going to be "Bubbles" Steifel whom Denny will marry after all. "Bubbles" has been asked by Universal to change her name, and when the knot is tied in September after Denny's former wife, Irene Haisman, has obtained her final decree, the marriage license will read, "Reginald Denny and Betsy Lee," for that is to be "Bubbles'" new stage name.

Pola's Problems

IT'S always rough weather when temperaments get together, as evidenced by a little incident which recently occurred between Pola Negri, and her very newest director, the German, Ludwig Berger. They were working on a scene in which Pola was to pick up a photograph. look at it lovingly, then lay it down in a peculiar manner.

She didn't like the directors suggestion and told him so in no uncertain words. Thereupon Berger threw back his head, pounded his expansive chest and bellowed,

"I am Berger, the director!"

Pola, not to be outdone, threw back her head, thumped her chest and cried likewise,

"I am Pola, the actress!"

This went on for upwards of ten minutes while the extras gathered around and cheered.

Each then dashed to a different executive for support, and the problem was settled by having the scene taken in different ways to suit them both.

Pola, by the way, is now abroad, and indicates that she may act in pictures abroad for a time, although she admits that she may return to Hollywood to do one or two pictures a year. Her husband, Prince Mdivani, is with her.

Misfortune at Universal

ERNST LAEMMLE, nephew of Carl Laemmle, czar at Universal, is soon expected back in the fold at the studio. In a recent automobile accident Ernst, who is a director, suffered injuries which caused the amputation of several of his fingers.

Pity Poor Bill

WILLIAM HAINES believes that enough is enough. The other day the M-G-M star, who is noted for his peppy personality, flopped into a chair during the filming of *Excess Baggage* and refused to move. When a friend asked him if he had lost pep, he replied, "Don't be silly! Can't you see that James Cruze is directing? That guy would make a dishrag out of anybody. Here it is only two o'clock and he has already shot forty-five scenes."

An Emerald Engagement Ring

A LONG and interesting romance between Ben Bard, screen heavy, who was formerly a stage comedian, and Ruth Roland, heroine of serial thrillers, who is also a successful real estate operator, recently

culminated in the announncement of their engagement. Ben gave Ruth a beautiful square cut emerald ring, set in platinum and encrusted with diamonds. Although no date has been set for the wedding, they are making plans for a honeymoon in Honolulu. "Love is too wonderful to discuss," said Ben.

Eve's Prince Charming

EVE SOUTHERN, who had such a beautiful part in Douglas Fairbanks' *The Gaucho* is looking for her Prince Charming. It will be remembered Miss Southern was just recently divorced from a Los Angeles architect.

The man she is looking for is her ideal. He is a man who was her childhood sweetheart; who went to the diamond mines in Africa for an English concern because she wanted to continue with a movie career. She got married after he went away.

The marriage didn't take and Miss Southern got a divorce. Now she wants to find her Prince Charming. His name is Norman Miles, a wealthy Texan. Miss Southern is also a Texan, now coming to the fore in the world of cinema. They were childhood sweethearts in Ranger, Texas.

While he was in Africa, Miles sent Miss Southern two diamonds, cut to match. They are among her most treasured possessions. Miss Southern won't admit there is a possibility of marriage, but says she would like to locate Miles. Page Mr. Miles—Hollywood likes romances like these. She is under contract to Tiffany-Stahl.

In the Same Boat

HERE'S a good one on Tom Mix. Not long ago he was showing a friend cowboy through his palatial home in Beverly Hills.

"This furniture goes back to Louis the Fourteenth," Tom remarked.

"That's nothing," said the cowboy friend. "Your stuff has nothing on my piano. It went back to Max's on May fifteenth—by request."

Pre-viewing the Picture

ANOTHER tradition connected with the motion picture industry has been shaken, if not actually shattered. This one has to do with the eagerness of motion picture theatres for the privilege of pre-viewing the pictures made around here before they are formally released. The various producers consider the try-out process, which usually takes place in one of the neighborhod theatres within a radius of twenty-five miles of the studios, as important as any other phase of the production. On the other hand the theatre interests have found that these try-out showings (without cost to the theatre) are out and out business getters. The theatres have therefore shown greater avidity to obtain these pictures than the producers have shown in handing them out. But now comes West Coast Theatres, Inc., the foremost chain picture-theatre organization on the Pacific Coast, and serves notice on First National that, if the latter organization pre-views any of its products at the Forum Theatre in Los Angeles, controlled by a West Coast competitor, the West Coast organization will consider the First National product ineligible for booking purposes. There's a mighty interesting competitive angle in this ultimatum.

Imagine Hollywood's surprise when Ben Bard, famous screen "heavy" and Ruth Roland, serial queen, announced their engagement the other day after everybody had it figured out that they were "just pals."

A Family Affair

SCREEN careers run through whole families like the measles. No sooner had Loretta Young and her sister Sally Blane got themselves all set up with picture contracts than little sister, Polly Ann Young, went over to the M-G-M office and found they were interested in giving her a sheet of paper full of signatures, too. The Young sisters formerly lived in Salt Lake and are expert dancers.

Try it Yourself

THE prevalent idea that an actor's life is a bed of roses is "all wet." It really is one of the hardest of jobs. Eve Southern recently worked all day in a picture pitching hay in a farm sequence in *Wild Geese*. That same night some ballroom scenes were to be taken. The lady's feet were so swollen from her physical exertion that she could hardly get her shoes on to say nothing of dancing several hours!

A Promising Youngster

THELMA TODD, former Lawrence, Mass., schoolteacher, has been signed to a long term contract by the First National organization. This reward comes to Miss Todd, it was announced, for her excellent work in *The Noose*, and more recently in the *Vamping Venus*. Both were First National productions. Miss Todd is considered one of the most promising of the younger players. Her picture career is less than three years old. Last year Miss Todd came within an ace of garnering the principle role in the most talked of comedy of the year, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

MAN-MADE

SHE defied the conventions and sacrificed her husband's love for the sake of freedom. Was the price she paid too great? Begin the serialized version of a great motion picture, in this issue. The big Pathe-De Mille feature film of the same name, starring Leatrice Joy, supported by John Boles, H. B. Warner and Seena Owen, will be shown soon at your theater. Read the story and see the picture.

Ernest Pascal, author of "Man-Made Women" and "The Marriage Bed."

ANNE PAYSON had sea-green eyes, astonishingly white skin, and hair of a color that is seldom achieved without henna. She was tallish and exquisitely fashioned—if, as regards a figure, you agree that it should be utterly feminine and the least bit voluptuous. Women, as a rule, thought she was too flashily pretty, while some went so far as to say she was common-looking. Men could never see anything common about her. She was that type.

Finishing the naughtiest novel she had enjoyed in a long time, she closed the book with a little sigh, fed the last two chocolate creams to Pip, a wire-haired terrier, noted by her watch that it was only two-thirty—hence two-and-a-half long hours to five when she had a date—and wondered what she could do to pass that yawning interval. And she thought how terrible it was to look forward all day to a date that really wasn't a date at all. No doubt they had forgotten about her and wouldn't even be expecting her!

Yesterday, being as bored as she was today, she had strolled with Pip along the sea-front, when, passing a bungalow, a voice hailed her:

"Hello."

Looking up, she saw a baldish man arrayed in a bathing-suit, and, with a cocktail-glass in one hand, smiling down at her. For a fraction of a moment she thought she recognized him. Then a second man, also in beach attire and with a cocktail-glass in his hand—a boyish-looking person with nice eyes—appeared and joined his friend at the veranda rail.

"Nice pup you have," the baldish man called down to her.

"Yes, he is nice."

"How about joining us in one of these?" the younger one suggested, extending his glass toward her. "Pretty hot afternoon."

"Not today, thanks."

"How about tomorrow then?"—the baldish man again. "Always serve cocktails here at five!"

But Anne was looking at the younger man—and he was looking at her through clear, dark laughing eyes that pleaded with her.

"Tomorrow then," he said. "We'll be looking for you!"

And that absurd incident, which in other years she would have forgotten five minutes after it had occurred, constituted her date! Last night she had had no intention of going; it hadn't been a date at all until this morning; but ever since then she had actually been looking forward to it—glancing at her watch, anxious for the hours to pass!

A flippant, empty headed creature who had lured her husband into matrimony—that's what the conservative town of Ashroken thought of Anne Payson. Sooner or later, given enough rope, she would surely hang herself, they declared.

WOMEN

By Ernest Pascal

Author of "The Marriage Bed"

The front-door bell trilled, and she darted out of her room to see who had come in.

Ruth Campwaite! — and she went back to her room, admonishing Pip to bite Ruth in the leg if she dared to come up.

"Can I come up?" Ruth called from the hall.

With a little moue at Pip she called back—yes.

Between the two girls there was a distinct antipathy which Ruth, who felt it the more keenly, was at pains to conceal, and which Anne, who merely disliked Ruth, concealed hardly at all. She disliked her because in her eyes Ruth typified Ashroken, and Ashroken, to Anne, meant the Payson family, the last representative of which was her husband.

THE Paysons were a serious people, cast in strong moulds. No Payson, in over two centuries had ever been a poet, an actor, a bigamist or a libertine since the family business had changed from compounding horse liniment to the manufacture of high-grade toilet requisites on a large scale.

And John Hewlett Payson, her husband, the last of the line, was no exception. To have expected that he have a sense of humor would be, perhaps, too much, but that he had charm no one could deny. Because no man who lacked it could have married Anne, and he had been married to her perfectly for one year, almost perfectly for two years—and soon they would be married three years.

And Anne—well, Anne, as a wife—to Ruth—was quite impossible! In fact, from Ruth's point of view, she had no sense at all. A flippant, empty-headed creature who had lured John into matrimony by contemptible physical means! Sooner or later, given enough rope, she would hang herself.

"I DROPPED in," said Ruth, "to see if you wouldn't attend the Ashroken Ladies' meeting this afternoon. It's at Effie Purdy's house. Four-thirty. We're going to discuss plans for the bazaar."

"Sorry, but I have a date." Knowing from past experience that the one way to get rid of Ruth was to leave the house. "I was just going to get dressed," and, slipping out of her negligee, she moved to her belittered dressing-table.

"Who's the date with?" Ruth inquired, surveying the undie-ed loveliness of Anne with masked distaste. Like a white panther, she thought: lithe, smooth, supple. And those greenish eyes!

"A man. I don't even know his name."

Ruth didn't believe her.

Preparatory to the beauty-ritual, which the sight of Ruth's unpowdered plainness made the more pleasing to perform, Anne lighted a cigarette and balanced it on the flat top of an atomizer.

"It's too bad," Ruth observed, "you haven't a little more civic spirit."

"I'm too young for civic spirit. When I'm in my declining sixties I'll develop it, perhaps—along with rheumatism, religion and respectability."

Anne outlined her large pretty mouth with lipstick. Ruth watched her intently and sullenly.

"I don't think you have any real reverance or respect for anything in Ashroken," she said severely.

Anne's eyebrows ascended, and she stopped in the business of extending them toward her temples to turn to Ruth. "You're surely not implying that *I* don't reverence anything?"

"Well, you certainly don't reverence—"

"John?" Anne cut her short. "No. Nor John ancestors. But for all that, my dear, I'm one of the most reverent women in captivity. The difference between us is that we don't agree as to what is worth reverencing."

"Well, what is—from your point of view?"

"Progress," Anne said promptly. "Progress, liberty, new experiences, courage, personality—and, oh, a hundred and one other things." She occupied herself again with the eyebrow pencil. "And love," she tacked on. "I forgot about that. But it should come first. I think I reverence love—real, progressive love—more than anything."

But love wasn't on Ruth's list of discussible topics, and she made no rejoinder. She looked at Pip, who had fallen asleep with his head in the chocolate box.

"I think I'll go."

Anne said nothing to detain her. "I hope the meeting is a success. I'm sure it will be, with you there." Then,

(*Continued on page* 80)

THOSE who have started to read "Man-Made Women" in *True Confessions,* our sister magazine, can continue the serial in *Screen Secrets.* Begin here with Part 11.

KING COLE gasped, glancing horror-stricken at Payson, expecting to see a gun in his hand. He hesitated for a moment. The door was open, Payson, grim, silent, and set of countenance stood a little to one side. King Cole made a dash for it and disappeared into the night.

Anne, regaining her composure, commenced to laugh.

"King Cole!" she said. "Screenland's lover! I thought he was going to faint!"

But John didn't laugh. Not a muscle of his face moved. He merely looked at her out of cold, hard, condemning eyes.

Anne knew she was in for it.

"Don't look at me like that!" she said. "It isn't half as bad as it looked! You got back sooner than you expected?"

"Too soon, I'm afraid."

"Now, don't be an idiot," she chided him. "There's nothing to be melodramatic about. It's all quite easily explained."

"Too easily, I'm afraid."

"Rot! But if you feel that way about it, then I won't explain, and you can think what you like. I do think it was rather mean of you, though, to spy on me. I suppose you heard the car outside, and then sneaked down the stairs in the dark—to listen. Serves you right. If I'd known, I'd have played up to him more than I did—"

"You'll have plenty of time to do that in the future." He came into the room. "You and I," he informed her, "are through."

"Through?" She echoed the word out of sheer surprise.

"Yes—through."

"You mean—you think that ridiculous nonsense you overheard was serious? Don't be a fool, John! I was playing with him—laughing at him. Cole thinks he's positively irresistible, and I decided to teach him a lesson—just for the fun of it! That's all there is to it."

"From now on, you can choose who you please—and do as you please."

"Oh come! There was absolutely no harm in it, I tell you. Dick came over and told me that King Cole was week-ending with the Burtons—and I wanted to see him."

"It isn't only tonight," he said. "This is just the final straw. I expected to find you out tonight. I didn't let you know purposely. You've been deceiving me for months—all summer, but don't flatter yourself that I haven't known."

"Deceived you! How?"

"This isn't New York, where a woman can carry on clandestine affairs and not be discovered."

"How dare you say that!" She was really angry now.

"You're just naturally fast. I don't suppose you can help it. There are thousands of women like that in the world, but I don't care to be married to one of them. Everything about you is fast—your clothes, your general appearance, your behavior—everything."

"I'm not fast," she denied. "How can you say such a thing!"

"It's true just the same, and you know it!"

"BUT I'm no different," she argued, "from what I've always been. If I'm fast now, I was fast before you married me—I dressed the same then, I behaved the same. That's why you fell in love with me—and married me. But ever since then, you've wanted me to change."

"Of course I wanted you to change," he admitted. "I thought naturally you would."

"You thought naturally I would! But why?"

"Because what's excusable in a girl, isn't excusable in a wife—that's why. Because lots of girls who are a bit wild, settle down when they marry—that's why. Because after a girl has won her man and is married to him, to make herself alluring for the sake of other men, to flirt with them, and invite them to make love to her—

"Do you take me for a fool?" John cried. "Do you suppose I'm going to support you in luxury and finery for other men's pleasure?" "I'll go," Anne said. "You needn't say any more!"

THE exciting third installment of "Man-Made Women" will appear in the September issue of *True Confessions,* on sale August 10, also in September SCREEN SECRETS.

as you do—shows she has the same tendencies as a harlot, and isn't fit to be a wife—that's why.

"I don't say you've been actually unfaithful to me. But," he thundered on, the flood of long months of anger being at last undamned, "it is only because I have stood in the way of opportunity. And eventually you would be. Tonight I saw for myself."

"John!" She put up her hands to stop him. He was mad! He didn't know what he was saying!

"A woman," he told her, "can be only one of three things—a virgin, a wife—or what you are."

"A—?"

"Yes," he said, before she could speak the word. "But worse. Because you won't even pay the price that women of that kind expect to pay. You do it under cover—under the cover of a man's good name, with the protection that that man's money gives you. But if you *had* to live that kind of life, if you had to earn your living by painting your face and coquetting and flirting and kissing and all the rest of it, you wouldn't find it so much fun. You'd begin to value what you have now—and abuse."

His words cut her like knives, but that he had been holding such thoughts of her all these months—thinking of her as a harlot—crushed her utterly. The injustice of it dumbfounded her.

"You mean that, John!" she asked, aghast.

"Of course I mean it. I mean every word of it. What do you take me for—a fool, a cuckold, who's too blind to see what's going on—or who doesn't care? Do you suppose I'm going to support you in luxury and finery for other men's pleasure?"

"I'll go," she said. "You needn't say any more." It was curious how calm she was all of a sudden. "If I'd known you felt that way about me, I'd have gone long ago."

But if she was calm, he wasn't; he couldn't help saying more:

"I married you to be a wife—to settle down, run the house, have children, and live quietly, decently, respectably; take an interest in the things that other married women are interested in—dress like them, act like them, *be* like them."

"Why didn't you tell me all that when you proposed to me?" she asked blandly. "If you had, I'd have told you quite frankly I wasn't that kind of person."

"I took it for granted."

"Do most men take as much as that for granted?"

"Why, of course—"

"Then no wonder they find marriage such a gamble! Did I ever lead you to believe I was like Ruth Campwaite—or your mother? You married me for what I was, and then tried to make me into something I wasn't. I'll go," she said, "in the morning." She moved past him to the door, through it, and up the stairs.

SLEEP eluded her. Now she was held in the grip of angered injustice: John daring to talk to her that way! "A virgin, a wife—or what you are." Now she was calm again: She had said she would go, and she would go. In the morning. To New York, of course. Back to the old life of jobs, people, parties, comparative poverty. Back to laughter, gayety, Bohemianism—men . . . "So you couldn't make a go of it, Anne! Well, we all knew you couldn't! You're not the type! . . . Was John right after all? Was she by nature an irresponsible, artificial, sensuous creature who lived only for the bright moment — for laughter, for excitement? There were women like that—pretty butterflies; women who *couldn't* love deeply, who couldn't be successful wives—women

(*Continued on page 86*)

Street Angel

In the twisting streets and dingy attics of picturesque old Naples is laid this beautiful romance of two lonely hearts. This is the story of Janet Gaynor's newest picture with Charles Farrell.

"I'll never leave you, Guino!" says Angelina. But the officer is waiting below to take her away.

ANGELINA, forlorn little waif of Naples (Janet Gaynor), becomes desperate when she finds she has no money to buy medicine for her dying mother, and takes to soliciting on the streets.

She is so young and innocent that no one takes her seriously and she attempts to steal money from a fruit stand. She is caught and arrested, but while she is being taken to jail, she escapes and joins a travelling circus.

Guino, a struggling young artist (Charles Farrell), who sees her perform, falls in love with her childish beauty, and joins the circus to be near her.

As time goes on they fall deeply in love, and Guino paints her picture as the Madonna, a beautiful idealized portrait.

While performing at a great height, Angelina recognizes in the crowd Rio, the policeman who arrested her. She becomes dizzy with fright, and plunges to the ground, injuring herself so seriously that she is forced to leave the circus.

Guino rents a studio and tries to eke out an existence for the two of them. But he is unable to sell any of his paintings. At last he is forced to sell his painting of his sweetheart, his most prized possession. The buyer is so impressed with it, that he palms the picture off as an old master, and sells it, to be placed in a church.

Meanwhile, Angelina is out buying provisions for the two of them. She is detected by Rio, who arrested her before, and seized just as she is about to enter her home.

She pleads with Rio to be allowed just one last hour with her sweetheart before being taken to jail. The policeman consents.

Flushed with success at the sale of his picture, Guino has returned, bearing wine and food for a celebration. Angelina does not reveal her sad secret, but goes through with the occasion pretending to share his joy, hiding her breaking heart behind a smile.

She leaves him filled with happiness and goes out alone, without a word, to join the waiting officer.

Guino, awakening the next morning to find her gone, believes that she has deserted him. His ideals are shattered. He loses his grip on life. Meanwhile, Angelina is in jail working, waiting, and dreaming of her lost lover.

At the end of a year she is released and returns to look for her sweetheart. She finds him gone, the flat empty. Bewildered, afraid, she wanders down by the river, contemplating suicide.

There Guino finds her, and, still believing that he has been betrayed in his love, seeks to kill her. He pursues her and catches up with her in a church. He is about to choke her to death when he looks up and sees the painting of the Madonna. He realizes then that the pure, sweet face that he has painted in the picture, truly expresses the soul of his sweetheart. Guino takes Angelina in his arms, and, amid tears, each begs forgiveness of the other.

GOSSIP from Gay Paree

Michael Arlen's dreams . . chorus tramps . . Lisette's sad story. A broken heart for every cobblestone in Montmartre. New Folies - Bergere is opened.

By RENE DE LA SEINE
Special Correspondent

PARIS, FRANCE

HIS second dream has come true. Arlen has married his Countess. There was a third dream.

The dreams were dreamed several centuries ago, in 1914. Michael was not a famous author then. He was not a millionaire. He did not sport Rolls-Royces and silk shirts and give champagne parties.

Michael's name was not ever Arlen then, but a long Armenian name which need not matter in this tale since it has not mattered to Arlen himself these many moons.

The year, then, was A. D. 1914, or Year One B. T. W. The place was London. In a somewhat disreputable "pub" back of Piccadilly Circus, Michael was being intensely confidential to the bar-maid over a split o' Bass.

"Ah, young man," said he to me as I came in, "I am glad to see you. Now I can have another drink."

"Broke, Mike?" I asked, superfluously.

"*Mais naturellement!* Have you ever known me otherwise than broke? I was just buying a drink from Fanny here with a dream."

"It's the third this week," said Fanny. "Three mornin's 'e's been 'ere wivvout a penny, a-payin' 'is Bass wiv a dream."

He had had, he said, three dreams.

"Monday night I dreamed I was asleep on a bench in St. James' Park—"

"Well, I've known you—"

"Shut up. I was asleep on a bench in St. James' Park and a green fairy floated up. In her hand was a letter. In the letter was—what do you think?"

"A bill?"

"No. There were some newspaper clippings. One of them said that my new book had sold a million copies. It spoke of me," said Michael, fingering his glass suggestively, "as the most famous author in the world."

"Famous liar, that's wot," said Fanny, sniffing.

"Wednesday's dream," resumed Michael, pouring a dram, "was a sort of sequel to the first. I was in a sunny land full of flowers and beautiful women. I was sitting in a big motor and one of the women was making love to me."

"Huh!" said Fanny.

"Was making love to me. After such persuasion I finally agreed to marry her. She was a Princess."

"Likely, ain't it," said the skeptical Fanny. "*You* a-marryin' a princess!"

"What was the third dream?" I asked.

Arlen's voice changed. A note as of fear came into it.

"That's what I was telling Fanny about when you came in," he said. "The third dream was the queerest of all. For in the third dream I wasn't alive—I was dead. I was a spirit, floating about the air.

"I floated about in a sort of nebulous fog until all of a sudden I came to a high mountain. On the mountain was a grave. The grave had a tall monument upon it, in white marble. And on the marble was engraved a name and a date."

"The name," said Arlen slowly, "was my pen name, Michael Arlen. It had been chiselled in the marble and then gilded. The date—"

"What was the date?" I asked curiously.

Arlen shrugged. "It's a stupid tale," he said. "Here, lend me a 'bob' and I'll buy a drink."

We never found out the date on the marble monument. Michael never referred to it again.

The following year came *The Green Hat*—and fame. The book and its successor, *These Charming People*, sold more than a million copies. Arlen's first dream had come true.

Now comes the news from Cannes of his marriage—not to a princess, to be sure, but to a countess. An Italian ideal, a lady he is said to have wooed with the passionate fervor of a poet of the romantic ages.

Arlen is no longer the careless, improvident boy who had dreamed of greatness in a tenement bed. He is the *auteur á la mode*. He travels in an enormous Rolls-Royce. He sells his stories to magazines for much more than a dollar a word. In a word, his second dream has been realized almost to the letter. I wonder does he remember the third?

GREAT commotion in the La Falaise de la Coudray family.

Not only has "Hank," Gloria Swanson's husband, threatened to become an American citizen, but his brother Alain, whom he took with him on his last visit to Hollywood, is said to be so enchanted with that city that he proposes to stay in California as a partner in his brother's automobile business.

Alain is several years younger than Gloria's husband and is a very personable young man. He has the title of Count.

But I think predictions that Alain will ultimately become enamored of a Hollywood Queen and imitate his brother in taking her to the altar are not likely to be realized.

All of Alain's friends in France are aware that his affections are definitely sequestered elsewhere. His bride, unless he changes his mind, will be French.

THE new Folies-Bergére is opened and Paris now has a revue theatre worthy the village. The spectacle is by far the best Monsieur Lemarchand has given us since the war, and New York theatres are certain to copy many of the ingenious stage effects.

In honor of the new theater, which cost eleven million francs, Lemarchand has doubled his chorus until in one scene there are now two hundred and forty girls, mostly nude, on the stage.

The "undressy" features for which the Follies has always been famous are retained and there are the usual number of professional beauties who exhibit their pulchritude unblushingly with "nothing much in front" and certainly nothing at all behind.

About thirty girls in the Follies are American and ninety are English. Some of the girls are part of a troupe, brought over for the purpose, but most of them are just "chorus tramps" over here to see the world and do the best they can.

I know one little American chorus girl who is not twenty-two yet, but who has already worked in New York, London, Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest, Rome, Buenos-Aires, Havana and Panama.

"When I get tired of a town I just hire on with some troupe going elsewhere," she says. "I'll never be a great actress—it isn't in me—but I'll see as much of the world as I can while my legs hold out."

She is well-known in Paris and much liked. She speaks English, French, Spanish and Italian and now wants to go to Berlin so that she can learn German.

"What city do you like to work in best?' I asked. She thought a while.

"London, I guess," she said. "A girl has a chance in London. She is considered just as respectable there as if she were a typist or a land-girl. She is invited into decent homes and lots of girls make good marriages with boys they love.

"In one chorus I worked in in London—it was at the Palace—there was a Russian princess and several girls from very good English families. One of the chorus men was a lord and nearly all of them had been officers during the war. But the pay wasn't good—eight pounds a week.

"In Paris American girls are in demand and we are fairly well paid. Rome wasn't much, but I liked Budapest a lot. Buenos Aires is a beautiful city but the girls are looked down upon by the men. Havana is nice, but Panama is just—hell."

Up in Freddie Payne's place I found a dozen or more girls who make their living in Paris revue theaters. Two were American; the others English. The girls who frequent Freddie's little combination bar and restaurant on the Rue Pigalle—he has an American partner—Cliff Thompson—are "emancipated."

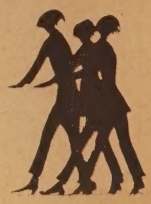
Originally they formed members of one of the famous troupes—many were trained by Tiller. But the Tiller girls are carefully chaperoned. They must live in the Theatrical Girls' Home (presided over by a minister) and must not stay out later than midnight. Such rules irk some of the girls and they break their contracts so as to be independent.

"It's a fool thing to do," said Bessie, one of the American girls. "A girl on her own in Paris has a pretty tough time, whether she's what they call "straight" or not. The jobs don't pay much and the only way to eke out our incomes is to dance with men in the night places. I get pretty sick of it sometimes."

I'll bet she gets sick of it. There must be many American girls in Paris who hate and despise the taste of champagne.

LISETTE died the other day. Lisette was once well-known in French screenland. She was a beauty and a fine comédienne. Some years ago she went to Hollywood, but a love affair with a Paris banker's son pulled her back.

The banker's son abandoned her to marry a girl chosen by his family and Lisette in despair sought solace in artificial heavens. She quit the pictures and accepted small parts now and again in the theaters. In the winter of 1924-5 she had quite a success on the Riviera as a ballroom dancer.



But she was reckless, abandoned to the drug she now couldn't live without. From legitimate work she drifted to the ultimate harbor of the woman of Paris—the Montmartre dance-halls.

She was popular at Zelli's, after a

fashion. She was dark, had a wild, attractive look about her. She needed no invitation—only the spur of the white powder—to dance on tables, kick over Champagne buckets, generally play the fool. Men patronized her well.

Then she shot the banker's son when he tried to renew his laison with her. She shot to kill but her aim was poor and the man recovered. She was arrested but later released on the banker's plea.

She swore to kill him still. Next time, she vowed, she would not miss.

She didn't miss. But the bullet was fired at herself.

SUCH stories are common in Montmartre, called "joyful" but really the rendezvous of a thousand sorrows. If there is a broken heart for every light on Broadway then there must be one for every paving-block of the Rue Pigalle.

The big dancehalls—the Moulin Rouge, the Abbaye, the Rat Mort, Pigalle's, Monico, Capitol, Zelli's El Garon, Josephine Baker's, Florence's and the thousand-and-one other *boites de nuit*—look upon the girls as so much merchandise. In some, the proprietors take half the girls' earnings for the night. She usually has a "protector" who takes the rest. A girl may make in one night, two hundred francs, if she is lucky and finds an American to be nice to. For this she will dance her little feet off, urge him to prodigies of champagne-drinking—this is mayhap more. Of the two hundred francs—eight dollars—she will keep for herself perhaps fifty francs. The "house" and her "man" get the rest.

A girl writes me to ask what are the chances in Paris for an aspirant to screen honors.

Well, that's easy, Gladys. None!

You can't learn much in a movie way in France and the profession is already too crowded, with pay poor and living conditions bad.

No, don't come here to work, Sis. But come anyway. Pay us a visit. You don't have to *work* in Paris.

Not while I'm around—if the picture you sent is really your own.

A LAD I was delighted to find floating around the Cafe de Paris, the swell restaurant just across from the Casino, was Rex Ingram. Rex was brown as a berry and looked fit as one of Jascha Heifertz' fiddles.

"Going in?" I asked him over our second highball.

"Who, me?" asked Rex, indignantly. "Say, lissen, I'll have you know that I *live* on the Riviera!"

With Rex was our no-less-old-pal Harry Lachman. Harry has had a strange career, varying from gold-mining in Alaska, reporting in New York, and being adopted by Mary Garden. About two years ago Rex Ingram palled up with him and made him casting director for the Ingram Studios at Nice.

Harry found the life in pictures all to the good and now, during periods when Rex is resting, launches out for himself. "Harry Lachman Comedies", they call his product. I've seen some rushes of one of them and if the rest run true to form Mack Sennett can look to his onions.

Lachman has strange enthusiasms. He has never stuck at any one thing as long as he has stuck at pictures, and now he dreams — as better men have dreamed before him—of turning Nice into a second Hollywood. And you can't tell. The boy may do it.

Rod La Rocque and his bride, Vilma Banky, chose romantic Paris for their longest sojourn when they made their recent honeymoon tour through all the principal countries of Europe. Here they are shown in an informal pose along the boulevards.

Letters of a Movie EXTRA

Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Dolly:

If you have been reading the bulletins lately you've heard that the picture business is loosening up. That's just surplus breeze from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, so buy a new hat with the train fare and stay in Tootville. When you first start in pictures you can't get any work because no one *knows* you, and later on you can't get work because everyone *no's* you.

Still, I can't complain. I had a good break through the courtesy of the Millionaire Kid Producer, Howard Hughes. He makes long features to decrease his income tax—it's his hobby and his business is counting his oil wells and playing golf. His latest was one of these "Cleaning up Chicago" affairs with lots of shooting—all night work. I became so shell shocked that now everytime my bungalow partner drops a dish I run and hide.

Lately I've been doing a Golden Brown on Noah's Ark. We use bolemenia for clothing. It's put on with a pressure gun and taken off with four hot baths. It's a large set—all the screen idles are working.

I kinda got out of my element the other evening and accepted an invitation to a Beverly Hills dinner. I can't tell you what we ate because I speak English only, and it was a good thing for everyone present that the food was served without ordering. They had a lot of Parachute Gin there—one drink and you drop. The only fun I had was trying to squirt lemon juice on caviar eggs.

Say, don't tell Rube, but I am now taking back all I ever said about yes-men—I've found one who actually is so old fashioned he likes me for my company.

You used to be keen about Jack Dougherty. Well, his practice shot at matrimony is over now. Virginia Brown Faire is home with Mamma and Jackie is going with Josephine Norman.

Dolores Del Rio is the latest star to be threatened with kidnaping. Why does no one ever threaten to kidnap me?

Love,

Francois Fern.

When Richard Dix Was a Matinee Idol

HOW did he ever escape marriage? That's what you'll want to know after reading the ardent story of the movie star's early loves in this installment.

Last month, Richard Dix told of his boyhood days, and his wanderings with a small-time stock company. As he had launched his life story, he was rushed to the hospital for an operation which nearly proved fatal, but he recovered and goes on with the story in this issue of SCREEN SECRETS. He is telling his story to

RUTH M. TILDESLEY

ROMANCE has run like a bright thread through the life of Richard Dix, but it has yet not led him to the altar.

Back in the days when Richard, a weary and discouraged young actor out of work, tramped the streets of New York until his feet were blistered — lived on one plate of beans a day and was always hungry —there was a girl. The girl was heiress to ten million dollars and she gave the handsome youth to understand that for the asking he might have her heart.

But Richard was proud. It was "easy enough to fall in love with ten million dollars" when he was very tired of living on beans and the future seemed black with clouds, but he had a strong conviction that when he married, *he* must be the one to provide the home.

"It was a great temptation," admitted Richard, "Any man will grant you that. Now, of course, I can't be too thankful that I won through on my own."

So it was that he came to Los Angeles as leading man of the Morosco Stock Company. He followed Eddie Lowe, who had so deeply rooted himself in the affections of the regular patrons that at first Richard had to combat a feeling of resentment that anyone should dare to step into the shoes of their favorite. This soon wore off—needless to say—and Richard became the matinee idol of the town, daily receiving scores of "mash notes" and the homage and adoration of all pretty girls.

PHYLLIS HAVER loves to tell a story of those halycon days. At the time, the dashing, golden-haired actress was learning the rudiments of the cinematic art on the old Mack Sennett lot. Gloria Swanson, Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost, Mary Thurman, and scores of others were also dodging custard pies.

"We were all perfectly *mad* about Richard Dix and would go down to the Morosco in swarms to worship him in each new play," confided Phyllis, "Every time we'd catch a glimpse of him sailing through the streets in his bright red Ford, we'd thrill for hours over it and tell everybody we met. Richard's car was very sporty, had one of those underslung effects built cosily for two, where once you get in, you're practically sitting on your neck.

"It happened that one afternoon I met someone at the matinee who actually knew Richard Dix. The kindly soul took me, with some dozen others, back stage after the show and presented me. Talk about the seventh heaven! I dashed into the studio next day feeling more important than a Hollywood traffic cop heading a parade.

"At the time Mary Thurman was our Sennett star and I envied and admired her frightfully. Seeking to impress her, I said, as casually as I could, that I knew Richard Dix *awfully well.* I'd love to have Mary meet him some time. Mary was engaged to a director on the lot just then, but she was just as mad about Richard as the rest of us, so she took me up on it.

"I'll go down with you today," she suggested.

"We went down to the hotel where Richard was staying —I believe it was the Gates Hotel on Figueroa—and sent up our cards. Of course Richard couldn't possibly have remembered my name, but he was a good scout and didn't snub us. He came down. I introduced Mary. Mary was a beautiful girl and Richard was immediately interested in her. He said he remembered me, but it didn't matter, anyway, for he promptly forgot me at once and asked Mary if he could take her out to dinner some night.

"Mary was a good scout, too, so she said that she'd just love to go but I would have to go, too. Richard's red car could only hold two, so he said he'd get me another man and we set the date.

"My mother wouldn't have let me go out, so I had Mary call her up and ask me to spend the night. Then I dressed all up in a grand purple suit with a tube skirt that had a three-inch slit—it was indeed—oh, very daring!—

Richard's police dog, "Prince of Beverly" was a consolation to him in the early days of his struggles when he thought he would never be able to act on the screen.

some yellow spats and a white hat I'd trimmed in purple flowers cut out of an old Ocean Beach pennant, *and* a fur scarf, white with black tails that hung below my knees, for which I had paid the painfully saved sum of $27.50 in the fond belief that it was real ermine.

"We met Richard and the other man and started for the Tavern. I was in an open car. It began to rain and then it poured. The drops streamed down my face; the flowers became unglued from my white hat and the color ran; my wet fur smelt to heaven. It must have been rabbit. By the time we reached the tavern where we were to have dinner, I was a total wreck.

"The poor man who took me was glad enough to get me home again. I waited in Mary's flat for what seemed hours, imagining all sorts of things that might have happened to her, wondering why she didn't come home, thinking what fools we had been to trust an actor!

"At last, in came Mary, wetter than any hen you ever saw, without a hat, her clothes muddy and torn—*plus a black eye!* Well, after all I had heard about handsome young actors and all I had suffered that night, I thought—(just like the persecuted heroine in a movie)—'Oh Mary, Mary! He's ruined you!'

"She turned on me.

"'No, he hasn't!' she sobbed, 'we were trying to hurry because he didn't like me to get wet. I had on his coat and everything. But the roads were slippery and the car turned over into a ditch!'"

ANOTHER romance of the popular star had its inception at this same Morosco Theatre. Among the young and lovely maidens who went to matinees, to watch Richard live through a stage life every week, was a little girl named Lois Wilson. Every Saturday, she sat in one of the first rows of the orchestra, gazing up at him with sweet brown eyes.

"I suppose I'll never meet him—but isn't he marvelous?" she used to whisper to her mother, who accompanied her whenever possible.

But several years later their first meeting proved a disappointment. Lois, then under contract to the Lasky Studio, had tickets for a benefit held in the old Coliseum, and Richard, then making pictures for Goldwyn, discovered that his seats were next to hers.

"I suppose it was because I had idealized him for so long and no human being could measure up to my lofty standards," laughs Lois, "but I felt a sense of loss, and I am sure he must have thought I was a perfect sap!"

A few months later the two were cast in the same picture, *To The Last Man,* and sent down to Arizona on the Apache Trail, where their romance began to bud. A girl would have fallen in love with a wooden Indian and a man would have loved a stone maiden in such a setting. Everything was brought in on pack teams to their camp; the mail came only every three or four days; they were cut off from civilization, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot!"

But presently word came in that Richard had been selected to play in *The Ten Commandments,* and the little blind god was forgotten.

Their romance was renewed when they returned to Arizona to make *The Call of the Canyon* together; again when they were both sent to New York for *Ice-Bound;* and once more on the Painted Desert where they worked three years ago in *The Vanishing American.*

Each time, newspapers and fan magazines prevented the culmination of the romance. Premature announcements of the engagement of Richard Dix and Lois Wilson,

Richard Dix with Bebe Daniels in "Sinners in Heaven," one of his most romantic roles. The two have since had a professional separation, and each is being starred alone by Paramount.

widely printed, made them both self-conscious and created a constraint between them. So many other romances have been ruined by rumors circulated before the psychological moment! When they were cast together for *Let's Get Married,* the title of the picture became a catchword with the fans who longed to see the two favorites do just that thing.

The friendship between Richard and Lois had ripened with the years, and the publicity that was breaking up any hope of something more tender, seemed about to wreck that friendship. Lois went to Richard after one more printed gush had appeared.

"Why should we let them ruin a beautiful comradeship?" she asked. "Newspapers can't force us into marriage. If I can stand it, you can. Let's not let them spoil our being friends."

They are still the best of friends. Lois was among the first to visit him after his recent operation.

THIS country entered the war while Richard was at the Morosco, and Richard, because he was then supporting his family, was placed in Class Two to await his call. He and the family began to save every possible cent so that when the time came for Richard to "stop a bullet" for Uncle Sam they might not be left uncared for. Together they set aside $2,000, and Richard went to New York with a comparatively free mind to fill in the weeks before he must leave for training camp.

In New York, he played first with Walker Whiteside

and Tyrone Power in *Little Brother; First to Last,* with Sam Shipman followed.

Armistice came just as the popular young actor was packing up his things to leave for training camp. He went, instead, back to California, where he had an offer to return to the Morosco Stock Company.

When Richard had first played at the Morosco, Dave Butler had been stage manager and his father, Fred Butler, had been director. Now Dave was prominent on the screen. There was time to put in before the stock company was ready for Richard so he went to the studio to call on Dave.

"They wouldn't let me in," smiled Richard, from his hospital bed, where he has been a prisoner all these weeks, "I thought, 'Dave must have changed a lot if he's too high-hatted to see his old pals,' so I stuck around. At last I saw Dave coming out and stood where he could see me. He rushed up to me and threw his arms around me. 'Why, you old son-of-a-gun! Where have you been all these years?' he cried.

" 'They told me you wouldn't see me,' I said, and he could have murdered the lot of them. He insisted on taking me in to see his father, who was directing a picture, and between them they made me take a test. I'd had tests before and I thought I wasn't any good, but they wouldn't let me say no. They took a thousand feet of film, of which a fourth was pretty darn good, according to Dave. Sid Franklin saw the test and signed me to do *Not Guilty* for First National.

"I was scared to death and thought I'd never get through the picture, but Sid somehow pulled me through. He's the best fellow in the world! With his encouragement, I made it and on the strength of that picture, Sam Goldwyn gave me a contract.

Richard Dix was a matinee idol in the days when he played in stock at the Morosco theater. Many girls who have since become famous worshiped him across the footlights.

Lois Wilson and Phyllis Haver, then Sennett bathing beauties, were among the many girls who fell in love with handsome Richard across the footlights.

RICHARD is very much like his mother, to whom he is extraordinarily close. She has a tremendous fund of sympathy, which Richard has inherited. It is this quality of sympathy that draws people to the essentially masculine star. Some of those who fall under his spell apparently misunderstand his "universal brotherhood," which may account for the fact that at least two very young and inexperienced leading ladies have dashed out after their first picture with Richard to announce their engagements to him.

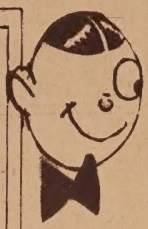
From the exhibitors' viewpoint, Richard Dix heads the list of male stars.

But popularity has its serious drawbacks, as the star has learned from sad experience. One time when he was doing his Christmas shopping in New York, a crowd which recognized him, followed him from counter to counter. He cannot go swimming at the beach without attracting a large throng of his admirers. It is the price he pays for being the object of hero worship.

(Next month Richard Dix tells Miss Tildesley of his narrow escapes from death in the final installment of his life story.)

HARRY CARR *Says*

Mae Murray, the bewitching dancer, has been besieged with one lawsuit after another lately, what with her expensive mansions, motors, and masseuses. Oh for the carefree life of a movie star!



HARRY CARR, who has had a long and successful career, both writing for the movies and about them, expresses his views on pictures and picture people monthly in SCREEN SECRETS. He has attained wide fame as a scenarist for his work on *Old Ironsides* and his collaboration with Von Stroheim on *The Wedding March*, and is also well known as a magazine writer and newspaper columnist. His spicy comments appear in no other motion picture magazine.

HONESTLY, in Hollywood, I think that genius is of less importance than luck.

Bessie Love has had a singular career. It has been her fate to do marvelous scenes in pictures that failed. She never seemed to get the breaks.

For instance Bessie and Colleen Moore started at about the same time and in the same circumstances. They were both discovered by D. W. Griffith. Colleen got the breaks; Bessie didn't.

Bessie Says Goodbye

IT LOOKS as though our little friend, Bessie, had kissed the movies goodbye. She is dancing in the prologues of other pictures in Los Angeles.

Being Mary Pickford

Bessie had one tough break at the very jump-off. Mary Pickford had just left the Biograph; and Griffith was looking for some one to take her place. So this little brown-eyed girl came along; he changed her name from Juanita Horton to Bessie Love and told her to pickford.

It was an impossible get-away. Exactly the same thing happened to Lila Lee.

Carmel's Brains

BESSIE had a chum in the old Los Angeles high school. One of the professors told me that this other girl had the most brilliant mind he had ever encountered. She was Carmel Myers. Her career in the movies has been much like Bessie's—never getting the breaks.

Colleen Moore is one actress whose winning charms have been fully realized in Hollywood.

Genius Round-up

GRIFFITH started a lot of girls on the screen at about that same time—Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Constance and Norma Talmadge, Pauline Starke, Seena Owen . . .

None of them—except Norma—ever succeeded as well with other directors.

Mae Blew Up

MAE MARSH was the most extraordinary instance of this. Whenever she got away from "D. W.", Mae seemed to have a cosmic collapse. I think this was due to her temperament. She is timid and flighty and is easily thrown off. Griffith almost hypnotizes

A MASSEUSE demands $250 a week for rubbing Mae Murray's spine . . . Von Stroheim is going to direct Gloria Swanson . . . fireworks ahead . . . does Griffith hypnotize his stars? . . . Bessie Love kisses the movies goodbye. . .

them. I have heard it said that every Griffith star is a natural hypnotic subject. This is why Mary Philbin did so well with him in *Drums Of Love.*

Rebellious Mickie

"MICKIE" NEILAN is another curious instance of a great career gone wrong. He has made very few box office knock-outs; but he never has made a picture that did not have some unforgettable scene. Mickie has more of the pure spark of genius than any of them. But, like Von Stroheim and Rex Ingram, he can't help fighting the front office. Urged to speed up by the producers, I have known Mickie to keep a great crowd of extras waiting all day long—coming in late in the afternoon, in one instance, to say: "Aw, what's the use of working, let's shoot craps." Mickie's temperament is expressed by the old joke: "Papa, don't say 'must' to me; you make me feel 'wont' all over."

I understand that Fox has decided to take Mickie in out of the storm. It's a canny move. Winnie Sheehan, the head of Fox productions, is a charming, tactful, sympathetic Irishman who was a newspaper buddy of Sam Blythe back in the old days of "Fingy" Connor. He appreciates Mickie Neilan's brilliant qualities of mind.

Terrible Scandal

A HOARSE whisper is going round Hollywood that its hobo authors are not genuine bums. The hideous hot breath of scandal even pollutes the fame of Jim Tully, the insinuation being that the hobo author was a respectable working man; wouldn't know a safe cracker if he saw one and that he and tomato cans are strangers.

Consolation

NO DOUBT both Jim Tully and Bercovici find some slight consolation in the fact that they are making more money than all the hoboes and all the Gypsies the world ever heard about.

Gypsy Stuff

EVEN Konrad Bercovici has not escaped. He is the Gypsy author; and the other Gypsies say that he isn't a real Gypsy at all. The humor of the situation is that the Gypsy is almost extinct. Ethnological experts say there are only some 230 Gypsies in England and fewer than that number in the United States. Most of these unwashed horse traders and fortune tellers we see are really Rumanians who find it is a good graft and easy money to be of the wandering tribe.

Mae's Law Suits

MAE says she is going back to the screen in the near future. Meanwhile she is taking time out for law suits. She lost the one she brought on a house.

Now Mae is being sued by a young lady masseuse who demands $250 per week for having rubbed her distinguished back bone during a vaudeville engagement. If it is possible to make $250 per week thumping a young lady's dorsal fin, I am going to quit writing pieces for the public prints.

Bessie Love also had many appealing qualities. But she never got the breaks.

Norma Talmadge is perhaps the only one of the many lovely woman whom D. W. Griffith has ever helped on the road to success, who has done as well under other directors, Harry Carr says.

HELEN *of*

By BEN CONLON

THERE'S many a slip between starvation and success, as Helen O'Troy, the heartbreaker of Hollywood, finds to her sorrow in climbing the stony stairs to stardom. Don't miss her exciting story.

What has happened so far: HELEN O'TROY, *pretty little blonde who has left her home in a small town to win fame in the movies; is confronted with two possible paths to success. One lies in accepting the attentions of* RICHARD HALLIWELL, *a director who helps extra girls to stardom—for a consideration, the other in risking her life in an airplane stunt, doubling for* SIGNA SHIPSTEAD, *a famous star.* HELEN *chooses the latter and wins a part that starts her on the road to fame. Later she accepts Halliwell's invitation to dine out, but he makes advances to her, and, horrified, she flees from the cafe, leaving Halliwell furious. She is asked to take another airplane part, doubling for* SIGNA SHIPSTEAD, *but* NIGEL BERWICK, *a director, says he won't permit her to risk her life. She becomes angry with Berwick. That night he calls at her home to tell her that the great star was badly injured in the stunt she was to have done. As she hears the bad news from Nigel's lips, she realizes that she is falling in love with him. Now go on with the story.*

PART IV

IT TOOK all of Helen's will power to keep herself from going into a dead swoon as she sank back on the chaise lounge to which Berwick had guided her.

"It was all my fault," she moaned, "that she was hurt. I should have done the stunt myself. Did she fall very far? Was she killed?"

"Not killed. But she fell—far enough," replied Berwick, soberly. "Badly injured, poor Signa. She may die as the result of her injuries. But even if she doesn't, she probably will never leave her bed again. But you don't have to reproach yourself, Helen," he added, quietly. "It was Signa's own pride and her desire to impress Halliwell that brought about her downfall. Poor Signa! She had her good points with all her faults."

"I must go and see her as soon as possible," Helen told him. "I want to do everything that I possibly can for her."

"That is very nice of you. Signa will probably need friends in the future." Berwick's brow contracted a bit. "I'm wondering," he continued, "if Halliwell will stick by her."

There was silence between them for a moment, as Berwick looked at her rather hesitantly. "I had another reason for coming here tonight," he said. "Weil came to see me. He overheard the wrangle between Halliwell and myself. He wanted me to direct your picture. I accepted."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Helen, delightedly.

"I am glad myself. I had more than one reason for wanting to go with Weil." He sat down at the foot of the chaise lounge. The look in his dark brown eyes aroused peculiar emotions in the breast of Helen O'Troy. For the moment, she all but forgot her faintness, her horror over the tragedy of Signa Shipstead, her own part in the chain of events of the past several days.

"Helen," Berwick was saying tenderly, "I've been in Hollywood several years, and before I came here I was on the legitimate stage. I've come in contact, naturally, with a great many women but somehow, until I saw you, none of them interested me. Not, at least, to the extent

HOLLYWOOD

During the passionate love scenes with Gustavo, Helen often caught the eyes of Marie Maroni fastened hotly on her in jealous hatred.

of wanting to be with one of them forever. But somehow you seem to be different, and I've been wondering . . . ."

The heart of Helen O'Troy commenced to flutter as it never had before. Nigel Berwick was actually proposing marriage to her. For Nigel Berwick was not the type to make any other proposal. . . Confused and hesitant, she lowered her eyes. She had felt that Nigel liked her, but she had not anticipated a declaration from him . . . Anyhow, surely not so soon . . .

She tried in vain to speak, heard Nigel's soft voice: "I realize that you have known me only a very short time, Helen, I, too, have seen but little of you; yet I have all the faith in the world that you are everything I believe you to be, and I want to take care of you . . . I want you all for my own if you really feel that you could care for me."

Still Helen was voiceless, her mind the prey of many conflicting emotions. She looked up at Berwick, and the latter saw the indecision in her blue eyes.

"You don't have to tell me your decision now," he said, gently. "Just think it over, Helen, because I am willing to wait for you if you wish to wait."

"It's—it's wonderful that you have asked me to be—your wife," Helen murmured. "It makes me so very happy to know that you want to marry me. But—oh, it has all come so suddenly."

"I understand, Helen," Berwick assured her. "There are two paths through life stretching out before you. One may lead to what people call fame, but which, after all, is for most so-called celebrities nothing but notoriety. The other way leads to marriage and a home, things that, I believe, mean real happiness."

"But," Helen objected, "I wanted a career . . . I wanted to do things . . . to be known."

Nigel Berwick sighed almost imperceptibly, and regarded the girl before him sympathetically.

"I understand perfectly," he told her. "You want to 'be known.' You want people to bow before you and call you great. Believe me, my dear, it's vanity . . . . nothing more."

"But a career on the screen," she protested, "means money, and money brings ease and luxury."

"I have plenty of money to give you all of the ease and luxury that you may ever desire. You don't have to consider that side of the question. We'll leave it this way, Helen," he continued. "We shall see a great deal of each other while Weil's production is being made. After it is finished, I will ask you again."

"And when you do ask me again," Helen assured him, "I'll let you know . . . one way or the other. And—and Nigel, I want you to know how—how flattering a proposal — from you — has been to me."

Almost unconsciously she leaned forward. Berwick put his hand on her blond head and kissed her on the lips. She made no gesture of protest; indeed, accepted the embrace eagerly. And it told her that, no matter how high she might climb on the ladder of fame, there would be no real ecstasy or happiness without Nigel Berwick.

THEY sat there, silently. Through the opened window floated the sensuous music from the Cocoanut Grove, in another part of the hotel. It added the final touch. Helen looked at the strong, handsome face of the man before her. Nigel . . . How fondly she thought even of his name. Would he kiss her again? He could, so far as she was concerned. If Nigel Berwick only knew what was passing through her brain at this moment, knew of

her fondness for him, her passion . . . . and her love.

Berwick's voice broke into her reverie. "By the way, Helen," he said, "that girl that lived with you on Vine Street—Arline something?"

"You mean Arline Saunders?"

"That's the name! I was lunching with Sid Weil at the Biltmore yesterday and I ran into Nina Tarasova in the lounge. You remember her, of course, from Halliwell's party that night. She introduced her new protegee. I happened to remember the name that you had told me. You ought to look the girl up and use what influence you have with her to break up any friendship she may have with that woman."

"But why should I?" asked Helen. "What is wrong with the Tarasova? I thought she was rather interesting."

"She is. Very," said Berwick, dryly. "Just believe me when I tell you that she is not fit for your friend to become intimate with, and—well, let it go at that."

The tinkle of the telephone in the foyer caused Berwick to look up with relief. "You were perhaps expecting somone?" he asked.

"Probably Hal Howard," Helen told him. "Is it Mr. Howard, Celeste?" she called to the maid. "All right, tell him to come up."

"You met Hallie that night . . . when you came to the Vine Street bungalow," she told Berwick. He's a boy from the town I lived in, and now he's going to handle my publicity for me."

"Did you come out here together?" asked Berwick, and Helen thought that his voice seemed a little strained.

"No. That's the odd part of it. I never knew he was out here until I met him at the Green Mill when I went there with Mr. Halliwell, the night after I met you."

"With Halliwell?" Helen sensed the jealousy in the tone, and, for some reason, it elated her.

"Yes, with Halliwell. He became — well, objectionable—and I asked Hal to take me home, which he did."

Celeste ushered in Hal Howard at that moment. The newcomer was an energetic little fellow, blue-eyed and sandy-haired, who had been in Hollywood only a short time, but was already handling the personal publicity of several stars. He greeted Helen and Berwick amiably.

"By Jiminy Christmas, Mr. Berwick," he said, enthusiastically, "we're going to make a great star out of Helen, aren't we? Just to think of it! A little girl from Carthage coming out here and getting famous in a few months! I can hardly believe it yet." He bustled around the room with a smile on his face, while Berwick maintained his silence.

"Did you know, Hallie," asked Helen, "that Mr. Berwick is going to direct the new film of Sid Weil's—the picture I'm in?"

"By Jiminy Christmas!" exclaimed Hal. "Is that right? Well, there's some publicity right there! You know I'm going down to Tia Juana with you. I want to be right on the job to get all the dope that I can."

He looked at Berwick and saw that there was a doubtful expression on his face. Then Hallie, his eyes full of enthusiasm, turned to Helen.

"I saw Arline this afternoon, Helen," he said. "She must have a good job, but she wouldn't tell me where she was. By Jiminy Christmas, but she was all dressed up. Good-looking kid, too. Arline is. I always liked that girl."

Berwick took his leave shortly after this. Wearying of Hal's talk and wishing to be alone, Helen pleaded fatigue and told him that she did not care to go to the Grove. They discussed briefly the tragedy of Signa Shipstead.

"That's right, little girl," Hal said finally. "You want to be sure to get your beauty sleep these

(*Continued on page* 92)

"Which do you want, a marriage or a funeral?" shrieked Marie, drawing an automatic from the folds of her dress. There flamed through the stillness of the quiet room a sudden flash and a report as Halliwell crumpled forward, clutching at his breast.

Warner Brothers' New Hollywood theatre which opened with "Glorious Betsy" outstanding among the brilliant premieres, attracted the leading social lights in filmdom.

SOCIETY *in* Cinemaland

Debonair Lew Cody pauses at the premiere of "The Trail of '98" to address a few of his merry quips to the microphone.

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

RAINBOW lights flooding the encircling hills of Hollywood. Thousands of eager sightseers jamming the boulevard for blocks around the new Warner Brothers' Theatre. Hundreds more craning their necks from nearby office buildings or comfortably viewing the spectacle from roof tops. Traffic congestion that will go down in filmland history. . . .

Such was the opening of *Glorious Betsy* with Vitaphone accompaniment at the dazzling new edifice sponsored by the Warner brothers. Inside, the sweeping oval promenade was banked high with floral offerings, the largest from "Mother and Dad for their Boys." It was a proud night indeed for them—the whole family held sway both before and after the show; as Jack Warner told us the next day, his right arm was practically helpless from the enthusiastic hand-shaking he received.

Dolores Costello came with her mother and sister **Helene,** but I noticed that **Arthur Lubin** joined their party almost immediately. During his dedication and presentation speech, **Conrad Nagel** mentioned that even in the height of his glory **Maurice Costello,** the once-famous father of the girls, never dreamed that such a magnificent building would ever house a moving picture.

As a matter of fact, it was Conrad Nagel's night. As the dashing Jerome Bonaparte, he had made such an impression that **Leatrice Joy** promptly named him "Passionate Conrad"—P. C. for short. I hear that **Gloria Swanson** is trying to get him to play with her.

Which reminds me. . . . When **Lois Wilson** made her debut on the stage with **Edward Everett Horton** at the Vine Street Theatre a night or two after the *Glorious Betsy* premiere, **Ruth Nagel** (Conrad's wife) came back stage to congratulate Lois. Mrs. Nagel told how ever since the opening she had been glued to the phone answering inquiries as to Conrad's free time. "Every pretty girl in town has phoned!" she concluded. "Yes, and you *would* answer the phone and not give the poor girls a break!" laughed Lois. . . .

To return to the opening—

Since the Marquis did not arrive until a day or so later, **Gloria Swanson** came with a party of friends, prominent among them **Andres de Segurola** who had a featured role in the picture, singing the "Marseillaise" so stirringly on the Vitaphone.

Chaplin with six friends amusing them and everyone close by with a series of handkerchief tricks. . . . He seemed most attentive to pulchritudinous **Thelma Todd.**

Alan Crosland, who deserves much praise for his

marvelous direction in the picture, shared a beautiful brunette with his friend **Holmes Herbert. Franklin Pangborn** still excited and nervous about his speech over the radio as he entered the theatre. Dainty little **Betty Bronson** escorted by a blond young chap. **Ralph Forbes** and **Julanne Johnston.** Six-foot-three **Rod La Rocque** beaming tenderly upon his lovely **Vilma Banky. Irene Rich** and her husband and daughter, **Frances,** who is growing up into a very pretty girl.

And **Al Jolson.** With such a master of ceremonies as a drawing card, not one person left his seat before the presentation of stars although it was after midnight before the last close-up faded out. Jolson explained that he didn't really get going good before one in the morning but, judging by the applause, he could have kept everyone there until dawn.

Afterwards, the Warners tried to induce him to come to their party and Dolores begged him to attend hers but he insisted that it was high time for all good children to be in bed.

WITH more than one hundred guests, **Peggy Hamilton** gave a successful dinner-dance at the Breakfast Club recently. Red roses and sweet peas and brightly burning red candles with clever souvenirs for each guest adorned the long tables.

A short but sprightly program was put on by **Sally Rand** and her dancing partner **Jack Crosby. Herbert Rawlinson** gave *Rain* and Vernor contributed several interesting numbers.

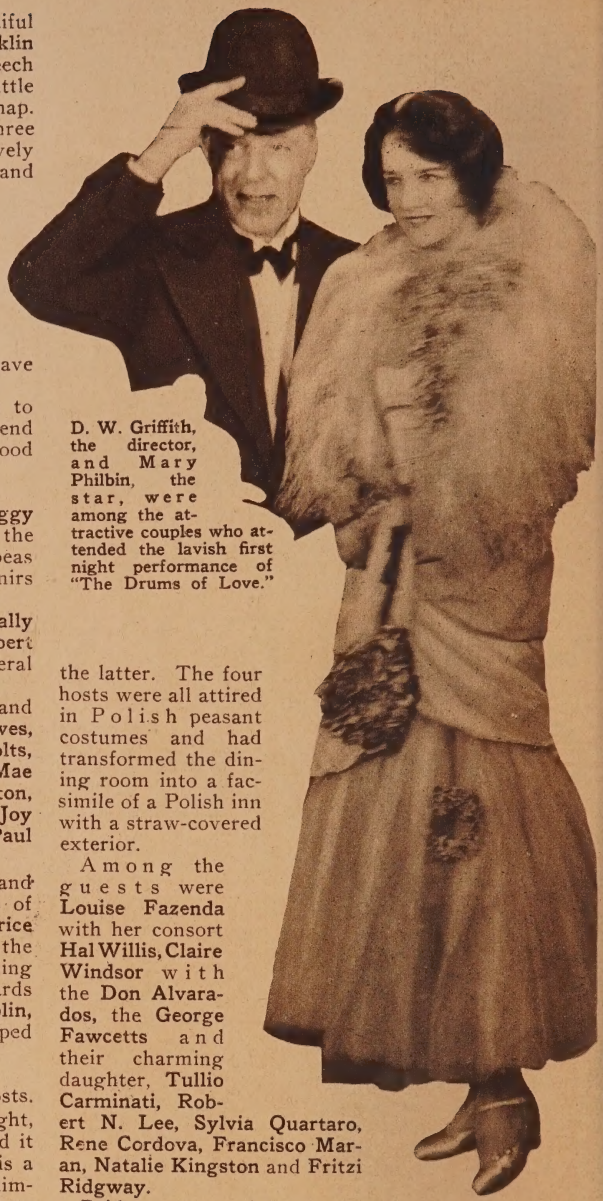
Guests at this jolly party were **Prince Mdivani** and **Mae Murray,** the **Warner Baxters, Edmund Lowes, Eugene Brewsters, Ralph Lewises, Jean Hersholts, Mrs. Tom Mix, Mrs. Jack Ford** and **Ona Brown, Mae Busch, Natalie Kingston, Margaret Livingston, Marian Nixon, Marion Douglas, Sharon Lynn, Joy Auburn, Ben Lyon, Roland Drew, Bill Cody, Paul Vincente, Billie Joy** and others.

Open house is observed each Sunday afternoon and evening by **Marion Davies** in her beach cottage of some forty-odd rooms near Santa Monica. **Leatrice Joy, Molly O'Day** and **Pepi Lederer** were among the feminine guests who enjoyed a dip in the swimming pool on a recent Sabbath. Dancing, music and cards amused everyone in the evening. **Charlie Chaplin, Harry Crocker, Billy Joy** and **Lloyd Pantages** dropped in during the festivities.

THESE Hollywood bachelors make wonderful hosts. When **Arthur Lubin** entertained the other night, all the guests fortunate enough to be invited voted it the most enjoyable party of the season. Arthur is a good cook and had prepared the delicious viands himself. As soon as we arrived, he appointed **Helene Costello** and me to help him serve—trying not to step on each other in his tiny kitchen is quite a feat.

Clive Brook and his attractive wife were the center of a discussion on stage plays. **Margaret Fawcett** (daughter of George Fawcett) has just completed a play and **Belle Mitchell,** who is to portray one of the leading roles, but eagerly telling the plot. "Oh, but you mustn't—not in Hollywood!" warned Margaret, earnestly . . . Which, alas, is all too true.

Polish from soup to sweets was the party given by **Edouard Raquello, Estelle Clark** and the **Edward Kaminskis (Virginia Kami)** at the attractive home of the latter. The four hosts were all attired in Polish peasant costumes and had transformed the dining room into a facsimile of a Polish inn with a straw-covered exterior.



D. W. Griffith, the director, and Mary Philbin, the star, were among the attractive couples who attended the lavish first night performance of "The Drums of Love."

Among the guests were **Louise Fazenda** with her consort **Hal Willis, Claire Windsor** with the **Don Alvarados,** the **George Fawcetts** and their charming daughter, **Tullio Carminati, Robert N. Lee, Sylvia Quartaro, Rene Cordova, Francisco Maran, Natalie Kingston** and **Fritzi Ridgway.**

Bridge games and dancing to the strains of an Hawaiian orchestra proved the diversion of the evening at **Blanche Mehaffey's** party given in honor of **Mabel McCane** who is playing at a local theatre.

Sally O'Neil and her sister **Molly O'Day** arrived with **Marshall Neilan** and **Buster Collier**—Buster promptly took me aside to show me what he had bought for **Connie Talmadge's** coming birthday. Nothing less than a $15,000 diamond bracelet!

Ben Lyon, Hugh Allen and **Andres de Segurola** came "stag." **Mabel Normand** drifted in bubbling over with Lew's plans (Lew Cody is her husband, you

know) for a trip abroad when he completes his contract with M-G-M.

JUST one opening after another this month! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's much heralded *Trail of '98* was premiered at the picturesque Chinese Theatre with the usual accompaniment of crowds, lights and cameras. **Sid Grauman's** prologue "Northern Lights" was comparatively short for which everyone gave thanks.

In **Ralph Forbes'** gathering were his mother **(Mary Forbes), Dolores Del Rio** and her mother **(Senora Asunsolo), Virginia Valli, Hedda Hopper, Ivis Goulding, Agnes Ayres, Charles Farrell, Roland Drew, Barton Hepburn** and **Charles Quartermaine.** After the show, Ralph escorted his guests to the Russian Eagle for dinner.

Billie Dove, looking infantile with her new long curled bob, was properly beaued by her husband **Irvin Willat. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead), Ruth Roland** and **Ben Bard** all came together. Gertrude was enthused over her new abode and told us all about it. As **Marie Dressler** so aptly remarks: "The Leonards are great travelers—in Hollywood. Every time you see them, they've moved to another house!"

Joan Crawford has achieved a brick red rendering for her locks and —just to be different—since everybody else is growing their hair, she has cut hers boyish. I saw her during the intermission leaning languidly against young Doug Fairbanks, who, if he gets any thinner, will blow away.

Lon Chaney and Mrs. Chaney, caught in an informal pose before the microphone at the opening of "The Trail of '98."

One of the sensational entrances into the Chinese courtyard was that of **Jetta Goudal** and **Andres de Segurola.** Jetta's extraordinary costume was of grey georgette with massive steel buckles, the whole topped with a tight little hat and an oriental veil, mysteriously covering her eyes.

FOX Films introduced **Harry Collins,** their new creator of art in dress, to the press with a novel garden party held in an attractive patio at the studio. **June Collyer, Lois Moran, Nancy Drexel, Sally Phipps** and **Lola Salvi** were the models for Mr. Collins' new thought in dress, termed by him "Emotionism."

Lois Moran who was expressing "Outdoor Life" in a Copenhagen blue and white georgette frock served us with coffee and dainty sandwiches and stopped to rest from her arduous labors for a moment or two.

Sue Carol was the hostess of a party given at Clover Field on Fox's *Air Circus* set. A stunt flyer had been engaged to make a spectacular crash for a sequence in the picture but an "unusual" wind blew so hard and so long that this was impossible.

Sue was feeling mournful because she had just received word that her next picture would be made in Indiana. "And Nick Stuart's only been back a week or so and here I have to go away!" she wailed. Sue and Nick have been having a marvelous time partying together.

Still another opening . . . *The Drums of Love.* D. W. Griffith's latest production, was presented at the United Artists' Theatre the first night as a testimonial for **D. W.** of the industry's affection for him and as an anniversary of his twentieth year as a director of motion pictures.

Cecil B. De Mille, as master of ceremonies, presented the "master" with a watch and cigarette lighter as a slight token of the love and esteem felt for him. Replying to the somewhat flowery speech, **Griffith** brought a laugh by a humorous remark about how all the love in the world couldn't make a cigarette lighter work. . . .

Joan Crawford, unable to leave work to celebrate her birthday was given a lavish party on the set at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Joan was taken completely by surprise when the birthday cake was revealed to her by other members of the company.

THE high light of **Billie Dove's** Bridge luncheon was the announcement of the engagement of **Ruth Roland** and **Ben Bard.** Ruth proudly showed us her platinum ring set with a square cut emerald and embellished with a dainty design of diamonds.

"The actual wedding date has not been set yet," confided the actress, "but it will not be long We have decided on Honolulu as a grand and glorious place for a honeymoon."

SCREEN SECRETS

FORBIDDEN HOURS

As the

Best Romance of the Month

A TENDER, sweet romance and a personal triumph for Ramon Novarro. It is laid in the mythical, magical land of Bellanca. Or is it Baravia? But what difference does it make as long as it gives Renee Adoree a chance to appear fetching in Empire gowns? And Ramon in royal regalia. King Michael is as dashing a princeling as ever cast an eye on a pleasing lady. And Adoree is one of those strong-minded commoners. She says "No" until the King is ready to abdicate the throne which causes Dowager Queen Dorothy Cummings lots and lots of worry. Into this they sic Roy D'Arcy who has had his monocled eye on the gal for time enough. What he does is plenty, the dirty sneak! But it ends well, as it should, and reveals in Novarro a delightful comedy sense.—*M.-G.-M.*

HONOR BOUND

As the

Best Melodrama of the Month

LOTS of drama, a locale that is new, and some excellent work by Estelle Taylor and George O'Brien. This story will show all the little girls and boys what happens where there is no pay day in the mines. Lots of trouble. The background is a Southern Carolina prison camp where convicts dig anthracite for your hearth and mine. Estelle has her former sweetheart for her convict-chauffeur. A fine to-do, especially when hubby as a coal baron is only an empty bin to her. It gives Miss Taylor a splendid opportunity for the emotional subtlety for which she is famed. Hubby grows suspicious and sends George to the mines. What follows is swift melodrama, with a frenzied scene in which Estelle wields a scourging whip. And then—! But you had better see this yourself. Promise? Honor bound?—*Fox.*

SCREEN SECRETS monthly review department constitutes a comprehensive index

SELECTS

THE best photoplays of the month, classified for the convenience of readers in helping them to choose their current cinema entertainment.

LONESOME

As the Best Human Interest Film of the Month

PROVING that you can make a highly interesting film without a villain. The menace in this piece of motion picture is lonesomeness. So poignant, so real, is the terrific lonesomeness of these two young people, cast up in workaday New York, that it is easy to forget you are bound by celluloid. It also proves that not all gems of tempo, mood and feeling are made in Germany. Dr. Paul Fejos, European director, and Carl Laemmle, Jr., nineteen years old, have worked to make this simple story one of the most forceful of the month. Two youngsters are thrown together at Coney Island. Both lonely, they share the park's joys. They are separated, each returning to his room, broken-hearted, to be later re-united. The performances of Glenn Tryon and Barbara Kent are exceptional.—*Universal.*

GIVE AND TAKE

As the Best Comedy of the Month

THOSE rotund rascals, Jean Hersholt and George Sidney, have a hectic time managing their canning factory and the King's English. Life is just one misplaced pronoun after another. And it's all very funny if you like simple, homely, band-tooting, rural comedy-drama. George Lewis, home from college, full of liberalism and love for dad's office peach, is democracy's gift to labor. He tries to establish the canning factory on a profit-sharing basis. And dad is Republican. Dad is also Hersholt, so you might as well take off your hat and sit down. His work is worth it. So is Sidney's smacking of broadest burlesque. And Sam Hardy adds a neat characterization. "Give and Take" is a personal achievement for William Beaudine, its director. There are comedy complications galore, that end well.—*Universal.*

of all current films. Additional reviews will be found on pages 60 and 61.

The Screen

THE PERFECT CRIME — *Fair*

Still another variation in crook fare. This is all about what happens to a super-Sherlock when he has solved too many murder mysteries. He commits one himself to see if it will go undetected. Meanwhile his lady returns. If she had been earlier he wouldn't have done it, I betcha. An innocent man is convicted. She begs the master-mind to take the case. He does, and confesses. Moral: Never leave a master-mind alone. Clive Brook is the scientific scoundrel. And there's Irene Rich. Even with this pair in the leading roles I wouldn't let myself get to the point of fretting over it.—*F. B. O.*

A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN — *Fair*

Really, now, old chappie, something jolly well should be done about this. I mean, old bean, can you imagine Ramon Novarro as that deucedly gay young Lord Brinsley, flirting with Lady this and Countess that in a vehicle that has all the sprightliness of the famed one-horse shay? This may be Mayfair but not as Mr. Arlen saw it. Comes the Only Girl. Also the ghosts of a dozen loving ladies. Imagine the dilemma of our dilettante. Only the charming ability of a certain young man, seemingly a natural born actor, saved this picture from worse than complete oblivion. —*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE COP — *Good*

Immortalizing the brave boys in blue and No. Twelves, with Bill Boyd as green a cop as ever blew a whistle. The hero is not too good nor is the bad man too bad. Therefore, an entirely human picture. Chalk up a bright new screen personality in Robert Armstrong, who plays the gangster in an ingratiating manner. The story moves with pleasing development into a smashing bank robbery with fine work by Alan Hale and Tom Kennedy. Bill's fans will like his Boydish smile. And that uniform! Now there's a treat. Jacqueline Logan is the heroine. —*Pathe-De Mille.*

GLORIOUS BETSY — *Good*

Beautiful Dolores Costello, looking too picturesque for words, in hoop skirts and pantalettes. A survival of the costume pictures. Conrad Nagel displays his figure to advantage in the uniform of a French officer. It seems that he is a brother of Napoleon, who is always up to pranks of one sort or another, thus causing no end of trouble to the more serious-minded member of the family. Not the least of these pranks is his getting married to Dolores, much to Napoleon's consternation. He causes their separation and has Dolores sent back to her own shores. After some very touching scenes they are finally reunited.—*Warner Bros.*

Classified

ROMANCE

Happiness Ahead—Colleen Moore is the little country girl who gets done right by, much to everyone's surprise, in a film of New York life. Edmund Lowe is the man-about-town who means well—*First National.*

The Yellow Lily—Billie Dove falls for the Archduke, who turns out to be Clive Brook. One of those picturesque peasant pictures of old Europe—*First National.*

Glorious Betsy—Love, lavender and lace. Sweet romance of pre-flapper days, with Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel on the Vitaphone—*Warner Bros.*

Street Angel—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in another romance of old Europe. This time it's in picturesque Naples. Charlie is an artist and Janet a circus performer—*Fox.*

The Actress—Norma Shearer dons ruffles and bustles

in Review

THE MICHIGAN KID — *Fair*

Another one of the big Alaskan fillums which seem to be having their inning just now. Conrad Nagel is a young man who goes north to make good and grow up with the Rotary Club. It seems that in his youth he loved a lass who grew up to be Renee Adoree. You could hardly blame him for that. She forgets him, as girls will, and becoming engaged to another, also heads for the north where she finds Conrad busy hatching nuggets. He is the Michigan kid. But it's not his fault. Blame Mister Rex Beach, the writer who seems to know Alaska from one "A" to the other. —*Universal-Jewel.*

THE FIFTY-FIFTY GIRL — *Good*

In which Bebe Daniels plays a gold digger of the old school, the kind that used to work with a pick and shovel instead of a lipstick. It starts out as a rollicking comedy, with Bebe, who has undertaken a life of masculine toil, falling for a lad who likes housework. It sounds like a nice arrangement, but things get tangled up when they get into the lost mine. The picture waxes fast and furious when they start disappearing around corners and Bebe gets chased by the wild "What is it?" A breathless picture after it gets going. The exteriors were filmed at the famous Yellow Aster mine.—*Paramount.*

DIAMOND HANDCUFFS — *Good*

Just for good measure they give you three stories in one. This is all about the strange peregrination of the famous Shah diamond. Why they called it "Diamond Handcuffs" is one of nature's mysteries. In episodic fashion, rising from hokum to several fine scenes, it outlines the history of a noted gem. Death, murder, and faithlessness lie in its wake, but always it finds its way to its original owner, an Ethiopian patootie played with emphasis by Lena Malena. Acting honors are Eleanor's Boardman's, for playing a Camille-like lady of Harlem, effectively.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE DRAG NET — *Good*

Underworld drama done in modernistic style, with more murders than a Chicago election day. George Bancroft is the brave and brawny detective chief who shoots straight with tobacco or gat, and what a time he has with those arch-troupers, William Powell, Evelyn Brent, Fred Kohler. Oh, what a time. If it isn't machine guns, it's woman's wiles, but it takes a trumped-up murder to daunt our George. Tremendous emotion, done casually, with the plot treading untraveled lanes, makes it unusual. Don't take the kiddies unless you want your grandchild to be a son-of-a-gunman. Flowers to Bill and George.—*Paramount.*

Picture Guide

for one of the best parts of her career. All about an idol of the London stage of fifty years ago, who falls in love with a lord, much to his parents' chagrin—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Half a Bride—Desert island stuff with a companionate marriage thrown in to make it look new. Esther Ralston, as the girl whose hands have never known work. Gary Cooper, the cave man—*Paramount.*

MELODRAMA

Hell's Kitchen—Phyllis Haver stirs a brew of love and gunplay in this high-pressure picture of New York's No-man's Land—*Pathe-De Mille.*

Dressed to Kill—Edmund Lowe as debonair heart-breaker and safe cracker; falls for Mary Astor—*First National.*

(*Continued on page* 92)

The American Invasion

And Other Late News From London

Ronald Colman, shown above with Jack Raymond, director, Fay Compton, and Stewart Rome, British screen favorite, dropped in at the studios, where he was once a struggling extra, upon his recent visit to his native England.

By E. Elizabeth Barrett

LONDON, ENGLAND.

ONCE upon a time (only a year or two ago, in point of fact) the arrival of any well-known film star in England was looked upon as something of an event. Crowds met the celebrities at Southampton and again at Waterloo and mobbed them pretty continuously throughout the visit. But during the last twelve months a subtle change has become apparent in the attitude of the British public towards visiting stars. They are interested, but no longer excited. The cause of the change, I think, is partly to be found in the renewed vigour of the film industry over here, which makes film-making and those engaged in it, less of a novelty, and partly in the fact that so many Americans in the business have made trips across recently. At the present moment, London is in the throes of a positive American invasion, and British studios echo with accents that unmistakably hail from California.

THE biggest reception given to a visiting star for many months was accorded Ronald Colman on his arrival here. This is hardly surprising, considering that Ronald is British, has won for himself a bigger share of world fame as a screen artist, than any other of Britain's emigrant young men, and is very charming into the bargain. I was one of a select gathering of journalists who met him at Southampton and travelled by train with him to Waterloo. He was mobbed as soon as he stepped off the Berengaria, and was with difficulty rescued from the Southampton flappers, (who had turned out in a body complete with autograph books,) and shepherded to the rain. Arrived at the other end, we found the crowds so dense that his mother, waiting patiently outside the barrier for a first glimpse of her son after his seven and a half year's absence, was unable to reach him and had to join him at his hotel later.

Betty Bronson on the other hand, slipped over here recently with her mother for a short holiday, practically unnoticed by the general public. She "just loved London" and was sorry she couldn't stay longer. There were rumors of her engagement to a young Englishman who was seen with her constantly, but she refused to commit herself. Lillian Rich arrived here a short time ago and was immediately besieged with offers by British producers.

London has become a popular stopping point for honeymooners of the film colony. Among the latest were Adolphe Menjou and his bride, Kathryn Carver. They were preceded a few days by Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg.

BRITISH producers are beginning to complain about the behavior of certain American and other foreign stars who, they say, go in for tantrums and "temperamental" displays in British studios which they would never dare to exhibit in their native studios. Maria Corda, in particular, was a bad offender in this direction, and the making of *Tersha*, under Victor Saville's direction was, it is whispered by more than one present in the studio at the time, disturbed by several scenes of a kind not meant to be shot! The Hungarian star sailed for America to rejoin her husband, Alexander Corda as soon as the picture was completed.

It was whispered to me that Blanche Sweet was also proving a little "difficult," but when I went along to watch her at work on *The Woman in White* at the Cricklewood studios the other afternoon, the atmosphere seemed

(*Continued on page 74*)

The girls romp and stomp in "Here's Howe" one of the musical comedy sensations of the year.

No More Bathtub Parties *for Me, Says Earl Carroll*

and other Bits from Broadway

By JOHNNY STUYVESANT

NEW YORK CITY

EARL CARROLL, the bad boy of Broadway, is back in town again after his long vacation in Atlanta, and is doing business again at the old stand.

They say that when Earl first set eyes on the flashing lights of Times Square after his prolonged sojourn in the South that tears coursed down his cheeks. What is just a playground to the butter-and-egg men is home to him.

After having indulged in this brief burst of sentiment, Earl rolled up his sleeves and went to work, casting in double quick time a de luxe summer edition of the *Vanities* so that the hot weather visitors can't go home complaining of boredom.

He proved himself a godfather to chorus girls by offering top rates to the damsels with hot heels.

But at heart Earl is a chastened lad.

"No more bathtubs, believe me," he said, "at least for party purposes. From now on I am going to hang the motto on my wall, 'The place for the bathtub is in the home!' "

THE hoary game of playing the out-of-town sucker, with variations, has just provided Broadway with another abdominal chortle. This time the goat was a fat little buyer from the West. Out with his boy friend, some other bozo from his home town, he scraped acquaintance with one of the merry-merries and asked her to get a girl friend to make it a foursome.

Some imp of perversity prompted the chorus girl to ring her friend Paul de Maux, well-known female impersonator, living at the Maryland. Paul, who was doing his stuff at the Palace, naturally had trunks full of all kinds of drag—negligees, decolletes and scantees. He played the part of a blonde siren only too well, for after a night at the Club Lopez the fat buyer found himself head-over-heels in love. He kept ringing up his supposed lady inamorata until Paul, fearing for his life if the truth came out, finally moved from the Maryland to the Bristol without leaving any change of address.

CYNICAL Broadway is really sentimental at heart. Many expressions of sympathy were heard when Gil Boag, once reckoned among the happiest of Broadway's sons because of his fortunate business and marital arrangement with Gilda Gray, dodged into town and out again, taking a boat for Germany.

The marital bark was wrecked on the reefs of Hollywood. Gilda is suing for divorce and Gil is going abroad to promote another star. It is understood that a well-known Broadway night club performer is going to join

him in Berlin. She will return later under his patronage with a German company if Gil succeeds in organizing it.

THE new edition of George White's *Scandals* is due to open soon, with a cast of favorites and a riotious beauty chorus.

Meanwhile Ziegfeld maintains his corner on the musical comedy market with three outstanding successes of last winter, *Show Boat, Three Musketeers* and *Rio Rita.*

Dennis King and Vivienne Segal are the hit of *The Three Musketeers,* abetted by little Harriet Hector who can dance rings around Saturn. With beauties of the Ziegfeld type, such as Ann Moss and Sally Hadley working in line, there is every reason for the tourist to bring his field glasses when he visits the big town this summer.

BROADWAY has just received the low-down on why *My Princess* closed so suddenly after a highly successful opening. It was at the order of Hope Hampton's husband, a gentleman from Paris named Bruletour, who was the angel for the production in which his wife was starred. The gossips affirm that M. Bruletour pasted up the notice after a scene in Miss Hampton's dressing room during which the handsome leading man of *My Princess* came in for a large share in the discussion.

By a strange coincidence it is said that when the stage carpenter happened along later he found to his astonishment that the dressing room door had been knocked off its hinges. M. Bruletour is well developed physically.

JOHN BARRYMORE declined to state whether he likes living at the Los Angeles Ambassador or the New York Ambassador better. He is now at the latter hostelry while making arrangements to produce *Hamlet* in the Hollywood Bowl.

"There is one point, however," he admitted, "wherein I must accede the palm to New York.

"Yes, there can be no argument on that point," I agreed, accepting another.

HARRY POLLARD, who directed *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* complains that he is too busy to see the town. He is making screen tests for the two leading roles, masculine and feminine, in the *Show Boat,* which has recently been purchased by Universal.

Harry has to stick to the job because Carl Laemmle has just arrived from the coast, bent on seeing results.

IRVING THALBERG, the modest young power behind the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer throne, stepped off a boat with his wife, Norma Shearer, just as Monte Blue stepped on another bound for Europe. The Thalbergs have had their scamper abroad while Monte is going over to enjoy a brief rest.

"I'll send you a picture postcard of the Cafe de la Paix," was Monte's parting taunt.

MAYOR WALKER hardly had time to greet the German-Irish trans-Atlantic flyers before a progressive booker had their names on a vaudeville contract. Von Huenfeld, et al, have to make a quick trip home, after which they will return to Broadway for the vaudeville tour. Of course the movies are after them, too, but so far they have failed to produce the ante.

THE scene was a high-priced although not secluded corner of the Salon Royal. In case you don't know, the Salon Royal is the establishment presided over by Texas Guinan, who used to knock 'em dead in Western pictures, but now does it via the cover charge method.

Principals in the action were a very young blonde who lavishly donates pulchritude to Texas' gang, and a gentleman who was obviously infected by the New Year's spirit which always pervades Salon Royal, especially towards dawn. As a matter of fact, the portly gentleman was not telling the little lady a bedtime story, at least apparently not. Instead, he was peeling yellow-backed bills from a healthy roll.

Texas, who is something of a philosopher, is supposed to have remarked: "And a little child shall bleed them!"

NEW YORK'S night club racket can weather such minor disturbances as occasional revenue raids and court-ordered padlocks, but when summer temperature arrives, that's different. One by one the nocturnal playgrounds are folding up their table cloths for the season. Coincidentally, the hotel roof gardens swing into vogue.

Harry Richman and George Olsen contemplate opening a ship cabaret.

Ann Moss, the little girl trying to hide behind the shawl, is one of the shining lights of the picturesque extravaganza, "The Three Musketeers," staged by Ziegfeld.

Sue Carol's Boy Friend

NICK STUART has never been kissed—on the screen. But off the screen—ask Sue Carol. The true story of two young people which proves that all romances in Hollywood aren't written for the screen.

If they walk home, they walk together. Sue Carol, the girl friend, and Nick Stuart the boy friend, stealing a ride home after a day's work at the studio.

By GRACE SIMPSON

YOU'VE got to hand it to Nick Stuart. He sure knows his onions when it comes to the "picking" business. Well, didn't he pick Sue Carol for his steady girl friend? Excuse me for mentioning onions in the same class with peaches! Yes, Sue is a peach—the very latest brand, in fact. If you don't agree with me, you've never seen the young lady or else you are just plumb contrary!

Sue Carol, the Girl Friend, and Nick Stuart, the Boy Friend—that's how they designate these two popular players in movieland. Both started their picture work in earnest together, and both walked into leading parts in two different Fox productions at practically the same time. Sue had the ingenue role in *Slaves of Beauty*—Nick had the juvenile lead in *The Cradle Snatchers*.

Naturally, these two youngsters were bound to meet—and they did. Sue was all dressed up one day when someone brought her over to meet a rather bashful-looking young man who was gazing admiringly at her. He blushed just a little when she looked at him, and maybe that's why she liked him. At any rate, there was a boyishly appealing look in his eyes and she just couldn't resist him.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Nick Stuart's boyish appeal is the reason why Sue Carol meant it when she first said, "Pleased to meet you!"

Even boy friends are stubborn sometimes as Sue Carol finds in this picture. When coaxing fails there's nothing like exerting a little physical force, she says.

The light that lies in women's eyes—and lies and lies. That's one reason why men want 'em wicked, says the lovely Lilyan Tashman.
—Photo by Russell Ball.

Why Men *Want 'Em Wicked*

By LILYAN TASHMAN

THE famous vamp, whose come-hither ways have lured dozens of men to destruction, on the screen, tells why—and how!

Lilyan Tashman as Cleopatra, the famous home-wrecker of the Nile. Nearly all women that history has remembered were vamps, she says.

DOWN through the ages, long before this blonde business was ever heard of, men have preferred their liquor straight and their women wicked.

Look at all the famous women of history. They were all well worth looking at. That's why they're famous. Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Madame du Barry. Vampires every one, from the first "come hither" glance. Did any woman ever get herself remembered by being the champion dishwasher of Ancient Greece, the most perfect housekeeper in Rome, or the mother of the largest family in the Middle Ages? Perhaps if women had ruled the world, they might have, though I doubt it.

But after all it's a man's world, in spite of suffrage and prohibition, and men, sad to relate, are fools about women.

Men want 'em wicked. They will pass up a homebody with a heart of gold, but they will walk a mile for one of the "hard-to-get, can't-be-had" kind of girls, with no other inducement than a mean flicker of a mascara-ed eyelash.

Get me straight about this word, wicked, before we go any farther. When we speak of a wicked woman nowadays, we don't mean necessarily the "bad woman" who goes about making a mess of everybody's lives, including her own, and who is hard at work earning a sentence of everlasting hellfire and damnation. That use of the word belongs to the age of braids and bustles. When we speak of a woman being "wicked" today, we mean that she is smart, sophisticated, a woman of the world.

Perhaps it is because men are fools about women that wicked women have the advantage. They never give men a chance to get to know them. That's where they are smart. They remain an illusion, a will o' the wisp, to be pursued, but never captured.

They are always able to appear to their best advantage because they are never forced to encounter the little daily domestic inconveniences in the home that break down the glamour with which a woman surrounds herself.

Wicked women have made it their job in life to be interesting and attractive, above all, and they neglect no means to that end. They know the value of never appearing in a man's presence unless they have spared no pains to make themselves appear interesting. They know that men love to be flattered and they make use of that knowledge.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a woman to allow herself to become settled and dowdy and uninteresting, to become so absorbed in the routine of her daily life and her home, that she loses interest in the world at large and forgets to make herself charming and alluring.

Being wicked, on the other hand, is a full-time job. It takes constant, untiring effort to keep abreast of the times, to be smart, to be sophisticated, to be attractive to men.

In this respect, the "homebody" can well afford to take a lesson from the woman of the world. Too often, once a woman has married her man, his kisses become a matter of course, she forgets to exert the wiles necessary to keep his fancies from straying elsewhere. Through sheer laziness, she allows herself to lag behind in the constant competition.

Then imagine her surprise when she wakes up one fine morning and finds a note on the kitchen table, reading. "Have always wanted to see Niagara Falls. I am going

there with Gloria Goofus of the Follies. I hope you don't feel hurt. Hubby."

Of course she is quick to blame the unscrupulous siren, or the frivolous husband, who always was a fool about women. She would never think of placing the blame where it really belongs, upon herself. The chances are that if she had made an effort to keep her husband as excited about her as he was when she married him that she would never have lost him.

It is true that it is not easy to carry on a career as a heartbreaker and keep up a successful home life at the same time. Most women choose either one career or other, and there is something to be said for each.

Yet it is not impossible to do both. I have known women who have raised families of attractive children, who have managed their homes successfully, but yet have sacrificed none of their appeal to other men.

When a woman chooses the career of a siren in preference to that of a wife and mother, she loses much. There seems to be no satisfaction in the world equal to that derived from children. Yet women have always been ready to sacrifice much for the love of men.

Wicked women have men at a disadvantage for the reason that they never recognize a wicked woman when they see one. The most devastating women are those who seem to be the most innocent and helpless.

There is no type more fatal to the masculine heart than the round-eyed, fluffy-headed "poppa wants beer" sort of girl, who expresses with looks and gestures her need of a strong, handsome protector. And what she does with him when she gets him is nobody's business.

Styles in wicked women change like anything else. Where are the streamline ladies of yesteryear, made popular by Theda Bara and Clara Kimball Young who went heaving and moaning all over the place or lay writhing with passion on piles of pillows like boa constrictors with indigestion. They ruined men's lives with a ghoulish laugh. But today the laugh is on them. They are definitely "out". They belong in mothballs along with those sweeping skirts they used to effect, which deftly revealed a neat ankle.

The wicked woman of today is more subtle and therefore more dangerous. The innocent Loreleis who look helplessly into a man's eyes while they get him to sign over the mortgage on the farm, are in vogue.

Believe it or not, both these vamps are Lilyan Tashman. Below, she is seen as the streamline, passionate palpitating type of heartbreaker, in vogue when she played on the New York stage. Above is the round-eyed, fluffy-headed type of dangerous innocence, which is popular today.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes has become the slogan of the siren today. But didn't they always, even though I say it, "as shouldn't", being a blonde myself. Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, were fair. The famous vampires of today, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Jean Nash, and Gaby Deslys, are all light as to complexion. Of course there are blondes and blondes, and the insipid type of blonde is never appealing. The ideal type of siren, I believe, is the blonde with a brunette temperament.

Styles in vampires come and go and are forgotten, but wicked women go on forever, because — well because men seem to want 'em that way.

When I am preparing to play the role of a vampire on the screen, I always go over the script and then make a study of similar types in real life. I frequent theatres and cafes and observe closely the mannerisms of the women I see in these places.

I am impressed by the fact that seldom do charming women use the same methods in attracting men. Perhaps their secret lies in emphasizing the particular charms which nature has bestowed upon them. Beauty alone is not enough to make women attractive to men. It is too common nowadays. Nearly every woman, if she isn't actually beautiful, is at least pleasing to the eye.

But the women that men notice have some outstanding characteristic. Perhaps it is beautiful eyes, or regular features of classic mold. Perhaps it is a pretty figure.

The woman of the world is smart enough, and frank enough with herself to realize which are her strong points and which her weak ones, and she is not ashamed to employ artificial means to call attention to her gracious gifts from nature.

Acting has its place in life as on the stage or screen. Women seeking to attract men, are always acting. Little tricks and mannerisms often serve to bring out beauty. Some women make themselves attractive and display grace and ease simply by the way in which they handle a cigarette. Others by the way they smile or laugh.

As I have said, styles in vampires change, like anything else. What men want in one generation, they scorn in another. Women come and women go, but wicked women, the ones who take pains to make themselves attractive, whether it be the Victorian era or the jazz age, because — well because men seem to want 'em that way.

JOIN A FAN CLUB

All about a new department which *Screen Secrets* is conducting for fan club members.

Greta Garbo's triumphs are eagerly watched by her thousands of admirers who have banded themselves together in one of the largest fan clubs in the country.

IT IS just a little over a year ago now since SCREEN SECRETS, the first magazine to recognize the growing importance of fan clubs, took occasion to point out to its readers the benefits to be gained from joining such organizations.

Since that time the response to the article has been so great, and such wide interest in the various fan clubs has been shown, that SCREEN SECRETS has decided henceforth to devote a regular department to fan club news and activities, a department which will also furnish information to readers desiring to become members of fan clubs.

This department appears for the first time this month on page eight of the current issue. Here at last the many fan clubs will have a common medium for the exchange of news, so that each can keep in touch with what the others are doing. Members of the same fan clubs in different parts of the country will be able to follow the vital developments of their organizations through these pages.

And best of all, the many readers who have wanted to join a fan club, but have not known how to do so, will now have a means of getting in touch with such organizations.

The SCREEN SECRETS fan club department will keep a complete roster of all fan clubs in the country, with the names and addresses of their secretaries, for the convenience of our readers.

The next question which arises is, "Why join a fan club?" The advantages of such a club are many.

One of the primary purposes of the fan club is to afford those who are boosters for the same star a chance to correspond with each other, to exchange opinions and ideas, to discuss mutual interests, to keep in closer touch with the star, and to help their favorite stars along by getting behind them with concerted effort.

Some of the stars write personal letters to people joining their fan clubs. Many of them will send large autographed photos of themselves.

Most of the fan clubs bear the name of some particular star and are made up of devotees of that star. In this way it is easier to concentrate and keep in touch with one particular star. Other clubs are more general in their interest, and have a number of stars that they keep in touch with, exchanging bits of news about the various stars in letters to each other.

An opportunity for the discussion of favorite stars in various roles is also afforded through fan clubs, and in this way many interesting opinions and ideas are exchanged.

Stars and producers pay a great deal of attention to pleasing their fans. If the fans like to see a star in a certain type of role, through the concerted effort made possible by organized fan clubs, they are able to bring their ideas on the subject to the producers' attention.

There are also many small fan clubs scattered throughout the country who are interested in the activities of the same star and who have no means of communicating with other fan clubs with the same interests. It is the purpose of SCREEN SECRETS' new department to furnish a means for them to get in touch with each other.

For example, there may be a Sue Carol fan club in Tacoma, that may have written a chain letter to their star. A Sue Carol club in Fargo might want to do likewise.

(*Continued on page* 91)

A HISS *for Cinderella*

By

DOROTHY SPENSLEY

ESTELLE rescued the largest French doll from Punch, the inky English bull, and smoothed the cushions on the chaise lounge of her early something-or-other boudoir.

"It's the bunk," she remarked, pungently.

We were talking about motion picture careers, generally, and, particularly, the career of the Cinderella girl. Estelle Taylor was one. There have been others.

There has been Betty Bronson, with her Cinderella-like rise from obscurity to stardom in *Peter Pan.* The fanfare of publicity. The gossamer glory. The sheer, breathless delight at fame, thrust so suddenly upon the novice. No training, no long striving toward an ideal, no camera technique, no experience.

It is twice as hard for a Cinderella girl to win permanent success as if she had slowly climbed the heights. The very glory of it acts as a boomerang in her subsequent pictures, for how often is the first big success duplicated?

Look at the careers of Betty Bronson, Dolores Costello. How about Georgia Hale, Julanne Johnston? Consider Olive Borden.

"It's the bunk," repeated Estelle, hastily withdrawing two fingers from the mouth of Punch. "I got the same greeting, and, believe me, it's hard to live down. My first picture was with William Farnum and immediately after it William Fox decided that I was a find.

"He had me play the lead in *While New York Sleeps.* It was a marvelous role and I romped all over the place. I had no screen training, no camera experience, other than the Farnum picture. The role called for artlessness, utter naivete, and it got it. I had a grand time without a thought of camera angles. Lighting didn't worry me. Neither did dramatic values.

"Fortunately—it must have been beginner's luck—the picture went over big. But the next one! The story was the exact opposite. The heroine was a meek little soul with cambric tea manners. She was all I wasn't. How I worked! If I had had more acting experience, it would have been easy. A little knowledge of characterization would have helped. But I was just a greenhorn.

"I wished ten thousand times, then, that I could have had the advantage of a score of roles, no matter how mediocre, that would have taught me the many little tricks of the trade. The things that every motion picture actress should know."

"It belongs in the set," I quavered.

"What does?"

"'Things that every motion picture actress should know.' Next to 'What every young woman should know.'"

"Be yourself," responded Estelle, and grabbed the tangerine-taffetta-ed French doll from beneath the bed where Punch was taking it for a rendezvous.

"I would rather have worked," she continued, very seriously, "for two years in obscurity and then have been given my big chance, than to have the 'break' and have to learn everything after stardom. What does the public think when it sees you in a bad picture after you have been hailed as 'the find of the season' in your first picture, sprinkled with stardust and anointed with blushing predictions? One bad film can undo all the good that the great, splashing success has created. And why should an audience suffer with you through three or four pictures until you acquire screen technique? It isn't fair to them, nor to you.

"I think more promising careers have been ruined by the Cinderella method, starring a girl before she is ready, than anything else. It sounds great and it reads great, but the old plodding way is best after all . . . Punch!

There's only a queen and two jacks when Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey take to the mountains. But when word goes 'round that they're at home, they always have a full house.

ESTELLE Taylor jeers at fairy godfathers and short cuts to fame and fortune. The modern counterpart of Cinderella, who falls asleep in rags by the fireside to wake up in a palace, has a tougher time of it than the girl who earns her way, says Estelle. And, since she was a Cinderella girl herself, who should know better?

The nymphs of ancient Greece had nothing on Estelle when she goes swimming in her private pool. No wonder they have a watchman on the Dempsey estate to keep the curious away.

He was ambling off accompanied by a maribou-ed mule, all satin and feathers and very small.

PUNCH is probably the first person you would see at at the Dempsey home in that very good section of Los Angeles, with the Cecil De Mille estate cresting theirs to the south, Jeanie MacPherson's a bit to the west and Kenneth Thompson's house protecting them from the long rays of the afternoon sun. The little bull pup would either be nosing the hook rug that Estelle made in a flare of domesticity, that lies before the great fireplace, or tumbling about in Jack's rich red den, or sleeping, amiably, in the center of Estelle's bed.

But let's go back to Estelle, her dreams, her aspirations. Aspirations should die a natural death in hot-house atmosphere, in the luxury that surrounds the little girl that once was a Cinderella, but who by sheer hard work, grit, by perseverance, has come out on the top side of the heap of motion picture actresses. Not so.

She has been a superb Lucrezia Borgia in *Don Juan*, copping honors from John Barrymore, than whom there is none whomer. Her Miriam in *The Ten Commandments* was a wild, pagan thing, far different from the crafty Lucrezia. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, gave her another opportunity at characterization. Scads of conventional leads. A few unconventional parts like that of *New York*. The fiery role of Olna in *The Whip Woman*. A light-fingered lady in *Lady Raffles*. All heavy drama, tragedy, emotion.

"You're funny," I blurted.

"Thanks."

"I mean you have a grand sense of humor. Why don't they let you exercise it on the screen?"

"Well, why don't they?" Estelle countered.

And there, dear friends, is the aspiration.

Men have aspired to poorer things. Chaplin, supreme clown, craves to be a Hamlet, or a Napoleon. Wally Beery, burlesquing his way into a million hearts, longs to draw tears. Colleen Moore, queen flapper of them all, hankers for more serious roles. And Estelle Taylor, her metier so definitely associated with silken sirens and demi-vampires, aspires to be a comedienne. Which is well and good.

"Custard pies and things . . . ?" I broached, thinking Sennett-ly.

"No. More subtle things, with, of course, a flare of broad humor now and then."

"I'm all for it." And I am. Isn't it logical that comedy is the best training for drama, and some of our finest stars have arrived over that route, that drama, in turn, should supply a few choice comedy stars?

But let's not get too technical, and, besides, I want to tell you what a symphony of marital devotion exists in the English home on Los Feliz Boulevard. I want to tell about the panting taxi that brought two grilled lamb chops, piping hot; a small pot of cranberry sauce; hearts of young celery, rudely torn from the center of doting stalks; the Melba toast, all packed in a little box, from Jack's Barbara Hotel, miles distant, to the Columbia Studio when Estelle was starring in *Lady Raffles*. A fine example of husbandly devotion.

And about the pickled pigs' feet that Estelle gives Jack every Christmas, surmounted by a dappled felt pig with a realistic "squonk."

And Jack's gift to Estelle of that smart Chrysler roadster just recently. At Yuletide, to be exact.

And Estelle's gift of the maroon Lincoln coupe with the lithe silver greyhound, leaping from the radiator cap, year before last.

And of those nightly long distance telephone calls across the continent when Jack is in New York, with operators, palpitant, connecting his 'phone with Hollywood, and Estelle.

And of the watchman about the house who was formerly Jack's school teacher in Montana.

And about th orchids that Estelle received on her birthday from Jack's trainers. Orchids from those battle-scarred veterans who said with flowers their whispered opinion that "Jack's wife was a regular guy."

And of the week-ends when Jack was high in the Ventura Mountains, that Estelle would cram the Rolls Royce town car full of favorite delicacies and motor to him and tramp the trails near the training camp.

In boots, breeches and sweater, she was like a sturdy kid climbing to the mesa for blood oranges, picking blackberries, racing "Doc," the Irish setter, regaling Jack with bits of gossip, eating hearty breakfasts, dinners and suppers, conforming faithfully to training rules.

And then there was the rose dinner that Jack gave for Estelle on her birthday, when all the guests came armed with rose trees, roots and all, to be planted in the garden of Rose Manor.

They are like a couple of kids, happy in their bounty and security, so well-deserved by their work and their generosities. Their swimming pool, their cars, their pets. Jack wanted the plunge to be square. Estelle wanted it round. They debated. Then compromised. "It looks like a kidney," says Estelle. And it does. A very large green English kidney. It reclines lazily before a pergola that harbors dressing rooms and a Dutch oven and leads to a huge ballroom and a gaming room, a separate building from the house, that also shelters the garage and the servants' quarters.

"I had to watch Jack every minute," laughs Estelle, "to see that he didn't turn it into a gym and hang the walls with punching bags instead of drapes."

Always going somewhere. Always doing something. Their 'phone is continually ringing. Dinner here, tea there. Will they appear at a benefit, for flood victims, for an aged actors' home, for a children's hospital? Will Miss Taylor be guest of honor at a cafe and award the loving cup to the winning dancers? And they go.

But sometimes they sneak off together, like two kids on a holiday. They fill the gasoline tank, pack a few clothes and skim away to San Francisco, poke around in Chinatown, bring back a few jades, and always another variety of lucky elephant for Estelle. She has them in all hues and varieties. Tubby, fat, little elephants. Lean, modernistic elephants. Elephants of jade. Elephants of porcelain. Little caravans of rose quartz ply the table. An ebony elephant governs a coffee stand. The mahogany humidor is elephant shaped. All designed for good luck.

Or they head south, the Dempseys, bound for Tia Juana, to spend a week-end with their friend Jim Coffroth, potentate of the race track, and to watch "Doc Wilson," one of Jack's fifteen race horses, nose in first at the derby. Recently, he touched the wire to the tune of $35,000.

They run over to Wilmington, Delaware, Estelle's birthplace, as I run to the grocery store. And Salt Lake City, where Jack's mother lives, is but a casual trip. Distance is reduced to nothing.

ONE time they were billed to make a personal appearance at Seattle. Charles Dunning, their representative, gave them letters of introduction, wired the Seattle papers, the theatre manager, friends. Everything was set for a gala event. The train pulled into the northern station, but no Dempseys.

"Where are they?" wired the delegation. Frantic wires were broadcast by Dunning. The Dempseys had, apparently, dropped from the face of the earth.

Finally a wire came from them. They were in Chicago. "The Ginsbergs," as their friends call them, were playing private citizens and enjoying a little quiet excursion far from the maddening blare of publicity. Rarely, however, do they play truant.

They give small, festive dinners. They give large, festive parties. You will meet the Charles Kenyons there; Jane Winton is now Mrs. Kenyon. And Billie Dove and her husband, Irvin Willat. Winnie Sheehan, genial official of Fox Films, discussing *Honor Bound* with Al Green, who just directed Estelle and George O'Brien in the picture. Over bridge or poker there is Murnau, the great German director, Andres de Segurola, once of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Tom Meighan, Gilbert Roland. Bankers, princes, writers, artists, singers are all there. Norma Talmadge is a frequent guest. And Jeanie MacPherson, with her mother, Mrs. O'Neil.

Their servants like to stay with them. They don't need to go to the theatre. Why should they with Fanny Brice in the great armchair, Leonore Ulric on the divan, the Duncan sisters at the piano, showering golden notes and comedy? Buttle at the Dempseys and see the theatrical world.

There is a parrot, too. Not to change the subject, Polly, long a resident with Jack's mother, who is to make her debut in a Fox talking film with her celebrated owners. Estelle is teaching Polly to talk. Just a smattering of choice words. And how surprised dear Mr. Hays will be!

A TRAMP cat, loved and petted and pampered as much as the thoroughbred Pekingese that scurry, like agitated muffs, about the yard. A couple of great Danes, too frisky, for house pets, are at a friends ranch. And Chico, a truly remarkable fellow, who upsets the house in his glee when he is allowed entrance.

Championships? Battles of the century? Doesn't Jack

Jack need never to say to Estelle, "Look pleasant now." She was born looking that way. Jack, with his movie camera, is proving that he knows where to find the button, in the ring or out of it.

Broadway several years ago. The play will open at Atlantic City within a few weeks, and will have its premiere on Labor Day at the Majestic theatre.

The producers have been very generous to Estelle. She is to get her motion picture salary on the stage and may leave at any time during the engagement, upon two weeks notice, to return to the coast to make a picture. For with Estelle, pictures, next to Jack, come first.

As to whether Jack will ever fight in the ring again, Estelle does not know.

"That is up to Jack," she said, "I don't believe a wife should exert too much influence over her husband's career. All my faith is in him, no matter what he decides to do—all my hope, all my pride. I want him to do just what he thinks right and I know he shall."

And there, I insist, is the first correct definition of companionate marriage.

miss them, Estelle? It was a wise wife, not a motion picture celebrity, who answered:

"Of course he misses them. Anyone would when they are part of your life, your occupation. But he has so many interests to keep him busy . . . I love the way he rushes to the 'phone in the morning and calls the Barbara. 'Let me talk to the restaurant,' he says. And then, 'Did we make any money yesterday?'

"He has his other investments to manage. His horses keep him busy, too. And, you know, Jack is different from most fighters. Most of them have what I call 'athletic minds.' You know what I mean? They are not elastic. But Jack's is. He is always reaching forth for new knowledge and cramming it into his head for future reference."

Now Jack is going to fight again this fall, but this time it will be on the stage and Estelle will be by his side, in the play with him.

The two of them have recently signed a contract to appear this fall under the direction of David Belasco, in the stage play, *The Big Fight*.

Jack is busy at his workouts so he will appear in top form during the stage bouts, and Estelle has started getting her voice in training again for the speaking stage, which has not seen her since she played a small part on

Estelle Taylor, or Mrs. Jack Dempsey, if you prefer, is known as one of the most charming hostesses of Hollywood. Her home is a rendezvous for bright, impromptu parties. She is shown here in an informal pose.

Sue Carol's Boy Friend

(*Continued from page* 65)

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Sue graciously. (She confesses now that she murmured to herself at the time: "My, but he's nice looking!")

"I'm pleased to meet you, too," young Stuart echoed, while to himself he thought: "Gee, she's about the prettiest girl I've ever seen!"

Well, that was their first meeting, but it wasn't in the cards that it should be their last. The truth of the matter is—they've been meeting ever since! It seems only natural, when you come to think of it, that these two should have been attracted to each other—they have so many things in common and they are really just a couple of kids.

Perhaps the older people of Hollywood pay too little attention to the real little romances. We're so busy manufacturing romance for the screen that we don't pause to realize that the lives of our younger players may be as picturesque as the stories they enact. Take the story of Nick, for instance, and Sue.

Nick was born in Roumania some twenty-five years ago. At the age of ten he came to this country with his parents and small brother, and they settled in Ohio where Nick spent most of his boyhood days. Eventually, they drifted to Hollywood and Nick went to work as a clerk in Cline's Sporting Goods store in Los Angeles.

One day, Tom Mix, the Big Steer and Stetson Man from the great open spaces of the Fox studio, came into the store and bought some pearl-handled guns that had caught his eye. Nick delivered the package to the studio, and then and there he decided to become a movie actor! He went to the casting director and asked if he could get in any picture. The director glared at him for a moment.

"Well, if you can fight, you may," he grunted.

"Well, all right," agreed Nick. "I guess I'll take the job."

"Okay," grunted the c. d. "Report at 9 A. M. tomorrow."

Young Stuart was so delighted to think he was going to become an actor, he immediately 'phoned Cline's and told him he wasn't coming back.

"Well, you're a fool!" yelled his "boss" and hung up.

Early the next day Nick was at the studio and doing his first work before the camera at seven-fifty per day.

When the film was completed, Nick went to work as assistant camera man, then "still" man, next "script boy" and finally assistant director of *What Price Glory.*

While Nick was devoting his time to the movies, Sue, daughter of the very wealthy Mr. and Mrs. Lederer of Chicago, was travelling around the world and enjoying herself in general. On one of her trips she came to Hollywood to visit her friend, Janet Gaynor, who was fast becoming a popular movie player. A director met Sue and persuaded her to try for a film career, too. About the same time, she met the boy friend. Thus did She come into Nick's life and Nick into Sue's life. And they have been going with each other ever since. Nick goes right from the studio to Sue and tells her how hard he has been working all day, and Sue tells Nick all her little troubles and difficulties, and they sit before the fireside and look lovingly at each other, as thousands of other young people do the world over.

They consult each other about their film work. They go to the theatre very often, too, and see each other's pictures like a couple of kids.

AFTER playing in *The Cradle Snatchers,* Nick donned the grease paint for good. He played in several comedies, then was featured with Sally Phipps in *The High School Hero,* which, incidentally, was praised by critics all over the country.

Nick had an unusual opportunity this winter to go to New York to make some scenes for *News Parade.* This was his first visit East, and the very first separation of the Girl Friend and the Boy Friend. But did Sue forget Nick? She did not! She made the wires across the continent hum merrily with life. Most every day she would call up her Nick and whisper "sweet nothings" and little words of encouragement to him.

Strange to relate, in the several pictures that Nick has made, not once has he been kissed before the camera! He is about the only unkissed hero that I know of—that is, unkissed hero of the screen. Off the screen—well, you'll have to see Sue and ask her about that!

Her Boy Friend is—yes, you've guessed it!—a most interesting young man. He is one of the finest, most likable boys in pictures.

On the other hand, there is Sue—everyone in Hollywood loves her. She's sweet, pretty and unspoiled. But why rave? Let's just record that the Girl Friend's a peach! That tells the whole story.

The Boy Friend is now making *The River Pirate* with an all-star cast including Lois Moran. From all appearances, it looks like Nick is about due to receive his first screen kiss from Miss Moran.

Just at the present moment our hero has his name nicely signed on the dotted line at the end of a long-term contract with Fox; is grabbing up good screen roles steadily, and in general, is sitting right on top of the world in as pretty a way as ever a film juvenile could sit.

As for Sue, well, you all know how that young lady is forging ahead by leaps and bounds!

I like the story of Nick and Sue. It's genuine. It's real. It's just a little love story for those who believe that there is beauty and truth left in the world.

The American Invasion

(*Continued from page* 62)

serene enough. I found her quite a charming little lady.

BESIDES Harry Hoyt, three other Americans will be directing over here in the near future. British Dominions are negotiating for the services of T. Hayes Hunter, who recently made *One of the Best* and Tim Whelan, author of *My Best Girl,* amongst other screen stories. The latter recently made his debut as a director on the Monty Banks picture *Adam's Apple,* which he is making for British International, and he will, in all probability, direct a screen version of the famous farce *When Knights Were Bold,* starring Nelson Keys, for British Dominion, T. Hayes Hunter has been borrowed from Gainsborough to direct Baroness Orczy's famous story *The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel* with Matheson Lang.

Then there is Harry Lachman, the American painter, who, for some time past, has been acting as technical adviser to British International. He will direct his first picture *Husbands and Wives,* featuring Estelle Brody and Jameson Thomas, for this company.

WHEN I visited the Elstree Studios last week and paid a visit to the set where Monty Banks was at work on *Adam's Apple,* I found the little comedian swinging from a fifteen foot trapeze, clutching a naked sword in one hand. It didn't look particularly safe, but, I reflected, all true artists must suffer in the cause of art! And anyway, Monty didn't seem to be worrying. He's picked a very pretty girl, Gillian Dean, for his leading lady. When Monty discovered her, she was only an extra, but he gave her a test and, to her joy, signed her on as a lead, without more ado. Another obscure person, who has cause to bless Monty, is Jimmy Marshall, a studio messenger boy, whom the star has revealed as an excellent young actor.

TEN YEARS AGO

Looking backward to those dear dead days when the motion pictures were really in their infancy, events which were exciting then are both funny and sad to us now.

The Radio Marvel

BLANCHE SWEET joined Lasky's in 1914. Shortly afterward she listened in on one of the first radios. She was greatly astonished at the marvels of the ether, as demonstrated by an amusing photograph taken at the time. During the war she learned to play a ukelele, after many hours of agonizing effort. Her grandmother, Mrs. Alexander, stood the practice as long as she could, then put Blanche and her "uke" out of the house. But the fair musician was undaunted. She planted a chair on the sidewalk and continued her valiant efforts to acquire cheer for the boys who were going "Over There."

She Got the Job.

HERE'S a story on Evelyn Brent that is guaranteed not to stretch. She was just an extra and bit girl ten years ago; and seeing directors was as nearly impossible in those days as getting a screen test for F. W. Murnau is today. Evelyn was determined to see a certain director in spite of all obstacles. One day, as she was crowding the studio gates, a limousine drove up with the famous Theda Bara, and the gateman shouted, "Make way for Bara!" Next day Evelyn borrowed a friend's car and chauffeur, drove up in elegant style; and as she approached the gate called out, "Make way for Brent!" She got in.

Bess Meredith, now one of the ace scenario writers of Hollywood.

No Novelty

AUTOMOBILE accidents were no novelty in the life of a star even as far back as 1915. Dorothy Gish was injured in a motor crash. "'Don't tell Mama,' cried Dorothy, as the doctor took nasty stitches," is an excerpt from a popular tabloid's account of the accident.

They Beat the Prince

HOOT GIBSON and Art Accord broke into pictures fifteen years ago, not because they were good riders, but because they were excellent fallers off horses. Tom Mix got his first job because he could swim and ride, and because he had been a soldier. Later, so the story goes, Tom was given a chance to do big things.

Talking Pictures Then

WHEN David Warfield opened the famous old stage play, *The Auctioneer*, in Los Angeles, he announced that he was not interested in pictures. "I couldn't play without using my voice and doing those little grunts and things."

For, you see, in those days, titles were never, never spoken aloud. A star merely moved her lips wordlessly. Just fancy, then, what an innovation it was when the irrepressible Elsie Janis, making a picture for the Bosworth Company, Inc., not only made sounds, but good healthy speeches as well! There was just no stopping that Elsie! . . . . Except when it came to kisses . . She would not permit a single osculatory demonstration in the picture because, she said, she had never, never allowed herself to be kissed. She called that a reason. Many would call it an affliction.

Conferences Not New

LIVES of great men all remind us that twelve years ago Messrs. Lasky, Farnum, De Mille and Tally, went up to Bear Valley on a hunting trip. "In conference" was a byword in those days as now, it would appear . . . .

Culver City's Cradle Days

THIS ad appeared in the Los Angeles *Examiner* November 1, 1914: "Culver City celebrated its first birthday yesterday. Culver City is a community with a reason back of it. Its commanding, strategic location between Los Angeles and Venice simply compelled its establishment and rapid growth." Whatever the "reason back of it" might have been then, Culver City has more than justified its promotion.

Watch women envy the wavy radiance of your hair

YOU at your best . . . perfectly groomed . . . your smartest frock . . . your sheerest hose . . . And then—eyes . . . women's eyes . . . appraising you . . . eyes that are suddenly sharp with envy and unwilling admiration . . . at the sight of the perfect wave . . . the brilliant lustre of your hair. And the secret of it all . . . a crystal-clear, faintly perfumed liquid . . . Hennafoam Shampoo! What shimmering, natural radiance a tiny *touch of henna* has given your hair! How utterly perfect it has made your natural or permanent wave! Use Hennafoam Shampoo when you want women to envy your perfect grooming.

Hennafoam TRADE MARK REG **SHAMPOO**

For Sale at Drug and Dept. Stores

Mail this coupon today, and you will receive FREE, a large trial bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo.

HENNAFOAM CORPORATION
511 West 42nd Street, New York
Please send me, absolutely free, a bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo.

Name.....

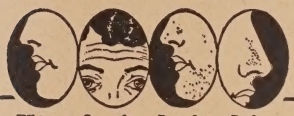
Address.....

.....

PF-8

Skin Like Ivory!

Now a New Kind of Facial Creme Brings Amazing New Results, or Your Money Back.



Whitens your skin **Smoothes out lines** **Banishes freckles** **Reduces pores**

Skin like ivory! No freckles . . . no blackheads . . . no more fine lines . . . cleared of every tiny imperfection and smoothed to flawless texture . . . soft, supple, creamy-white! Do you want such superb skin beauty? Then try one jar of new-type facial creme. . . .

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

A Complete Skin Treatment

Not a cold cream . . . not a bleach cream . . . not a skin food, you may expect Beauty Secret to surpass them all. In this one creme I have succeeded in blending the best beauty helps ever known . . . and I have multiplied their benefits. Now expect new things from your facial creme!

Beauty Secret has the power to whiten the skin a new, safe way, and nothing is more wonderful than a milky white complexion. This is but one benefit. Freckles steadily fade out. Blackheads dissolve completely. Another amazing tendency of Beauty Secret is to reduce coarse pores to smoothest, finest texture. Beauty Secret not only cleanses the skin . . . it stimulates, tones, firms. Tonic oils impart a supple elasticity that in the greatest degree smooths out fine lines and crowsfeet. Now, for the first time, a complete facial cream. Now results that you can really see!

POSITIVE GUARANTEE

This six-fold creme costs very little more than the most ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing Beauty Secret in double size jars at only $1.50—not only an amazing creme but an exceptional value as well. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more than delighted, I will refund full price for the asking. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only $1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. 8-PF, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

(Canadian Address: 61 College St., Toronto, Ont.)

MAIL NOW

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. 8-PF, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage prepaid, a double size jar of your new Beauty Secret. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

Name _____

Address _____

POSTAL POUCH

What do you want to know about your favorite screen star? Postal Pouch will answer all your questions.

J. B. S. Dolores Costello is her real name. She's a daughter of Maurice Costello, the first screen idol of the good old Vitagraph days. She went into pictures abut 1924, and was a Wampas Baby Star in 1925. No, she has never been married, nor is she engaged, to my knowledge. She has recently played in *A Million Bid, The Heart of Maryland, The College Widow, Glorious Betsy,* and is about to embark on *Noah's Ark* for Warner Brothers Studios, Hollywood, where your letter will reach her. Estelle Taylor played Lucrezia Borgia in *Don Juan* opposite John Barrymore.

H. B. Edna Murphy is a free-lance player. She seems to have played in pictures most frequently lately at the Worne Studios, Hollywood. She is married to Mervyn LeRoy, the First National director; so possibly if you write to her there she'll get your letter. Phyllis Haver gets her mail at the Metropolitan Studios, Hollywood, and Marian Nixon at the Universal Studios, Universal City. Marion is just a little thing—5 feet 1 inch, weight, 109. Edna is 5 feet 2 inches and weighs 118.

DONALD M. Lillian Rich seems to have disappeared from film circles in Hollywood. She hasn't made a picture for a long time. According to M-G-M, where *The Silent Accuser* was made, it was a film starring the dog Thunder. Raymond McKee was also in the cast. It was released late in 1924. You must have some other picture in mind if you think it's a Barbara LaMarr production. We're always delighted to know when our readers notice our efforts to make SCREEN SECRETS the best magazine on the market. Glad you like our portrait section! I don't doubt that some day you'll be surprised with a picture of Zasu Pitts there—so just keep your eyes on SCREEN SECRETS every month! And come again any time.

E. G. & B. R. Another Buddy Rogers fan—now coming in pairs! He is 6 feet tall, has brown eyes, and black hair. I'm not enough of a magician to tell you whether or not Don Alvarado will take Valentino's place—but he certainly is coming right up to the top by leaps and bounds. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has black hair and eyes, and a fascinating mustache. Yes, alas, he's married. He was born in Albuquerque, N. M. Bebe Daniels was born in 1901, and Billie Dove in 1904.

J. B. C. V. DuV. N. I consider myself completely bawled out. I feel like something you pick out of a salad and throw away. I'm an infinitesimal spot on the eyeball of a gnat. But honestly it didn't seem possible that all that was one name, and besides all those curlykews in between every two letters looked like &'s. So four months is too long for an answer? Just remember that a magazine can't be published overnight. As for the typographical errors—why don't you apply for the job of proof reader? Sally Phipps is under contract to Fox Films, where she has just finished *The News Parade,* which was made in Washington, D. C., Cuba, Chicago, and various other cities. Dione Ellis is now at F. B. O. Fox's business address, but not the studio? What do you think Wm. Fox does for a living if not make pictures—sell groceries? However, his headquarters are usually at the Fox Films Corp., 850 Tenth Ave., New York City. If this isn't what you meant, I suppose you'll make me feel like a fly that has gone to rest under a flat-iron. Come again when you're in a better humor. My favorite flower is not a lily.

Frances Lee, Paramount-Christie Comedy bathing beauty, giving a demonstration of what a chorus girl thinks about. Miss Lee is to be starred in a series of pictures, "The Confessions of a Chorus Girl."

They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play

... but I was the life of the party after that

THE first day of Dorothy's house party at her cottage on the shore had been a huge success. With an afternoon of swimming, boating and golfing we were all set for the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill enthusiastically, as we were leaving the table, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm all pepped up for a good dance."

"Fine," cried Dorothy, "Dick Roberts has his banjo and can sure make it hum. Now who can play the piano?"

Instantly the laughter and merriment ceased. All looked at one another foolishly. But no one said a word.

"How about you, Jim, you play don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes, I'll play 'Far, Far Away'," laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly, Dot, I hate to admit it, but I can't play a note," she answered.

It certainly looked as if the party were going flat. Plenty of dancers but no one to play.

Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst out in laughter.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"Quit your kidding," cut in another, "I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life."

"There isn't a bar of music in your whole makeup," laughed Mabel.

A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came over me. But as I strode to the piano I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them.

No one knew what to expect. They thought I was about to make a fool of myself. Some laughed. Others watched me wide-eyed.

Then—I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loosing fox-trot, "St. Louis Blues." Dick was so dumbfounded he almost dropped his banjo. But in a flash he had picked up the rhythm and was strumming away like mad.

Although they could hardly believe their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in a jiffy. And how they danced! Fox-trots, waltzes—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

The couples, who but a moment before had been dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends. Questions were fired at me from all sides.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you played for us before?"

"How long have you been studying?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?"

"Who gave you lessons?" He must be wonderful!"

I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how some time before I made up my mind to go in for something besides sports. I wanted to be able to play—to entertain others—to be popular. But when I thought of the great expense and the years of study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an announcement in a magazine telling of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical at first, but it was just what I wanted so I sent for the free booklet and demonstration lesson. The moment I saw it I was convinced and sent for the complete course at once.

When the lessons arrived I started right in, giving a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was—even from the very beginning. No monotonous scales—no tedious exercises—no tricky methods—just a simple, commonsense system that even a child could understand. And best of all I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

Anyone can learn to play this easy no-teacher way—right at home. The piano if desired; or any other instrument that you may choose. Almost half a million people have learned to play by this simple system in less than half the time it takes by the old-fashioned methods. And regardless of what instrument you pick, the cost averages only a few cents a day.

Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how simple and practical this remarkable course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have for the asking. So if you really want to learn to play—if you wish to win a host of friends—to be popular everywhere—write for this free booklet and valuable demonstration lesson.

Don't delay, act at once—fill in and mail the attached coupon today—no obligation whatever.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 368 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
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Hawaiian Steel Guitar
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Voice and Speech Culture
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Drums and Traps
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U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
368 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, demonstration lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.....

Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

now yours!

a clear, healthy, glowing skin!

A SMOOTH, LOVELY, RADIANT COMPLEXION!

with **"charm o' youth"**

(pellicle)

The New Skin Beautifier

***NOT* a cream, lotion, ointment, salve, skin peel, clay or mud pack or anything like that—but something entirely new and different in skin beauty culture!**

Yet its most important ingredients were used in Cleopatra's time and are today used by noted beauties and prominent stage and screen stars, to keep their skin soft and youthful.

In addition to being exceedingly simple and easy to use, ***"charm o' youth"*** is inexpensive. A 50c package contains enough applications for a month or longer; and all you need besides the pellicle, is a towel and a little warm water. No muss, fuss or bothersome massaging.

"charm o' youth" pellicle may be used on the most delicate skin. A 10-minute application will thoroughly convince you of the remarkable effects obtained in clearing the skin, and making it whiter and velvet-like in smoothness. If you have a good complexion, ***"charm o' youth"*** will help you keep it clear and youthful. If you are troubled with a dull, muddy, sallow skin—or large pores, blackheads, pimples, fine lines or wrinkles—by all means send for our

SPECIAL 50c TRIAL OFFER

FREE For a limited time, we will give away with each 50c package of ***"charm o' youth"*** pellicle, absolutely free, one packet of Charmaine Eggotonic Shampoo and one packet of Charmaine Lustertonic Rinse (which do for the hair what ***"charm o' youth"*** does for the skin). ALSO, free, one complexion and clothes color-harmony chart, which shows what colors and shades in hats and dress to wear to match with and enhance the beauty of your hair, features and complexion.

SEND NO MONEY (unless you prefer to save postage)

Just fill out and mail this coupon—TODAY.

CHARMAINE CO., 719-O Soo Line Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me at once special 50c trial package of **"charm o' youth"**; also Shampoo, Rinse and Chart, free, per above offer.

☐ I will pay Postman 50c plus few cents postage and C. O. D. charge when he delivers package.

☐ I enclose 50c. Send package all charges prepaid. (Coin, money order or 2c stamps accepted)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Freckle Soap washes away Freckles

NAROLA Freckle Soap penetrates the pores, softens the skin and removes freckles and skin spots surely, completely. It simply washes them away.

Narola soap not only rids you of freckles, but it reveals the fairness and beauty of your skin, bringing you the charm and beauty of a clear, soft, unfreckled skin—an attractiveness rightfully yours.

Aside from freckles and other skin spots, Narola is matchless for the complexion of young or old. Special price to readers of this magazine, three full-size 50-cent cakes for $1.00. Order today, enclosing $1.00; or pay postman plus his fee. We guarantee results or refund your money. NAROLA CO., 520C Archer Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

EYEBROWS & LASHES

Darkened Permanently

Unaffected by Bathing, Perspiration, Etc.

The vogue is for eyebrows and lashes to be darker than your hair—like stage and screen stars have theirs. COLOURA darkens them permanently, with one application. Easy to apply, positively safe and harmless. Makes you look your best. Sold at drug and beauty shops. Box with instructions (order black or brown) $1.25 postpaid.

L. Spiro, 26 West 38th St., New York

Cheers and Jeers

In Which *Screen Secrets* Readers Have Their Say About Pictures and Personalities

Hark, Producers!

Dear Editor:

I WOULD like to make a suggestion to the different producers of motion pictures. Why not start a contest among picture fans for amateur movies? Give a certain number of ambitious fans a chance to produce a picture entirely of their own plotting. Supply them with sufficient funds to see them through. If necessary, help them along and nothing shall be lost. Rather, the adventure might prove to be an interesting one.

I am for one in favor to try having the making of one or several plots, but to give some plot the fine production they deserve—must have but this—a chance to prove the above mentioned worthy of trial. My ambition is this—to create—of the portrayal of those plots and characters of life something perhaps of A Second American Tragedy. Don't you think a contest of this sort would stimulate a lot of interest among picture fans?

MISS ELLA NIKISHER.

Greta Garbo

Dear Editor:

A LITTLE while ago I saw Miss Garbo in the *Divine Woman*. She, to my mind is the best that Hollywood can offer. She and John Gilbert can't be beat for good acting. I hope they will stay with us forever for there is a pair that the public never will get tired of and the same can be said of Norma Talmadge. She will always be the lovely Norma. But Greta Garbo shines like a star all by her lonely self from the oldest to the youngest, she is the queen of them all. She is a real Sarah Bernhardt, that nice mysterious girl. She can act. I hope she will get roles worthy of her talents, for she is wonderful. I can't forget her.

E. M. B.
San Francisco.

Cheers for Clara

Dear Capt. Fawcett:

I AM a constant fan of SCREEN SECRETS. Looking over the May issue, I was attracted by Martha Ferguson, of Los Angeles' letter. I agree with Martha in every way. Clara Bow is my screen idol, and I am very much in favor of seeing her team with Buddy Rogers. *Get Your Man* is a good example of what they can do together.

MISS V. M. PICKENS,
3884 Alpha St., San Diego, Cal.

A Screen Secret's Booster

Dear Editor:

AM A great reader of movie magazines, although this is the first time I've ever written to anyone and told 'em about it, star or otherwise. You may feel flattered if you wish. I've often wondered if we'd ever get a real magazine, one that wasn't afraid to print the truth about the players, etc. Not till now. I've noticed that you do not soft-soap your articles. Her eyes were not like twin lakes on a moonlight night, nor was his strength suggestive of the great open spaces, where men are men only more so and then some.

Having read the original Fawcett "Confessions" for years, I know the Fawcett rep. The article about Chas. Chaplin in the June number was above par

(*Continued on page* 91)

Joan Crawford and Dorothy Sebastian are having a hot time with hot dogs while spending a cool afternoon on the beach.

To Men Getting Bald I Say!

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how much of it is already gone—I make this amazing guarantee! I'll end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or you don't pay me a cent! No strings attached! No "Ifs", "Ands" or "Maybes"! New hair or no pay! And you are the sole judge!

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new healthy hair in 30 days!

Here's My Contract!

If your hair is rapidly falling out—if your appearance is spoiled by approaching baldness—if you have tried countless expensive hair treatments unsuccessfully—it makes no difference. My contract stands! I'll grow new hair in thirty days—or the trial costs you NOTHING!

Here's My Secret!

Years of training and research and day after day experiences in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—asleep!

You're wasting your time — you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the *surface skin* and *never even get* to the roots, the *real* source of trouble. How could they ever *possibly* grow new hair?

My Method Reaches the Roots

It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You *must* get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates *below* the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the *cause* of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF!

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—*and for just a few cents a day!*

New Hair or No Cost!

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless. Only remember this—these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant hair through my method, that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days—AT MY RISK!

Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately — refunding every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet, which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today. *Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 488, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

EVIDENCE!

Hair Coming Back

"Having used your Thermocap Treatment for 30 days, I find a new growth of hair coming back on bald spot. It is growing in very fine. The Thermocap is a treatment that every one who is losing his hair should buy."
G. H. C., Portland, Me.

Dandruff Leaves Entirely

"I want to tell you how wonderful your treatment is. The first week my dandruff left entirely, and by the third week a new growth of hair could be seen all over my head."
Mrs. H. S., Port Angeles, Wash.

Partly Bald for 10 Years

"I have been partly bald for the last 10 years and have used your treatment only four weeks to date, but I can already see a new crop of hair coming in."
J. A. K., Anderson, Ind.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 488, 512 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

Please send me without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

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EIGHT ounces for one dollar—an astonishing introductory price on La Pompadour Narcissus perfume. This alluring perfume has been perfected to give a more delicate narcissus fragrance. Offered to you for a limited time for 1/10 of its retail value.

8oz. $1.00

From Romantic France

La Pompadour Narcissus is based on an ancient French formula, famous in the court of Louis XV. Never before has this exquisite perfume been sold at such an extremely low price. Print name and address on margin of this ad and mail with dollar bill—or we will send C. O. D. plus postage. La Pompadour, Inc., 602 N. 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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You can learn all the modern dances—Charleston, Black Bottom, Valencia, Canter, French Tango, St. Louis Hop, Latest Waltzes, Fox Trots, etc., at home easily and quickly. New chart method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner required. Learn anywhere, anytime. Win new popularity. Be in demand at parties. Same course of lessons would cost $20 if taken privately.

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You need know nothing about music to begin. We give you personal, individual instruction right from the start and guarantee your satisfaction. You will be surprised and delighted that music can be made so easy and fascinating.

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NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Dept. 94 702 East 41st Street, Chicago

SONGWRITERS!

SUBSTANTIAL ADVANCE ROYALTIES ARE PAID upon publishable work. ANYONE having original ideas for Songs may submit poems for examination and advice.—WALTER NEWCOMER, 1674 Broadway, N.Y.

John's suspicions were immediately aroused as to what had made Anne late for dinner. "Where were you?" he demanded. "Oh—just out," she said nonchalantly.

Man-Made Women—Part I

(*Continued from page 39*)

waking up Pip, she cuddled him in her arms and scolded him: "If you had only bitten her in the leg, as I told you, darling, you would have saved my temper and my breath!"

Anne shook off the mood of rebellion and anger which Ruth's complacent presence always aroused in her and prepared to array herself for her rendezvous with two strange men. After Ruth's advent, a whole herd of wild horses couldn't keep her away. She strolled toward the beach.

From inside the bungalow came jazz, being beaten out of the sea-rusted vitals of an archaic piano, and it was some moments before Anne's repeated knockings were heard. The baldish man opened the door for her, and when the younger one glimpsed her he stopped his playing and hurried forward to greet her.

"Well, well, well! My name's Burton," the bald one said. "And mine's Coleman—Dick Coleman."

"And mine," said Anne, "is—" she almost said Mrs.—"Anne Payson." The atmosphere of the place struck her as being distinctly unmarried, because, apart from Burton and Coleman, there were two other men and four or five girls—all young, all in bathing-attire, all laughing and talking.

Coleman went back to the piano. Roxy Bird was trying to teach Beth Kirby the black bottom. Kitty, his wife, who had recently resigned from a New York revue, was quite proficient at it. Burton captured Anne and piloted her to a long table in a corner of the room laden with bottles of all shapes and sizes, above which was a rack of glasses, and below which was a baby refrigerator.

"This is where I preside," he said. "What's it going to be?"

"Are you a bootlegger?"

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not. I'm an awfully good customer, however. How about a Lulu-Belle?"

SITTING there in that smoke-filled room, sipping her second Lulu-Belle, held in the pleasant relaxation which the first had induced, she was carried back to her pre-marriage days.

"And have you lived in Ashroken all your life?" Ellen Bird inquired.

"Oh, dear—no. I'm from New York, too."

It was fun watching them, watching their expressions, feeling Dick Coleman's eyes upon her. . . .

The effect of Mr. Burton's potent mixture was still upon her, as, leaving Coleman, she hurried along the village streets toward her house. The saffron afterglow in the twilight sky caught at her heart. The hour or so she had passed in that beach bungalow seemed to have been more glamorous. And, in contrast, the thought of her own home, the thought of the approaching evening with John, loomed heavy and gray and appalling. Effie Purdy and Old Mrs. Payson would tell all about the meeting

Make $50 A Week
Showing this Style Line

Sell Harford Frocks

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that afternoon. And John listening, silently siding with them, weighing her in the balance and silently finding her wanting.

Anne was delighted to discover Harvey Jones, cheerfully rotund and genial, awaiting dinner casually along with John, who looked a bit stern and stiff and gloomy. Harvey was their oldest and dearest mutual friend.

Due partly to her slight intoxication, but chiefly because of her sheer delight at finding him here, she ran to Harvey Jones, took both his hands, and kissed him.

"Like a breath from Broadway!" she exclaimed.

But, having kissed Harvey, it was essential that she kiss her husband, a wifely habit which she had been falling out of lately in this, the third year of their marriage. And she knew, as she touched his mouth with her lips, three things: that he didn't like the idea of her kissing Harvey; that he was annoyed because she was late for dinner; and now, smelling liquor on her breath, his suspicions were aroused as to what had made her late.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"Oh—just out," she returned nonchalantly.

"What made you late?"

"Ruth came over and wanted me to go to a meeting—"

"Oh," he said.

JOHN and Anne got ready for bed without exchanging a word. Inwardly Anne was raging. The evening had been awful. Harvey had had a dull, miserable time. He certainly wouldn't come again in a hurry—nor would anyone else who was in the least amusing or gay.

Inwardly, John was far from feeling peaceful. The more he thought about it, the more he wondered if Anne had told him the truth about that meeting. He had never caught her in a lie before. But certainly she didn't get those drinks at Effie Purdy's, for the simple reason that cousin Effie never permitted liquor in her house. Therefore, she must have got them elsewhere. If so, where? At some place where she had no business going; otherwise she would have told him.

"I'd hate to think," he said finally, "that you've taken to lying to me."

"Lying?" She was sitting at the dressing-table, divesting her face of make-up. "You mean about the meeting?"

"You said you went with Ruth."

"I didn't. I said Ruth came over to get me."

"I knew you didn't go," he said. "Or, if you did, you went somewhere afterwards—some place where you had something to drink."

"Getting to be quite a detective!"

"Do you deny you went somewhere—and had something to drink?"

"Two cocktails," she informed him. "Specially good ones!"

"Where?"

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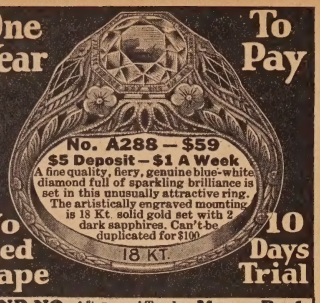

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"At a man's house on the beach."

"What man?"

She set down her hand-mirror, and turned to him. "I don't think I'll tell you."

"Why not?"

"Because, as likely as not you'd go to his house and insult him."

"Don't be absurd!"

"Absurd?" she weighed that for a moment. "You mean that you don't mind my going? If I told you his name, you wouldn't object?"

"Object!" He glared at her. "What good does it do to object? Naturally I object. What man wouldn't object to his wife calling upon strange men and drinking with them?"

"There! You see!" She sighed and picked up her mirror again. "You put the very worst interpretation upon it. You have no sense of marriage, John—as I've said once or twice before!"

"What's my sense of marriage got to do with your going into strange men's houses and—?"

"Not your *sense* of marriage," she broke in. "Your lack of sense! But it's no use arguing. I've tried before, and it's hopeless. For your own peace of mind, although you don't deserve it—because men who think ill of their wives ought not to have any peace of mind—I'll tell you that, apart from two cocktails, which I needed badly, it was all perfectly innocent."

"Well, I should damn well hope so!"

"I can't prove it to you, however," she went on in the same ironical vein. "You'll have to take my word for it. Two cocktails—both equally potent—but otherwise undefiled!"

"It isn't the cocktails I mind," he said, feeling that he had his temper well in hand. "It's your *attitude* I object to—the impression you give. Was it necessary, for instance, for you to rush up to Harvey when you came in and kiss him?"

"Well, no—not exactly necessary."

"Why did you do it then? I'm sure it embarrassed him."

"Embarrass him! I'm sure it didn't. Harvey understood perfectly in what spirit I kissed him—if you want to call that sisterly little peck of a kiss. I did it impulsively—just because I was glad to see him."

"But it wasn't necessary," he maintained. "Young married women don't rush up to me and kiss me!"

"Well, that isn't *my* fault, is it? I wouldn't mind if they did."

"You wouldn't!" he returned disgustedly. "That's the whole trouble. Your attitude is all wrong. You want to be a law unto yourself. You refuse to adapt yourself to conventions. You think it's clever and—er—becoming to pretend to be fast. Well, let me tell you it isn't!"

Anne laughed and completed the nocturnal ritual dedicated to the Preservation of Beauty. She screwed the tops on cream jars, and gave her reflection a final critical scrutiny in the mirror.

"I'm sorry," she said with a sigh, "that I'm such a flop. But if you would

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try to be a trifle modern-minded instead of emulating the spirit of your grandsire's monument, we might be able to get a little fun out of life—despite the fact that we're married!"

John fell asleep almost at once. Anne, who, it would seem, had had the best of the altercation, lay awake, staring up into the darkness.

Next morning Anne made some serious resolutions.

"Anne's going to turn over a new leaf," she murmured to Pip, after John and Harvey had departed somewhat stiffly for town. "Anne isn't going to say sharp, horrid things any more. Not even to Ruth. Nor to any of her hundred-and-one in-laws. She's going to cultivate sweetness from now on—and yet be herself! Figure that out, if you can!"

BUT despite her resolves—and his—things went from bad to worse. The summer dragged by. Harvey Jones, who had spent two previous vacations with them, wrote in answer to Anne's invitation and said he had decided to go on a fishing trip this year. She knew why—and she didn't blame him. The only person who in any wise redeemed those leaden-winged months was Dick Coleman. She was inclined to discourage his visits, especially after John returned early from the office one day and discovered his wife being read poetry to —poetry, from the few lines he managed to overhear, of an alarmingly modern brand.

John wasn't exactly cordial; Dick, on the other hand, was excessively so. Anne tried to laugh it off, but Dick soon left for home.

About two weeks later, towards the end of summer when the beach houses were beginning to be vacated, John went to New York on business. He went alone on a Wednesday, and was rather vague as to when he expected to return.

On the Saturday morning Dick Coleman, whom she had seen only once since her disagreement with John about him, dropped in—with news. No less a personage than Kingsley Cole—King Cole, as all the world knew him—had come to the Burtons for the week end.

"The movie actor?" Anne inquired, in a deprecatory tone.

Dick's eyes twinkled. "Movie sheiks don't intrigue you?"

"I've never met one," Anne confessed. "I've seen King Cole on the screen, of course—dozens of times. What's he like?"

"He's marvelous," Dick said. "Superb. Too good to be true. He used to be a salesman, you know—sold umbrellas on the road. Had no idea he was such a sheik—and now!" Words failed him. "You must meet him. It's worth chloroforming your husband for the evening and coming over. You'll never forgive yourself if you don't! He's too good to miss!"

"What's so wonderful about him?"

"I can't tell you," he said. "You wouldn't believe me! Maybe he won't strike you the same as he does me, be-

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cause you're a woman. He's on the 'set' all the time. Screenland's lover! His clothes! His manners! He's too perfect to let live. You will come, Anne?"

"I may," she said. "I'll see."

She went because it was absurd not to go, when otherwise she would spend the evening alone. Besides, her curiosity was more than a little aroused.

The party was well under way when she arrived. In the act of agitating an enormous cocktail shaker, Mr. Burton waved to her from across the room.

She saw King Cole almost at once—and he saw her. He whispered to Mrs. Burton, beside whom he was sitting, and she came forward to take Anne back to meet the great man. He was shorter and smaller than was her screen impression of him, but otherwise not disappointing. His black hair, perfectly trimmed, was slicked back and shone like polished leather; his skin was yellowish and subtly powdered; his eyes, as dark as coals, were really magnetic—flashing pools of a thousand emotions as somewhere they had been described. And he used them accordingly.

"AH," HE said, when Mrs. Burton introduced her—and echoing her name, he bowed over her hand, raised it to his lips and kissed it. Over her bowed shoulder she caught sight of Dick Coleman, who was grinning at her. A moment later he brought her a drink, and thereafter, through the evening, kept his eyes upon her—and Cole, from a discreet little distance.

Cole found Anne altogether adorable, quite the loveliest girl he had encountered since he left Hollywood. In a roomful of ordinary-looking people, she shone like a star, and knowing himself to be irresistible, he felt that the gods had seen fit to reward him after all for condescending to week-end with the Burtons.

All evening Anne played up to his sheiklike manner.

"And you are married, Mr. Cole?" she murmured.

"Mr. Cole?" he echoed in what he had been told was a whimsical tone. "What's the matter with 'King'? No, I'm not married. I can't. It's in my contract. One of the best clauses. I always tell the girls right out. It saves my time and theirs. You like my work?"

"I adore it! But you must get so tired of girls telling you things like that—how much they like your work, and your looks, and—and you. I suppose thousands of girls write to you every day, try to see you—"

"Thousands," he breathed, his eyes closing for an instant in wearied martyrdom.

"And yet it's wonderful," she went on, "to think of the influence you exert, the romance you inspire in people's hearts—"

During the evening, which seemed to pass so swiftly, she had several short, passion-swept encounters with him. In between times, she joined Dick to retail

to him the more delicious morsels of her sheik's love-making.

"Desert stuff, Dick," she laughed. "Hot from the blazing sands!"

He took it for granted that he was to see her home, and she didn't deny him.

"With you—with you I'll go! We'll go together—fly to the ends of the earth with our love. Think what a paradise awaits us! Come with me—now, tonight. I love you! Oh, God of lovers, how I love you!"

"No, no," she said. "No."

Then he changed again, his face darkened, and straightening up, he scowled, released her hands, and turning, moved slowly from her in the direction of the door—the rejected lover. A few yards away he paused, his head bowed—crushed, broken, suffering. "I'll go." Then, facing her, his mouth actually quivering, and real tears in his eyes: "Good-by!"—simple, sad, heartrending.

It fascinated her.

"Good-by," she said.

Then, approaching the climax—absolutely sure-fire stuff—he rushed back to her, caught her in his arms, and sought to press his love-mad lips to hers.

Unprepared, and startled by his ferocity, Anne wasn't able to evade him. At the same moment she heard the stairs creak behind her in the hall and, struggling to free herself from the sheik's iron embrace, she saw reflected in a mirror the dressing-gowned figure of her husband.

Now turn back to page 40 and continue with part II of this exciting serial.

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And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life, in club work—and always failing miserably. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like other men talked? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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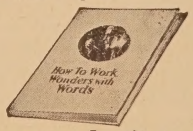

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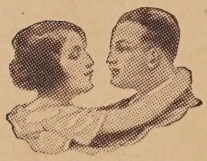

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She thought of the family dinner. Well, she wouldn't be there. She'd be on a train rushing away from dreary Sundays, from prudery and sham.

Man-Made Women—Part II

(*Continued from page* 41)

who were just naturally of no special account. Was she that kind?

She woke later to the tolling of Ashroken church bells. Memory of the night before—King Cole, her husband's intrusion, her decision to go away—tumbled back into her consciousness. She glanced at the empty bed beside hers, and wondered if John had slept in the guest room or on the living-room couch. She thought of the things he had said to her—specific things. Today was Sunday. They were supposed to have dinner at Mrs. Payson's—a two o'clock Sunday family dinner at which the morning sermon would be discussed. Well, she wouldn't be there, thank heaven! She'd be on a train—roaring, rattling, rushing her away from it all—from dreary Sundays, from prudery and sham, from the awful prim-mindedness of a dying generation.

DURING the morning she packed, looked up a train, telephoned Sarah Innisby and informed her of her decision. There were instants when she stopped in her work, held by the momentousness of what she was doing. She recalled the performing of these same tasks on the morning of her marriage-day—packing, tearing up old letters and photographs. How dramatic

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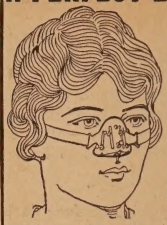

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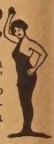

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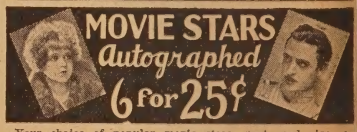

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it had been! How fraught with tenderness, sweetness, sadness. But there was no tenderness in her today, certainly no sweetness; and the sadness she felt was tinged with bitterness and a sense of failure. It wasn't as though she hadn't tried to make this marriage of hers a success. She *had* tried, she told herself vehemently, fighting back tears that threatened her morale; for more than two years she had held herself in check, subordinating her desires and ideas to John's, in an endeavor to strike a plane of compromise without completely sinking her own individuality in his. That she hadn't been able to strike that plane of compromise surely wasn't her fault.

When she was finally ready, half an hour before train time, she went downstairs and into the kitchen to say goodbye to Dorcas and Pip.

John was pacing up and down the living-room, his hands clasped behind his back. Upon Anne's entrance, he stopped and looked at her.

"Are you going to be nice," she asked, "and drive me to the station?"

"I'm not," he said. "And what's more, you're not going to the station."

"No?" she smiled at him, moved out into the hall, and 'phoned for a cab.

"If you go," he told her grimly when she returned, "you go for good."

"For better," she interpolated, "or for worse!"

"You can't come back," he made himself perfectly clear. "It's outrageous—outrageous, your doing a thing like this—"

She looked at him almost wistfully. "I suppose I oughtn't begrudge you this last opportunity of being cross to me, but somehow I do. It's too bad we couldn't make a go of it. There are some things about you I like awfully—lots of things. . . ." Through the window she saw the taxi draw up outside. The sight of it made her heart flutter. "Well, my dear—"

The door-bell rang. Dorcas answered it. She came in and said "The taxi's here, ma'am." She went out again, carrying the bags to the cab.

"Goodbye," Anne said. She waited a moment, and then walked out of the room, out of the house, down the garden path, and through the gate to the taxi.

HARVEY JONES, with whom she dined the following night, failed her dismally. He called for her at her inexpensive hotel in the roaring Forties, and found her looking as radiantly lovely as ever. But inwardly her spirits were hovering around zero.

New York was a curious place. Once upon a time, she had been part of it—part of its high buildings, its crowded streets, its noise and bustle and excitement. It had seemed the warmest, dearest, lovingest city in all the world. Now, after less than three years' absence, it didn't know her!

In the old days her friends had been legion. Between five-thirty and seven o'clock her telephone used to go incessantly. Now, Harvey Jones, it

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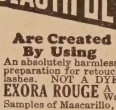

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seemed, was her one remaining link, the one New Yorker she knew well enough to call up, and she counted upon him—for sympathy, at least.

"Where's John?" he enquired, when she came out of the elevator and greeted him in the lobby.

"I left him—in Ashroken. I've left him for good, Harvey."

"You have!" The smile vanished from his face. He dropped her hand.

"Now don't look like that, Harvey," she admonished him. "And please take me to a bright cheerful place for dinner."

"How about the Ritz?"

She shook her head.

"The Plaza then?"

"Don't you know an amusing place, Harvey? A Bohemian, cozy kind of place? You used to know dozens of them. I think I'd like a drink, too."

In the end he took her to a small chic restaurant on Fifty-fifth Street where one rang first and was carefully scrutinized through an iron grille aperture before one was admitted. He took her there reluctantly, and gave the waiter their pre-dinner order with a marked lack of enthusiasm. And although he listened sympathetically to her recital of the facts that had caused her to take this serious step, his varying expression plainly betrayed his disapproval. He wasn't with her. He wasn't with her for the simple reason that she was his friend's wife, and even though he might consider that friend entirely in the wrong, his job, as he saw it, was to be loyal, even at the price of being hypocritical.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "How are you going to live?"

"I'm going to work, Harvey. What do you suppose?"

"And outside of work?" he went on.

"I'll live—like thousands of other women who aren't married. I'll live—like I used to live, Harvey. You remember. By myself. Or sharing an apartment with a girl."

He shook his head, pessimistically. "It won't be the same, Anne. You were out for a man then. Work, pleasure—e v e r y t h i n g—contributed to it. That's probably why you lost so many jobs—hoping to run across some super-Romeo in a new one! You're essentially a man's woman. What's the use of kidding yourself? And there are only two varieties of that breed—the good, safe married variety, and the other kind."

That made her laugh. More or less what John had said, only couched in theoretical terms!

"If you were mine," he broke out again, "I'd turn you over my knee and give you a damn good spanking."

"Yes," she returned quickly, "but you'd do it in a nice modern way—without being pompous—and I wouldn't mind it—much. How about another cocktail?" And her eyes challenged him to refuse.

He took her home at an early hour and bade her good-bye. No mere 'goodnight,' but 'goodbye.' And she

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knew she wouldn't see him again, unless she forced him to. If, for John's sake, he could do anything for her, he'd do it—gladly; but for her own sake—well, he simply couldn't dissociate her from John!

SHE parted from him and went up to her lonely hotel room, her heart heavy with a rankling sense of wrong. As she slowly undressed and performed those many practiced little offices which women perform, believing them to be more efficacious than the most devout of prayers, her thoughts rioted along an uncharted path.

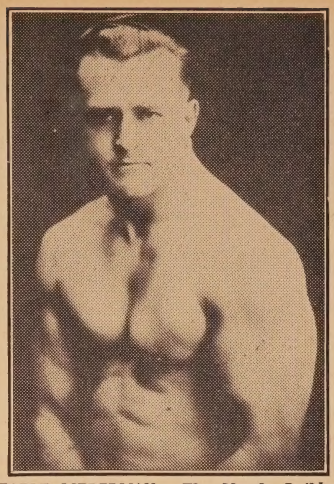
Men! she thought, not a little contemptuously. They simply couldn't get along without having everything classified. Especially women. So long as a woman was properly labelled and they knew into what category to throw her, they were all right. They governed themselves accordingly. Girl! Spinster! Married woman! Fast woman! Then there were sub-classifications; Romantic Girl—out only for love; Calculating Carrie—with an eye to cash; mannish Spinster—proud of a mistaken sense of independence; Married Woman—hands off! And—ah!—Classified! The whole lot of them. And who classified them? Men. Of course! For their own special convenience. For safety's sake. To protect themselves and each other—so they couldn't get their behaviors mixed! But were men classified and labelled for the convenience of women? No. Women were supposed to guess, to take a chance!

Despite the talk one heard on all sides about woman's emancipation, it was manifestly a man's world! And as such, women generally got the worst of it. Those who didn't, those who triumphed and continued to triumph, did so by their wits as a rule—and sometimes through subterfuge; by re-labelling themselves, for example!

The following day, Anne set about looking for a job. Never having anticipated this reversal to her former manner of life, her savings were scanty enough—a few hundreds that wouldn't last her very long. And when they were gone, she certainly wasn't going to appeal to John. She'd sooner starve.

A job then was extremely necessary. But money wasn't the only consideration. It was her best means, and perhaps the only means, of acquiring new contacts—new friends. She remembered what Harvey Jones had said as to why she used to lose so many jobs—"hoping to run across some super-Romeo in a new one!" And she wondered how true that was. Nothing very alluring offered itself during the first week or the second. Plain jobs in plain offices—typing, office-managing, clerical work of all kinds; department store jobs.

During this time, while the number of jobs she was offered kept up her spirits, the fact that she received not a single telephone call or letter of a personal nature tended to lower them considerably. She hoped, without actually defining those hopes, that the drastic



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Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

HOW STRONG ARE YOU?

Can You Do These Things?

Lift 200 lbs. or more overhead with one arm? bend and break a horseshoe; tear two decks of playing cards; bend spikes; chin yourself with one hand?

CAN you do any of them? I can and many of my pupils can. It is remarkable the things a man really can do if he will make up his mind to be strong. I have taken men who were ridiculed because of their frail make-up and developed them into the strongest men of their locality.

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These are the days that call for speed. In olden days it took years to develop a strong, healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days. Yes, make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 30 days I guarantee to increase your biceps one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two inches. But I don't quit there. I don't stop till you're a finished athlete—a real strong man. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arms and legs of a Hercules. I will put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body. But with it come the strong, powerful lungs which enrich the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

A DOCTOR WHO TAKES HIS OWN MEDICINE

Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this is not true. I have seen men working in the factories and mills who literally killed themselves with exercise. They ruined their hearts or other vital organs, ruptured themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed.

I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many tests and experiments, I discovered a secret of progressive exercising. I increased my own arms over six and a half inches, my neck three inches, and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Physicians and the highest authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well-proportioned body and the abundance of health that goes with it? Are you true to yourself? If so, spend a pleasant half-hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

Send for My New 64-page Book

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IT IS FREE

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over and marvel. This book will prove a real inspiration to you. For the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

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Dear Sir: Please send me, absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

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MAKE $20 per 100, Stamping names on Keychecks. Sample and instructions, 25c. B. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

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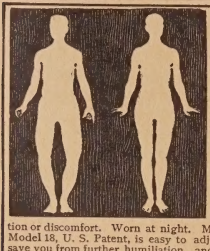
MEN—Big pay working romantic, wealthy South America. Fare, expenses paid. South American Service, 14,600 Alma, Detroit, Mich.



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is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business life. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 7 years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

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Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1-half pint witch hazel. At all Drug & Dept. Stores

LADIES Write for Dr. H. H. Warner's FREE booklet which gives details, advice, prices etc., of many necessities to the personal Hygiene of Women and Girls.

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step she had taken would bring John speedily to his senses—and hence to her. Twice and thrice a day, returning to the hotel, she inquired at the desk for messages. And in the evening, with little else to do, she pictured scenes in her mind with John come for her, pleading to be permitted to take her back—at her own terms!

She was lonely of course, and never having experienced loneliness before, there were hours when she found it well nigh intolerable.

TO COUNTERACT these spells of weakness, she frequented movie houses or meandered through shops, pricing and trying on hats and wraps which she couldn't possibly afford to buy; but it cheered her up enormously just to discover things in which she looked particularly beautiful, and it helped pass the time.

It was in such a mood and upon such a time-annihilating quest that she sauntered into the Maison Moret late one afternoon. A small chic-looking shop in the Fifties just off the Avenue, it displayed in its window only three articles—a dress, an old French chair—upon which the dress nonchalantly reposed—and a bottle of perfume, a charmingly shaped bottle that bore the name, Jules Moret.

Deciding to sample it—a new brand to her—and inquire its price, she went in. Like the window, there were only three people there—a woman with a lifted face and artificially whitened hair, another creature with an unpowdered and wooden-looking countenance, who might have been her daughter or merely a companion, and a man, who, at the moment, emerged through a glass door at the end of the room with an evening gown of periwinkle blue sequins over one arm. Approaching the older creature, he dangled the gown by the shoulder straps, and informed her that it had arrived only that morning from Paris and was therefore his very latest creation. His tone was charming, gracious and slightly foreign in accent. By no means a young man. Around forty-five Anne guessed. Broad-shouldered, tall and slim and somehow distinguished looking. And this man was looking at her intently. She decided that he was the man she'd been looking for to help her in finding a job.

Anne, returning to her old Bohemian life, finds adventures follow thick and fast upon her meeting with Jules Moret, man of the world. Don't miss the next month's installment in the September number of *Screen Secrets*, on sale August 20, or the September number of *True Confessions*, on sale August 10.

BUST DEVELOPED

My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR 14-DAY TREATMENT **FREE** If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only

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With Novelty case and Fancy box. Send Stamps, Coin, or Money Order. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded. Agents Wanted.

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FREE BOOKLET tells how to reduce thick, coarse, protruding lips with "Cloree" Lip Creme, making them thin, shapely, adorable. No facial straps or astringents. A cooling, harmless creme that absorbs the fatty tissues. Praised by hundreds. **Don't hide your mouth.** Use "Cloree" and thrill with joy at results. Special offer and booklet FREE.

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are all menaced by irregularities or painful delays due to colds, anemia, fright, or other causes. Such delays with their attendant pains and worries are quickly relieved by Mensez—a standby of women for 20 long years. Ask your druggist or send $1 (or pay postman $1.15 on delivery) for large box in plain wrapper. Money Back Guaranteed.

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A new and infallible discovery which harmlessly makes one grow fat, develop, beautifying the breast, and get firm flesh from 18 to 30 days. No drugs are used. Send 2c stamp for particulars.

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In 3 Days

A New Skin!

On Any Part of Your Face, Neck, Arms, Hands, Body.

READ FREE OFFER

WHAT would you say if you awoke some morning—looked in your mirror and saw a new, youthlike, clear skin on your face, and the ugly blemishes all gone?

You would jump with joy—just like thousands of people have done who have learned how to perform this simple treatment themselves—the same that beauty doctors have charged enormous prices for.

—and, what was considered impossible before—the banishing of pimples, blackheads, freckles, large pores, tan, oily skin, wrinkles and other defects—can now be done by the patient himself, or herself, in 3 days' time, at home, harmlessly and economically.

It is all explained in a new treatise called

"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"

which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion. Simply send your name and address to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 29-K, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail, without charge. If pleased, tell your friends about it. Don't delay!

Stenographer Earned $1000.00 During Lunch Hours

Showing Amazing New Christmas Cards

That Sell on Sight!

Clerk earned $800 evenings. Esther McCall, Ark., earned $59 first day; Mary Kline, Pa., earned $64 in four days; W. C. Allen, Ohio, earned $1000 in spare time showing our Personal Greeting Cards.

No Selling Experience Necessary

Think of your many friends and neighbors that sent Christmas Cards last year. They would rather order from you this year than from a stranger. Now is the time to start.

Weekly paychecks. Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything.

$10 Outfit FREE—For limited time only. Write quick! Start at once turning your spare hours into dollars.

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I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 315 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

Join a Fan Club

(*Continued from page* 69)

Through the SCREEN SECRETS' Fan Club Bulletin Board, the secretary of one Sue Carol club could obtain the addresses of the secretaries of other Sue Carol fan clubs, and exchange ideas and news about their favorite star.

Some of the fan clubs have attracttive pins for their members and some of them publish interesting papers and periodicals of their own, with interesting bits about their favorite star, about the fan club members themselves, and about other stars in which they are also interested.

All readers who are now members of fan clubs are urged to bring this new department to the attention of the secretary of their organization, so that the secretary can send in items of interest about the club and its members.

Those readers who are not yet members of fan clubs but wish to join, may obtain information about the fan clubs which are interested in their particular stars, from Grace Simpson, SCREEN SECRETS Fan Clubs' Bulletin Board, Box 34, Hollywood, Cal. Watch for this department next month.

Cheers and Jeers

(*Continued from page* 78)

and one. Not necessarily because Charlie is my favorite, he isn't too much *genius* there, but because of its unlooked-for what-you-call-it.

And give us more, much more of Harry Carr. He's *my* favortie star, and you may tell him so.

ELMA BRIDGETTE,
748 42nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Strong For Sideburns

Dear Editor:

I WANT to boost the dear boys who wear sideburns, oh boy, how I do like to see them play; also I admire many players who do not wear them. Lon Chaney is great. Don Alvarado is fine and dear Ronald Colman is good indeed. Thought *Beau Geste* great and last, but not least, that darling Gilbert Roland. No one seeing him in *Rose of the Golden West* could say he wasn't perfect. It was a wonderful role he played and played it perfectly. He certainly has crept into my heart, and he's just the type I'm particularly fond of and my favorite player. One who misses any plays in which the above named takes part is missing something. *Loves of Carmen* was great, with Dolores Del Rio, Vic McLaglen and Don Alvarado. I think Dolores Del Rio a fine little actress. Maybe you won't print my letter as I didn't criticise any plays or players, but I think we have wonderful plays and players. A satisfied Ohio movie fan.

E. B.
Ohio.

FAT WOMEN!

HERE IS SPLENDID NEWS

Take Fat Off Any Part of Your Body

No Drugs To Take.

No Foolish Dieting.

Amazing Discovery.

MILLIONS of overstout, fat hips, double chins, bulky arms and protruding busts, thick looking legs and ankles will soon disappear, thanks to the discovery of "COLLIPASTE," which you rub into any fat parts, as you would a cream, yet it is not a cream and does not contain a drop of water.

COLLIPASTE actually penetrates the pores of the skin, creates excessive heat, thereby bringing oxygen into contact with the fatty tissues, which melt and pass out with excreted moisture. The parts are thus reduced in size, the flesh made firm and normal, pleasantly and harmlessly.

Slenderizing the figure this new easy way is meeting with hearty approval by physicians who warn against dangerous internal drugs. The success of COLLIPASTE will surely revolutionize methods of reducing, because it is pleasant and healthful to use, at night, and it works while you sleep. Get a jar now and take away those ugly, fatty, burdensome parts.

Send no money. Simply mail Coupon below to Dermolav Laboratories, Dept. 41-A, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for jar costing only $1.95. On arrival pay postman. If you are not more than pleased with reduction your money will be refunded.

— — — CLIP AND MAIL COUPON — — —

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Please send me, postpaid in plain wrapper, one jar of COLLIPASTE, with book of instructions. On arrival I agree to pay postman $1.95, plus few cents postal charge, which will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City or Town.....

State.....

Classified Picture Guide

(*Continued from page* 61)

COMEDY

Home James—Laura La Plante falls for a millionaire under the impression he is a chauffeur, just to be different. A flock of visiting relations make matters more complicated—*Universal.*

Harold Teen—The comic strip lad appears on the screen with Alice White and Mary Brian as his girl friends—*First National.*

The Magnificent Flirt—What to do when a flapper daughter finds her flapper mother is winning her sweetie. One of those fluffy Parisian pictures full of wit and wiles—*Paramount.*

Warming Up—Richard Dix becomes a bushleaguer who makes good in this one, and wins the boss' daughter. His right arm is equally good around the neck or around the plate—*Paramount.*

Don't Marry—Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton in a girlish comedy of young love. Lois as the flapper explains to Neil just what sort of a wife he ought to have and she's it—*Fox.*

Detectives—Guns, gags, and goofs make up this comedy with Karl Dane as a hotel detective and George K. Arthur in bellhop's uniform as his right hand man—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Hold 'Em Yale—Rod La Rocque turns to comedy as a son of the Argentine who goes to Yale for an education. He gets the education and that isn't all—*Pathe-De Mille.*

DRAMA

The Red Dance—Dolores Del Rio wins fame as a red dancer because she wears a red skirt. But the word red has a double meaning. She's a bold bad Bolshevik—*Fox.*

Fazil—Charles Farrel turns sheik to play with Greta Nissen in fiery picture of burning love and burning sands—*Fox.*

The Patriot—Emil Jannings as the mad czar. You'll be mad too if you don't see it. Sends chills up your spine with the most magnificent acting of the year—*Paramount.*

The Man Who Laughs—Eerie tragedy of a man with a frozen face. He looks like he's laughing but he isn't. Delicate love theme throughout—*Universal.*

The Godless Girl—Love in a reform school. Lina Basquette is the Godless Girl who gets salvation in the last reel. Also George Duryea, Marie Prevost, Eddie Quillan and Noah Beery—*Pathe-De Mille.*

WESTERN

Greased Lightning—Ted Wells as a son of the old west who has easy going until some bold bad men went after his girl—*Universal.*

The Upland Rider—A novel feature in the shape of a relay horse race which Ken Maynard wins by a nose. Also wins the girl and her millions—*First National.*

Helen of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 54)

nights. The best thing that you can do is to get into bed early."

As she lay in her four-poster bed that night, Helen tossed about. A parade of thoughts denied her sleep. Nigel Berwick, the man that she knew she loved . . . marriage . . . fame and the plaudits of the world for Helen O'Troy . . .

THE day before starting on the location trip to Tia Juana, Helen motored up to an attractive little bungalow near Freshwater Canyon to visit Signa Shipstead, who had been removed from the Hollywood Hospital to her home. Somehow, she felt strangely drawn to the bedside of the unfortunate woman.

A prim-faced nurse listened to Helen's request. She disappeared through the door and then after a couple of moments appeared again. "You may come in—for a few minutes," she conceded, with her wintry smile. Helen followed the white-uniformed figure.

Signa Shipstead, her form in a cast, lay stiffly on a tilted iron bedstead near the window, through which the bright California sun searched out the lines of pain in a face now innocent of any make-up, and painted highlights in the blonde hair of the patient. "I just wanted to come to see you," started Helen, and . . ."

"Call me Signa, dear," cut in the injured woman. She stretched out a wan hand and grasped Helen's weakly. "I think I should like to have you call me that. I received plenty of flowers at the hospital, but you and Nigel Berwick, and Halliwell—who called through a sense of duty—have been my only visitors since I've been back here. Folks seem to be too busy with their own affairs," she added, bitterly, "to spend the time calling on a wounded Bird of Paradise. Of course, in one way I'm just as well satisfied. It would be humiliating for me. I have been conquered—broken. I have been a very physical sort of person. Now that my body is broken, I am afraid I have very little left."

Helen sat in a chair at the bedside and continued to hold the hand of the former screen star.

"You must try to be brave, Signa," she said softly. She tried to wink back the tears in her blue eyes at the tragedy before her.

"Brave!" There was a curl to Signa's sensuous lips. "I know you mean well, Helen." She looked up into the latter's fresh, youthful face. "You know, dear, you remind me of myself when I was about your age . . . I thought life was so wonderful . . . then. I had ambition. Ambition! What an empty thing it is . . . How much better off I should have been if I'd never known this hectic life of Hollywood . . . Back among the fjords of Norway, as a little girl, I was happy . . . really happy. My mother is back there now . . . I think of her more, since—since this terrible accident. But I never want her to know of my misery. I want her, at least, to die happy . . ."

THE sun streamed through the window and lit up the face of Signa, touched with some new beauty. All the old, cold hardness was gone. The injured woman lay there dreamily, and then apparently tried to shake off her burst of sentiment and reminiscence. "I have been reading the papers about you, Helen," she said, more directly. "And Nigel Berwick has been telling me about you. Nigel is very fond of you."

Helen's heartbeat quickened. "He has been a very good friend to me," she answered, trying to speak of the kind young director impersonally.

"He has the qualities to be a good friend—a most unusual one," said Signa. She tightened her grasp impulsively on the younger girl's hand. "Once I was very jealous of you, dear," she continued. "I can tell you these things now that I no longer have those feelings toward you. And I can advise you—out of my experience, and mistakes. You are not in a position now, as I am, to know who your real friends are. You will know—if you're ever in trouble. Other figures in Hollywood who got in trouble knew . . . Charlie Chaplin . . . all the rest. Of course you weren't here, of course, when Fatty Arbuckle was at the crest of his glory. No one out here gave better parties than good old Fatty. I was just here then—playing extra. Where did Fatty's friends go? A few of them remained loyal—Buster Keaton, just a few more, not many. That's the way . . ."

She continued: "If you had not come to see me, dear, I was going to send for you through Nigel. I wanted to ask you something—a favor. Would you do me a favor, Helen?"

"Anything."

"All right. It's this. You have a peculiar fascination for Dick Halliwell. I know he's been pursuing you—and without any success, I realize now. But Halliwell will never stop to get what he

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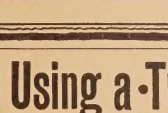
No straps, buckles or spring attached.



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Send for a home size jar of the NEW, non-sticky RAMACO **permanent wave dressing.** A delightful, harmless curling preparation used by professional hairdressers to set the permanent, marcel or natural wave and hold it indefinitely by just combing it through the hair. A valuable toilet requisite. Price $1.00 a jar; west of Mississippi, $1.25. SENT DIRECT.

PREMIER COMPANY
148-150 Nassau Street NEW YORK

wants, when he wants a woman. He may ask you to marry him. I want you to—to promise me that you'll never accept his proposal. It's most important to me."

"Why, I wouldn't marry Halliwell," exclaimed Helen, "if he were the last man on earth!"

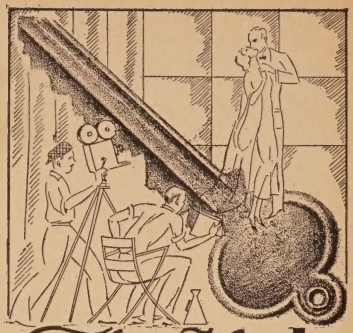
"Ah, but my dear, don't be too sure of yourself. Halliwell has a great deal of money. He's not the type to inspire love in women. I said once that I loved him. I thought I did . . . once. That's over . . . now. And I don't want him for his money. I have enough of that. But—oh, you must not ever accept his proposal if he makes it, Helen. Promise me! I have a very strong reason for asking you this."

Helen promised. A look of peace came over the softened countenance of Signa Shipstead, a look of great relief. That expression in the injured woman's face still puzzled Helen after she had taken he departure and was rolling along Wilshire Boulevard on her way to the hotel. It was plain now that Signa did not love Halliwell, that she did not want him for his money. Then why had she seemed so concerned that Helen might accept a possible proposal of marriage from him? She continued to turn over the matter in her mind as she reached the hotel, and it even bobbed up in her thoughts when, next morning, she motored to Weil's studio for the location trip to Tia Juana. But then, the excitement caused her thoughts of Signa to fade. She was sorry for Signa, but here was life, and here was a probable path to glory.

She felt strangely happy. Stardom seemed in actual sight. Sid Weil treated her courteously, since she was to have an important part in the production.

Berwick, Helen and Hal Howard were to make the trip to San Diego in the great touring car belonging to Sid Weil. The leading woman, the male star and several members of the cast were already put up at the U. S. Grant Hotel in San Diego, just over the border line from Tia Juana, the Mexican resort.

AS HELEN waited in the car for Berwick and Weil to finish some business at the latter's office, she talked with Hal Howard and watched with delight the activity of the studio lot even at this comparatively early hour. A truck filled with tripods, reflectors, light equipment, chairs, flares for night scenes and a mass of other necessary impedimenta drew out from the studio yard and turned toward Los Angeles on its way to Tia Juana. Equipment for *her* production! This was the life she had craved . . . not merely to be an infinitesimal speck in a production, like an extra, but a real, component part. She was to play the ingenue lead, and she knew Berwick would be fair to her, perhaps more than fair; no one would hog the camera away from her; no worthy shots of her would be scis-



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sored from the film in the cutting-room. A bid for real and lasting fame. No danger, even, this time. The air stuff had been cut out, at least for the principals. Weil had had the script rewritten since Signa Shipstead's accident.

Helen felt a little pang. Another advantage coming to her from poor Signa's misfortune. But then, that was Hollywood. Every success was founded on someone else's defeat. For every good role there were numerous applicants, and only one player could get the job; his or her victory depended always on the defeat of the others . . . Her mind wandered on. She saw Gustavo Camprubi cross the lot . . . Camprubi, the young Spaniard who had tried to make such ardent love to her at the Beverly Hills party. He bowed to her coolly; his dark eyes hinted at hostility. He had not forgotten, apparently, her remarks to him at the party.

She knew that Berwick disliked the Spaniard personally, but that personal likes or dislikes did not affect Berwick professionally—he was an exception among Hollywood directors, for the most part. Camprubi was the handsome Latin type suitable for a minor juvenile role in the coming production, and Berwick had promptly engaged him; Weil, too, was pleased with this turn of affairs on account of the young Spaniard's startling resemblance to the dead Valentino. Funny life this was . . . Valentino gone, his glory a mere memory; others striving to ascend the throne on which he had sat . . .

In the midstt of her reverie, they started.

A stop was made for an early luncheon, and then the enjoyable drive was continued, along through settlements, past missions, now through tunnels of orange and lemon trees, spilling their delightful fragrance of blossoming time. Orange blossoms! The garland of a bride! And yet the venture upon which she was already embarked—was it not taking her further and further from marriage with this wonderful man at her side, who offered her love and protection and ease and respectability? Would it not be harder to turn back to domesticity after she had attained artistic heights? Or, if she failed to attain those heights, would Nigel still want her? Signa had said that she would have been happier if she had remained back in Norway. Would she, Helen Beck, now Helen O'Troy, have found greater happiness back in her little town of Carthage? Would she turn out like so many of those girls of beauty who had invaded Hollywood from all parts of the world?—so many of them, trying, trying, and achieving nothing?

THAT was it. Life was a gamble, and a compromise. One couldn't have everything—fame, riches, love, virtue. One might have one or two of them; few, indeed, in her position, could hope to have all . . .

As Nigel Berwick sent the car roar-

ing up the steep ascent toward Torrey Pines, there was a loud blast from an auto horn in the rear. Berwick veered to the right, and Helen turned to catch a glimpse of a bright red roadster which sped past. At the wheel of the brilliant pleasure car was Marie Maroni, the extra girl whom Helen had instinctively disliked. Marie took her right hand from the steering wheel to wave at the occupants of the car she was passing. Out of the tail of her eye she looked at Helen O'Troy, and Helen saw the hint of a sneer in her expression and noted that Berwick was surveying the roadster and its occupant, now rapidly drawing away, with a certain distaste.

There was a chuckle from Sid Weil, sitting in the tonneau with Hal Howard. "Ain't that our prosperous extra-girl, Nigel?" he asked.

"Yes," said Berwick, shortly.

"You mean that she's working in the Tia Juana production?" asked Helen, somewhat surprised.

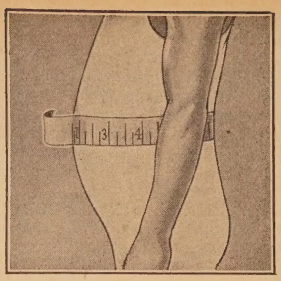
"Yes," Berwick answered. "A mere bit, practically an extra part. She's the Latin type I want. She's playing Camprubi's sister."

There was another chuckle from Weil in the rear of the car. "They're an awful affectionate pair for brother an' sister," he said, meaningly. "They say she carts Camprubi around in that red roadster that Halliwell bought her. She's not very discreet—lunches with Camprubi at the Montmartre and other public places, and all the time's playing Halliwell, trying to get him to marry her, so she can get more of his dough. Nice place, this Hollywood, ain't it?" he asked, with another laugh.

Berwick, being little of a gossip, turned the conversation into other channels. But checking in at the hotel in San Diego, Helen was aware that Marie Maroni's irritating presence might be a nuisance for the duration of the production. The brazen Marie, although only an extra girl, had taken the suite right next to the one engaged for Helen. Perhaps, Helen was tempted to think the jealous Marie had rented the suite with design, to show her that she could afford the luxuries of a star although she was only an occasionally employed extra. Somehow it annoyed Helen; maybe folks would think that she, Helen O'Troy, was getting ahead by the same means that Marie Maroni employed.

That night, passing through one of the brightly lighted cafes of Tia Juana, Helen saw Marie Maroni and Gustavo Camprubi sitting at one of the little tables, with two long-necked bottles in an ice bucket at the side of the table. It was already close to nine o'clock, when the international border would close until morning. Evidently Marie and her sheik escort were not worrying about getting back to San Diego tonight.

The work on the Weil production progressed rapidly. A location trip had been made to Ensenada, some distance below Tia Juana, and for several mornings Helen was forced to rise at dawn



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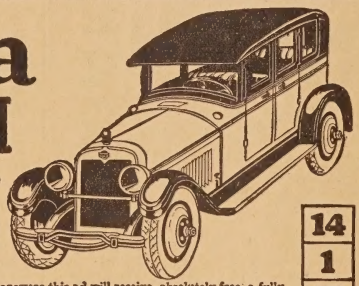

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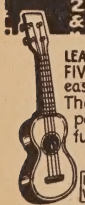

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in order to be on location for the early morning sun required for certain shots. The life of a screen player was not proving so easy, after all. There were no such things as union hours; sometimes production stretched along from dawn until long after darkness, when the flares were used for night photography.

RETURNING to her hotel suite in San Diego after an unusually exhausting day, her glance caught the headlines of the evening paper placed on the dresser by Celeste, her maid:

PRODUCER MARRIES DYING ACTRESS!

She picked up the paper feverishly. Her eyes sought the sub-heads and then ran swiftly down through the body of the story of how Richard Halliwell, the evening before, had been married to Signa Shipstead while the latter, as a result of her injuries sustained in her recent airplane disaster, was lying on her death-bed. The wealthy producer and the film star, according to the story, had been engaged for some time, and the producer was only fulfilling a promise of marriage once made to Miss Shipstead. It was a romantic and sensational tale, and it even quoted Halliwell as saying that he had been very much in love with Signa Shipstead and that, if she died, he would never marry again.

Helen finished the story and found that her eyes were wet with tears. Halliwell, then, had vindicated himself; but his change of heart, she thought, had come all but too late. Signa was in a critical condition and her death was inevitable. She might linger for a few weeks, or she might die almost at any moment. Well, her last hours would be made more endurable by the thought that she had gained the love of the man, and the name of the man who, as all Hollywood knew, had possessed her. It had been a fine gesture, Helen thought, and she was inclined to revise to a great extent her opinion of Richard Halliwell. He had many weaknesses, but in a crisis he had displayed a certain quality of courageous idealism.

A telephone call came from Hal Howard just as she was preparing to retire. "By Jiminy Christmas!" came the publicity man's voice over the wire. "Did you see that great story about Halliwell and Signa Shipstead. Too bad that the publicity won't do her any good!"

That might be a publicity man's thoughts on the matter, Helen considered, as he hung up the receiver. Her own thoughts were rather depressing. Poor Signa! A sensational end to a career that had been sensational but, as Signa herself had told her, had not been happy. And once Helen Beck, back in Carthage, New York, had thought that all screen stars must be radiantly happy. She knew differently now.

There were features about her own work that disgusted her. That day, Camprubi, in his minor juvenile role before the camera, had repeatedly held

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her in his arms and kissed her. He was within the rights of his role, and yet Helen had sensed his bestial passion for her, and she had revolted against it. But she knew that she would have to enact her role according to the way it was written, even though Camprubi, to whose kisses she was obliged to submit, was more than frequently kissing the lips of Marie Maroni, whom she despised for what she was. She often caught the eyes of Marie fastened upon her during the fervid love scenes—the eyes of a woman jealous and possessive, cruel, brazen, unprincipled, passionate; Marie who spent on the penniless sheik the money that Halliwell was giving her; Marie who had the brass to boast that she would still marry Halliwell and get his money, for it was well known that Signa's days were numbered.

She hoped that someone would tell Halliwell about the brazen plan. She would not do so herself. She had no interest in Halliwell, but, after all, he had shown himself something of a man by going through with the death-bed marriage.

On the heels of her vagrant thoughts of Halliwell came a telephone message from the man himself. He pleaded for a brief interview with Helen. It was about Signa, he told her over the 'phone. After some consideration, Helen consented that he call at her suite.

She expected to find a changed Halliwell, the sort of Halliwell that she had visioned after reading of the death-bed marriage. But she found the same Richard Halliwell as of old, the libertine, the sensualist, the man who thought his great fortune could buy anything that he desired. Her face hardened as she listened in astonishment to the object of his visit, which he was telling her in cold, stark sentences . . .

HE HAD never loved Signa Shipstead . . . Once, some time ago, he had thought he had . . . He would be plain . . . After all they were adults, living in sophisticated surroundings, and could discuss the verities of life . . .

Her blue eyes growing icier and icier, Helen listened to the tale of the emotionless man before her. He was the father of Signa's child . . . Oh, yes. Signa had a child . . . a little boy . . . three years old next month, he thought it was . . . That's why Signa wanted marriage before she died in order to give the boy a name.

In a sort of daze, she listened to his smug voice. Now the mystery of Signa's exactment of her promise never to accept a marriage proposal from Halliwell, was cleared up. Poor Signa . . . Not so bad, after all . . . Wanting to give her little son a fair break so that he could battle the world after she herself had departed from its pleasures and mockeries . . .

Richard Halliwell's voice softened. Of course, he was explaining, the marriage to Signa had been a hollow duty. He wanted to be half-way decent.

"I got you wrong, Helen, when I first met you," he continued. "I am sorry

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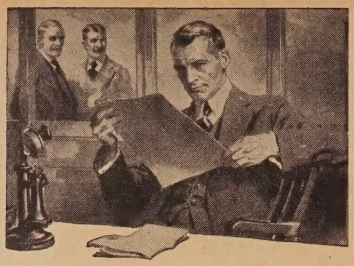

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for my actions. My ardor was founded upon my love for you. When Signa dies, I—I want to make you my wife. I have money, position—."

Helen got to her feet indignantly. "I wish you would please leave me, at once, Mr. Halliwell," she said, crisply.

There was a sharp rap on the outer door of the suite. It came again, loud, imperious, irritable. Helen wondered if it could be Nigel Berwick. Why had he not telephoned up, as usual? Celeste had been allowed her evening off. She would answer the door herself.

But suddenly the door opened, and Marie Maroni rushed into the room. Her black eyes looked blacker in her passion, her thin sensual nostrils dilated nervously. She burst into a laugh—an hysterical laugh, without a vestige of mirth.

"I *thought* I heard your lying voice!" she shouted, as she turned in her fury upon Halliwell. "You damned, deceitful, miserable. . . ." She poured a flood of blasphemous epithets at the ludicrous figure of Halliwell now rising uncertainly from his knees. "I listened at the key hole. I heard you propose to this damned faker of a dame here. You think you can play with square girls that play the game, and give all the percentage to brainless little hicks that don't know they're living, do you? Well, you're going to keep your promise and marry *me*, Dick Halliwell. You—!" There was another stream of epithets, references to past intimacies. "You'll marry me, all right. It'll be a marriage, by God!—or a funeral! Which do you want, you damned degenerate coward? Which?" she almost shrieked, as from the folds of her dress she drew a revolver and poked it almost in the face of Halliwell.

There was a flash and a report. Halliwell clutched at his breast, swayed on his feet for an instant, overturned a chair, and fell heavily to the floor.

"My Gawd! My Gawd!" shrieked Marie. "I was only—only trying to bluff him, but it went off! Oh, my Gawd!"

She turned and fled from the room in terror, and with her knees all but bending under her, Helen made for the telephone, trying to avert her face from the inert form on the floor.

With Halliwell found shot in her room, Helen O'Troy faces a serious situation. How will she free herself from the shadow of suspicion? This breathtaking story of an extra girl's adventures comes to a smashing conclusion in the September issue of *Screen Secrets* on sale August 20.

Fan Club's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* viii)

MISS Doris Rondeau, president of the Harry Langdon Fan Club, hopes no one will feel bashful about joining her ever-increasing army of Harry Langdon admirers. Harry writes a long, personal letter to everyone who joins his club family and sends them a large photograph.

Mrs. Louise Ohle, Clevland, Ohio, writes that she has formed a Gilda Gray Fan Club and wishes anyone interested in this star to write her at once.

Miss Nan Lulick is looking for more members to add to her club of 2,150. Miss Lulick is president of the Priscilla Dean Fan Club.

A Betty Bronson Fan Club has been started way over in Holland! Han Jungeling is the president and anyone who drops him a line will receive a very interesting and novel reply.

THAT clears up about all the Fan Club news for this month. Now we will try to answer some of the questions put to us in recent letters.

"Which Fan Clubs are the best to join?" has been asked us a score of times. It is rather a difficult question to answer. Most all of the clubs are worthy. The Ramon Novarro Club, care Dorothy Wollaston, is a dandy Fan Club. So is the Ramon Novarro Serenaders, care Henry Daviero. The Claire Windsor Club, care Helen Bennett, is very interesting, as well as the William Haines Club, care Vivian Stephens.

Obviously, the thing to do when joining a Fan Club is to join one that has one of your favorite players connected with it. For example, if you are wild about Greta Garbo join her club in preference to, say, Betty Bronson's.

"What do I really get out of joining a Fan Club?" was another leading question. In the first place, you have the fun of writing to other members who are interested in the same star that you are; you get a membership list; a large photograph of your favorite, usually personally autographed, and sometimes you get personal letters. A few of the stars who write personal letters to their Fan Club members are: Harry Langdon, Olive Borden, Claire Windsor, Ben Lyon, Helen Ferguson, and Alice Calhoun. Probably others do, too, but these are the ones we know do.

Follywood

WALLACE SMITH'S next book on what the actors and actresses do when offstage is being anxiously awaited by the curious. Many are licking their chops in anticipation of much gore.

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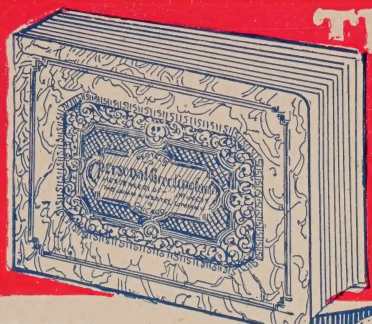

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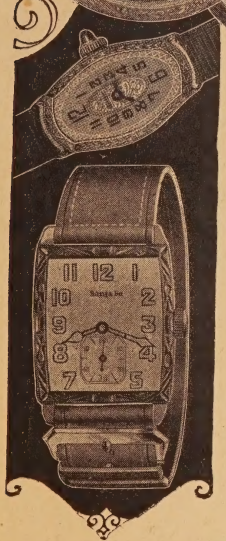

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SCREEN SECRETS

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May McAvoy
Warner Bros.' Star
The girl on the cover
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2398 Ramona
Valley of Memory

2407 Girl of My Dreams
Dear Old Pal

4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of Dreams

2404 Back in Your Own Back Yard
Till the Sun Shines

4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again, Willie

2399 There Ought to Be a Law Against That
They Lived Scrappily

4183 Just Tell Them That You Saw Me
Curse of an Aching Heart

2392 Laugh Clown Laugh
I Wanna Sail Away

4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic

2395 Together
Dream of Baseball Park

4224 Six Feet of Earth
Like My Daddy's Gal

4170 Gypsy's Warning
Don't You Remember

4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Log Cabin in Lane

4133 Jesse James
Butcher Boy

2386 My Ohio Home
Alice of the Pines

2385 Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella
Golden Rod Is Blooming

2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Clancy's Wooden Wedding

2363 Here Am I Broken Hearted
Day You Went Away

2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud

4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon

Popular Songs (Cont'd)

4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home

2369 Among My Souvenirs
When We Were Sweethearts

4171 Red Wing
Waters of Minnetonka

4169 Where Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way
Everybody's Mother Is Somebody's Pal

4167 Preacher and the Bear
Sting of the Bumble Bee

4143 Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee
I Wanna Fall in Love Again

4148 Dream of a Miner's Child
Bred in Old Kentucky

4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks

2323 Get Away Old Man Get Away
Well I Swan

2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of Shenandoah

4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree

4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy

2338 Lindy, Lindy How I'd Like to Be You
No No Positively No

4122 When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget
Father, Dear Father Come Home

4150 New River Train
Show Me My Mammy

4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament

Sacred Songs

4146 Silent Night
Christmas Chimes

Sacred Songs (Cont'd)

4075 Church in Wildwood
Voice of Chimes

4046 Nearer, My God, to Thee
Lord Is My Shepherd

4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line

Instrumental

4189 Drowsy Waters
Herd Girl's Dream

4186 Beautiful Ohio
Estudiantina Waltz

4138 By Waters of Minnetonka
Over the Waves

4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey in the Straw

4061 Listen to Mocking Bird
Song Bird (Both Whistling)

4161 Dixie Favorites (Banjo Solo)
Medley of Southern Airs (Banjo Solo)

4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel

Negro Spirituals

4154 Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Were You There

4165 By An' By
My Lord What a Mornin'

4166 Ride Up in De Chariot
Oh De Lan' I Am Boun' For

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Can't Be Worried Long

Blues

7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues

7025 Yellow Dog Blues
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Blues (Cont'd)

7026 Deep River Blues
Loveless Love Blues

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1506 Back in Your Own Back Yard
Deep River Blues

1502 Mary Ann
Blue Hawaiian Moon

1510 Ramona (Waltz)
If I Didn't Love You

1488 Among My Souvenirs
Some Day You'll Remember

1463 My Blue Heaven
Best Gal of All

1497 After My Laughter Came Tears
Back to Connemara

1505 My Ohio Home
Like My Daddy's Gal

1508 My Melancholy Baby
Down by the Sea

Comedy

4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hy and Si and the Line Fence

4004 Flanagan in Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life

4168 Jail Birds
Wedding Bells

4111 Flanagan at Barber's
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4023 My Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio

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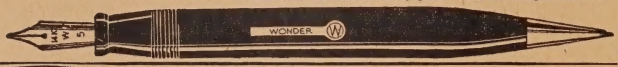
You need no permit or license to own this newly invented high power but **absolutely safe and harmless automatic.** Positively not a toy. Built like a real automatic, same in construction, appearance, finish, weight and every other detail—except that it fires blank cartridges only. Handy for self-defense, frightens tramps, scares away dogs, handy in the house—**a real home protector**—without the danger of keeping dangerous firearm at home. Play a practical joke on your friends. Ideal at festivals, fairs, picnics, outings, camping, hikes, outdoor sports, etc., etc. Blue steel, case hardened frame, a duplicate of internationally famous German automatic. Makes powerful loud report. **Has six shot** magazine that can be reloaded instantly. **Uses** standard blank cartridges. Checkered Grip. **Box of 100 cartridges free with each automatic.** Convenient pocket size. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery** $4.99 plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below.**

No Permit or License Required

Wonder Fountain-Pen and Pencil Combination $3.49

The original two-in-one Pen-Pencil. On one end is a high grade self-filling **Fountain Pen,** with fine 14-Kt. Solid Gold pen with iridium point. At other end perfect **mechanical pencil,** which propels, expels and repels. Extra Supply of leads in patented chamber in cap. Assorted colors. **Real $7.50 value. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman** our low introductory price. **Fill in coupon below.**



CHINESE GOOD LUCK RING $1.96

Good Luck in Love, long life and great riches are symbolized for you in this ancient **Chinese Ring.** 14 Kt. Solid Gold Effect. Attracts, compels, mystifies. Tie string around finger for size. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in Coupon below.**

$5.34 TARGET PRACTICE AIR AUTOMATIC

With Box of Ammunition Free

The New Improved Air Pistol. No permit required. Endorsed by Pistol Experts as a truly—reliable—accurate—hard hitting pistol. Excellent for hunting small game, birds, rabbits, etc. The ideal automatic for target practice. Become a good marksman in short time at very little expense. Shoots lead pellets distance of 40 feet with accurate precision.

A wonderful weapon for Home protection—without the usual danger of having firearms around. Ammunition costs next to nothing—built and looks like a real pistol—**Usually sold all over for $15.00**—order today—Save money.

SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $5.34, plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below.**

Science Has Created the World's Finest Reproductions of $500 DIAMONDS!

At last! A new process is discovered. The result—we challenge experts to tell these from $500 Diamonds! Living fire plays over their diamond-cut facets—dazzling, sparkling, scintillating!

Choice of Six Rings, $1.98

When shown recently in New York City these new Jenkins Diamonds created a sensation. You, too, will be thrilled! Instant beauty for the hands!

GIRLS! MEN! Do not confuse Jenkins Gems with ordinary "imitations." Nothing has been found to compare with their lasting beauty. Every stone set in famous DEAUVILLE mountings, guaranteed 20 years. Put your faith in a ring that won't disappoint you!

SEND NO MONEY!

Just pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage when ring you choose arrives. No instalments to pay. Order by number. Rings No. 3 and 6 can be had in MEN'S style. Tie string around finger for size. **Buy for GIFTS! Act NOW!**

PISTOL SHAPE CIGARETTE CASE $1.79

Fool your friends with this novelty cigarette case. Looks in every way like a real automatic. Pull trigger and lid flies open, showing a package of your favorite cigarettes. Made of light weight metal in blue steel finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

$1.98 Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol

The newest thing in cigarette lighters. Shaped to look like a small vest-pocket gun. Pull the trigger—the pistol opens and lights with a rich flame. **Built to retail at $5.00.** Our introductory offer $1.98. In nickel or gun-metal finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

'Famous' Skull and Bones Ring $2.39

Surprise your friends with this most original ring. Made of **solid sterling silver,** handsomely decorated. Worn for good luck by both men and women. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just specify size. **Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

French 'Lucky' Art Photo View Ring $1.97

Famous "actress" views. Most sensational and newest. Set with world's most famous reproduction diamond, with the blue-white sparkle of a $500 diamond. Besides, shank has view of French actresses seen through strong magnifying glass, 14 Kt. solid gold effect mounting. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

10-Kt. Solid Gold Emblem Rings of Fraternal Orders $2.75

You can have these rings at our new cut price in any of the following emblems: Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knight of Columbus, Elks, Eagles, Knights of Pythias, Moose, Modern Woodmen, Redmen, etc. All same price. Each with **Guaranteed** 10 Kt. Solid Gold Artistically designed and engraved emblem on ruby background. State size. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 72-R9, 621 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C.O.D. the following advertised articles (check articles desired):

- ☐ **Six-Shot Blank Automatic** $4.99
- ☐ **"Wonder" Pen-Pencil Combination** 3.49
- ☐ **Target Practice Air Automatic** 5.34
- ☐ **Pistol Shape Cigarette Case** 1.79
- ☐ **Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol** 1.98
- ☐ **Miscellaneous Rings. Specify size and kind desired** .....

Name.....

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Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much.

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PFU-9-28

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

Last Minute News of Film Affairs from All Corners of the Globe as We Go to Press

NEW YORK—William B. Leeds, youthful millionaire who figured in the story of a motion picture company's experiences on location in the South Seas in the August issue of *Screen Secrets*, recently appeared as the principal in a thrilling rescue when he saved Adele Astair, popular Broadway musical comedy star from death on a burning launch on Long Island Sound. Leed's wife, the Princess Xenia, looked on from the dock.

HOLLYWOOD—Cecil B. De Mille, world famed impressario of the megaphone who produced *The King of Kings*, *The Godless Girl*, and other great epics of the screen, has disposed of his interests in the Pathe-De Mille organization and will turn out personally directed pictures, which have always been his strong point, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

PARIS—Rosita and Vivian Duncan, clever little Los Angeles girls who recently made a picture for United Artists out of their stage hit, Topsy and Eva, had a bit of luck here. They cleaned up 50,000 francs on the Grand Prix races which is a tidy sum, even in money.

HONOLULU—Norma Talmadge, who has been vacationing here with her mother, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, and Gilbert Roland, her leading man, recently left to return to Hollywood to prepare for the making of her next picture.

ST. LOUIS—Kids here are movie mad these days. A contest sponsored by a local theater and a newspaper is being conducted to find doubles for Wheezer, Farina, Fatty Joe Cobb, and other juvenile stars for a local production of an Our Gang comedy. Hal Roach is sending cameramen and a director for the event.

NEW YORK—John Barrymore, has been here to attend the opening of *The Tempest* which he has just completed with Camilla Horn, the actress who came here from Germany.

Dorothy Sebastian says that her best friends are dumbells. And why shouldn't they be when they are the means of keeping such a figure?

LONDON—Monte Blue is the latest visitor here, literally dropping in. Monte is touring Europe in his own plane. Says film actors in Hollywood are too busy working to make whoopee.

HOLLYWOOD—John Gilbert's voice will be heard by fans for the first time shortly when his new picture, *Thirst*, Gilbert's first "talkie," goes into production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

PETROGRAD—Because of asserted immorality, three German-made films have recently been barred in Soviet Russia.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Ten years ago the Rev. Barend H. Kuiper, professor at the Calvin Theological Seminary, went to a picture show and was warned not to go again. He succumbed recently to the lure of the silent drama after an abstinence of ten years and lost his job.

CHICAGO—Jeanne Eagels, stage actress who played opposite John Gilbert in *Man, Woman and Sin*, testified here that her husband, Ted Coy, former Yale football star, beat her, in the opening hearing of her divorce action.

TOPEKA, KANS.—Residents of this section of the country, once the scene of many operations of the famous stick-up artist and patron saint of golddiggers, Jesse James, refused to go see the picture of the same name glorifying the bandit king, when it was shown here.

NEW YORK—*White Shadows in the South Seas*, the making of which was described in the August issue of *Screen Secrets*, opens here soon at the Astor Theater. It is the first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture to be made with full sound effects.

Style Book *free*

How much would you expect to pay for the smart model of American Broadcloth shown above? It is trimmed with Manchurian Wolf fur. Full lined with fine silk guaranteed for two years. See it in our new Style Book.

Newest Smartest New York Styles!

Send now for this book of *authoritative* style information. Many pages, color illustrations, accurate descriptions in *every detail;* showing exactly all the features of up-to-date styles in dresses, coats, millinery, shoes and general wearing apparel—surprising values in all kinds of women's, men's and children's quality clothing.

For All the Family

You'll know what Dame Fashion favors when you finish looking through this new Style Book. Every detail is up-to-the-minute. Illustrations and descriptions are all *complete.* They leave no doubts as to quality, designs, styles and right prices. The very newest thing from the ultra smart to the most conservative is contained in this book. It is full of complete surprises for you. To go through this new Style Book is like visiting the most up-to-date store in New York—but with the excessive overhead costs cut off.

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Every item shown is guaranteed—absolutely guaranteed—and will be sent *on approval.* The purchaser to be the judge of the style, the quality, the workmanship, the fit, and the *value.* Elmer Richards Company, established 25 years, one of the largest and best known style houses in the country, *guarantees satisfaction.*

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Send me your new Style Book showing the latest New York styles in women's, men's and children's clothing, absolutely *free.*

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eh bien!

"Comment vous amusez vous?"

"Oh! c'est épatant! Veuillez vous asseoir!"

Now you, too, can learn French this fascinating "at-sight" way

MON DIEU! Wherever you go French is spoken! You hear it on all sides —at the theatre, the opera, the restaurant, the concert. *French is in the air!*

Within the last few years thousands of men and women have learned to speak French —*the way the French speak it!* Easily, quickly, pleasantly—they have acquired a new cultural attainment which has proved itself to be of inestimable value.

FREE for 5 days
Europe's Famous Method of Learning French

The great house of Hugo is known throughout Europe. Millions of Hugo language books have been sold. Thousands of people have learned to speak foreign languages by this ingenious method.

Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., representatives of the House of Hugo, now offer the complete Hugo "French-at-Sight" Course on a generous 5-day FREE examination plan. The purpose of this free offer is to have you see and understand the remarkable principles that make the Hugo method the quickest way to learn to speak a foreign language.

You must actually see this unique method to realize how easy and delightful it is to learn to speak French—*at home—without a teacher.* May we send it to you—free for 5 days? No obligation, of course.

Why You Will Enjoy Learning French— the World's Most Beautiful Language!

Think what a pleasure it will be to be able to speak French! Unquestionably it is one of the most beautiful of all languages. In cultivated, everyday American life the French word is inevitable. In business, in social life, in travel—sightseeing in Paris, going to the French theatres. *No wonder thousands are learning French at home this easy way.*

To be able to speak French is decidedly a cultural attainment, and is recognized as such. Use your spare moments at home to master French, the famous Hugo "at-sight" way!

24 Lessons by Mail
Special Offer

The Hugo method is based upon proved, educational theories. There are no tiresome rules. No dull schoolroom "exercises." This method is FRENCH-AT-SIGHT. As the name implies, you begin *at once* to chat gaily in everyday conversational French. Twenty-four fascinating lessons — carefully planned to give you the correct, idiomatic way of conversing on a great variety of everyday subjects. Try them for five days at our expense! See how simple they are—how quick to master.

For introductory purposes, Hugo's Language Institute of London has authorized us to offer the complete course for only $12 —on easy terms. Just send off the coupon today. It will bring you the famous "FRENCH-AT-SIGHT" course, complete with the guide to the lessons. Keep it for five days *free.* Within 5 days you may return the course without cost, or keep it for your own and send only $2 as a first payment. Thereafter send only $2 a month until $12 has been paid.

If you act now, a valuable 45,000 word French-English dictionary will be included FREE. Clip and mail this coupon at once. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Dept. FZ-159, Garden City, New York.

If you prefer to learn Spanish Italian German instead of French, indicate your choice in coupon in the lower right-hand corner of this page.

Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.
American Representatives of Hugo's Language Institute of London,
Dept. FZ-159, Garden City, New York.

Please send me the Hugo "French-at-Sight" Course in 24 lessons, for free examination, and include the French-English Dictionary. Within 5 days I will either return the course and dictionary or send you $2 at that time and $2 each month thereafter until $12 has been paid.

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5% discount for cash with order.

If you prefer to get a Course in
☐ Spanish ☐ Italian ☐ German
put an X in box preceding language desired. Price and terms are exactly the same as for the French Course.

MARIE PREVOST has those come-hither eyes. She recently played the part of a girl of the underworld with Thomas Meighan in "The Racket." Marie recently startled Hollywood by effecting a reconciliation with her husband, Kenneth Harlan.

—Russell Ball.

COLLEEN MOORE *Tells Her Life* STORY

SHE was just an average small town girl, yet now she is the idol of millions. Begin her amazing story, in her own words, now, as told to

Helen Starr

I SHALL never forget my first impression of the wonderful world behind the footlights. I was four years old when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came to our home town in Michigan and my mother took me with her to see this perennial favorite.

I sat watching in fascinated silence until that tragic scene where Little Eva's soul ascends to heaven. Her dying whispers to Uncle Tom and her flight to the astral regions were too much for me. I burst into tears and nothing would quiet me.

At last the manager suggested to my mother that perhaps if I could see little Eva in the flesh I would be convinced that she hadn't really died.

They led me back stage where I was actually permitted to shake the hand of the blonde angel. The memory of that thrilling moment remains with me yet.

Going back four years from that time, I was born in Port Huron, Michigan, and my real name is Kathleen Morrison. My family consisted of my grandmother (mother's mother) my mother, my father who is an efficiency engineer by profession and my brother Cleve who is a year and a half younger than myself. Very shortly now, you will see Cleve playing important roles in pictures, too, although at present he is only doing "bits"

Colleen Moore and her younger brother, Cleve, were inseparable childhood companions and partners in crime in the fine arts of beheading dollies or staging blood-curdling melodramas in a piano box theatre in their own back yard.

Colleen in front of her palatial Hollywood home. It is hard for her to realize sometimes that she is grown up now and has a home and responsibilities of her own, she says.

We were something of a nomadic family, for father's work called him to different cities and I soon became accustomed to packing trunks and getting used to hotels and new homes. From Port Huron we moved to Hillsdale, Michigan, where we lived three years and then went to Atlanta, Georgia. My parents started my piano practice at five. I took up this study readily and worked hard toward becoming a concert pianist. At fifteen, I was pronounced graduated in music from the convent I attended in Florida and that meant I had gone very thoroughly over harmony, a mastery of difficult pieces, and the reading and composition of music. More study at the Detroit Conservatory of Music followed this but events of the next few years, which brought me into moving pictures, cut the possible concert career short. And now, for the past three years, I have not practiced at all, and have only had time to snatch an occasional few minutes at the piano.

Some of my friends in filmdom have lived miracle lives and have made a veritable Cinderella leap from dire poverty to prosperity. An unusual amount of romance attaches to these people and much credit, but I cannot say I ever went without a meal or suffered any real hardships as a girl. That phase of a picturesque past has to be omitted in telling about myself, for my father always provided a very good income and we always had an exceptionally comfortable home. In Atlanta, Georgia, especially, my parents rented a very spacious old southern mansion surroun led by extensive grounds. We had plenty of good servants, too, one colored mammy cook we particularly remember because she was discovered smoothing the cake frosting with her bare hands.

FROM Atlanta, we moved to Tampa, Florida, where father opened a factory to make some sort of irrigation engines to be used in the orange groves. As in London and Seattle, the rain pours steadily in Florida during certain months, so I guess the need for irrigation engines was overrated and he didn't make any money on this enterprise. However, my family came south for several winters after that and they spent the rest of the year in Detroit where my father had his central business offices. I was placed in the Sacred Heart Convent in Tampa and stayed there at school for four years.

None of the rest of my family have ever had anything to do with the theater but to me the life of the players was always alluring. I never missed one of the *Lucille Love* serials starring Grace Cunard and I held an enormous childish adoration for the star. I was very deeply hurt when I wrote asking her for a picture and received no answer. In those days, the moving picture companies didn't realize how much that meant to children, so, because of somebody's carelessness in throwing my childish appeal into a wastebasket, I switched my affections to Marguerite Clark and kept them fastened there for years because my appeal to Marguerite for a picture brought a prompt response. I thereupon determined that if I ever became a great actress and little children wrote me letters and asked for pictures, that they would receive a photo by return mail. Much as I enjoy being free from work on Sundays, I always reserve a few hours in order to answer fan letters.

The Morrison family as it is today. Colleen is shown above with her father, Charles R. Morrison, her brother, Cleve, and her mother. Family ties are much more than a name with them.

In Tampa, there was a professional stock company playing new bills each week, so brother Cleve and I organized a competitive company. Our stage was made from several old piano boxes and we ravaged all the neighborhood clothes closets to make up our wardrobes. I particularly remember a lovely pale blue evening gown mother had bought for a brilliant function to be given at the Tampa Bay Hotel. When her search for the new gown led her out to the Morrison barns, she saw me sweeping the train up and down over the dusty piano box floor endeavoring to put over tragedy. Tragedy ensued!

Brother and I seemed to have a pretty good idea of advertising, for we used grass green paint in billing our "American Stock Company" on barns and fences. However, neighborhood interest in our "drammers" soon waned, and we decided to organize a circus and use some tricky, "come on" advertising bait. This is what I devised for the banners used in our street parade: "Big Circus in Morrison's back yard. NO BOYS ALLOWED. Admittance, one cent."

Human nature seems the same the world over, and to the maker of pictures, this is disappointingly true, but nothing seems to attract crowds like a suggestion of something naughty and mysterious. Even as children, we seemed to recognize the value of such deceitful advertising, so, of course, boys came to our circus from miles around and broke down the gates and the fences in their zest to pay us a cent for admittance. And inside, we had rows of innocent chickens and dogs in coops and my athletic brother rubbing his feet in sawdust and turning on a trapeze. Nothing less innocent than that!

Very early, my brother Cleve and I developed a crime complex. There was a certain gorgeous dolly that had been in the family for generations. My aunts had played with it and my father had even included this dolly in his boyhood games and had infinite respect for her traditions. Although I loved my own dollies dearly, this particular china-headed individual held no sentiment for me.

One day my father was reading aloud from an English paper. The recent execution of a criminal was described in detail. Our oatmeal and cream seemed to be occupying our whole attention, but, as a matter of fact, my brother and I were taking in every detail regarding executions. And directly after breakfast, we took the beloved family doll out to the orchard, placed her pink and white face downward on a block of wood, and chopped off her head.

WHEN I fell in love, I seemed no longer to care about holding the batting record for the neighborhood. Brother and I always went to early morning mass on Sundays and to services during the week as well, so quite naturally, I became romantic over a choir boy, so angelically beautiful in his neat black robes.

"She's such a good little soul," said grandmother, when I went hurriedly off to church, fearful of being late.

"I wonder why she has taken such an unusual interest in religion," puzzled my mother, with perhaps a shrewder understanding of the natural tendencies of the oncoming generation.

For months, I gazed at my romantic ideal as he parted his lips in song. The boy lived in another part of the city so our set didn't know him, but he must have sensed my rapt adoration for one day, in passing out of the church, he ventured to say "Hello." His family moved away after that and I didn't see him again, but that shy "Hello," reciprocating the affection I felt, provided all my romantic thrills for the next two years.

I saw some pictures of Pavlowa dancing about that time, and this, in addition to my newly found object of love, influenced me to become ethereal instead of tomboyish and unfeminine. My dancing was self-taught with barefoot glides on the dewy lawn during moonlit evenings and sore throats and colds to follow. I was sure there was something tangible about this love business to be found in books. I had always been a great reader but mother had skillfully confined my library to the Pollyanna *Elsie Dinsmore* type of story.

Some of the fancies of my childhood seem to have grown right up with me. I can't quite believe that I am now a mature young lady, a picture star, married, and mistress of my own home, for my little girl fancy for dolls and toys still persists. It's still my pet hobby to find new and unusual dolls and toys and on the sun porch at home, I have a wonderful doll house which I wish I might show to every youngster in America. I've had lots of fun collecting all the furnishings for this doll house and on my recent trip to Paris with my husband, I searched out many quaint shops in order to replace the old furniture with pieces still more original.

I was delighted with the tiny carved ivory pieces I found in Paris shops. For instance, I picked up a beautifully carved statue for the entrance hall of my doll house and a carved ivory bench, not two inches long, to place beneath the curving stairway.

I HAVE digressed from my straight story long enough to show you that, odd though it may seem my "dolly complex" has persisted even up to the present time. Now to go back. My education in convents continued up to the time I was fifteen and after that, I had a tutor who came to our house to give me advanced studies. In 1916 our family moved to Chicago. An uncle of mine, Walter Howey, had lived in Chicago for some years and was managing editor of the Chicago *American*. It was Uncle Walter who introduced me to D. W. Griffith and the great director asked my mother if he might try me out for pictures.

"But she has had no experience in stage work," my mother truthfully explained. "She has played the piano in recitals, but has never sung in public or taken part in professional plays."

"A number of my featured players had no previous experience before they began screen work," said Mr. Griffith. "I'd like to give her a six months' trial in California and by the end of that time, I can tell whether I think she will be successful or not."

Of course there were family conclaves over the offer. I will never forget how broad-minded, how generous and kind my family were in discussing this subject. They showed no suspicious bigotry, or no prejudice against the stage or acting as a profession. Their chief concern was whether the venture would make me happy.

My father didn't like the idea too well, but I suppose he knew more about the dangers of the world and felt his duty as a protector. Mother pled for me. "It's a great opportunity for Kathleen," she said. "What if she stayed quietly at home and then had an unhappy marriage after all? I feel she would in some way blame us for preventing this opportunity. Now if we allow her to go, she can never feel that we didn't give her this chance. And if she fails, she will at least have the satisfaction of knowing she tried, and she can then dismiss the idea of a screen career from her mind and do something else."

Father saw the logic in that, for he knew that it only brings life disappointment to stubbornly thwart children's dearest desires. So I started out on my screen career in the very happiest and best way, with the inspiring assurance that my family loved me and believed in me and were going to be enthusiastic over my successes and sympathetic over my failures.

And so grandmother and I set out for California.

OF course the country—and the climate, were all new and strange to us but we had no trouble learning to love California. Grandmother and I had no relatives in the

(*Continued on page 79*)

Colleen says she has never outgrown the inclinations of childhood. She still takes pleasure in furnishing her large dollhouse. Below she is shown enjoying an idle hour with her scrapbooks.

When Hollywood Was Really WICKED

A FLASHBACK to the gay old days of the industry when elbows were bent behind swinging, not closed, doors; and sex was expressed by the bustle and the straight front corset.

By DON RYAN

EVERYBODY—with the possible exception of H. L. Mencken—knows by this time that Hollywood is no longer wicked. The dismal howl of every disappointed deacon dragging his dessicated members back to the corn belt after a winter vacation in the Gomorrah of the Western World has broadcast this woeful fact extensively enough to satisfy even Will Hays.

The truth is that Hollywood cannot afford to be wicked. There is too much Wall Street money invested there.

But there were times—ah! Even within my own memory was a time when this coltish suburb of God-fearing Los Angeles kicked up its heels in the reckless abandon of easy money disbursed in pleasant dissipations. When Fatty Arbuckle used to fight for amusement of evenings with the taxicab drivers back of the Christie Hotel—ah! Those were the days. Yes, and I have seen stimulation purveyed in snorts—why, I know one performer yclept the *Gopher Kid* who boosted his salary to three figures a week—he had been an extra—on the strength of his horrible appearance brought about through dissipation.

But Will Hays put the kibosh on all of that wild stuff. Elder Hays was hired to purify the movies in 1922. I say without fear of successful contradiction that Hollywood has been pure since 1923 at the farthest.

Now let us put our eye to the peep hole and take a look at Hollywood in the early days—before pictures began to boom and buttonhole-makers began to buy Hispano-Suizas.

Pictures that actually moved—jerkily enough, heaven knows!—were being manufactured in New York and Chicago several years before it occurred to somebody that by going to California one could work all the time instead of shutting down in the fall because of the lack of sunshine. The first expeditions to Hollywood were merely seasonal hegiras from the obfuscated winter atmosphere of Eastern cities.

"Goodbye Horace, I'll tend the still while you're away!" those popular Civil War mellerdramas, made by D. W.

The first picture made in Los Angeles was *The Count of Monte Cristo*—in one reel—which the Selig company from Chicago completed during the winter of 1907-08. Their studio was rigged up on the roof of an old three-story brick building, one of many similar buildings that lined South Main Street, which have just been torn down to give elbow room to the prideful

Henry B. Walthall, James Kirkwood, Gladys Brockwell and Mack Sennett in one of Griffith back in 1909, long before "The Birth of the Nation" was ever dreamed of.

new skyscraper city hall.

DURING the summer of 1909 the New York Motion Picture Company established a temporary studio in the suburbs of Los Angeles in what had been a neighborhood grocery store; wants were simple in those days. And in the following January occurred an event of considerable importance to the future of Hollywood: the arrival of David W. Griffith with a Biograph company consisting of Henry B. Walthall, Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Jack Pickford and Tony O'Sullivan.

They rented a vacant lot at Twelfth and Georgia Streets. This location is now a new business section dominated by Mr. Hearst's artistic example of Mayan architecture that houses the *Los Angeles Evening Herald*. There are no vacant lots in this vicinity today. But when Griffith and his troupe pitched camp there in the foggy sunshine of a January afternoon in the year 1910, they were hailed with the same enthusiasm as a circus by the amusement-hungry kids of the neighborhood.

The attention they received from the kids was especially embarrassing because it carried over to their elders. The dressing rooms were tents arranged along the edges of the lot, facing inward. It was found necessary to engage a husky with a barrel stave to patrol the exposed sides of the tents to prevent self-appointed investigating committees of suspicious citizens from crawling under them. The neighbors desired ardently to see just what kind of carryings-on were really in progress under the flimsy guise of making those new-fangled magic lantern slides that move.

"'Tain't likely. No, Mrs. Schultzmeyer, I say it ain't a-tall likely. What I really think they're doin'—back there behind them tents—buzz, buzz, buzz!"

"I certainly believe you're right, Mrs. Tarbuza—that I do. And I think we ought to be speakin' to the pastor about such goin's-on. Not that I would stoop to notice such trash—street fair folks, I guess they are—but after what little Willie told me he seen there yesterday—buzz, buzz, buzz!"

Plump matrons brought out their rocking chairs and sat along the row of porches fronting Georgia Street where the old-fashioned frame houses, decorated with jigg-saw scrolls, were the acme of bourgeois respectability. They talked about what little Willie had seen.

And what that kid saw—oh, boy!

Willie Schultzmeyer was an inquisitive and progressive youngster, willing to chance a wallop from the husky's barrel stave in that region which was still unknown in those remote benighted days by the modern euphony of a girl's name. He crawled under the canvas, hid behind

some flats, and from this coign of vantage beheld a series of goings-on that fired his young blood and set his mother's tongue wagging.

THE wicked magic lantern tribe had certainly gone beyond the bounds of propriety. Evidently not contented with what they could get to drink on Main Street, they had set up a barroom right on their lot!

Yes ma'am. And what do you think? There was the whole kit-and-kaboodle of 'em, a-reveling and a-wallowing something scandalous.

Willie said the bar was surrounded by painted scenery to make it look natural. The big burly bartender was handing out the red-eye to a well-dressed scoundrel in a brown derby who was evidently becoming over-lubricated.

Presently, before Willie's innocent young eyes, out bounded a wench—all curves—dressed in a low-neck gown set off by the straight front "Model V" she wore underneath. The girl was unquestionably fast. She had paint and powder on her face—an awful lot—and her hair, done up with a big rat all the way around, was frizzed indelicately over her eyes.

This hussy leaned over the inebriated stranger as he sat at a little round table and began to stroke his chin, making deliberate love to him in a fashion that was simply scandalous. And as she leaned over, little Willie was blessed with a vision of the female wishbone such as he had not beheld since infancy.

Willie watched two or three different scenes in this same barroom. Every time the stranger in the brown derby came back he got drunker and his clothes got shabbier until in the last scene the poor simpleton, ragged and broke, was thrown out by the brutal bartender while the brazen hussy who had lured him on to ruin, tossed her ratted head and laughed—a very wicked snort.

Then the astonished Willie saw a confused and noisy bustling and the scene changed. It was the inside of a respectable-looking house, just like his own home, and there was the poor little sweetheart of the foolish man who had spent his last nickel on drink and, probably, rats and a new straight-front for the dizzy barroom Jezebel.

The poor little sweetheart had been struck blind after a spell of sickness induced by a broken heart. And she surely looked pitiful, groping her way to the window to stand looking out with her sightless eyes and stretching out her arms—one, two, three times—as though she would bring him back.

She was a mighty pretty girl—Willie told his mother in an awed whisper that she looked like an angel—or a beautiful fairy—just a mite of a young girl with lovely golden curls all down her back and a big ribbon bow tied neatly behind, right at the juncture of her shirtwaist and skirt. The long skirt was like the graceful chalice of an inverted flower. From the tight-stemmed waistline it belled downward into a magnificent gored spread that concealed the wearer's feet and swept up many shavings from the littered stage.

The funny man who kept hollering at the pretty girl through a megaphone called her Mary. "Now Mary this—and now Mary that—" but the buxom lady who was evidently her mother and who kept making suggestions which the man with the megaphone consistently ignored, called her Gladys. And her mother's name was Mrs. Smith.

Vera Reynolds and Neal Burns playing "you chase me and I'll chase you" in an old Christie Comedy. The peek-a-boo shirtwaist and roguishly revealed ankle were the height of feminine sex appeal in those days.

That is about all that Willie got to see because about that time he received the inevitable whack from the barrel stave.

"But I tell you, Mrs. Tarbuza, I don't approve of such carryin's-on—not in this neighborhood—whether it's play-actin' or whether it's plain devilment—and I'm inclined to believe the worst."

"I am too, Mrs. Schultzmeyer—and you know—I'm seldom disappointed."

"That's right. There's that young girl—that Mary Pickford or Gladys Smith, I recken her real name is. Now Willie said she had paint and powder on her face, too—and the girl can't be more'n sixteen or seventeen years old. And the man who was runnin' this show or whatever you call it—he grabbed her once quite rude by the arm, Willie says. And again when the girl's mother said something to him why this impudent young whippersnapper he said right back to her, quite rude: "Aw, go and sit on a tack!"

"Slang—my goodness!"

And so the unwelcome movie insinuated itself into the civic life of Los Angeles on about the same footing

as the street carnival companies that flew their banners on the vacant lots along Hollywood Boulevard whenever the Elks decided to raise money for the orphanage.

The feeling that the movies were anything but respectable—certainly not a safe investment—was reflected by the bankers of Los Angeles when the first timid loans were solicited. Thus the City of the Angels missed an opportunity to become the commercial as well as the artistic capital of filmdom. The money for making pictures is still coming from New York.

Theda Bara, with her boa constrictor figure proved an irresistible lure to every male who considered himself prime vampire bait.

There was no censorship at first. In the two-reeler that pop-eyed Willie watched in the making that day on Georgia Street, when an actor took a drink he did it openly, right before the camera. You didn't see him lift the glass—cut to the girl watching—then back and you saw him set it down and wipe his mouth.

But censorship soon arrived—with the discovery of sex by the movies. That discovery ushered in Theda Bara and her gazing crystal and her red-and-black bedtick and modest Major Funkhouser of Chicago. These events, which marked the beginning of another epoch, are as follows:

The World War gave motion pictures a tremendous boost. Not only did it become early popular to lick the Germans vicariously in celluloid and to depict sexy revels with the religious old kaiser as the chief participant; but long before America entered the war the movies began to cash in on the craving in the heart of every silk-shirted munitions worker for some way to spend the vast accumulation of dollars he found in his pants pocket on pay day. The munitions worker distinctly didn't care for grand opera but horse opera he adored. Pictures jumped from the nickelodeon class to a position beside the legit with a two-dollar top in some of the magnificent new movie palaces dedicated to the amusement of the multitudes.

Early in 1915 it was accidentally discovered by William Fox that every American woman thinks she is a re-incarnation of Cleopatra and that every American male counterpart believes he is prime vampire bait. Frank Powell directed a picture for Fox called *A Fool There Was*, suggested by Kipling's poem, which, in turn, had been inspired by a Bourne-Jones painting, *The Vampire*.

For his vamp Powell selected a modest young actress from Cincinnati, Ohio, named Theodosia Goodman. On the screen she appeared as Theda Bara and a couple of inspired young men imposed upon a press, still credulous about pictures, the tale that she was an untamed child of the desert, daughter of a French artist and an Arab mother, suckled on the milk of wild camels.

Every symphonic ripple from the swathed figure of this mysterious female brought dollars rolling into the box office. So naive was the public mind at this time that audiences believed just what they saw on the screen. Charlie Chaplin was supposed to have the same funny moustache and feet on and off the lot and as for Theda—yiyiyiyi! What they thought about her!

Fox sent the new star to Hollywood to make a series of vamping pictures. The inspired press agents staged a big scene for her in Chicago but when it came to a showdown the czar of pictures in this Midwestern metropolis, one Major M. C. L. Funkhouser, the local censor, simply refused to meet the wicked woman.

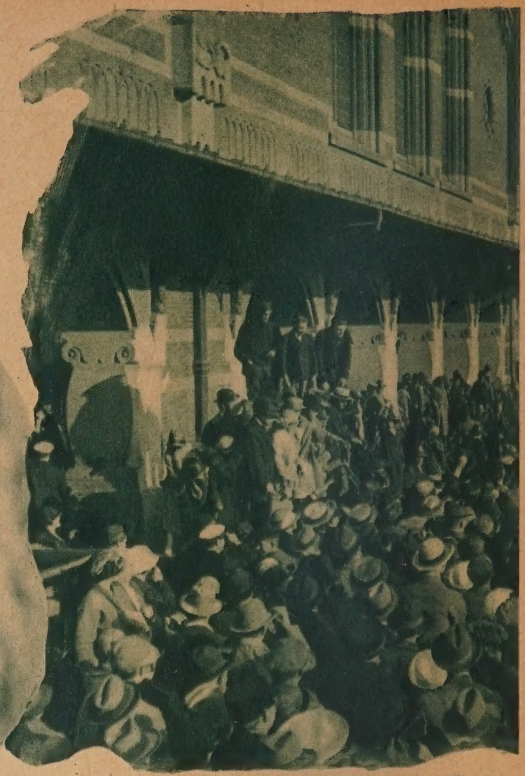
Finally they lured the major to the Blackstone. There he encountered Theda, properly swathed in red and black bedticking, sitting in a room that was dizzy with incense. The Chicago papers printed columns.

"Gimme some air!" yelled Bara, flinging open the windows as soon as they had departed.

So Bara was wafted into Hollywood on a wave of choking incense at a period when that budding suburb of Los Angeles was really wicked.

WHEN Mary travels through Europe, queens and beggars alike pay her homage, and they call out the police reserves to protect her from the admiring crowds which surround her.

This is the way Mary looks now with her new bobbed hair. But she has saved those curls to wear in her pictures.



No, this is not a picture of a riot. Just a few Danish picture fans turning out to give Mary and Doug a quiet little welcome upon their arrival in Copenhagen. Mary and Doug can be seen in the motor car in the center.

Through Doug

By DOROTHY

IN ITALY they call him "Senor Dooug-las" and kiss the hem of Mary's skirt.

They don't know his name is Fairbanks, but they do know that Mary is the sweetheart of the universe.

"Vive, Senor Zorro!" they yell, remembering *The Mark of Zorro.*

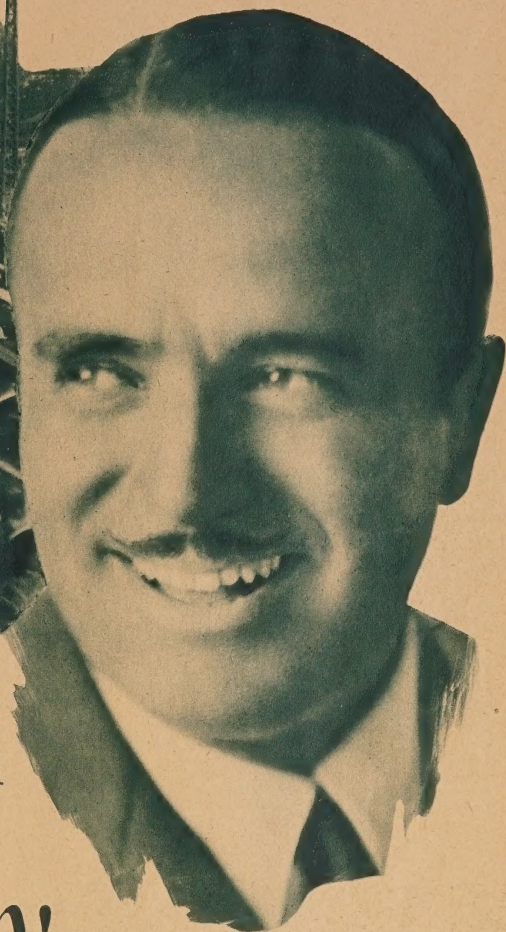
"Bravo, la lampo!" remembering his agility, his grace, the fine capers he cuts. *"Lampo"* is the same as "lightning" if you will consult your "Italian in Ten Easy Lessons." We did.

In France it is the same way. In Paris. In London. Anywhere in England. In Switzerland. By the Lake of Como. At Cairo. Beneath the shadow of the Pyramids. On the shores of Sicily.

When the King and Queen of America travel they have to call out the police reserves. The "bobbies" do double duty. The gendarmes get extra pay. When Doug and Mary Fairbanks visit *hoi polloi* goes mad. They shout, they scream, they surge, they mob, they adore. Small girls thrust pansies into Mary's gracious hands.

TALK about Caesar's triumphant entry, talk about your days of knightly pageantry, talk about the return of the prodigal son. They all looked like Ladies' Aid meet-

EUROPEANS never heard of Douglas Fairbanks—but they go wild when Senor 'Doug' or Senor Zorro, as they know him in the Latin countries, comes to visit them.



Europe with *and* Mary

Doug's famous smile lines them up in the streets of Europe as well as at the box office. Crowds wait for hours hoping to see him do an acrobatic feat.

SPENSLEY

ings compared to Doug and Mary's little journeys onto foreign strands.

"When we were in Spain several years ago, the Dowager Queen of Portugal, Amelia, now dethroned, took Mary's hand between her own. She's had a tragic life—Queen Amelia. 'My dear,' she said, 'May I tell you that the few rare moments of joy in my life have been given me by your pictures?'

"And as we left the building, a tattered beggar woman scurried to Mary, dropped to her knees, mumbling hasty words, and kissed the hem of Mary's dress."

Travelling with the Fairbanks is like taking a quiet trip with Napoleon in his palmiest days, or going on a little jaunt with Alexander the Great.

"This time it was touching to see how the crowds responded, gently, to Mary's sorrow. They, too, loved the mother of Mary.

"We left Hollywood in April, planning to spend two weeks in New York, in conference and out, devoting all our time to business, as an antidote to her bereavement. Two and a half hours after our arrival we had finished everything. We were booked to sail, fourteen days later, on the *Saturnia*.

"'Can't we leave sooner?' Mary asked."

So Doug grabbed the 'phone and was told that the *Albert Ballin* was sailing in two hours.

"'We'll make it,' I said. 'But how?' asked Mary. I ordered all the maids and valets in the hotel to report to our rooms and set them to packing. The boat sailed at five. At twenty minutes to five we were boarding the gangplank, bound for the royal suite, which an official of the German line had kindly vacated.

"At Cherbourg we were met by a special train, the famous Blue line—more than rapid transit—that had been arranged by the steamboat officials, and we dashed to Paris. We stayed there just long enough to confer with representatives, and telephoned to Allie MacIntosh, in Nice, that we were en route to call on him. And to be sure and produce Rex Ingram. He has a studio there, in the south of France. MacIntosh is what we call our 'circulating adjuster.' He is sort of 'trouble man' for the company.

"Not long ago Captain Alstair MacIntosh was the second husband of Constance Talmadge. But that, of course, is a different story.

"We stopped at Nice for a time, and then made Cannes. Everyone is there. It's one of the most beautiful places in the world."

Home again! Doug and Mary arriving in New York following their triumphal tour through Europe. It's fun to travel, says Doug, but there's no sight like the Statue of Liberty!

Quiet moments like this one, when Mary and Doug were snapped alone in a patio at Seville away from the crowds, are rare occurrences on their European trips.

Mediterranean waters, blue as angels' eyes, slap champagne-colored shores.

"Michael Arlen and his bride, the former Countess Atalanta Mercate, were there. And Elsie de Wolfe, now the Lady Mendel, and Somerset Maugham and Phillip Locke, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lewisohn and E. Phillips Oppenheim and Lord Abercrombie. There is a little colony of writers and artists in Cannes, all wanting to come to Hollywood. They will do anything, so they say, to reach Hollywood. Write or act or be mere onlookers.

"Lawrence Irving, a grandson of Sir Henry Irving, returned with us."

He is an English painter of considerable merit, Hollywood inclined.

"It was the long crowded days at Cannes that helped Mary to forget, a bit. The sea air. The complete change. We were always doing something. We would charter a launch and skim over to the Island of St.

(*Continued on page* 86)

Small—*but she went over* BIG!

May McAvoy and Buster Collier make one of the screen's most attractive pairs of juveniles. They are shown above in a scene from "The Lion and the Mouse," a recent Warner Bros. production.

THEY put May McAvoy in the foreground of the mob scenes because she was small. And that's how they came to notice her, says May in the story of her rise to fame as told to

HELEN STARR

I AM small, and they always put me in the foreground in extra scenes. That is the only reason I was noticed, or that I got anywhere in pictures!

I almost wish I could tell a real sob story of early misfortunes. People always listen with such intense interest when a friend relates "I knew her when she had simply nothing, and now she has a Spanish villa and a chauffeur." Cinderella's old story always brings heart throbs.

But I was not poor, even at the beginning of my career. I lived at home in New York City with my mother and my brother. We had all the comforts of life and I did not need to seek a career. But I could not stay at home and do nothing. There were too many interesting things to do and I was ambitious and wanted to be busy at something.

My mother was strongly opposed to the stage. She did not feel quite that way about pictures. Many mothers have this same notion—that their girls are more protected, and not quite so intimately before the public as are players behind the footlights. And so she did not oppose my desire to play in the movies.

I had studied at Wadleigh High School in New York City to be a teacher but I soon saw that this work would not interest me long. I also had a visionary dream about being a toe dancer at the Metropolitan Opera House. Pictures were still elusive and a bit difficult at the start, so I posed for artists who painted magazine covers and adver-

tising posters. Many other girls, now well known in pictures, were also posing for artists at that time. Edna Murphy was one of these, Helene Chadwick, Mabel Normand who posed for the fashion artists at the Butterick Company, Eleanor Boardman who posed a great deal for Eastman Kodak advertising pictures, and Carlotta Miles, whose face is well known on automobile tire advertisements and who later was successful on the stage.

From a vision of ourselves on a large and brightly colored billboard to a position of nonentity as extras in the mob, seemed a momentary comedown, but we all realized that the movies were something new and wonderful that might carry us on to untold fame and fortune. So even on the very rainy days, we made the rounds of the theatrical agencies with soldierlike regularity and ever so often, would be sent over to one of the studios at Fort Lee, New Jersey, across the Hudson, for extra work.

MY VERY first picture work was as an extra in a production starring Ann Pennington and I furnished my own clothes and earned $5 a day. Then I was given other work with Elsie Ferguson and Marguerite Clark and from these was often given such bits as maid parts and telephone operators.

I think the first requirement I would suggest for the amateur who wants to be a star is to carefully pick one's mother! In my short career I have not only played hundreds of small roles, but I have so far had leads in 68 pictures! How could I have put in such long hours at the studios, and so completely given up my entire time and energy to picture production, if my mother had not been able to relieve me of all the petty details of business and personal life? She is very capable in business matters and handles all the smallest details of my affairs. She also runs the house, pays all the bills, oversees the servants and does all my shopping. I simply could not have climbed the ladder of success without her. I reiterate—be careful in choosing your mother.

My first really good part was a sister role with Madge Kennedy. Then I did an ingenue lead with Alice Joyce in *The Sporting Duchess* and was then signed for five pictures by Commodore Blackton who had then left the Vitagraph Company to become an independent producer. I was co-starred with Bruce Gordon, a young English actor well known in South Africa and other British provinces as well as on the London stage.

MY FIRST big chance came in *Sentimental Tommy*, directed by John Robertson for Famous Players. This led to my being signed on a five-year contract by this same organization, and being sent to Hollywood in 1921. The arrangement was that I was to be starred in Real Art pictures and featured at Famous Players, as these organizations were under one banner. At that time, there were eight stars on the Real Art program—Constance Binney, Justine Johnson, Mary Miles Minter, Wanda Hawley, Alice Brady, Bebe Daniels and myself. After some months, the Real Art studio closed, and only two of these stars, Bebe Daniels and myself were kept on by Famous Players. I was with this organization two years and a half of my five-year contract. During the last six months there, the studio had difficulty finding suitable stories for me and I remained idle. All this time I was receiving flattering offers from other studios, and in addition to this, my ambitions to keep busy and get ahead were being delayed, so I asked for a release in order to free lance.

I want to mention my friendship with Lois Wilson which began when I went to the Famous Players lot. Lois was then a big star and a very important person when I was just beginning, and I thought it was very kind of her to come to my dressing room to make me welcome when I first came out from New York. Since that day we have been great pals and are often together when picture production allows.

After I left Famous Players, this same company were the first to re-engage me for a role. I was sent to New York to play with Glenn Hunter in *West of the Water Tower*. While I was east, I was also engaged by First National for *The Enchanted Cottage* with Dick Barthel-

The only thing Spanish about May McAvoy is her shawl. Her temperament is calm and unruffled, for which the directors are most thankful.

May McAvoy wanted to be a dancer screen. Her lithesome grace induced

mess. Then I returned to Hollywood for three years of free lance work which included *Lady Windemere's Fan* and *Three Women* for Warner Brothers, *Tarnish* for Sam Goldwyn and *Ben Hur* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which included a six months' stay in Italy, a real vision of Vesuvius in eruption and so much work on production that I only had a glimpse of Europe which included five days in Paris, one in Naples and about a minute in Venice and Florence. Some day, I am going back to complete that brief sightseeing vacation, and without thinking of pictures at the same time.

I am honored by being the only woman member of the International Association of Fire Chiefs in the world. After I had made *The Fire Brigade* and with the picture, made many personal appearances all over the country, I was given a gold badge upon which is inscribed, "The Sweetheart of the International Association of Fire Chiefs." This picture aided in raising the salaries of firemen and helped in fire prevention work. Now, when I arrive in a new city, the fire chief in his own red car always meets me and escorts me wherever I desire to go.

The Breakfast Club, a well-known organization of Los Angeles celebrities and business men, has also honored

instead of a movie star. But her wish came true on the the producers to include many ballet scenes, in her pictures.

me by making me what is known as a "Pal of the Breakfast Club." The other "Pals" are the Duncan sisters, Anita Stewart, Ruth Roland, Billie Dove and Sylvia Breamer.

For the past year and a half I have been with the Warner Studio. And I have bought my own home in Hollywood where I live with my mother. My brother has never been west, but we are hoping he will come to Hollywood to visit us shortly.

I don't care much for athletics. And I have no hobbies. I have had only one short vacation in a good many years, and that one was forced upon me because I had a nervous breakdown. In the last ten and one-half months, I have made eight pictures, so it is easy to see I work most of the time, and only devote my leisure to rest and relaxation.

I am intensely interested in the new talking pictures. I took part in the first Vitaphone picture, *The Jazz Singer* with Al Jolson, but I had no speaking to do in that one. In *The Lion and the Mouse* I had some talking to do. The public are crowding the theaters everywhere to see these first talking pictures and show a keen curiosity in them. The story of *The Lion and the Mouse* and pictures taken from the play, are in another part of this magazine.

I am now working on *The Terror,* another talking picture which is *all* talking. That is, only a portion of the lines in *The Lion and the Mouse* are spoken, but in *The Terror* every line is spoken throughout the picture play. *The Lion and the Mouse* is showing now all over the country and *The Terror* will be released sometime in the fall.

The new talking pictures have presented a problem to some of us among the stars, who have never been on the stage or who have never had voice training. We have had to study and work to conquer this new art. Which just proves that even a star may not be too certain of her orbit, for something like a mere mechanical invention may come along to change the whole course of her place in the heavens!

I think that one thing that a star should always carefully avoid is the delusion of grandeur. No matter to what height one attains, there is always so much more to be done, and so many more things to learn. A star should always live and work in the present, keeping one eye on the future.

May McAvoy is the only woman member of the International Association of Fire Chiefs. Some day she says she is going to realize her ambition to drive a hook-and-ladder to a fire.

DAN CUPID'S BULLETIN BOARD

On Again—Off Again

ALICE WHITE, First National star and Dick Grace, stunt flyer, take first prize as Hollywood's champion on-again off-again couple. They were to be married on the Fourth of July. Then it was called off. Then it was on again. Now—nobody knows. They ought to issue daily bulletins so that an eager public can keep up with the progress of their romance.

Barbara Bedford and Albert Roscoe had just obtained a divorce when Roscoe was cast for a part in *The Mating Call* with Tom Meighan. One of life's little ironics.

DICK GRACE

ALICE WHITE

Cupid Whispers That—

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is being very attentive to Josephine Dunn of late and is seen at many parties with the blonde ex-Follies girl.

Eddie Sutherland, director, who has taken to eating in cafes since he was divorced by Louise Brooks, often dines with Anita Page, the little girl that Harry Thaw brought west.

Glenn Tryon stops every morning for Patsy Ruth Miller and takes her to the studios.

Ben Lyon is seen often these days with Marion Nixon who was divorced not long ago from Joe Benjamin, her prize-fighter husband.

Gary Cooper seems to have found his feminine ideal in the charming Evelyn Brent. They are going about a great deal together lately.

Elopement—New Style

WHEN a girl is engaged to a man for two years and then runs away to marry him, can you call it an elopement? Natalie Kingston says not. The film actress and George Andersch, Los Angeles broker, have been engaged for two years, very quietly. The other afternoon when all was quiet in Hollywood, the couple hopped into an airplane with several of their friends and flew across the border to Tia Juana where the ceremony was performed. The couple will go on a short honeymoon to Honolulu and Miss Kingston who has just finished one picture at Universal Studios will start work on another one as soon as they return.

Reginald Denny has set November as the date of his mariage to "Bubbles" Steiffel, Universal actress.

Olga Baclanova, Russian emotional actress, has started divorce proceedings against her husband, Valdemar Zoppi, an attorney in Moscow.

They're Surprised

ALTHOUGH romances are more widely publicized in Hollywood than anywhere else, still couples often surprise their friends when they actually get married. Ralph Graves was married to Virginia Goodwin, daughter of a prominent San Diego family, six months ago, but they managed to keep the wedding a secret until just recently.

Ethelyn Clair, red-headed southern beauty, who had led her friends to believe she was engaged to Tom Tyler, western star, was married a short time ago to Dean Henshaw in a ceremony at Tia Juana.

Fred Kohler, Paramount studio heavy, has just married Marjory Prole, a non-professional.

Can a couple be happy six thousand miles apart? That's what people are wondering about Lila Lee and her husband, James Kirkwood, pioneer film actor. Kirkwood is in London playing on the stage while his wife remains in Hollywood.

ETHLYN CLAIR

Companionate Divorcees

HOLLYWOOD, having worn the novelty off divorces, is going in for reconciliations these days. Alan Crosland and his wife have patched up their differences and joined forces once more. Josef Von Sternberg, director of *Underworld, The Dragnet* and other Paramount pictures, who was recently divorced from Riza Marks Royce, stage and screen star, has also smoothed things over with his wife. "I am just one of those old-fashioned men who will always stay married," said Von Sternberg, "it was just a temporary spat that separated us." Then, too, there are Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan, who are starting their second try at married life.

MARIE PREVOST

SOCIETY *in* CINEMALAND

Buffet suppers and Chinatown parties enliven the film colony.

Billie Dove, her husband, Irvin Willat, Ben Lyon, Mervyn LeRoy, the director, Jack Warner, producer, June Collyer, Edna Murphy, Julia Faye and Lloyd Hughes are shown in the above picture taken at a Mayfair dance of film folk. Can you pick them out of the group?

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY
SCREEN SECRETS Society Editor

DANCES at the Mayfair are increasing in popularity. At a recent affair stage stars vied with screen luminaries in giving attractive parties. **Ethel Barrymore,** looking almost unfamiliar with her new slim silhouette, was the center of one while **Basil Rathbone** lorded it over another.

Richard Barthelmess and his new bride, just home from their Hawaiian honeymoon, formed an exclusive foursome with two of their friends. I noticed **Louise Brooks** at **Winnie Sheehan's** table and **Mrs. Reginald Denny** with the **Montagu Loves. Kyrle Bellew** and his wife were with **Mervyn LeRoy** and **Edna Murphy** (they're married, too).

The romance of the evening was provided by **Al Jolson** who came with the **Jack Warners** but danced all the time with the dynamic **Lupe Velez.**

Samuel Goldwyn introduced his newest foreign star **Lili Damita,** French actress—to Hollywood at an interesting afternoon tea. He confided that **Miss Damita** had been in the film capital a bare forty-eight hours when a rival producer tried to get her for a picture, offering her a fabulous salary.

All the men at the party made a concerted rush for the beautiful brown-eyed actress who gaily accepted a jam tart from one of them. "Fine—O. K.—ham and eggs!" said she, daintily devouring the delicacy. Ladies have to be thin in America but I'll eat this tart."

Walter Byron, Goldwyn's other "foreign find", took an unfair advantage of the male guests by appearing in the extremely good looking uniform he wears in *The Awakening.*

Mrs. Goldwyn (Frances Howard) graciously assisted her husband in receiving. She told me that little Sammy has pink hair. "It isn't red and it isn't blonde—it's plain pink." Also that her sister **Constance** is very happy in her marriage and looking forward to the advent of a small pink-haired offspring of her own.

Patsy Ruth Miller with her parents, **Mr.** and **Mrs. Oscar Miller,** held open house on a recent Sunday evening at their hospitable home in Beverly Hills. A sumptuous buffet supper was served the seventy-five guests who sought out nooks to eat *tete-a-tete* or in small groups.

Arthur Lubin and **Patsy Ruth** enthusiastically compared their beach-acquired sunburn. Then everybody fell to talking of the "speakies". Arthur was to have a test for Vitaphone the next morning and was earnestly advising his young hostess to invite all the prominent directors to her stage performance of *Kempy* to be given under the auspices of the Beverly Hills Community Players. Winston, Pat's brother, is playing the title role and **Ethel Jackson** the younger sister. **Lilyan Tashman** confided that her husband, **Eddie Lowe,** had never recovered after hearing his voice via Movietone but **Lilyan** was crowing over her own contralto tones since the lighter female voices are "not so good."

Ben Lyon and **Ralph Forbes** were two of the most-sought-after "stags." **Ben** declared that someone ought to give him a medal because he had come through his first air picture without a crash while **Ralph** was worrying about his two young sisters who

will come from England on the quota soon. "I haven't seen them since they were so high," he said, measuring off a scant distance from the floor. "And now they're all grown up and beautiful and everything. They write such stiff little letters beginning, 'My dear brother' but I never know how to answer them."

Irving Thalberg, youthful supervisor of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and wife, Norma Shearer, have been feted at the film colony upon their return from a belated honeymoon trip to gay Europe.

THE Roosevelt Hotel was the scene of two elaborate dinner dances this past month. The **Hunt Strombergs** were hosts to a welcome-home-from-their-honeymoon for **Mr.** and **Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer)** and an announcement-of-the-engagement of **Miss Sylvia Thalberg** to **Larry Weingarten.** Red hearts formed a motif for decorations on the large horseshoe-shaped dinner table with a center piece of the M-G-M lion sculptured in ice.

Places were laid for **Messrs.** and **Mesdames Irving Thalberg, Louis B. Mayer, Harry Rapf, Harry Beaumont, Tod Browning, Jack Conway, Robert Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead)** and **Joe Rapf**; the **Misses Sylvia Thalberg, Edith Mayer, Dorothy Sebastian** and **Carmel Myers** among others.

Al Lichtman was the honoree at the other affair give by **Mr.** and **Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn,** and among the starry guests were **Mr.** and **Mrs. Rod La Rocque (Vilma Banky),** the **Buster Keatons, Norma** and **Constance Talmadge, Dolores Del Rio,** striking in a bright red taffeta gown, and **Lupe Velez** trying to look demure in an all-white creation.

Colorful, romantic Chinatown was chosen as the best party-place by piquant little **Ethel Jackson,** daughter of **Mr.** and **Mrs. Herbert Jackson** of Beverly Hills. **Ethel** is a protegee of the famous **D. W. Griffith** who kept her under his eye all during the making of *The Drums of Love* and entrusted eight different minor roles to the seventeen-year-old actress.

So it was to **Tom Gubbins'** new Chinese dining room, situated over an art shop near the Plaza, that **Miss Jackson** led her guests after first mischievously guiding them through the weird labyrinths of Chinatown itself. **Mr. Gubbins** circulated from table to table among the eighty guests and thoughtfully explained each mysterious dish of Chinese food—shark's fin soup, almond duck and so on to the strange sweets—and everyone tried to outdo his neighbor in properly manipulating the slippery chopsticks.

Sandra, the well-known crystal-gazer, was kept busy the entire evening fore-telling the future. **Mary McAlister** declared it gave her the shivers to hear **Sandra** tell her that this time next week she would be far on the ocean wave, knowing, as she did, that her ticket was bought for Honolulu. And **Emilio Gonzalez,** the attractive young Mexican who has been playing in Fox's *Air Circus* for the past ten weeks, couldn't understand how **Sandra** knew that he had been flying for two months or so.

Jack Dempsey insisted that the fortune given him concerned a blonde or red-haired girl. Whereupon every dark-haired girl in the room offered to have hers dyed to suit at once, except his wife, **Estelle Taylor,** who joyously cried: "Aha, a break at last!" This is one Hollywood couple who can afford to joke—they are so securely happy in their marriage.

As for the younger members of the film colony, they were so busy dancing on the perfect floor that they seemed content with the present. **Sally Eilers** and **Matty Kemp** floated by, heads close together, utterly absorbed. **Arthur Lake** and **Martha Sleeper's** cavalier took turns dancing with **Martha** and **Arthur's** pretty sister.

The golden wedding anniversary of **Mr.** and **Mrs. Noah Webster Beery** was the signal for the reunion of their three sons, **Noah, William** and **Wallace. William** is the business man brother, is happily married and has three good looking youngsters, and, as the masters of ceremonies always say: "**Noah** and **Wallace** need no introduction." **Wallie** flew his new airplane from the Mexican border location of Paramount's *Beggars of Life* in order to attend the festivities.

BETTY BRONSON and her sister **Eleanor** dressed as French dolls for the masquerade given by the Matinee and Dramatic Club at the home of **Miss Nancy Reid,** their president. Other gay masqueraders were **Betty Rogers** (granddaughter of the late **Frank Bacon**), **Frances Bacon,** daughter of **Lloyd Bacon, Marion Strickland, Louise Gilbert, Lucia Caruthers** and **Nancy Beaton.**

However, Betty won the prize for the cleverest costume. You know she looks like a little doll anyway.

Why shouldn't William Boyd, Vera Reynolds and Elinor Fair look happy? They are on their way to one of filmdom's gay affairs at the Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood's popular rendezvous.

Lili Damita, famous French star imported by Samuel Goldwyn, is proving one of the big social hits of Hollywood. Her wit and charm have made her much in demand as toastmistress at parties where she is often escorted by Charlie Chaplin.

I was surprised at the difference in the sisters; **Eleanor** is just fifteen, but, owing to her height and weight, looks older than **Betty. Eleanor** is in the movies now.

"They're making a hot papa out of Charlie!" cried one of the baby stars during the intermission at the opening of Fox's *Fazil.* The Carthay Circle Theatre lounge was crowded but everyone within hearing of her high voice laughed and agreed. And you will, too, when you see boyish **Charles Farrell** transformed into a stern Arab shiek for this burning melodrama of the desert.

The popular young star escorted **Virginia Valli** and was markedly devoted during the evening. Two recent brides—**Norma Shearer** and **Mary Astor**—came with their own husbands, **Irving Thalberg** and **Kenneth Hawkes. Kenneth's** brother **Howard** (the director of the picture) was away on his honeymoon with **Norma Shearer's** sister, the former **Mrs. Athole Ward. Greta Nissen** was attending the New York opening of the production but sent a wire of regret which was read by **Charles Francis Coe,** master of ceremonies.

The exotic **Josephine Borio,** who was part of **Charlie's** harem in the opus, undulated down the aisle to the excited whispers of "That's **Dolores Del Rio!"** While **Peggy Hamilton** created quite a sensation in a costume of canary and orange tulle; the extremely long bodice was solidly encrusted with yellow bugle beads and the skirt, very short in front and to the heels in the back, was fashioned of graduating ruffles shaded from yellow to orange, bordered with gold thread.

Honoring **Don Mario Ramirez de Velasco** of Buenos Aires, **Count Andres de Segurola** and the **Hon. Juan Mitchell,** attache of the Argentine embassy, were hosts at a Spanish buffet supper given at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The distinguished South American had courteously consented to a display of his fine collection of old Spanish and Inca art which had been in his family since the sixteenth century.

Mae Murray and her prince kept returning to the case which held the weird shrunken human heads, although Mae insisted that she was really fascinated by the exquisite rug of alpaca skins which hung above. **Franklin Pangborn** found the entire collection interesting and asked innumerable questions, trying out his war-time French on the foreign hosts.

John Roche ran up for a few minutes to find our party but was too excited to stay. He had just succeeded in wangling a passport and expected to leave almost immediately for a trip abroad, visiting England, France and Germany. They're all doing it—Hollywood will soon be deserted.

HAPPY HOBOES

"BEGGARS OF LIFE," Jim Tully's famous story of tramp life, which first appeared in *Triple-X*, SCREEN SECRETS' sister publication, is to be made into a picture by Paramount.

SOME years ago, a tramp, dusty and dirty, came into Hollywood off the road and sat down to write his experiences. He wrote them laboriously, crudely with a lead pencil, in one paragraph thousands of words long. Rupert Hughes corrected it for him and he sent it off to the publishers.

It was refused. *Beggars of Life* went the rounds and came back to its author. The magazine makers found it too strong, too vital and vivid for their tastes. Then he sent it to the Fawcett Publications. It was accepted and printed in TRIPLE-X, the Fawcett western magazine.

Today Jim Tully's writings bring fancy figures.

And now *Beggars of Life*, Jim Tully's autobiography of his tramp days, is being made into a picture.

Louise Brooks and Richard Arlen are side-door pullman travellers in "Beggars of Life," the great tramp picture. Join the gaycats and see the world is the motto of the clan.

Jim Tully, super-hobo, has made himself independently wealthy writing of the life of his brother bums. Although he now owns a beautiful home in Hollywood, he still lives in his books, the days of the road.

Louise Brooks, leading woman, and Jim Tully, author of the picture, both ran away from home at an early age to see life. They saw lots of it and they are still seeing it.

Movie Gossip *from* GAY PAREE

A typical scene at the gaming tables of Monte Carlo, where motion picture stars, millionaires and grand dukes stake fortunes on the whirling ball.

SCREEN SECRETS' foreign correspondent takes a jaunt to Monte Carlo, the gyp capital of the world, and garners spicy gossip about celebrities.

MONTE CARLO. By RENE DE LA SEINE

THE Hollywood game of "numbers" has hit this town and also the Casino—hard, if one may judge by enthusiastic accounts one hears.

According to the way they play it here you take your age, the date you were born, and how many drinks you had before dinner, and add the total up. You then add the figures of the total and play that number. Thus, if the number is 504 you play number 9 across the board.

Nina Wilcox Putnam was made a victim of this craze the other night by Harry Lachman, with whom she is making comedies on the Rex Ingram lot over in Nice.

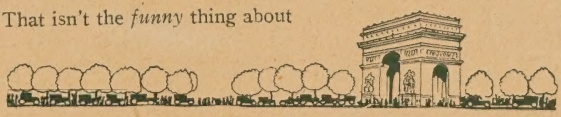
She wrote down her age, the date of her birth, and a "zero" for the drinks, and the total came to 54. Added, this made 9. Mrs. Putnam does not play roulette, but she gave a hundred francs to Harry and told him to see if 9 was good.

While we had a few drinks at the Café de Paris, Lachman went into the Casino and played. After an hour he came back, a thick sheaf of bank notes in his hand.

Without a word he handed them to her. There were three thousand and seven hundred and four francs. Mrs. Putnam was delighted.

"That number certainly was the goods," she said. "But the funny thing about it is that I cheated on my age. My number isn't nine at all."

Harry smiled sourly. "That isn't the *funny* thing about it," he said. "The real joke is that I didn't play 9 at all. I won all that at two flops on zero."



THE Riviera is a place where every prospect pleases except three kings in a *chemin-de-fer* hand and where only man has bile. There is more billiousness of a morning in Monte Carlo than in the whole of Paris, London and New York combined. That's because six thousand suckers, including yourself, have sat up until six o'clock a. m. in the Casino or Sporting Club trying to guess the intentions of a little ivory ball, and five thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of the suckers have lost, and you aren't one of the two winners.

Roulette has got it all over booze or jealousy when it comes to billiousness.

It's a simple little game at that. All you do is put some money on the table, wait a moment until it has been scooped in, and then bet some more. You do this until you have no more money or the wife drags you out by the hair.

One old lady I noticed there gave me a sort of pitying pain. She had a system. She would wait until the red hadn't turned up twelve times running—the average is every other time—and then bet ten francs. If she lost, she followed her money with twenty francs. If she lost that she went home, having spent her daily ration. On this system she told me proudly she had made an average income of twenty francs a day for twenty years. Her hours at the Casino were from ten to one and from one-thirty to nine.

"Pretty hard work for seventy-five cents a day, seems to me," I told her. She

was horrified and indignant.

"I'll have you know I'm a lady, sir," she said. "I've never *worked* in my life!"

The Casino at Monte runs busses from Nice and Mentone for almost nothing so as to increase the harvest of come-ons. They also provide a number of live pigeons for the sportsmen to shoot at, and an opera house.

There are no taxes at Monte except for the visitors, but these are subject to thirteen per cent on their hotel and café bills. If there is any variety of the well-known shakedown these artists at Monte Carlo don't know; it can't yield much percentage.

The percentage at roulette has never been figured out. There are thirty-six numbers and two colors, capable of a multitude of combinations and all these combinations lose when zero turns up except those bets on zero itself. Zero has an uncanny habit of turning up when nobody has bet on it and the board is otherwise covered. Added to the percentage of zero is the X which represents the player who doesn't know how to play, and the X which represents the fact that a gambler, nine times out of ten, will stay to lose what he won't stay to win.

Whatever that percentage at roulette may be the shareholders in the Society of Sea Baths, as the Casino is called, in a mediocre attempt at humor, seeing that there are only forty yards of beach where bathing is possible, have never known a year when their dividend wasn't at least forty-six per cent.

There are three places to gamble in Monte, not counting the private houses. There is the Casino proper, the Private Room of the Casino—so "private" that you can't get in unless you have the extra price of admission—and the Sporting Club, which is the hangout of Russian Grand Dukes, American millionaires, beautiful demi-mondaines, Italian refugees, and come-ons generally.

A young English lord was playing in the Sporting Club the night I arrived—which was also the night I left. His lordship had just come into his title and forty thousand pounds.

"That's two hundred thousand bucks," I said to the croupier who slipped me the info. "Quite a nice little sum of money."

"Yes," he said, kind of regretfully. "We've only got half of it yet, but then he's only been here three days."

I watched the lad play. He had, it seems, discovered that zero was the house number. Ergo, he bet on zero, kidding himself that he was betting with the house. He was betting maximums, which in the sporting amount to a matter of two thousands bucks a crash. And while I watched, about half an hour, zero never came up once. Strange!

MARC KLAW, whom I ran across in Nice the other day, says that if he was twenty years younger he'd go to Hollywood and show them what's what.

Rex Ingram, one of the outstanding motion picture directors, has turned his back on Hollywood and taken up his residence on the Riviera, where he spends all his time except for picture making trips to England and Africa.

Eva Von Pletzner, rechristened Eva Von Berne for picture purposes, is the latest foreign beauty to heed the call of Hollywood. Eva hails from Vienna.

"Since I got out of the stage game I seldom see a show," he said, "but hardly a night goes by that the wife and I don't go to the pictures.

"To my mind, forty per cent of motion pictures made now are good productions, whereas the percentage in regard to 'legitimate' plays is only about five.

"The public prefers the motion picture to the legitimate theatre because motion picture plays are better presented and better acted.

"Motion picture producers should get wise to this advantage they already possess and realize they are no longer appealing to a nicolodeon public but to keen and able connoisseurs. When they realize this the percentage of good motion pictures will rise from forty to eighty per cent and beyond."

MONTE CARLO has become a great rendezvous for film celebrities. There is a considerable colony of expatriates here, and those who come over on European tours never fail to stop in for a visit at least. They usually come back.

HER SEASONAL *Sweetie*

CLARA BOW, always up to the minute, has a different sweetheart for every sport. "You can have your hand-painted leading men," says Clara, "but give me the big, strong athletes!"

By GRACE KINGSLEY

IT ISN'T every girl can have an athletic beau for each sports season. Lots of girls have to worry along with only one champ year after year.

Not so, Clara Bow. As surely as the football season comes in, there is some wonderful halfback or whatnot wooing Clara.

But then along comes the ice-hockey season, and the poor half back, unless he knows his ice-hockey, is out, in favor of the fellow that can swat the hockey ball farthest and surest.

And I think that Clara likes a fresh champ each year, too. No second run champs for her!

Probably, for instance, this year's champ racing driver won't have a look-in next year.

No doubt when Clara was a little girl she loved a little boy on her street who won all the pretty glass "allies" in marble time, with her errant affections switching to the boy who owned the biggest and best kite in kite time.

She didn't just remember about that, the other day, when we chatted in her ivy-covered bungalow in Beverly Hills.

But she did remember that her first sweetheart was a baseball player on the high-school team where she went to school in Brooklyn. His last name was Kelly, and he was fifteen, but alas, his first name has been lost to posterity so far as Clara is concerned.

Clara's fans will agree that she has plenty on the ball. Perhaps that's why the Hollywood stars chose her for their official mascot of their team.

Clara, with Reed Howes who is instructing her in the fine art of self-defense. She needs no warning, it would seem, against hitting in the clinches.

"But I got a great crush on him the very first time he came on the diamond," explained Clara, as she disposed herself comfortably on a divan clad in the sweater suit in which she had just come from her well outfitted gymnasium, where she works out every day.

But, the baseball season over, it seems, he was out of Clara's young life.

That's how it has gone ever since.

I suppose that she cannot bear a football player in the baseball season, and vice versa.

Athletes whose sports are in vogue all the year round are naturally in luck.

Take aviators, for instance. Naturally aviators are pretty much au fait with Clara all the year round, especially in California, so that you may find one of the sky sheiks hanging about Clara's house almost any evening. Paul Whittier, the aviator, is a special friend of hers.

What Clara likes about Jack Vance, famous automobile pilot is not only his speed, but his control. Jack made a record driving automobiles handcuffed, but he leaves his handcuffs at home when he goes out driving with the fascinating Clara as a passenger.

As for yachtsmen, they're lovely to have in summer, thinks Clara, between baseball and football seasons.

No, Clara cannot sail a boat, even if Wilbur May, millionaire yachtsman of California, is a great friend of hers. After all, probably Clara is wise. It *is* much nicer, isn't it, to sit and hold hands on deck in a steamer chair, than to be furling the flying jib boom or some such rough goings-on?

Golf is a pretty steady game in the sunlit west, too, but of course nobody in Clara's little shoes would think for a minute of looking at anybody under the rank of a champ. Whenever there's a championship game on, there you'll find Clara. Naturally she plays a bit—enough to walk a champ around a course and lure him into a nice shady part of the country club house verandah.

Bobbie Jones, the champ golf player of the world, is a friend of Clara's, but she told me regretfully that she didn't know him very well. But never mind—just give Clara time!

These permanent, all-the-year-round beaus, are nice, even if they do get a bit neglected in, say, the polo season.

Maybe that's how Victor Fleming lost Clara. Victor is crazy about airplanes, you know—owns a couple himself, and flies them. Clara used to go up with him. Then along came the football season—and Jess Hibbs!

Why, Clara can play football herself.

"See this thumb," said Clara, holding up a slightly out-of-plumb member. "Well, I got that tackling Jess. We were playing football, you see, and in tackling I turned this thumb under and broke it—don't suppose it will ever be the same again."

Now can you imagine romance stalking you, when, clad in khaki clothes and sweater, you tackle your sweetheart and try to throw him off his pins?

Oh, well, Clara can get away with anything!

Coop Curry, of Washington, and Morley Drury, of California, and Bob Savage of Yale, are football boy-friends of Clara's too.

But, going back to aviators—as Clara does every once in so often—Clara is bemoaning the loss of an aviator's pin.

"You see I met Richard Byrd, the polar aviator, and he gave me a nice pin. But I lost it the second day I wore it. Isn't that a crime?" moaned Clara. Clara was despondent for all of a split-second. Then she brightened as I asked her about swimmers.

"Oh, I learn to swim regularly every summer!" she exclaimed.

She knows Duke Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian champion.

And Clara just does have all the luck. Even when she starts to drown she picks her life-saver, as she did at Coney Island.

"I was in swimming at Coney, and I started to drown," explained Clara, "when the best looking life-saver you ever saw pulled me out. Maybe that's when I got my athlete complex."

In Clara's bag of engagement rings is probably one from Gary Cooper. Gary is a horseman, you know.

"I went about with him a great deal," admitted Clara. "Yes, we liked each other very much."

Harlan Fengler, racing driver, is another one of Clara's beaus. He was once engaged to Shirley Mason, but something happened and she married another man. Maybe the something was Clara Bow. I don't know. Jack Vance is another great friend of hers.

"Some one I know very well is Joey Ray, champion runner," remarked Clara.

"Can you run, yourself?" I asked.

"I can run when I see a policeman," grinned Clara. "Seriously, though, yes—I used to win medals running and jumping hurdles."

Naturally Clara has had more than one prize-fighter as a friend. And the list includes even the great Jack Dempsey.

"I went with Jack before Estelle Taylor knew him," she explained. "We used to go swimming a lot, and sometimes to the fights. I used to be a fight fan until I saw a boy knocked completely out. He was Boy Wally. I thought he was killed. I hated myself and all those people watching him. I got hysterical. Afterward I called up the hospital and sent flowers. He wrote me a nice letter."

Clara doesn't even hesitate at bull fighters. Indeed, the man she admits she loved the most of them all wanted once to be a bull fighter.

"Gilbert Roland's father was a noted bull fighter in Spain, and it used to be Gilbert's ambition, when he was a kid, to be a bull fighter. He used to get into the cow pastures and play at bull fighting with the boys of the neighborhood, as little Spanish and Mexican boys always do," remarked Clara.

"He used to take me to Tia Juana to see the bull fights, but I must admit I never cared much for the sport. Even though they didn't use any horses down there, it was pretty revolting.

"Gilbert was my first real love, and I guess that was why I went to see the fights."

Asked about the psychology of her love for athletes, Clara replied:

"Well, I suppose it is because, in spite of my own athletic tendencies, I really am very feminine. I adore strength. Say, can you imagine—" Clare leaned toward me, fixing her lovely big brown eyes on me—"can you imagine falling in love with one of those hand-painted leading men, when there are all those handsome athletes about?"

"I guess athletes have the same thrill for modern girls that warriors used to have for women in days gone by. It's just that everybody gets excited about anything in which there is competition, and there is more competition in sports than in anything else nowadays, and a girl always likes to see the boy she knows triumph over someone else."

Clara is no mean athlete herself. Here she is ready for a tough workout with the medicine ball. That's why Clara eats all the nut sundaes she wants.

Clara kept Johnny Seilers on the run, but Johnny is used to it. He's one of the best marathon runners on the coast. And he's one of Clara's favorite sweeties as long as he keeps in the headlines in sport news.

Letters *of a Movie* Extra

Hollywood, California

Dear Dolly:

How are things with you?

I worked for Victor Fleming the other day. You remember Vic, don't you? He's one of Clara Bow's x-crushes. He's a nice fellow but not the type you would expect Clara to fall for.

Victor has a new assistant. A sweet, bashful little boy who can't figure out his sudden popularity. He never had a phone number in his life until he started with Vic. Now the boys give him gin and the girls give him ginger and he says to me "Francois, I can't understand it—it must be the knickers." I didn't have the heart to tell him it was the megaphone.

The star in the picture was the much advertised beauty—Vilma Banky. She is very pretty in her blonde way but if it wasn't for the cortege of servants trailing her I'd have missed her entirely among the beautiful extra girls. She is sweet and she isn't ritzy and she talks United States on the set.

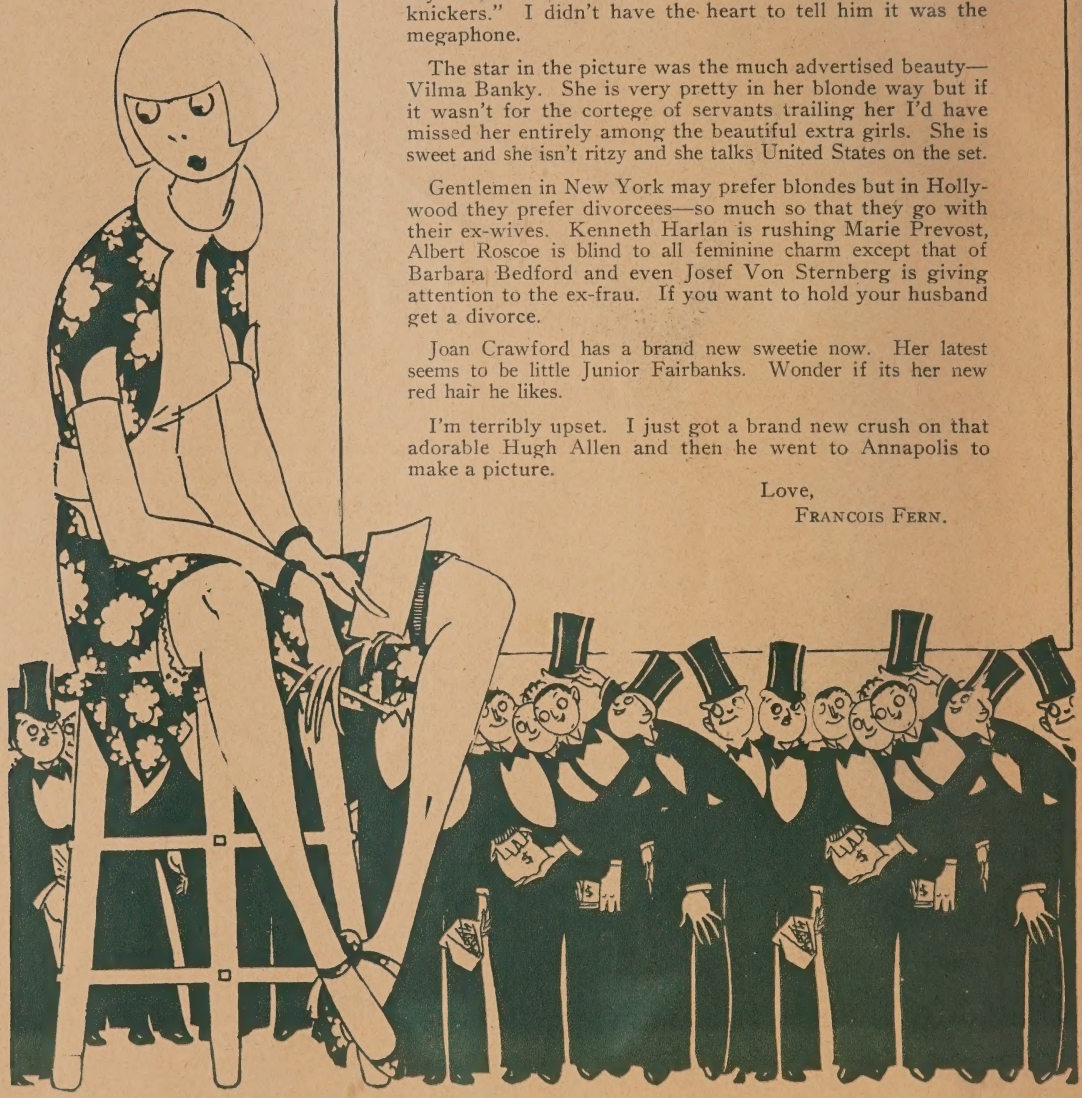
Gentlemen in New York may prefer blondes but in Hollywood they prefer divorcees—so much so that they go with their ex-wives. Kenneth Harlan is rushing Marie Prevost, Albert Roscoe is blind to all feminine charm except that of Barbara Bedford and even Josef Von Sternberg is giving attention to the ex-frau. If you want to hold your husband get a divorce.

Joan Crawford has a brand new sweetie now. Her latest seems to be little Junior Fairbanks. Wonder if its her new red hair he likes.

I'm terribly upset. I just got a brand new crush on that adorable Hugh Allen and then he went to Annapolis to make a picture.

Love,

FRANCOIS FERN.



Harold Lloyd, Mrs. Lloyd, Constance and Norma Talmadge, setting out for a drive down Hollywood Boulevard in the Talmadge Rolls-Royce.

SO THIS IS HOLLYWOOD

By ANNE HOWE

Clara's Craze—Why, Mr. Sills—Valentino Memorial—Hints for Hubbies—What price realism?—Jack's jab—Carewe Romance—And other gay gossip.

Clara's Craze

CLARA BOW isn't going to start a menagerie or anything but she has had the Paramount officials worried. She's gone in for a new and typical Bow craze. She buys strange and unusual animals of the wilds. Her first in this line was the purchase of an Australian teddy bear, which looks like a miniature of the real thing. It eats only eucalyptis leaves, they say, and takes very little water. In other words it's a lot of trouble but Clara likes it around her Hollywood home.

Studio officials, however, turned thumbs down when she started to buy a Nicaraguan leopard from a Marine just returned. He brought it out to the studio one day and Clara wanted it. But B. P. Schulberg, associate producer, said he wasn't going to take any chances with his best star getting clawed up, so Clara didn't get it. It almost broke her heart.

Mr. Sills, How Could You?

MILTON SILLS is the film's popular horticulturist. Also one of its quiet humorists.

"Oh, Mr. Sills," quavered one of his feminine guests, as she stood watching him prune a rose bush on his Brentwood estate, "aren't those rose bugs annoying?"

"No," drolly, "they have their purpose. They carry the pollen back and forth, and I certainly haven't time to do everything."

Thomasina's Tummyache

TOM MIX and Mrs. Mix aren't going to get a divorce. When Mrs. Mix boarded a train in Los Angeles the other day, accompanied by her daughter, Thomasina Mix, the gossips in Hollywood insisted she was going abroad to get a Paris divorce.

"Nothing to it," Mrs. Mix said. "There isn't going to be a divorce and I wish the wise ones in Hollywood would get it in their minds that there is no chance of a suit being filed."

How They Suffer!

THE things that actors must suffer! Here's Barry Norton who tells of the time he had tender love moments to portray before the camera and the beautiful miss appeared for the scene reeking, yes, simply reeking, of garlic. It seems she had indulged her gastronomic passion for Italian

cooking, forgetful of the business of the evening.

Lupe Wins

SUPERB retaliation on the part of Lupe Velez. She arrived at Montmartre Cafe, lugging many photographs, for the purpose of giving an interview at Hollywood's favorite filling station.

Another news writer saw her and, in mock seriousness, asked her for an autographed picture. Lupe gave it to her, sweetly, and earnestly. Carrying the alleged humor still farther, the news writer showed Lupe's picture around the cafe, until Lupe, a bit chagrined, saw she was being made sport of.

But not for long.

As Lupe and her interviewer prepared to leave, Mexico's fair rose pursed her lips and applied lip salve. A great deal of lip salve. Then she idled by the girl who had requested the photograph.

"Good-bye, dear!" Lupe said, smiling sweetly. And implanted a round, rosy kiss on the end of the writer's nose.

And the girl wondered why she got so many smiling glances during the rest of the luncheon period.

Gloria's Husband Turns Star

GLORIA SWANSON'S husband, the Marquis de la Falaise isn't going to let his wife get ahead of him. He is going to become a full fledged movie star. He has affixed his signature to a long term contract held by an independent producer, and plans are now being made for his advent into pictures. Many think in Hollywood that he is an excellent type for the films.

Bebe's Jinx

BAD luck is still camping on Bebe Daniel's trail. Just about the time she was to start work on her latest picture *Take Me Home* with Marshall Neilan directing, she was stricken with influenza and taken to the Hollywood Hospital. Bebe is the hard luck girl of the movies. She has been in the hospital more than any other star in the business because of injuries or illness incurred during her work before the camera. She feels that day will come, however, when she will be able to shake her jinx.

Bebe found a pleasant little surprise waiting for her when she returned again from the hospital. In the little Spanish dining room of her little Spanish dressing bungalow awaited delicious luncheon and four gleeful guests who had planned the party. They were Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge, Marion Davies and Mrs. Billy Sunday, Jr.

Betty Returns

BETTY COMPSON is once more to be a familiar figure on the screen. After an absence, Betty has returned to the studios where she is again playing leading roles with all her former dash and charm. After a vivacious role in *The Barker*, Miss Compson has gone back to Paramount, where she is working with George Bancroft in *The Docks of New York*. As soon as this picture is completed she goes back to First National to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in *Scarlet Seas*. In private life Betty is the wife of James Cruze, the director.

A Dog and a Bone

FLASH, the latest canine star at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, ought to be able to put a lot of punch into his tragic scenes following his recent harrowing experience. The unsuspecting *Flash* was recently called upon to worry a cast-iron property ham bone in the making of one of his pictures, and broke off a tooth. He was rushed to the dentist's office where it took three strong men to persuade him that the dentist really intended to do right by him, and two more to persuade the dentist to do the job.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are learning the finer points of tennis from Harvey Snodgrass, professional at the Palomar Tennis Club. Although they consistently refuse to confirm the report, Doug and Joan are said to be engaged.

Anita Stewart who has recently obtained a divorce from her husband at Reno, is believed to be about to try matrimony again.

Valentino Memorial

MEMORIAL services for Valentino recently conducted at the screen star's crypt in the Hollywood Cemetery drew large crowds of the dead idol's friends in Hollywood. S. George Ulhman, his former business manager, was in charge of the services.

Bebe Daniels and Charlie Chaplin are enjoying a snappy game of ping pong at Bebe's beach home at Santa Monica which is a favorite rendezvous for leading lights of the film colony during the summer months.

Hints for Hubbies

GENTLE hint from a well-known actress when she wants her husband to vanish for the nonce and give her a chance with the handsome juvenile at her right.

"Darling, will you run out and get the key to the curtain?"

Wally Vocalizes

WALLY BEERY'S going vocal. In *Beggars of Life*, Jim Tully's famous book, being translated into the galloping gelatines, he sings a hobo song. The picture, as you might infer, is to be a semi-talkie. These are the most popular at the present time.

Years ago Wally used to be a chorus man in musical comedy, so he knowns his "do-ra-me's." If I were Chaliapin, I would tremble in my boots.

Not to be outdone. Ramon Novarro is to soloize in *Gold Braid*. Ramon's voice, a precious quality, has been pronounced by Louis Graveure, the noted singer and Ramon's instructor, as perfect for the concert stage. The screen will be the loser if he ever goes on the stage.

What Price Realism?

GEORGE O'BRIEN, son of San Francisco's famous police chief, is here to state that picture making isn't all moonlight and roses. During the filming of *Noah's Ark* in which George played the part of Japheth, Noah's son, recently with Dolores Costello at Warner Bros., there was a sequence in which George was to be stabbed in the midriff with a spear by a Babylonian guard. They had it all planned out so that the stabbing would be painless, by having the spearhead controlled by a spring so that it would snap back the minute it encountered George. The spearhead was to disappear into the shaft giving the illusion that it was entering George's digestive regions.

Everything went fine in rehearsal, but when the camera started grinding on the final "take" the spring refused to work, and George received a nice sizable puncture just under the ribs.

But, as if that weren't enough, he had more trouble in store for him. In another sequence he was chained to a raft which was to be torn loose by raging waters. The raft was torn loose all right — so was George. And he was badly battered in the process. Noah had it soft, says George. All he had to do was sit in his easy chair and wait for the tide to go out.

Jack's Jab

JACK HOLT, too, paid for realism recently. He was making a fight scene at Columbia wherein he was called upon to demolish twenty marines and sailors. But Jack was never one to "pull a punch" when the camera is grinding. He came out of the fracas with a broken wrist. But the marines and sailors were put to rout and Jack was satisfied.

Dix' Generosity

WHEN Richard Dix does things he doesn't like to talk about them. Honestly he probably won't like this one but here it is. A small boy recently was knocked down by an automobile and sustained a fractured skull and broken leg. He was a newsboy. Dix heard about it. He had just gotten out of a hospital himself. He sent his own doctor to attend the boy and paid all expenses. The child will recover.

Several days ago Dix received a letter signed by twenty newsboys of Los Angeles, thanking him for his kindness in taking care of their chum.

More Romances

ALL romances in Hollywood are not by any means confined to the profession. Mary Brian's name has been linked with that of "Biff" Hoffman, Leland Stanford football star. They met recently at a dance in San Francisco and although no engagement has been announced, they are untiring correspondents.

Phil Gersdorf, publicity man at the Pathe-DeMille Studios who has been spending his time extolling the beauties of film stars, chose a girl outside the profession when it came to matrimony. He was married recently to the charming Miss Beulah Metcalf, formerly of Fresno, Calif. Lina Basquette gave a delightful wedding party for the pair at the Cocoanut Grove, rendezvous for film stars at the Ambassador Hotel.

Peppy Pup

ALTHOUGH Marion Davies' bulldog, "Pudgy," was a gift, Marion claims it is the most expensive dog in Hollywood. The other day "Pudgy" escaped from Marion's limousine while she was at work at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, and dashed onto the set to pay Marion a visit, spoiling several hundred feet of film and making it necessary to retake an entire scene. When you figure up the cost of shooting pictures per foot, it is easy to see that Marion is not far wrong.

Both Free—Now What

WITHIN a few weeks from the time that Dolores Del Rio, beautiful Mexican film star, was granted a divorce from her husband, Jaime Martinez Del Rio, Edwin Carewe, her director, was freed from his wife, Mary Akin Carewe. It was Carewe who discovered Dolores while on a visit to the home of her parents in Mexico and induced her to come to Hollywood where her rapid rise has been one of the seven wonders of the screen capital. There have been rumors aplenty that director and star intend to marry when a suitable time has elapsed following their respective divorces, but so far both vehemently deny any such intention.

Carewe Romance

THE Carewe family got into print again this week when Rita Carewe, blond daughter of Edwin Carewe, director, married Leroy Mason, Dolores' leading man in her last picture. Carewe discovered Mason several weeks ago. He saw him in a Hollywood restaurant and decided Mason was just the type for Dolores Del Rio's leading man in *Revenge*. The couple came back to Hollywood after the marriage. Carewe insisted it was a surprise to him.

Rita Carewe, daughter of Edwin Carewe, the producer, and Leroy Mason, actor, were recently married in such haste that they forgot to tell papa. But he gave them his blessing anyway.

Together Again

MARIE PREVOST and Kenneth Harlan are going to have another whirl at this matrimony business. Marie was granted an interlocutory decree last November which was to become final this fall, but they are living together once more so the decree will be automatically voided. The announcement of their reconciliation was no surprise as they have been seen together at many social functions in Hollywood during the past few months. They are planning a second honeymoon trip shortly either to New York or to Honolulu to give their second matrimonial venture the right start.

Party for Parents

JUNE COLLYER, 1928 Wampas Baby Star, recently gave a silver wedding anniversary party for her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Heermance of New York City, who travelled across the continent for the occasion.

Simple Life

THE younger generation in Hollywood is breaking down the old tradition of elaborate luxury among the screen stars. "Buddy" Rogers, popular young Paramount star, lives in a simple one-room apartment which costs him $30 a month. Charlie Farrell, although he is now getting to the point where he would never miss the price of a Rolls-Royce or two, still clings to his old battered flivver.

Funny Fan Mail

AMONG the most amusing, and yet pathetic, mail received by the studios are the letters that come to casting directors from people all over the world in all walks of life with suppressed aspirations for a movie career. Some hold diplomas from correspondence schools of acting which they think entitles them to a place on the screen, others explain that their friends have told them they had ability.

HOLLYWOOD
Discovers Mayor Walker

Fred Niblo, Sid Grauman, Edwin Carewe, Eric von Stroheim, D. W. Griffith, Sam Goldwyn, Charles Chaplin, John Considine, Sr. and Jr., Mayor Walker, Peter Brady, New York banker; Charles Hand, Mayor Walker's secretary, are shown standing in the above picture, while among thoes seated are William Boyd, Jack Pickford, Allan Dwan, Lupe Velez and Doug Fairbanks. The occasion was a luncheon given for Mayor Walker by John Considine, Jr., at the United Artists Studio.

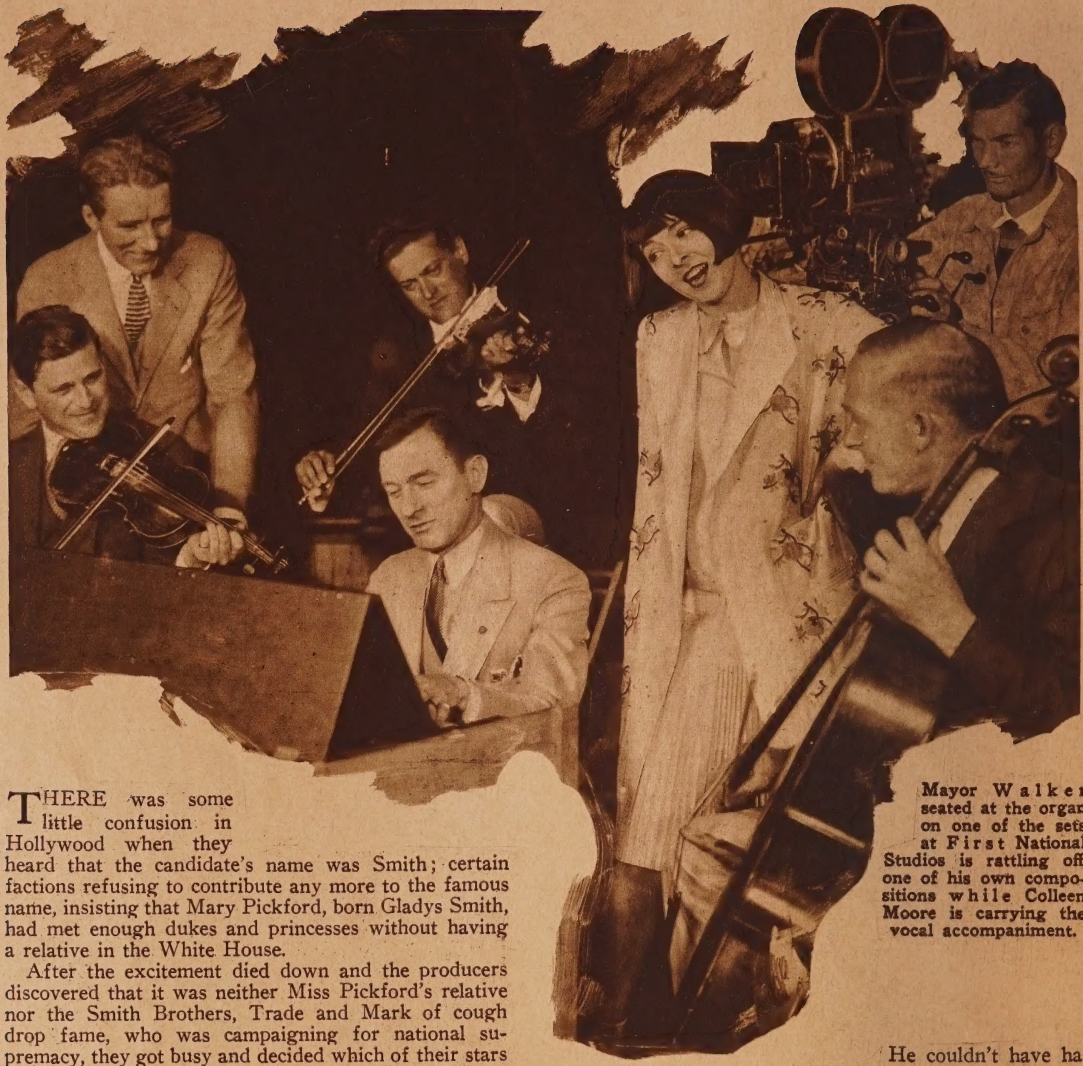
The Mayor of New York and Playboy of the World came to the film capital for a quiet little rest--but did he get it?

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Maurice McCarthy is running over one of the campaign song hits with Mayor Walker.

IT SEEMS there is a man named Alfred E. Smith, of New York who wants to be president of the United States of Amercia. So Mayor James Walker, of New York City came to Hollywood for a vacation.

It seems that Mr. Smith wants to live at the White House in Washington, D. C., for four years and punch buttons that illuminate the new street lighting system at What Cheer, Iowa, and have his picture taken wearing a blond ten-gallon hat.



Mayor Walker seated at the organ on one of the sets at First National Studios is rattling off one of his own compositions while Colleen Moore is carrying the vocal accompaniment.

THERE was some little confusion in Hollywood when they heard that the candidate's name was Smith; certain factions refusing to contribute any more to the famous name, insisting that Mary Pickford, born Gladys Smith, had met enough dukes and princesses without having a relative in the White House.

After the excitement died down and the producers discovered that it was neither Miss Pickford's relative nor the Smith Brothers, Trade and Mark of cough drop fame, who was campaigning for national supremacy, they got busy and decided which of their stars would look best photographed with the sartorially perfect Mayor Walker. But Sid Grauman, the theatrical impresario, beat them all to it and together with the John Considines, Senior and Junior, formed a prologue of thirty Democrats, with flags, and rushed down to the station to meet the "Roamer," the Mayor's private car.

It happened that Los Angeles was feeling patriotic and preparing to honor the Spirits of Fourth of July, so they put up a yard more bunting and several large flags and called it a celebration in honor of Mayor Walker.

At last the producers recovered from what they considered Grauman's duplicity and the added shock of a Democrat stopping at a hotel named in honor of a Republican president and they deluged him with breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper invitations. But the food at the Houston Democratic Convention which Walker had just left, must have been very poor, for he pleaded indigestion and retired to the sanctity of the sixth floor of the hostelry, which had been placed at his disposal.

He couldn't have had much rest, for no sooner than his three trunks and numerous bags were unpacked, his film friends began coming in little chatty regimental groups. John McCormick brought Colleen Moore and an invitation to attend a quiet luncheon at First National studio. He was joined in a moment by Ned Marin, a life-long friend of the Mayor's, who was detained in the lobby because he had to fight through a mob of admirers who wanted a squint at Mayor Jimmie.

Colleen said she insisted that John bring her because she wanted Jimmie to autograph the tiny copy of *Abroad With Mayor Walker,* just published, to go with the other small copies of famous books by noted authors that she has had made for her doll house.

It seems that Mayor Jimmie collaborated with Hector Fuller on a book concerning his adventures while abroad last year. And it came out under that name.

"Repeat the title," someone said, and almost everyone

John McCormick, Colleen Moore's husband, Charles Hand, Mayor Walker's secretary, and Ned Marin, production manager of First National, are shown with Mayor Walker at the Roosevelt Hotel where the visiting playboy made his headquarters.

laughed. Some people can say anything and get a laugh.

By this time Marion Davies had arrived, followed by William Haines, followed by Polly Moran, and the party was good for a continuous laugh.

Downstairs they were carrying out fainting telephone operators and rushing in the reserves because it seems every woman in Los Angeles had discovered that the Lord Mayor, of New York Town was at the Hotel Roosevelt and they wanted to talk to him. He had six calls waiting as he talked to one. Telegrams came showering in on him like Sennett snow. Messengers wore the tiled lobby floors down to an antique finish. Fifty telegrams a day was a mere nip.

Some unknown admirer sent a package of bath salts of a sturdy pink hue, smelling likewise. Another sent chigger powder upon reading that Mayor Jimmie had become attached to some of the little insects while fishing at Fort Worth, Texas.

After Bill Haines finished telling that one about the

(*Continued on page* 90)

HARRY CARR

Rudolph Valentino is a good example of the foreigners whom Samuel Goldwyn says have been treated cruelly by Hollywood. Valentino was a hotel dancer until the movies made him wealthy and famed throughout the world.

HARRY CARR, who has written for and about the movies since the days when all heroines were pure and all villains wore black moustachios, writes his column of monthly comment for Screen Secrets exclusively among the motion picture magazines. His latest pen product "The Pioneer Woman," an epic of frontier days, is being considered by D. W. Griffith for his next big feature.

ANOTHER tragedy of Hollywood was written when Helen Carlisle ended her struggle with a bottle of poison.

Hollywood can be a prodigal fairy godmother; but she can be bitter cruel. More often she is cruel than prodigal.

Helen is only one of a sad little band of scenario writers who went West by their own hands within the period of a year.

Heart-break House

WRITING for the screen is one of the most heart-breaking goals that anybody ever tried to pin ambition to. You could be the greatest writer who ever drew the breath of life; and still end it with a prussic acid pill—if you didn't happen to get the breaks of luck.

The Pitfalls

THERE are so many pitfalls into which your opus can tumble.

You write a story; and everybody says it is a grand piece. The producer gets leaky around the eyes; and tells you that he considers it a great day in his life. The director wrings your hand; and says by gosh, he has read Kipling or somebody darn near from cover to cover; and he never read anything quite as good as this here piece.

But while you are down in the Rolls Royce shop trying to decide whether you will have a town car or a limousine, word comes that the star doesn't want to play any more bad ladies. Her "public," she thinks, demands that she be a Salvation Army lassie who rescues a wicked man's soul or something.

And your deathless manuscript comes limping back home.

An Author's Pigtails

ON THE other hand, the most sensational single success in the history of Hollywood was Anita Loos. Anita could not only write; but she could talk money. She fairly looted the place.

When I first knew her, Griffith had just sent to San Diego for her . . . attracted by some scenarios she had mailed him. Imagine his chagrin when a little spindle-legged child arrived with her hair in a little pig

SAYS

THERE are plenty of pitfalls for scenario writers . . . Frances Marion, one of the few successful, flips out screen stories like batter cakes . . . Anita Loos wrote sex dramas in pigtails . . . is Hollywood cruel to foreigners? More wild women for Dolores.

tail down her back. She had then arrived at the mature and venerable age of fourteen.

But even then she could lisp out all the numbers in the arithmetic. She was getting $800 a week at a time when $100 a week was a smashing good salary.

Blondes Bring Dough

OUT of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* which she wrote on a train because she was bored by looking at the hay fields and the desert, she is said to have made nearly $1,000,000—including play royalties and screen rights.

It is an open secret in Hollywood that the characters in that book were taken from real life. One of the girls was drawn from Mildred Harris. The idea for the wise cracking one came from the way Norma Talmadge's mother talks.

Frances Marion's Success

I DARE say the most consistently successful writer the Hollywood screen has even known is Frances Marion. Producers tell me that she has the perfect screen mind.

Her Background

PART of this is undoubtedly due to her background. Before coming to the movies, Frances had been a star sob sister on the San Francisco Examiner; later a commercial artist and designer. She didn't try to climb into the studios through the cabin windows.

She happened to be a very, very pretty girl; so she got a job as an actress; and even worked for a while as a dresser to get onto the ropes. As a result, she is a master craftsman.

One of her great assets is her lightning speed. She flips out scenarios like a cook turning over batter cakes. Hollywood has been good to her—to the extent of about $150,000 a year—because she had something to give Hollywood.

Struggling Along

NEXT to these girls in point of success, I think that Hollywood has been kinder to Benjamin Glazier than to any other person I have ever known.

He came with the prestige of having translated and produced *Liliom* for the speaking stage. He began ringing the bell at once; and is now at Paramount struggling along on $3,000 a week.

As with Frances Marion and Anita Loos, he had the goods.

Lady Luck

NO MATTER how lucky the breaks, you can't get very far in Hollywood without real ability; but you could have a lot of ability and still never get anywhere without the help of a lucky star.

(*Continued on page* 106)

Dolores Del Rio will prosper as long as the supply of mythical wild women holds out. The public just won't accept the untamed Dolores as an ordinary domestic creature who might marry somebody and lead a quiet life, Harry Carr says.

When Richard Dix FACED DEATH

THE dashing daredevil of the screen, recently recovered from a serious operation, recounts some thrill-incidents of his film career in the final installment of his life story as told to

RUTH M. TILDESLEY

Gertrude Olmstead, shown above with Richard in the lovebird pose, is one of his favorite screen sweethearts.

RICHARD DIX' studio bungalow was thronged with friends the first day he visited the lot after his nearly fatal bout with appendicitis. I could hear them laughing and talking as I hurried up the little street. "Oh, Richard, it hasn't been the same without you!" from feminine voices. "Gee, Dix, it's great you're back!" from masculine ones.

"Just Old Home Week!" cried Fred Kohler, moving something off the desk when he saw me. All the chairs were taken and both rooms were jammed.

But Richard, better looking than ever, though somewhat thinner and a trifle unfamiliar in his new mustache, decided against being interviewed there

"It would be like talking in a tornado," he said, and bore me next door to Jack Holt's, leaving Fred in charge of the welcome home.

"Stop me when I begin to talk about my operation," warned Richard, gaily, "I'm just like Irvin Cobb. The minute anyone says 'hospital' to me I'm off. I'm still strapped up in a complicated and uncomfortable fashion—perhaps that's why I can't forget it.

"Seriously, though, this experience has been a strange one. I've had a sort of motto all my life—I think I read it when I was in high school.

"'You can keep your spirit free if you are not afraid to die alone.' All during my last picture, *Warming Up*, I kept having the most excruciating pain. The doctor told me I probably had appendicitis, but I refused to believe it. I thought operations were effeminate and I wasn't going to be annoyed with one. I stuck it out until the last shot was made on the picture and then I was doubled up so I couldn't stand up straight.

"My doctor announced that unless I went to the hospital for an immediate operation I could hardly hope to live. My mother was very ill at the time and my sister was expecting to be a mother soon. I knew they'd be horribly frightened if they heard the truth, so I told them I was

This may look like a mansion to some folks, but it's just home to Richard Dix. He helped build it with his own hands stone by stone.

Richard Dix at home—but not receiving. The star's idea of real dissipation is a good snappy evening at home with his library of books.

going to the hospital to be under observation for a few days. That put their minds at ease. I held on to my motto. . . .

'My uncle had died in my arms from a ruptured appendix, so when I was seized with a ghastly attack I thought I was about to go over the Great Divide. I kept repeating 'not afraid to die alone,'. . . .

"I just sent a box of flowers to my nurse. I called her my Siamese twin because we grew together during all those weeks in the hospital."

IN HIS picture career Richard has often looked upon the bright face of danger, so that his recent close-up of death's grim features leaves him undaunted.

"The biggest thrill I ever had," he remembered, tilting back in Jack Holt's make-up chair, "was in my third picture *Yellow Men and Gold*. I was working with Fred Kohler—the big fellow in my bungalow—and the script called for a water fight in twenty-five feet of water off the coast near Laguna. In a water fight, you have to work very carefully. It must look real, but you don't dare actually knock your man out or he'd drown. You have to watch each blow and see you don't come along the top of the water and splash or one of you will get a mouthful of sea, and glug-glug, he's choked and that's the end.

"We all but did for each other that time, yet we're both living today.

"In another and very early picture my director told me I had to jump a chasm a hundred and fifty feet deep. It was twelve feet across the narrowest place. I looked at it. I have a horror of high places.

" 'But I'm not a jumper. I've never made a jump in my life.' " I protested.

" 'All picture people have to do things they've never done before,' " replied my director, and he sneered, " 'Are you yellow?' "

"Of course that made me mad. I thought I'd show him I wasn't yellow, though I fully expected not to be on earth when he found out. So I tensed myself and ran and jumped. I just barely made it, hit my knees on the rock opposite and frantically clutched the top and pulled myself

over, skinning myself from the waist down.

"The best of it was that the graflex cameraman caught me in mid air and the photograph was published in fifteen hundred papers and had a lot to do with making me. People wrote to me to say they were glad to see there was one actor who took his chances himself.

"BUT in *Knockout Reilly* I was nearly knocked out of the screen game forever.

"We made this at the Long Island Studio and Jack Renault, one of Jack Dempsey's former trainers, was chosen to get into the ring with me. Renault is one of the six best men in the world, I understand. He weighed 218 at that time against my 181. I went to him with my director and we explained that he should 'pull his punches'—that is, contract just as the punch meets the object—all boxers know how to fake a blow.

" 'We don't have to cut each other up in this thing, Jack,' I said, 'I have to go on with the picture after the fight and we can't afford a delay. Besides, I like this picture racket and if it's all the same to the public I'm planning to stay with it for another year or so.'

" 'O.K. with me!' agreed Jack.

"We boxed together for six weeks, skipped rope and used the medicine ball and did all the rest of the stunts. We framed three rounds carefully. But somehow when we got into the ring and the fifteen hundred extras began to shout and yell, Renault forgot all about the framing. After the first round, I said to him: 'Look here, Jack, can't you go slow next time? My eye's shut now.'

" 'Oh, I don't mean to' he kept saying, 'You get me in spirit of fight and I forget. You are a born fighter.'

"We fought all day. When the final 'cut' was called, my eye was shut, my lip hung out like a balloon, my nose was swollen and my chest was green. He'd broken two of my ribs, too, but I didn't know it for a day or so. Thought it was a muscular pain. I finished that picture in a cast. Renault's a nice fellow, though. He didn't mean to do it.

"I've had a lot of little things happen to me. I can't remember half of them. Broke my hand in a fight with Gunboat Smith in *Say It Again;* in *Racing Hearts* I took a car over a hill and dropped with it, hurting the end of my spine; in *To the Last Man,* they gave me a half-broken horse from the open range. It didn't know what pictures were all about and at the first opportunity it ran away with me, stumbled and threw me into a bramble bush, but aside from a skinful of burrs I was intact.

JACK HOLT came striding into his bungalow at this moment and swept off his ten gallon hat at sight of us among the sombreros, chaps, riding boots, six shooters and other equipment of the western he-man's dressing room.

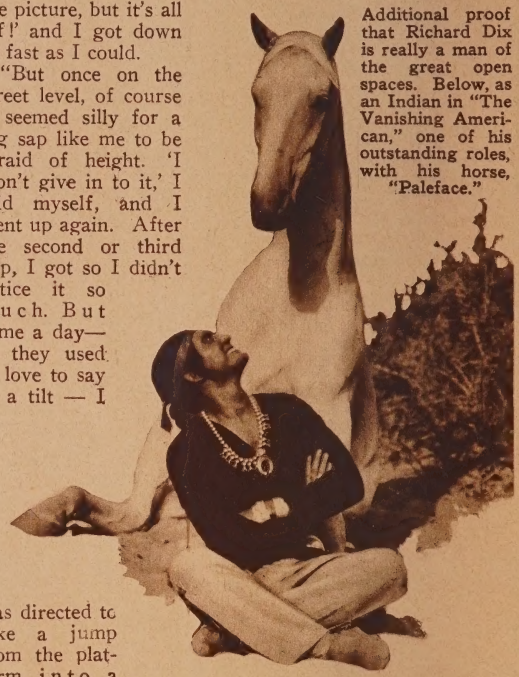
"There's no actor in the business that I think as much of as I do Jack Holt." said Richard, after Jack had declared he liked to have us appropriate his place and had departed. "I like sincere people, and Jack is absolutely true all the way through.

"He was, incidentally, the cause of my taking the biggest chance of my life. We were making *Shanghai Bound* on the Sacramento River when Jack and his ranch foreman, Hughie Blue, came up to see me. We'd been on location for some time and I was homesick. The sight of Jack's face put me on top of the world. I felt I could lick the whole Bulgarian army. So when my director suggested that I cling to the end of a rope back of the paddle wheel of the boat and be towed along after the vessel for some shots, I agreed without considering the danger.

"With Jack looking on, I dropped into the water—filthy water, the color of cold coffee—caught the rope and the fun began. The rope burned the skin off my hands so that they were raw and bleeding in no time. We were going up the river so I had the current to battle as well as the paddle wheel. It was impossible to swim. It was all I could do to stay alive, and when they took me out of the river I was almost unconscious.

"But the picture that gave me the horrors was *The Shock Punch.* As you know, I'm lost when I get up on high places, and this picture was made on top of the new telephone building, twenty-six stories above Eleventh Street. The first day, when I went up and stood on the little platform looking down a million miles to the street, I said: 'I'm sorry, boys, but I can't work. I'd like to and I hate to wreck the picture, but it's all off!' and I got down as fast as I could.

"But once on the street level, of course it seemed silly for a big sap like me to be afraid of height. 'I won't give in to it,' I told myself, and I went up again. After the second or third trip, I got so I didn't notice it so much. But came a day—as they used to love to say in a tilt — I was directed to take a jump from the platform into a bucket that swung over eternity. It wasn't much of a jump—I could do it easily—but just the sight of that lonesome bucket hanging over space paralyzed me. I had an attack of vertigo and lost control of my muscles for a minute.



Additional proof that Richard Dix is really a man of the great open spaces. Below, as an Indian in "The Vanishing American," one of his outstanding roles, with his horse, "Paleface."

"Then I said to myself: 'Brace up, don't let fear conquer you, old man!' and I was so anxious to get the best of it that I overjumped, hit the other edge of the bucket and ripped my leg open from ankle to knee. I saved myself in time and the scene went on. Funny part about it was that I didn't know I was hurt until a couple of hours later when I felt my boots were full of blood. I still have the scar, two inches wide, running the length of my right leg."

One of the reasons for the popularity of Paramount's most prominent bachelor is that he is always glad to help the other fellow get ahead.

When Richard was making *Ice Bound,* Edna May Oliver, a stage actress, had a small part. She was very funny and he admired her work. "When I'm a star,

It takes more than a poker face to make a poker player, Richard is finding out to his sorrow. What to do when he draws a couple of aces to an inside straight? Ask Aunt Bella.

you're going to get a big part," he told her. And in *Let's Get Married,* he insisted on having her in the cast. Edna May Oliver was marvelous. Richard used to sit and howl with laughter all through her scenes, but when he went into the projection room to see the finished picture, there was not a trace of the comedienne on the screen.

"What's the idea?" demanded Richard.

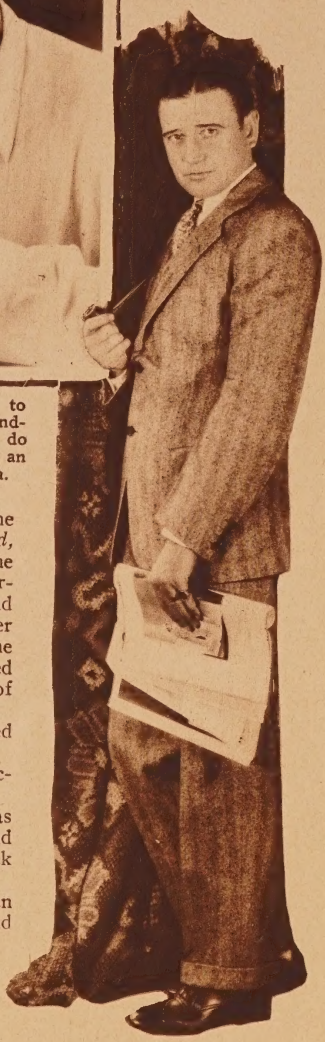
"She'll run away with the picture!" explained the director.

"Let her. If she's as good as that, who deserves it more?" and he made them put her scenes back again.

Gregory La Cava was a gag man and technical director on the road race scenes in *The Lucky Devil* when Richard first met him. La Cava risked his life to get the thrill stuff on this picture and again took chances with death in *The Shock Punch.*

"That fellow ought to have a big chance," said Richard.

So when a director for *Womanhandled* was being considered, the star asked for La Cava's appointment. They went to Texas for the picture. The first scene was made seventeen times and Richard thought: 'Have I made a mistake? Does he know what he's doing?" But he said nothing about the panicky feeling and when he saw the completed film he decided that La Cava was a good bet.



The first picture of Richard Dix following his recent illness posed especially for SCREEN SECRETS after the photographer had persuaded him with great reluctance to leave his easy chair for a moment.

AND then there's Edward Cronjager, one of the youngest camera men in the business.

The old idea of apprentice and master still exists among camera men. A boy who wants to learn the business first packs the camera, holds up the number of the scene just photographed, keeps the camera supplied with film and is general odd job man. Edward started this way as a high-school kid and when Richard met him he had advanced to second camera man, the first step up, to grind the camera and keep it in focus under the head man's eye. Richard took a fancy to the earnest youth and when Edward became twenty-one asked that he be made head camera man for his next picture. He is still bossing the cameras on Richard's pictures now that he is twenty-five.

Lois Wilson says that all women are good sports about roughing it on location, but most men are not. From an experience of three long location trips with Richard into the far wilderness, she has decided that Richard is the exception.

"Richard never fusses. If the soup is cold—which it nearly always is—why, fine! If there's sand in the beans he has a joke to tell. He's always ready to help put up a tent or rig up a mosquito netting. When the mercury is bursting through the top of the thermometer, he doesn't complain as if the heat were a special spite of the weather man visited on him alone."

An extract from a diary Lois kept when they were making *The Vanishing American* on the Painted Desert of Arizona gives another slant on this popular star:

"July 7th, 1925. A dreadful thing happened today. After most of us had gone on location nine miles across the desert, Bill Griffith, our business manager, broke his leg. He had been playing polo on the school grounds."

"The local doctor had left five minutes before for a town thirty-five miles away, and our doctor was on location with us.

"I know Richard won't tell this, so I will, for the boys told me when I got home and the fans should know.

"Someone went to Richard's room to tell him what had happened to Bill Griffith. Richard didn't wait to hear the end, but flew like an Indian arrow to Grif. You see, he had often watched his surgeon brother work, so he gave first aid. He tore up a sheet and bound the leg tightly above the break so as to numb the pain, got ice for the back of Grif's neck, an ice pack for his head, rubbed the blood to his heart, and squirted ether-chloroform from the veterinary surgeon's gun into the leg to relieve the pain."

It was on this same location that Richard had the first news that his little sister Joda was to be married. It was arranged that Richard should act as best man and Lois as bridesmaid at the wedding, but alas

(*Continued on page* 89)

SCREEN SECRETS

LILAC TIME

As the

Best Romance of the Month

THE best picture that Colleen Moore has made since the memorable *So Big* and a fine wartime romance. It's the beautiful stage success *Lilac Time,* pepped up with a lot of tricky air stuff and revivified by her sincere performance of Jeannine, the little French demoiselle. Gary Cooper is in it, an ideal hero, lending almost lyric delight to the love scenes between himself and Miss Moore. In short, Gary's good. Superlatives go to Colleen's performance, full of piquancy, pathos and that grand, rollicking humor that only Colleen can give. She has lots of chance for fun with George Cooper, who does well; particularly in the sandwich episode, of which we shall not breathe a word. Go and see the picture yourself—you'll be glad you went.—*First National.*

THE RACKET

As the

Best Melodrama of the Month

SOMETHING splendid in crook fare. Don't, whatever you do, miss it. It's the best yet in underworld drama, adapted with amazing fealty from that famous Broadway play by Bartlett Cormack. Maybe you thought Daniel Boone had a tough time with those Indians. It was as nothing compared to the trials the beer barons suffer in delivering your private stock. The story is of gang warfare, hi-jackers, crooked politicians and Thomas Meighan. Tommy is one of those staunch, stalwart, uncorruptible policemen. It's his first film in a year. Maybe you like his wide Irish smile. And maybe you don't. Anyway see the picture. It's he-man stuff that women will love, made with sincerity and impulse by Lewis Milestone. There is some grand acting by an accomplished cast.—*Caddo.*

SCREEN SECRETS monthly review department constitutes a comprehensive guide

SELECTS

FROM the photoplays of the month, the best in their respective fields to aid readers in choosing their cinema entertainment.

THE COSSACKS

As the

Best Spectacle of the Month

DID you think an *icon* was a Russian frying pan? See this and learn otherwise. *The Cossacks* is as authentic, atmospherically, as a travelogue. And it has sex appeal. Rely on Mr. John Gilbert for that. The story is from Tolstoy and loses not a whit of the charm that marks the Russian novel. Bouquet to Frances Marion, the scenarist. That is an achievement. There are thrills galore in the way of fights—hand, pistol, dagger—and if you miss the fervid garbo grips, the skill of grand Cossack riding will make up for that. The picture is aglow with the vigor and fire of rigorous Cossack existence, with Gilbert giving a typically fine performance, and Renee Adoree, absent as his lady since *The Big Parade,* quite perfect as Maryana. Jack is ably supported.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

EXCESS BAGGAGE

As the

Best Comedy-Drama of the Month

AN ENTIRELY absorbing picture blending a laugh and a tear and a kick in the pants, in the inimitable Cruze manner, with William Haines giving the best performance of his cinema smart aleck career. James Cruze directed it. Now there's a perfect combination. It results in the best comedy-drama of the month. Perhaps in several months. Bill is a lovable, laughable, human young vaudevillian on small time with friend wife in the act. Success taps both of them, leading diversely, and you'd better run out and see the picture if you want to know what Ricardo Cortez has to do with it. Lots of good backstage informalities with Kitty Crawford and Neely Edwards adding laughs and over all is the warmth and benignity of the good spirit Vaudeville. — *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

to current films. Additional reviews will be found on pages 58 and 59.

The Screen

TELLING THE WORLD — *Good*

Bill Haines is still at it, smart-alecking all over the place. This time it is in a newspaper story that has too much plot, for any but the adroitest mind to follow, but Bill comes out on top with a flock of honors. All about a kid reporter that gets the job, and incidentally the girl. Being about newspapers, of course, there's a murder and a chorus girl in it too. There is also Ann Page, Hollywood's latest discovery. What with Bill's tomfoolery and the rapid-fire developments, it's enough to keep your mind off your troubles for an evening.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE HEAD MAN — *Fair*

They call this a comedy, but don't believe everything you hear. In it Charlie Murray pretends he is very, very drunk and Lucien Littlefield pretends *he* is very, very drunk, and they stagger around and around sometimes getting the audience to laugh, but not very often. Murray plays the part of a down-and-outer, once famous, who, through a series of allegedly funny situations, regains his pristine prestige. But there is Loretta Young who is charming and Larry Kent, who is nice, too. But perhaps you'd better stay home and mend the radio.—*First National.*

LIFE'S LIKE THAT — *Good*

A novelty, pure and simple. And in its simplicity is its appeal. This is the first picture of Raymond Cannon, scenarist, actor and now director, and his wife Fanchon Royer. Briefly, the story is of a gentleman in search of romance. He finds it, eventually, at home. The cast is practically unknown, with Beatrice Prentice, Harrison Ford's wife, conducting herself cleverly, with the good assistance of Grant Withers, Wade Boteler, Ebba Angelus. It is whimsical with no labored attempt to charm. You'll like it.—*Fanchon Royer.*

LADIES OF THE MOB — *Excellent*

Clara Bow has gone dramatic. Save your nickels and go and see her shoot her boy friend. She's a fast-shooting skirt with a nitro-glycerine daddy, and if you want to see some real acting between two talented young folk, be sure and see this. There's one scene when Clara has a bullet pried out of her shoulder that calls for superlatives. Richard Arlen is her gunning poppa. Then there's the big smash where where Clara shoots him to save him. A new type of role for the flaming-haired flapper. She proves her ability as an emotional actress.—*Paramount.*

Classified

ROMANCE

Fazil—Charlie Farrell goes hot papa to play sheik role with Greta Nissen in romance of Arabian desert. Greta is a Parisian dancer who gets her papa only to lose him again.—*Fox.*

Forbidden Hours—Another one of these mythical kingdom pictures with lots of clanking sabers and a light touch. Ramon Novarro in uniform and Renee Adoree in fetching gowns.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

The Yellow Lily—Billie Dove is a peasant girl who causes a flutter in court circles, especially when it comes to Clive Brook, the archduke, who turns out to be more honest than you would suspect.—*First National.*

Sunrise—Janet Gaynor, looking very wistful in one of those pictures about how people really live. George

in Review

THE WHEEL OF CHANCE — *Excellent*

Mister Richard Barthelmess is really acting again. His "Red," in what was Fanny Hurst's *Roulette*, will make you gulp and shed a tear. It's a fine, sympathetic portrayal, grim, perhaps, and stark, but never lacking feeling. One of the finest things Dick has done. The story is of twins, Barthelmess playing both—Russia, pogroms, the New York Ghetto with a cleverly executed plot. Watch for Bodil Rosing as Dick's mother, and Margaret Livingston, excellent, as one of those ladies. Through it all, like an obligato, runs the fascination of the wheel and the little whirling ball.—*First National.*

FORGOTTEN FACES — *Excellent*

A superb drama of father-love and one of the really worthwhile films of the year. Only lack of space prevents it from being placed with the best pictures of the month where it rightly belongs. Not a crook drama, although it dabbles in crime, its deep emotions are emphasized by the striking performances of Clive Brook, William Powell, Baclanova. Credit Victor Schertzinger with fine direction. Even his lighting effects have drama. One of the finest arrays of acting talent among the current pictures.—*Paramount.*

THE PATRIOT — *Excellent*

Something to rave about. And a brilliant atonement for the dull *Street of Sin*. It is Jannings at his continental best, rivalling anything he has ever done. Undeniably his finest American appearance. Again lack of space prevents it being classed with the month's best. Jannings is magnificant as the mad Paul I of Russia, surrounded by the excellent performances of Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton, Florence Vidor, Vera Voronina. Vidor registers with sweet dignity. By all means see this. It's directed by Ernst Lubitsch, if you haven't already guessed.—*Paramount.*

WARMING UP — *Good*

No grunts from Mrs. Grundy. Here's one that even the kiddies can see without blushing. A clean and fast-moving story of the great American time-killer with Richard Dix as the lad who pitches the pill and helps win the World's Series for the dear old Yanks and the president's daughter, who, it seems, is Jean Arthur. Richard brings cheers and whistles from the balcony in those tense scenes where he puts one over the plate at the crucial moment with two down and three on. Mike Donlin, Chet Thomas and other actual big leaguers make the atmosphere authentic. See this and save sunburn.—*Paramount.*

Picture Guide

O'Brien plays her husband, the brute. But why hide Janet under a blond wig?—*Fox.*

Lady Be Good—Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall in a pleasing bit of fluff. Jack is a small time vaudeville magician, Dorothy his assistant, but Cupid has some tricks up his sleeve that neither ever heard of.—*First National.*

Telling the World—Bill Haines, still wise-cracking, is a reporter in this one. He chases the delectable Anita Page, a newcomer, around cabarets and the world, till he catches her, but it's worth it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Diamond Handcuffs—The love life of a diamond for a theme in this picture. It wanders about, complicating many lives, including that of Eleanor Boardman, who plays a Camillish lady with distinction.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

(*Continued on page* 92)

SHAKE *Those* LIMBS

Lucille Arlen takes a moment off between shifts to snatch a little rest in the shade of the old apple tree.

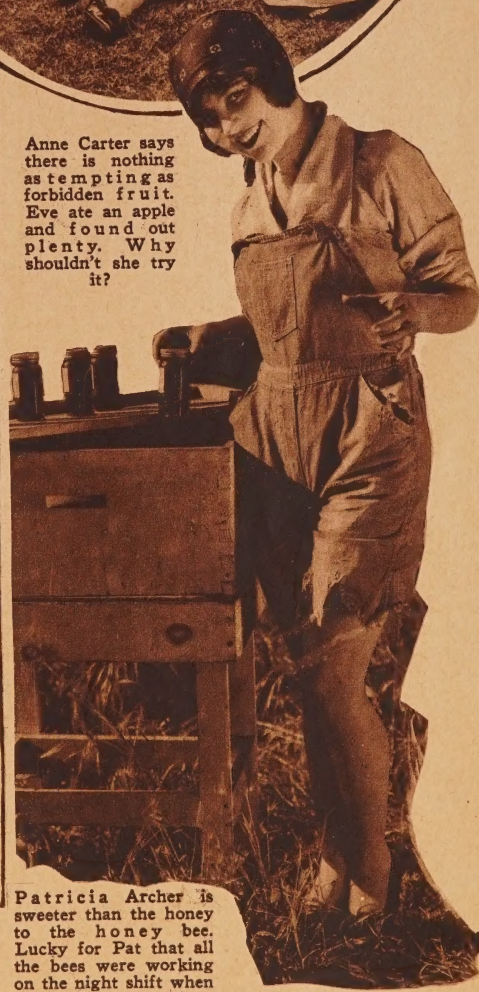
Dorothy Dix takes her gold digging equipment afield. Dorothy started with a complete set of overalls, but left them on the barbed wire fence.

Desray Dawne and Jerry Dean make the old apple tree grow knotty with jealousy, wishing it could grow limbs like those!

FAIR maidens always find good pickings out in Hollywood, but when autumn breezes blow they pause in their work of extracting sugar from the sugar daddies long enough to shake down the trees.

Just three daughters of William Tell. We'll tell the world any apple that knows its cider ought to fall for them.

Anne Carter says there is nothing as tempting as forbidden fruit. Eve ate an apple and found out plenty. Why shouldn't she try it?



Patricia Archer is sweeter than the honey to the honey bee. Lucky for Pat that all the bees were working on the night shift when this picture was taken.

MAN-MADE *Women*

IF YOUR husband caught you kissing a movie star and you left home and went to New York and met a fascinating Frenchman—what would you do? Read what Anne Payson did in this big serial story of the famous Pathe-De Mille feature film of the same name starring Leatrice Joy supported by John Boles, H. B. Warner and Seena Owen which is being shown at your theatre. Read the story and see the picture.

By ERNEST PASCAL

PART III

The story so far:

Anne Payson, bored by the humdrum round of existence in a small New England town, longs for the gaiety of the Bohemian life in New York which she has deserted for marriage. In her hectic search for enjoyment, she flouts the conventions and incurs the wrath of John Payson, her mid-Victorian husband. One quarrel follows another, reaching a climax when John comes home one night unexpectedly to find her being kissed by King Cole, a famous movie star. That night John accuses her bitterly of unfaithfulness and she leaves home to go to New York. John tells her that once gone, she can never come back. She finds New York cold and inhospitable until she meets Jules Moret, a sophisticated man of the world, who is the proprietor of an exclusive women's gown salon. From the time she encounters his first glance, Anne realizes the Frenchman will exercise a strange fascination over her. Now go on with the story.

WHEN the white-haired woman and her daughter had left, Moret came to Anne and apologized for having kept her waiting, but his assistant had left him only that morning—and without a word!—eloped! And would Madame believe it?—the fourth he had had in a year.

"Did they all elope?" Anne inquired.

He gestured despairingly. "It is impossible," he maintained, "to keep a beautiful girl longer than a month or two in New York! In one year—four! The first is now a star in the movies, the second married and

"You aren't going to fire me, are you?" asked Anne, when they were alone on the stairs outside Moret's apartment. "It depends on how good you are," he said with an enigmatic smile. Did he mean in her work—or morally?—wondered Anne.

is one of my best clients. The third—well, she was not so fortunate. And now this one—a lovely girl, madame; not very intelligent, you understand; almost dumb as you say here, but what a figure for clothes!—what a face!" He touched his lips with the tips of his fingers—in ravishment. Then, pulling himself together and becoming the professional shopkeeper again, he inquired Madame's wishes.

Anne hesitated. This place quite intrigued her; and she liked this Monsieur Moret. She needed a job, and he needed an assistant. But how to suggest it, after the way he had rhapsodized over those other girls? By comparison, he might consider her positively ugly!

"Why don't you try a less beautiful girl next time," she said, "even a quite plain one?"

"Oh, Madame! That would be to insult my creations. You have not seen them. Even the girls I have had were not beautiful enough!"

Anne fell back mentally upon the perfume.

"But beauty," she said, "is a matter of taste, surely?"

"No, Madame. Beauty is a matter of proportions—form. My creations are made for women like you. Unfortunately there are so few."

His words enchanted her; they fell like warm sunshine upon a chilled rose—until the thought assailed her that he was probably flattering her for purely commercial reasons. He said as much no doubt to every poor fly of a woman who ventured into his spider's web of raiment!

"That's very nice of you," she said. "Perhaps you'd like to make me some kind of offer—to become your assistant." Her tone was light, almost jesting.

"Madame would not listen to an offer."

"I might. It all depends. It would have to be temporary, of course, because perhaps I might not like working."

"But Madam is married?"

"Of course."

"Your husband would object."

"He would—if he knew. But I am not living with my husband." She looked about her with a lofty air. "It might be rather fun to work," she murmured. "So many of us," she confided, "get bored with playing around—and spending money. You'd have to regard me as just an ordinary employee, and you mustn't count on my bringing my friends here to patronize your shop. How much do you pay an assistant?"

Monsieur Moret hesitated to say. He shook his head. "I am ashamed to tell you, Madame. You would consider it nothing. The girl who left me this morning received thirty-five dollars a week."

"You should be ashamed," she informed him.

"But she had the privilege of buying models, when we were through with them, at ridiculously low prices."

"And how many was she able to buy with thirty-five a week?"

"Quite a few, Madame. You'd be surprised. As I tell you, she was very beautiful!"

"Oh," said Anne. "But she was dumb, you say! If brains are worth an extra fifteen to you, I'll try it. Fifty dollars a week!" She laughed, and her laughter said, "How absurd! Me working!"

Monsieur Moret laughed. "And may I inquire the name of my new assistant?"

"Mrs. Payson. Anne Payson."

"Mrs. Payson," he echoed. "It would be better perhaps if you were Miss Payson." He looked at her enigmatically, then turned and called to a handsome young man who had been thoughtfully admiring a chic French model draped over a chair. "Miss Payson, my buyer, Andre Dufaud. Andre is an admirer of beautiful women, and I know you two will get along beautifully." Another man, thought Anne! But Andre decided she wouldn't last long. Just another rich woman looking for excitement.

"You are thinking that perhaps I won't do, after all," she broke in upon his reflections.

"We will see," he returned. "Much will depend upon your temperament—upon how good you are."

Perhaps it was her imagination, but it seemed to her that

(*Continued on page* 94)

THOSE who have been reading "Man-Made Women" in *True Confessions* our sister magazine, can continue the serial in SCREEN SECRETS. Begin here with Part IV.

AND the months went by. Winter came—Christmas, the New Year. The little apartment to which long since she had moved was cozy and comfortable. She was in it only to sleep and to dress and on Sundays. Most of the time she was at the Maison Moret, or upstairs in that enormous studio room. She knew it so well now—the tapestries and pictures that adorned the walls, the old furniture, the tobacco-y smell of the place; and the faces that were generally to be seen there—strange intelligent faces; ugly intelligent faces; weird, bony, twisted faces; and occasionally an astonishingly lovely face.

Little by little it had become her home; it was the place where she was happiest. She refused other invitations to go there, or, if she accepted them, she would end up there, going on from the theatre, straying in by herself. It was more interesting than anywhere else—more satisfying. Satisfying—well, no; not altogether.

Pleasant months—colorful, exciting, adventurous months—but not really happy ones. At the back of everything was always a bitter-sweet memory of Ashbroken, John—love, clean, sweet, simple. The taste of it lingered on the palate of her soul, and there were times—the oddest times—trying on a dress, rouging her cheeks, delving into the psychology of some abnormal complex with one of the crowd—when an overwhelming yearning for it seemed to envelop her. And no word—no single word from him direct or through Harvey Jones.

Apart from her husband, the only man who attracted her was Jules Moret. He did attract her. At times she was ready to believe that she was in love with him, and it concerned her deeply to think that she had failed to arouse him. He was kind, charming, gracious. Sometimes he flattered her a little. But never in all those months either by word or glance or deed did he manifest any strong feeling for her. Perhaps that was why he fascinated her.

One night, early in April, he whispered to her to stay after the others had gone. He wanted to talk to her. She had been to the theatre that evening with a young man who resembled John. That's why she had gone. But he turned out to be far different, and she had been unmercifully bored. She was sad, too; perhaps because of that extraordinary resemblance; and her heart was far away.

She wondered, as she watched one and then another drift off, what Moret wanted to say to her. Something important, certainly, for he had never asked her to stay before; and something of a personal nature, or otherwise he would have said it in his office. What if he spoke of love tonight? How would *he* speak of it? Angela said an affair with him was never serious—and marriage—well, he knew too much! When it came to life's most vital matter, would he descend to the level of ordinary men and offer her things—apartments and jewels and—protection; or would he rise to some semblance of originality, of sublety, of bigness? She was cynical tonight—tired.

WHEN the last of his guests had gone, he came and sat on the divan—at the far end—and regarded her for a minute or two in silence.

"Well?" she urged him to begin. She was wearing one of his creations, a slinky jeweled thing that only a woman of her green eyes and red-gold hair could wear to advantage.

"How the dress becomes you! But you're bored."

"I suppose I am. Although most people are—you, for instance."

"I should be bored," he informed her. "I am twice your age in years, and at least ten times as old in experience. Moreover, I am not bored in the way you are, and to be bored in the way I am is rather enjoyable. One is the boredom of—how shall I say?—hunger—?"

"And the other is the boredom of—over-eating?"

"Something like that," he admitted. He moved a little closer to her. "Why don't you go back to your husband?"

"Because I don't want to." She was in love with John tonight, achingly in love, so that Moret's words hurt her

"Why don't you go back to your husband?" asked Moret. "Because I don't want to," Anne replied. She was achingly in love with John tonight, and could not keep back the tears. "There are others," said Moret with a lift of the eyebrows.

If you cannot wait until the October issue of SCREEN SECRETS to go on with this story, you can read Part V in the October issue of *True Confessions* on sale Sept. 10. Part V will also be in the October issue of SCREEN SECRETS with the conclusion.

like a sharp instrument touching a sensitive nerve. "I'll never go back—never!" she said vehemently; while, at the same time, tears trembled at the back of her eyes.

If he apprehended her emotion, he did not show it; he let a few seconds elapse.

"There are others," he observed. "What about the men you are constantly dining with and—"

"Oh, those!" she broke in, almost scornfully. "Morons!"

"And the idea of being a rich moron's mistress doesn't intrigue you?"

"Not in the least."

"It does some women—and some very clever women, too. It enables them to develop that feminine sense of conquest to an extraordinary degree—and sharpens their wits as well. In this country, of course, the mistress is still looked down on—but times are changing, Anne, and you are very young."

"I'm afraid I'm not ambitious, Jules."

"Well, maybe not"—and again for a little space he was silent.

"Is that what you wanted to talk about?" she said.

"Yes," he returned. "I'm going to Europe in about ten days and I thought you might like to go with me."

"Go with you—to Europe!" She was quite startled.

"Why not? I go every year. Sometimes twice. You have never been in France?"

"No, never." But what did he mean?

"It's a beautiful and—er—revealing country—especially to women. Paris! Paris!" He spoke the name lovingly, as though the very speaking of it conjured up dreams and pictures that ravished him.

"But why do you want to take me?"

He shrugged. "For many reasons. I am very fond of you. Very. The change will do you good. We will see—"

"But Jules—" and then she broke off. She was troubled. Was he asking her to go to Paris with him as his mistress? If so, why didn't he say so right out?

"You do not have to decide tonight. There is time in a day or two—the end of the week." He got up, concluding the interview, as though to say that he had told her all he intended to.

HE TOOK it for granted that she was agreed to go with him. She waited for him to speak to her again, and to make things more explicit. But he didn't. He spoke only of how Paris was in May—Paris of the chestnut blossoms, his Paris! There was Paris in his voice when he spoke of it—a Paris of rain and grayness and soft sunshine and mauve mystery; sadness, yearning, poetry. He seemed to grow younger at the thought of it, and once or twice he evinced an almost boyish enthusiasm. And the days passed. They passed in a sort of haze, and before she knew it, she had decided to go. He had arranged everything—passports, tickets; and all the crowd knew—and envied her.

And how could she refuse! Besides, did she want to? She couldn't go on forever being in love with John—without going back to him some day, beaten. He might not take her back. The sooner she took this step then, the better. It would make it impossible for her to go back. And who was she ever likely to meet more charming, more understanding, than Moret? And so after several hurried days of preparation they sailed for Paris, Anne and this strange, compelling, enigmatic Frenchman.

(*Continued on page* 98)

LION and THE MOUSE

MAY McAVOY, with others, appears in the first great talking picture made by Warner Bros. from a famous stage play. Read the story below.

By HELEN STARR

THAT merciless and powerful industrial genius "Ready Money" Ryder **(Lionel Barrymore)**, is determined to crush Judge Rossmore **(Alec Francis)**, because the latter has decided an important legal case against him.

Ryder accomplishes his purpose by suavely advising Rossmore to buy certain stocks which he knows will go down in value and at the same time using the information regarding to the stock purchase to create the impression that the judge is guilty of accepting a bribe. As a result Judge Rossmore is removed from the bench and ruined financially while Ryder conceals the one bit of evidence that might have saved him, a letter.

Meanwhile, Jeff Ryder **(Buster Collier)**, the money king's son, who is having his fling in Paris, meets Shirley Rossmore **(May McAvoy)**, the judge's daughter, who is a sculptress, and falls in love with her.

Later Shirley comes to live at the Ryder home while making a bust of the money king from life. Jeff pleads with Ryder to save the father of the girl he loves but Ryder remains unmoved.

RYDER, sensing that Shirley has some strange influence over Jeff, gets her to agree to renounce him on condition that he save her father. Shirley agrees, and sends Jeff away broken-hearted.

But when Jeff meets his father as he is leaving the Rossmore home he tells him that Shirley will have nothing more to do with him. Ryder realizes that the girl has sacrificed her love in order to save her father and he is filled with admiration for her, because of the strength of character and the unselfishness shown.

The old man is unable to nourish his resentment any longer, he returns to the Rossmore home with Jeff, begs forgiveness of Shirley for what he has done and agrees to to what he can to make amends for his injuries to Judge Rossmore. The Mouse has triumphed over the Lion. Meanwhile Jeff and Shirley are coming to an understanding in the next room.

"My father shall never come between us," says Buster Collier to May McAvoy in this gripping drama of the financial world.

Over their every meeting the fear of Judge Ryder, the heartless giant of Wall Street, hung like a gloomy pall.

FATIMA IS STILL *Naughty*

Many of the cute chorines on Broadway are succumbing to a desire to travel these days and are joining the Publix units leaving New York every week. Above is a group of girls from "Hey! Hey!" a presentation act staged by Jack Partington.

And other bits from Broadway

By ARTHUR W. EDDY

SCREEN SECRETS' New York Correspondent

NEW YORK CITY

"FATIMA" was wicked in 1894, and even when resurrected in 1928, she still retained some of her immorality, at least according to James R. Wingate, chief wielder of New York State's censorial shears. This long-forgotten film, one of the first pictures ever to be born into a celluloid existence, has been exhumed by the Fifth Avenue Playhouse Group, Inc., which makes a business and a profit out of using the screen for satirical and sophisticated purposes. It displays a somewhat well-rounded miss executing a dance which caused something of a sensation in Coney Islands and circus sideshow tents in the days when skirts were longer.

Well, to continue the narrative, "Fatima" was formally presented to Mr. Wingate, who decided that she must never impress herself upon the screens of New York State until she had undergone a purifying process. In other words, the lady MUST have an operation. She did and after the removal of a little of her avoirdupois (one "suggestive" sequence, to be exact) she was permitted to resume her belated career.

As a matter of record "Fatima" can be classified as a "ghost picture." The lady who played, or rather, danced, the title role has been dead ten years.

Fatima's wiggle is as wicked as ever, say the New York censors. Here is the little lady as she was photographed thirty years ago.

SUITE 217 at the Hotel Ambassador has a history, cinematically speaking. When the bigger-bankrolled screen luminaries arrive in New York, and check in at this fashionable hostelry, they generally give a party, known as a "tea" for the press.

Working on this theory, Mack Sennett, who has fervently glorified the bathing girl as Flo Ziegfeld has her stage contemporary, entertained the movie scribes recently in 217. Before most of the fireworks started I managed to go into a semi-private session with him. It was inevitable that the conversation drift around to the Keystone cop, which was as vital a part of Sennett's early comedies as the traditional custard pie.

"The Keystone cops," he said reminiscently, "they certainly did bring me a great deal of grief. Why, it seems that every police department in the country wrote to me protesting against the burlesquing of policemen. But the public liked them and so they continued their antics until they became obsolete." And Sennett tugged at a front lock of his grey hair in a characteristic gesture.

Someone reminded Mack that he, too, had been an actor in the dear, dead days of the movie's infancy. "Yes," the producer admitted, "and at that time, I didn't realize how awful I was."

CHARLES RAY, minus his bashful boy makeup, and providing a perfect performance of what the smartly-dressed

New Yorker will wear, strolling along Broadway, just returned from three weeks' stock company work at Atlanta . . . Mae West, who won a lot of money and a court trial through *Sex*, her broadminded play of last season, hurrying down Forty-fifth street. Probably late for a matinee of her latest asbestos-lined drama *"Diamond 'Lil"* which relates how ladies and gentlemen of Manhattan's old underworld used to behave . . . . Harry Carey and his wife, who is also "regular", as motion picture people term congenial folk, riding up to the Ansonia in a taxi and looking just as comfortable as if he were on horseback . . . Ruth Dwyer, recently returned from Annapolis with the Christy Cabanne Company, lunching with a friend at the Ritz . . . Bert Lytell standing at Broadway and Forty-seventh street and reading *"Variety's* comments on his vaudeville act . . . . H. H. Van Loan and Crane Wilbur, in the Astor lobby en route to the former's suite to discuss their new play, *Romance, Inc.* . . . Louise Glaum inspecting the lobby pictures at the Capitol. Maybe dreaming of the days when she was one of the silver sheet's principal exponents of the art of vamping . . . Janet Gaynor, visiting New York for the first time since her cinematic popularity, working as a clerk at Gimbel's, preparing for a role in her next production . . . . Greta Nissen attracting much masculine attention as she lunches at Sardi's, a day following the world premiere of *Fazil*, in which she plays opposite Charles Farrell.

CHICAGO seemingly has made a worthwhile contribution to New York's entertainment sphere. He's Paul Ash, master-of-ceremonies, impressario of musical hilarity, Mighty Mogul of Mirth, Conductor Extraordinary, or to use the exact labeling of Publix's exploiteers, the Giant of Jazz.

Ash landed at Grand Central Station —or perhaps it was Penn Station, behind the most intensive and superlative publicity barrage projected in Gotham. To cinch matters Publix tendered him a "Broadway initiation" at the Ritz-Carlton, one memorable midnight, with celebs, music and all party trimmings. Those who helped prolong the merry morning included Hal Skelley, starred in the stage success, *Burlesque;* Clare Luce, Louis Wiley of *The Times,* Daniel Frohman, John Murray Anderson, Boris Petroff, Paul Oscard and Robert T. Kane, who produces pictures for First National.

There is something about Katherine Downer that is drawing the crowds to "Showboat," at the Ziegfeld Theatre. And it isn't the ukelele either.
—Photo by Barron.

IT WAS August 23, 1926. A horde of news hounds besieging the Polyclinic Hospital. That institution's switchboard was clogged with calls from all over the country. A movie-mad world was literally holding its breath —it's idol, Rudolph Valentino was dying. His hours on earth were numbered.

At 12:15 o'clock an elevator stopped at the ground floor and out stepped Joseph M. Schenck, United Artists official and husband of Norma Talmadge. His eyes were misty.

"Mr. Schenck, how's Valentino?" he was asked by a scribbler.

Schenck's voice sounded muffled, far away. "He . . has . . . passed . . . . on!" he said.

Then his questioner, who happened to be the recorder of this bit of reminiscence, led him to the press room; a few minutes later word of the beloved star's death was speeding over the wires and cables to world-wide destinations. That was two years ago.

The other day, dropping in at the United Artists office, I noticed several letters addressed to Rudolph Valentino, on the reception clerk's desk. A query brought the information that the company is still receiving an average of five letters daily seeking Valentino pictures. All of which proves that sometimes fame is not quite as fleeting as we are commonly led to believe—at least the Valentino brand.

ONCE upon a time when a film star tobogganed into oblivion the chances were that they retired to private life. Theoretically, they returned of their own accord to their books and flowers, and occasionally to their husbands. Harshly, however, they were "out"—discarded, shopworn from the viewpoint of the boxoffice, at least according to the calculations of the producer. But not so in the current era. Now they find renewed popularity (and income) in vaudeville.

Such disposal of their efforts produces two-fold satisfaction. Vaudeville, which has fast been on the decline in popularity, holds a cordial reception for the player of this classification. They tend to revive old-time boxoffice receipts. The player, too, likes it. And why shouldn't he, with salary higher in most instances than the one he has been collecting in the studio.

The Hollywood-to-Vaudeville migration seems to be gaining impetus, recruiting its members almost exclusively from players whose screen careers date back a decade.

The Song is Ended

for Ben Lyon and Marilyn Miller, but the melody of their romance still lingers on.

By HAL HALL and HELEN GENTSCH

THREE thousand miles is a long distance — especially when two people are in love.

At least, that is what Ben Lyon thinks — and he ought to know. Everyone who is able to read, knows about the beautiful love affair between Ben and petite and charming Marilyn Miller, the stage star, and of Ben's devotion to her. In fact, it has been of longer duration than most romances—but, sad though it is to relate, the romance may be lingering on, but as far as the clanging of wedding bells is concerned the song is ended.

Ben Lyon and Marilyn Miller had this picture taken together in New York when they thought that nothing would ever at any time come between them.

Ben Lyon used the long distance telephone to serenade Marilyn recently when she was in New York and he was out in Hollywood three thousand miles away.

So, that's out at last; and the gossipy thousands who have for so long chattered about the prospect of Ben and Marilyn marrying or not marrying will have to cease the chatter now—for there will be no wedding bells between this screen hero and the musical comedy star.

And before anyone has the opportunity to arise and shout that there must be temperamental differences, we hasten to explain that there has been no lover's quarrel; no difference of opinion; no hard feelings; no temperamental squabbles. What has happened is simply that Ben and Marilyn have stepped out and taken a bow as two people of artistic bent who are unusual. They have just used their heads for more than hat racks — in short, have thought the whole matter out reasonably and have decided that a mar-

(*Continued on page* 84)

By BEN CONLON

HELEN OF

WHEN love comes in at the window, must fame fly out the door?

Helen O'Troy finds out as this stirring serial comes to a smashing conclusion.

What has happened so far: HELEN O'TROY, *pretty little extra girl from your home town, in making a fight for fame in the movies, is confronted with two choices. One lies in accepting the attentions of* RICHARD HALLIWELL, *a designing director, the other in doubling for* SIGNA SHIPSTEAD, *a famous star, in a dangerous airplane stunt. She chooses the latter course and wins a part under* NIGEL BERWICK, *another director, with whom she falls in love.* BERWICK *keeps her from accepting another doubling role for an airplane scene in which* SIGNA *is seriously injured. While working on location near Tijuana, with* BERWICK, HALLIWELL *comes to call on* HELEN *in her rooms. Suddenly an extra girl whom* HALLIWELL *has wronged enters the room, shoots* HALLIWELL *and flees, leaving* HELEN *alone with the dying man. Now finish the story in this issue.*

HELEN picked up the receiver. "Help!" she cried into the mouthpiece. "Help!"

She turned and looked at the body on the floor; she did not want to, but it drew her with some weird magnetic force. She heard the answering voice of the switchboard operator, felt herself growing faint. . . . She looked up as the door opened and the curious face of a Negro porter who had heard the shot was peering in, his eyes rolling in terror as they shifted to the body on the floor. . . . She thought she saw the body move. . . . She felt faint again. . . . And then there were three or four men in the room, the hotel detective among them.

A couple of the men were bending over Halliwell, and she saw one of them shaking his head dubiously. She looked dazedly toward the door again, and saw curious faces peering in. Out of somewhere materialized the faces of Berwick and Hallie Howard, and she started up eagerly and ran towards the director.

"Oh, Nigel! Please take me out of this horrible place!" she pleaded. "I can't stand it. I can't!"

She saw the hotel detective coming toward her, heard that he was talking to her, questioning her, but she was unaware of what he was saying. She was growing hysterical, pleading with Nigel to take her away. The hotel detective was standing between her and the door; she saw his form faintly.

"A good looking girl like you doesn't have to worry about money," said Weil, a peculiar gleam in his eyes, "I'll do anything in the world for you . . . . you understand." "Yes," Helen retorted furiously, "you think I'm any man's woman."

She had a craving for Nigel to gather her into his arms and shelter her at that moment from all the menacing things by which she seemed to be surrounded. But he stood there before her, with an unspoken question in his eyes, and regarded her rather suspiciously. Somehow she felt completely alienated from him. The man who had avowed his love for her, who had asked her to be his wife, was not making the slightest effort to help her in time of trouble.

She turned her pleading eyes to Hallie Howard, who was looking at her in a sort of dumb amazement, and then she went straight to him.

"Hallie," she sobbed, "take care of me. Be my friend now, if you ever were."

"By Jiminy Christmas!" exclaimed Hal. "Of course I will."

He put an arm around her, and she dropped her head on his shoulder and commenced to cry bitterly.

"Say, Helen," she heard Hal's voice saying, "how did it

HOLLYWOOD

happen, anyhow? What in the world did you do it for, Helen?"

Helen looked up suddenly, scarcely crediting the words that she had heard.

"What!" she gasped. "What did you say, Hallie?"

"By Jiminy Christmas!" exclaimed Hal again. "Everybody knew that Halliwell was a rotter. You did it in self-defense, I know."

"Hallie!" she fairly shrieked, shrinking away from him. "Do you think . . . that I . . . that I killed Halliwell?" She was speechless with terror for a moment. "It was Marie Maroni . . ."

She shuffled over weakly, and sank onto the chaise lounge. She was dimly aware that Halliwell was being carried from the room . . . of someone saying that he was alive . . . she saw the stalwart forms of two or three blue-coated officers enter the room . . . In short, jerky sentences she heard her own voice telling the officers of the happening of the evening . . . how Halliwell had come to see her, presumably about Signa . . . of his advances to her . . . of the sudden and unexpected appearance of Marie Maroni . . . of the shooting and the disappearance of the girl. . . .

"The porter saw the other dame run out with the gun in her hand," she heard one of the policemen saying. "That jane next door. The damned fool let her get to the stairway and get out. They found the gun with an exploded shell on her dressing-table . . ."

She was conscious, when it was all over and she was alone in her room, that her mere presence at the shooting had filled the minds of many with suspicion of her. The officers had cleared the room and left her alone, but she knew that there was a taint clinging to her in the Halliwell case, that she would be under surveillance as a material witness in the killing. It was all so unjust, so unfair . . . She had done nothing deserving of censure . . .

LATER in the evening Berwick had begged to be allowed to see her. He entered her suite with an expression of sympathy on his face. Helen, however, regarded him coldly. After all, he had not quite believed her, had failed her when she needed him. Possibly he had believed her capable of murder, and, if she had not misread the look in his eyes when he first entered the room, he also had suspected other things scarcely less creditable.

"My dear," he commenced, "I—"

"Please don't try to apologize," she told him impassively. "Just go . . . I wish to be alone."

"But Helen," Berwick protested. "You must understand that I was dazed by it all, that—"

Helen rose without another word and, walking swiftly across the room, went into her boudoir and closed and locked the door. She threw herself fully clothed upon the bed.

She slept late the next morning, after having tossed restlessly most of the night. The faithful Celeste was moving quietly around her luxurious bedroom. There was sympathy in the dark eyes of the maid as she went to the side of the bed.

"I shall bring you of the breakfast," Celeste said softly. "You must rest, mam'zelle. You need rest right now, yes?"

"But Celeste," begged Helen, "have you heard anything . . . about last night . . . about Halliwell? I must know."

"Meester 'aliwell is at the 'ospital," the maid told her. "Alive, one hears, but not what you say conscious . . . he weel die."

"And Marie Maroni?" she questioned.

She listened to Celeste's statement—that Marie Maroni had disappeared; that Camprubi had gone, also. The two

of them were believed to have gotten over the border.

"I hated them both!" exclaimed Helen passionately. "But . . . somehow . . . I almost hope they get away. There has been enough trouble."

She relaxed for a moment, but then her face clouded.

"Has anybody been looking for me this morning, Celeste?" she asked.

"Meester Berwick and Meester 'oward telephoned. And Meester Weil, he has telephoned several times. I told heem I would not disturb you, positive."

"Call Mr. Weil back," Helen instructed the maid, "and say that I will see him in half an hour." His insistence on having an interview with her aroused vague presentiments in her heart.

She breakfasted hurriedly, bathed and dressed and kept Weil waiting only a few moments after he had come to her suite. The little producer had a worried expression on his face, but he carried the same brusque, business-like air with him.

"I suppose you understand, Miss O'Troy," he commenced, after the usual greetings had passed between them, "that this affair of last evening will probably mean the cancellation of your contract."

A feeling of weakness passed over Helen. Her dreams . . . toppling about her now . . . all her hard work undone . .

"But why should it?" demanded Helen. "I didn't do anything wrong, Mr. Weil. I am perfectly innocent of anything."

"But it all looks bad, Miss O'Troy," said the producer gravely. "There is bound to be some doubt about you. I believe what you say, maybe, but will everyone believe your story?" He paused for a moment and regarded her shrewdly. "After all," he continued, "you were in your suite with a man of very questionable reputation and another woman comes in and shoots him. Why does she shoot him? Why was she jealous? Why, Miss O'Troy?"

Tears came into the eyes of the overwrought Helen, but they vanished as a wave of indignation surged through her at the injustice of it all.

"I've talked all that I'm going to talk, Mr. Weil!" she replied abruptly. "You know just as much as I do about it. I am innocent and I am going to fight for my rights and make you live up to the contract you gave me. You will pay me whether or not you want me in your production!"

Weil nodded shrewdly and, for a moment, he had rather a contemptuous gleam in his eyes.

"Did you read your contract, Miss O'Troy?" he questioned. "Did you read the morality clause in it? You see, in the old days in the show business, a woman that got into a scrape, a pretty woman, made money out of it. She got put in vaudeville, cleaned up. But now, in the film game, when an actress's reputation goes, she goes too. And I guess under the circumstances, that means you, my dear."

"We'll see about that!" Helen exclaimed savagely. "You're not going to put anything over on me, Mr. Weil!"

"But my dear girl," said Weil ingratiatingly. "I don't want to put nothing over on you. Of course not. But the morality clause . . . the morality clause . . . your reputation is gone and the contract will have to be broken."

HE hesitated a moment, and then came closer to her with a peculiar gleam in his eyes. "But a good-looking girl like you don't have to worry any about money. Why, I'll do anything in the world for you, my dear. A little apartment . . . nice furniture . . . you understand . . ."

"Yes," Helen retorted furiously, "I understand! You think that I am any man's woman and you wouldn't mind keeping me yourself for a little while. You and your talk about morality clauses . . . bah!"

She went over to the little secritoire in which she kept her contract and, taking the document out, she turned around and tore it to bits in front of the astonished Weil.

"There!" she shouted. "The contract you gave me is broken. I wouldn't work another day for you if you gave me a million dollars. I did think you were different. It was my error. I am sick of the whole business and I am getting out of it right now forever!"

She summoned Celeste. "Mr. Weil is going, Celeste," she said. "Will you please show him to the door?"

Weil, with an expression of mortification and surprise on his face, took his departure, and Helen O'Troy, once more "on her own," courageously sat down and took stock of her resources. She had a few hundred dollars surplus, enough to maintain her until she could get a job somewhere. She did not care

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"I don't believe I care to have you kissing anybody but me, even on the screen" said Nigel, reaching forward to gather Helen into his arms. "You are my director, dear," she replied. "And you are my star," he said.

Her Companionate ENGAGEMENT

SALLY PHIPPS has a new idea about love. Will it become the rage in Hollywood?

By
RUTH M. TILDESLEY

PEOPLE are always thinking up strange and startling methods of getting married, so why shouldn't Sally Phipps invent a new kind of engagement?

Sally's is called a companionate engagement; it is guaranteed to be the first of its kind, and the little Fox player believes that she has found a solution for precipitate love affairs.

"You know how terribly romantic moonlight makes you feel," she explained, in a thrilled undertone, "or hearing music on the water, or sitting on the observation platform of a train going over the mountains? Whenever you're away from familiar places and you meet someone interesting, you're liable to lose your sense of proportion. Lots of girls rush out and get married the minute the man looks a little willing, and pretty soon they're going around saying:

" 'Well, I must have been crazy!'

"So when it happened to me, I thought I'd better give myself a chance, and it seemed to me this was a grand idea."

The other party to the companionate engagement is Wallace Sullivan who writes a column headed "Broadway" for the *Morning Telegraph* in New York City.

Sally Phipps is thoroughly modern from the halo of cigarette smoke around her little red head down to her twinkling toes.

The terms of the engagement were concocted by Sally and concurred in by Mr. Sullivan, after some discussion.

"You see, I had to come back to Hollywood and make pictures, and he had to stay there and write about night clubs while he studied to be a lawyer. He'll be admitted to the bar when he's finished his course and then he can come out here and practice, if he can get some clients to let him," elucidated Sally, twirling a lock of red hair about a white finger.

"So we decided that we'd be engaged for a year and if we still cared at the end of that time we'd get married. According to the terms of our agreement, we are supposed

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Two Years *of* Hollywood Is Enough

without a vacation, says Ernest Torrence, who goes abroad every other year. Other late news from London.

Lord and Lady Asquith both of whom are keenly interested in motion pictures, are shown above with Denison Clift, well-known Hollywood director now making pictures in England.

Denison Clift, at the right, during the making of "Mary Queen of Scots," which he formerly directed in London under his contract with British International Pictures.

By E. Elizabeth Barrett
SCREEN SECRETS London Correspondent

ERNEST TORRENCE stayed for several weeks after the Menjous left for Italy, for the remainder of their honeymoon tour. Mrs. Torrence and the famous character actor's twenty-one-year-old son, of whom both parents are frightfully proud, were with him. They stayed at the Carlton while they were in London, and spent a week in Edinburgh, Ernest's birthplace, visiting relatives.

I had tea with Ernest just before they went up North, and enjoyed myself immensely. He is one of the most charming and interesting film actors I have ever met. There is about him an atmosphere of genuineness and steady sincerity far removed from the usual feverish artificiality of the hothouse products of the movie world—which is just another way of saying that I liked him tremendously, you know!

He makes a wise rule of coming over here every two years.

"Hollywood's a delightful spot to live in," he said. "I love it. But there's a danger of becoming frightfully provincial if one stays there all the time. You see, Hollywood people think and live nothing but pictures. They're steeped in an atmosphere of film making. So it's really necessary to get away a bit, sometimes, to keep in touch with the outside world."

He told me, amongst other things, that he would like to make a film in England, but he wouldn't do one unless he had a really suitable part offered him in a really suitable story. And he's standing out for that before he appears in a British picture. I think he's very wise. Too many stars haven't done themselves any good by too premature appearances in British productions made by third-rate companies who have taken the opportunities afforded them over here by the quota, to come into the production field again, and whose efforts, it must clearly be under-

(*Continued on page* 103)

The Postal Pouch

What do you want to know about your favorite movie star? Your questions will be answered on this page.

Write Postal Pouch editor, *Screen Secrets Magazine*, Robbinsdale, Minn., enclosing 2c stamp.

LEONARD C. So you're sure I'm Mr., Miss, or maybe Mrs. You can't go far wrong with that collection. Both Loretta and Polly Ann Young were born in Salt Lake City. Loretta is under contract to First National Studios, Burbank, and her sister can be addressed at M-G-M, Culver City. Clara Kimball Young was born in Chicago. She has not made pictures for a long time now, so I don't know where to suggest your writing to her.

AUGUSTA J. I read your novelette—or was that a letter?—anent your favorite motion picture stars, and now rapidly approach on horseback with answers to your multitudinous questions. Clara Bow is five feet, three and one-half inches tall, weighs one hundred ten, and was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 29, 1905. She is an only child. Her mother died several years ago, but her father lives in Hollywood. I'd say she has been in pictures six or seven years. Write to her at Paramount. Esther Ralston was born in 1902. Tom Mix is about forty-eight years old now. He is married to Victoria Ford, his leading lady, many years ago. Estelle Taylor is twenty-five years old, and measures five feet, four and one-half inches. Charles Rogers is six feet tall, and about twenty-four years old. You had our address right the first time; just Screen Secrets Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minn., is fine. We write personal letters whenever a stamped, self-addressed envelope is included. Come again some time and bring your lunch.

H. D. S. Gloria Swanson is making pictures on the F. B. O. lot in Hollywood. Clara Bow is at Paramount; Betty Bronson at Warner Brothers; and Colleen Moore can be addressed at First National, Burbank. Ralph Forbes was born in London, in 1901. Julanne Johnston is five feet, six inches tall, weighs about 120, has brown hair, and gray eyes. Thanks for the big boost you gave Screen Secrets. We like any boosts that aren't with the toe of a boot.

SANDY: You may be Scotch, but you weren't stingy with your questions. Yola D'Avril was born in Paris, France, about twenty-four years ago. She is five feet, three inches tall, and weighs about one hundred and ten. Gwen Lee is about twenty-five years old, and hails from Hastings, Nebraska. She is five feet, seven inches tall, and weighs one hundred twenty-five. Molly O'Day is twenty years old, five feet, two and one-half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and eight. Joan Crawford is five feet, four, and weighs one hundred and ten. Yes, indeed, Dorothy Sebastian and Dorothy Seastrom are two different persons, as are Fay Wray and Fay Webb. Why are their names so similar, then? Aw, gwan! You tell me why there are so many folks named Smith.

HARRIET W. Charles Rogers was born in Olathe, Kansas; Claire Windsor in Cawker City; and Louise Brooks in Cherryvale. Well, well, you must be from Kansas, too! I once heard that Florence Gilbert is some distant cousin to John, but I'd not wager my next meal on it. Write to Dorothy Sebastian at M-G-M. Richard Talmadge is no relation to Connie. Write to Laura La Plante at the Universal Studios, Universal City. Clara Bow is making *The Fleet's In*, while Esther Ralston is scheduled for *The Case of Lena Smith*, when she returns from her vacation in Honolulu.

Joan Crawford who is shortly to appear in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Dancing Daughters," is a star with Postal Pouch fans as well as on the screen.

BARBARA: You're the girl they wrote the song about, I'll bet! Why, the happiest moment of my life was when I met Lawrence Gray. He's just what you think—the *sweetest* thing! He was born in San Francisco on July 27, 1900. I don't know his religion, nor what particular girl is lucky enough to have most of his heavy dates. Oh, I don't think Charles Rogers and Claire Windsor are going to be married—to each other; but you never can tell. Norma Talmadge is still married to Joseph Schenck, so I'm in no position to make predictions.

CARMEN B. Bless your heart, mia linda muchacha, but I haven't Dolores Del Rio's home address. If I had, I'd do just what most of her fans would do if they had it; camp on her doorstep with something to sell, or with fervent requests for autographs, photographs, jobs, loans, or mementoes. Just write to her at the Tec-Art Studios, and she will get your note. Venga otra vez!

DOROTHY C. Two of your questions are answered elsewhere in this department. Sue Carol is under contract to De Mille now.

MRS. E. S.: While Pola Negri has recently sailed for Europe, mail addressed to her at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, will reach her.

TINK MAJOR: The color of Joan Crawford's hair? Alas, Tink, I've not seen her for two weeks. At that time it was a sort of burnt orange; but I've heard she has since gone blonde. Once upon a time, so the story goes, her hair was black. The best way to reach independent stars is to address them at the studio where they made their most recent picture. Mail is always forwarded. Janet Gaynor is twenty-two years old.

F. E. B. Another boost for Screen Secrets. Now we're sitting on top of the world. Write to Caryl Lincoln at (*Continued on page* 85)

Marvelous New

now *any* woman can be

POWER over men that you must use *guardedly*. Fascination so compelling that you *dare not* use even a *tenth*. The selfsame power that unthinking women have loosed upon men to control nations. The power that makes some woman *you* know the envy of her set—because she simply fascinates men. This woman—the siren type—makes no apparent effort. Often she is scarcely good looking—let alone beautiful. Other women, honestly mystified, say: "I don't see what men see in her."

Now do *you* want power over men ten times greater than that of the *most fascinating woman you know?*

An Astounding Thing—But Proved

That Lucille Young actually gives fascination to women is an astounding claim. That only Lucille Young of all women in the world can do this is an even more startling assertion. But here is proof—absolute, unquestionable proof. In the past year thousands of women have accepted Lucille Young's amazing offer. It is that if *any* woman, young or old, beautiful or homely does not acquire fascination she spends not a penny. Lucille Young's *real* warning is, don't abuse or misuse the dangerous power she places within your hands.

How This Amazing Knowledge Came To Be

Lucille Young has been making women *physically beautiful* for more than fifteen years. She is, indeed, recognized as leading all beauty experts of the world; known for the almost miraculous improvements she effects with face and figure. Actually hundreds of thousands of women, representing every part of the civilized world, know Lucille Young for her beauty work.

But years ago Lucille Young undertook to probe one of nature's greatest mysteries. She determined to find out what it is *besides* beauty that is absolutely necessary to *fascination*. She knew that of a hundred women all possessing reasonable beauty, not more than *one* is fascinating.

The Strange Fact She Discovered

Among Lucille Young's clientele were famous actresses, film stars, noted society women—those *famous* for fascination. These women were her friends, intimates. They would have gladly told Lucille Young anything. But the strange, mysterious truth was that not one of them knew her own secret, simply could not explain what it was that brought men fluttering about as moths flutter about a flame. *They did not know.*

Lucille Young then did the only thing possible—she studied *individually* thousands upon thousands of women. She card indexed her observations. She compared what countless women said. She asked questions and recorded answers. She studied what these women did, learned their thoughts, watched them with men. She traced the histories of unusually fascinating women back to childhood.

And Now She Can Make You Dangerously Fascinating

To her utter astonishment Lucille Young saw the actual secrets of fascination take form. As she compared thousands upon thousands of individual records and observations it became amazingly clear that EVERY FASCINATING WOMAN HAD EXACTLY THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS. They were hidden. But they were there. Deep within the siren type of women were hidden sources of power over men. AND THEY WERE ONLY HALF UTILIZED. Think of that. These fascinating women might have been doubly alluring if they had actually understood their power.

Now, in half an hour, YOU can learn what it took Lucille Young ten long years to discover. For the absolute, innermost secrets have been put into the most startling little book ever written. It is called "How To Fascinate Men." A storm of protest has raged about this book. This protest has *come from men.* BECAUSE MEN REALIZE THAT THE BOOK GIVES INTO WOMEN'S HANDS A POWER THAT MAKES THEM IRRESISTIBLE. The men know that they can no longer lord it over the woman who reads "How To Fascinate Men," that henceforth they must exert themselves to the utmost to *please the woman.*

Those who know the arts of fascination so well—the famous film stars—help you realize the astounding secrets of "How To Fascinate Men." In the above you see Patsy Ruth Miller, Marion Nixon, Dorothy Gulliver, John Boles, Edmund Burns, Buddy Rogers and George Lewis, Screen Stars in Universal Films, We Americans, Red Lips, The Collegians and The Chinese Parrot. This new book has created a furor even in Hollywood.

Power over Men dangerously fascinating

The Course of Thousands of Lives is Changing

Millions of women have already learned about this new power. Countless women are using it. Thousands of women formerly forced to be content with crumbs of attention, now command everything desirable that life has to offer. The sheer, utter, stark simplicity of the thing is astounding. The little book is *short*—perhaps a half hour's reading. But its revelations unleash a power beyond words to describe.

The Magic Combination of Beauty and Knowledge

There is *one* thing the secrets in "How To Fascinate Men" will not, cannot do. They cannot make an unkempt, careless woman—one who neglects her skin, hair, figure and all else—fascinating. NO POWER ON EARTH CAN DO THAT.

On the other hand, there is absolutely no need for great beauty. All that any average woman need do—in a physical way—is make the most of what she has. If she is willing to do this, Lucille Young will absolutely guarantee to make her fascinating, or not accept a penny for the priceless gift of power she offers.

How You May Make The Test Without Risk

The book "How To Fascinate Men" gives you all the secret information you MUST HAVE. It then tells you definitely and clearly of an experiment that will put your new knowledge to an infallible test. This test is to be made at any gathering where *men are present*—at a dance, a party, a little dinner, or any similar setting. You are shown how to make men flock to you, to become your devoted slaves, to become intense rivals for your slightest favor.

You will want to succeed quickly, the very first time you try. Therefore Lucille Young has drawn skillfully upon her fifteen years' experience in giving women marvelous physical beauty. She has selected certain things, grouped them and named the group her "Instant Beauty Arts Method." Everything necessary to accomplish QUICK BEAUTY is included.

An Astounding Introductory Offer

The secret information in "How To Fascinate Men," together with everything to give you instant beauty, is regularly $8.00. But you are not asked to pay the full price at this time. To further introduce this means to fascination, this way to make you of really dangerous power, you will receive EVERYTHING for $3.00. But this price will be ONLY FOR THE FIRST 10,000 WOMEN WHO ORDER.

Not a Penny If You Are Not Amazed and Delighted

You may send for this exciting opportunity, the most daring, wonderful opportunity you ever had, WITH ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE. If you feel that anything in the world could induce you to part with the book and the Instant Beauty Arts group, every penny of the $3.00 will be returned to you IMMEDIATELY. Not even a question as to why will be raised. You are to be the sole and only judge of what you desire.

Be Among the First 10,000. SEND TODAY SURE

This advertisement will appear in all leading magazines. So astounding is the success of the offer that the limit of 10,000 women to receive the introductory offer will soon be reached. So send YOUR order *today*. If $3.00 cash is sent with your order, postage will be prepaid. Or you may order C.O.D., paying postman $3.00, plus a few cents postage. EVERY CENT BACK IF YOU WANT IT.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
9379 Lucille Young Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me your COMPLETE offer of "How to Fascinate Men" and your Instant Beauty Arts group to give me instant beauty. On arrival I will pay postman only $3.00 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted with results, I can return everything within 10 days and receive my money back, without fail.

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St. Address_____

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NOTE: If price of $3.00 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

TEN YEARS AGO

Backward glimpses into the cradle days of the motion picture industry when those who have since disappeared were stars and those who are now stars were playing extra roles.

They Borrowed Frock Coats

FOURTEEN years ago Griffith was making *The Wedding,* a two-reeler dealing with the problems of marriage. In the cast were three extra boys struggling to get along—Owen Moore, Arthur Johnson, and Mack Sennett. In borrowed frock coats, they made merry about the festive board, presumably striking the characteristic attitudes of well-bred clubmen toasting the forthcoming marriage of their popular member. "I can see that none of you has ever been a gentleman," remarked Griffith, watching their awkward gestures. "We can't go on this way."

"Say," spoke up Johnson plaintively, "What do you expect for five dollars a day—the original Four Hundred?"

Griffith studied the matter. "Think you can act the part for ten dollars?" he asked. Could they! So he ordered them over to the corner drug store to study the posters showing clubmen drinking a toast to the then famous Hoffman House cigarettes.

Three well-rehearsed extras trekked back to the studio, struck graceful poses, and Sennett led his now historic toast:

"Biograph, Biograph,
rah! rah! rah!
Ten dollars, ten dollars,
hah! hah! hah!"

A Five a Week Girl

ONE year later Evelyn Brent was still a $5 extra. Adolphe Menjou, more fortunate, drew $75 a week playing a bit in Olga Petrova's starring picture, *The White Feather,* taken at the old World Film studio in New York. Recently these two now popular players met on the Paramount lot, where both are under contract, to make *His Tiger Lady.* Menjou was starred, with Evelyn Brent as his leading woman.

Answer to a Maiden's Prayer

HARRISON FORD ten years ago was the answer to a maiden's prayer. Do you remember him in *A Pair of Silk Stockings,* with Constance Talmadge? And how about *The Cruise of the Make Believe,* with Lila Lee? Incidentally, Lila and Harrison are playing together again after a ten-year separation, in *Just Married.* James Hall, another old-timer you may recall back in the good old days, plays in this picture, with Ruth Taylor as his other half.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Raymond Hatton and Noah Beery in a scene from "The Sea Wolf." Mabel has faded from the screen, Raymond has risen from bits to stardom, while Noah Beery is still playing villains in a bigger way.

Also an Actor

TEN years ago Richard Rosson, now one of the most successful young motion picture directors in Hollywood, was equally successful as an actor. He played with Lila Lee in one of her best known pictures, *The Secret Garden.*

Eddie, Too

LIKE Rosson, Eddie Sutherland, the director, and ex-husband of Louise Brooks, was once an up-and-coming young actor. Maybe you remember him in *The Gray Chiffon Veil,* a Constance Talmadge vehicle, in 1917.

Wives Rallied Round

HERE'S a tale that dates back to about 1913. Only sixteen persons responded to a call for fifty extras to appear in *The Squaw Man,* the first picture produced in Hollywood by Paramount. A complete canvass of the town, accompanied by an offer to furnish the dress clothes needed in the scenes uncovered only four more extras; so wives and sisters of studio employees had to rally round and save the day. Now Paramount has access to 15,000 extras, each skilled, and nearly all with extensive wardrobes. Central Casting, which furnishes all the extra talent in Hollywood, daily refuses to sign scores of persons of all ages and nationalities because of the overcrowded conditions in the extra ranks.

Chester's First Hundred

FOURTEEN years ago Chester Conklin began his motion picture career. Recently he signed his 100th contract with a motion picture firm. Well, none of the hundred could have been "long-term contracts."

Colleen Moore Tells Her Life Story

(*Continued from page* 21)

west but we rented a house up in the foothills and not far from the Fine Arts Studio. Mr. Griffith's old studio used to occupy the ground at the corner of Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards, but rows of smart shops have since been built along that frontage.

My, I can tell you I was thrilled to see Lillian Gish and Bessie Love in real life. I had long admired these two girls on the screen. Dorothy and Lillian Gish and Constance Talmadge were at the studio, too, and these three girls had already become Griffith stars. Pauline Stark, Mildred Harris, Carmel Myers, Alma Rubens, Winifred Westover and Bessie Love were also there when I first came west. Mr. Griffith used Alma Rubens for vamp roles and Pauline, Mildred and myself were always cast as the little girls.

When I first went to Hollywood we worked hard all during the week and a great many Sundays. My grandmother called for me at the studio every evening, although she did not stay on the sets during the day for fear she would make me nervous and interfere with my work. I didn't choose any one girl at the studio for a chum, as at that time, we all seemed very good friends and went together. We consumed much ice cream and many rich cakes at a little shop across the street from the studio. Beyond that, my only dissipation at that time was going to the Bimini Baths with Carmel Myers to swim. Carmel lived at home with her parents and they were very particular about having her at home in the evenings, and my grandmother would not allow me to go to parties or out with boys. I continued my studies in the evening, going on with English, history, music and French. I am glad now that grandmother did not allow me to go out evenings for I am sure the additional sleep helped me in my work at the studio, and the lessons certainly did me more good than harm.

(To Be Continued)

COLLEEN MOORE will tell about her struggle for recognition in the studios next month, about her heartbreaking disappointments and early triumphs. Don't miss the second installment of her life story told in her own words in the October issue of *Screen Secrets* on sale September 20.

"A delicate subject —but these girls must be told"

— a dean of women says

Unfortunately, this delicate subject is seldom discussed. If it were, many women could avoid a social stigma that comes with woman's oldest hygienic problem

EVEN among girls who are very frank with each other, there is a question of daintiness, of fastidious personal care that is unfortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others. With realization comes constant worry. Today these fears are ended. Science has discovered a way to counteract this offense.

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*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

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4—*Adjust it to your needs;* filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;

and

5—*It is easily disposed of;* no unpleasant laundry.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad Which Deodorizes

Fan Club's Bulletin Board

Are you a member of a fan club? Do you want to join one? Here is news about all the clubs in a new exlusive *Screen Secrets* department.

Hello Fans

GOOD morning, fan club members and friends everywhere, come right in! Put away your tasks and cares and worries for a few minutes and join us at our open forum. Who knows but what you'll find among these pages news of the very fan club you'd like to join? And you really should join one, you know. Besides helping your favorite by joining his or her club, you are also letting yourself in for lots of fun. Imagine dipping your pen into your ink well and bringing forth some of the best friends you've ever had! Seems unreal, doesn't it? But it isn't—just join a fan club and you'll see for yourself.

If there are any clubs here that interest you, you can write to them and send your letters to us at **Box 34, Hollywood**, and we'll be only too glad to forward them on for you. 'Nuff said!

Nick Stuart, who is gaining in popularity every day is the latest star to organize a fan mail club.

Bebe Daniels Fan Club

BEBE DANIELS fans, listen! Miss Dorothy Helgren invites you one and all to become a member of her Bebe Daniels Fan Club. She'd love to hear from you anyhow, and so, too, she insists, would Miss Daniels.

Charles Callender, of Berkeley, California, was formerly president of this club, but owing to pressing outside business, resigned and gave his duties over to Miss Helgren. The club is now progressing finely and has the personal interest of Bebe at all times. Dues are twenty-five cents a year and each member receives a large personally autographed photograph of their popular star. Contests are held quite frequently and personal gifts—denoted by Bebe—can be won right along. The club will

(*Continued on page* 82)

All secretaries of fan clubs wishing to send in items of interest or fans who wish to correspond with any fan clubs, may address Grace Simpson, conductor of this department, *Screen Secrets*, Robbinsdale, Minn.

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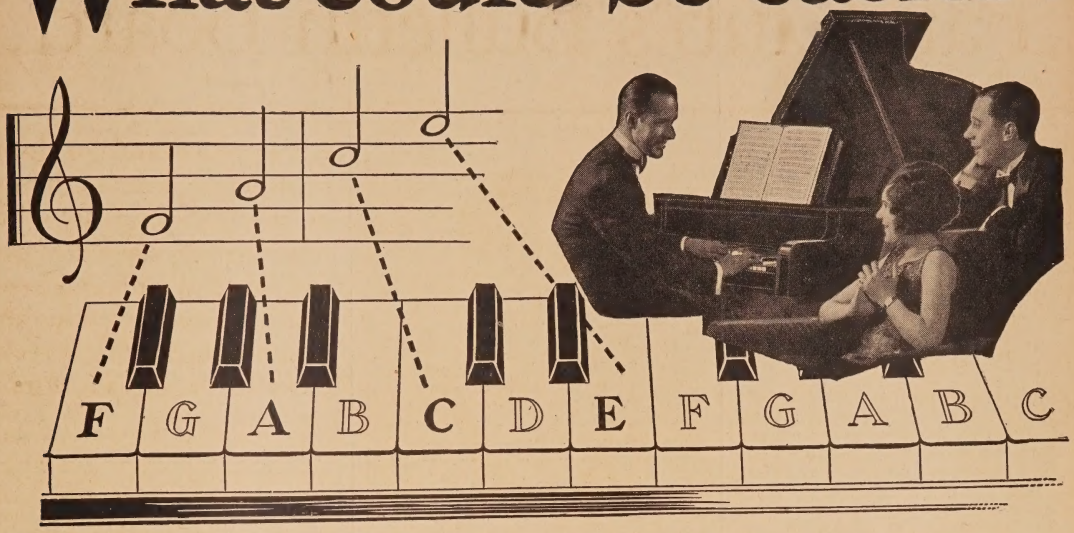

Play any instrument in a few short months

. . . . *learn this delightfully simple way*

LEARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play your favorite instrument! A delightful new method has made it positively easy to read and play music within just a few months. And the cost is only a *fraction* of what people used to spend on the old, slow methods!

You don't need a private teacher. You study entirely at home, in the privacy of your own room, with no one to interrupt or embarass you. And, strange as it may seem, you'll enjoy every minute of it—because the new method is *agreeable* as well as *rapid*!

No Tricks or Stunts—You Learn From "Regular" Music

You don't have to know the first thing about music in order to begin. You learn to play from actual notes, just like the best musicians do. And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts." When you finish the U. S. School of Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and play it! You'll be able to read music, popular and classic, and play it from the notes. You'll acquire a life-long ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money. (Musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work.)

Whether you like the piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you can now learn to play it in an amazingly short time. By means of this wonderful newly perfected method reading and playing music is made almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up, which is not *entirely plain*, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

Here's Proof!

"I am making splendid progress and can play almost any piece of music I pick up. My friends used to laugh when I first took up music with you, but now when I play pieces of Grand Opera and selections from Verdi, Mozart, Bach, etc., it is I who laugh. I owe all I have learned to the U. S. short-cut method." *J. W. R., Telstad, Mont.*

* * *

"I have found the lessons very interesting and exceedingly easy. They could not be made any clearer in the English language. I will always give the U. S. School of Music my best approval." *A. F. B., Clinton, N. C.*

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"I do not understand how you can give so much for the money. The course is a musical education in itself. I wish more people in limited financial circumstances would realize that one can *really* successfully learn to play from your course, without the aid of a teacher." *W. E. W., Montesano, Wash.*

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Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the musician who claims attention. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know. So don't miss this exceptional opportunity.

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So Simple!—*And So Easy!*

This power of yours can be exercised like any muscle. Secret and unseen as it is, it can nevertheless be developed by the simple, scientific system in our famous course on "Personal Magnetism." It calls for no tiresome study, no expense, no irksome practice, no self-denial. Everything is so simple and clearly explained that anyone who can read at all can master its majestic message and rise to the true level of life now denied you. Surely you will not deny YOUR fitness for better things?

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Name .....

Address .....

Fan Club's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 80)

celebrate its second anniversary on the fifth of December, and has members from all parts of America, Canada, England, Scotland and Holland.

Lest We Forget

THE Movie Fans' Friendship Club, which is one of the largest and best known fan clubs in the world, now has a "Lest We Forget" department, founded in honor of Rudolph Valentino. The "Shut Ins"—those sick at home or in hospitals—are entitled to all the advantages offered by this department. The club picks out the more worthy cases and sends them tokens, such as books, pictures, etc.—all in honor of the beloved Rudy.

Mr. Charles Mank, Jr., secretary of this very busy club, writes in to tell us that all "Shut Ins" should get in touch with him through us, and he will try to do something to cheer you up.

Right now, "Chaw" (as Mr. Mank is called) is after more foreign pals. Dues are 50c where the foreign postage rate is two cents, and 75c where it is five cents. The club publishes four times a year an interesting club paper called *The Movie Fans' News*. The last issue is quite a bit larger than previous numbers, and is dedicated to Richard Dix, Estelle Taylor and Louise Dresser. The next issue, will be dedicated to Ruth Roland and Ben Bard.

Greetings From Olive Borden

WE WERE up at Olive Borden's apartment the other day and she asked us if we would please announce to her fan club members and friends that she hasn't forgotten them and hopes they haven't forgotten her.

Olive has staged a real come-back since she split with Fox and walked off the lot where she had been under long-term contract. Followed months of illness and idleness, but now she steps from one picture to another without even a day's rest in between. Her latest film is *The Albany Night Boat*, a Tiffany-Stahl production. She was loaned to them by F. B. O., with whom she recently signed a contract.

During Olive's illness, her fan mail piled up sky-high, until now she has some 30,000 letters to take care of! But Olive is very conscientious about her mail and vows she will have them all answered soon. Those that are from members of her club she will try to answer personally. So, you Olive Borden fans, just try to be patient a little longer and probably you'll soon hear from your favorite.

All-Star Club

THE Movie Stars' Fan Club, which boosts a number of film favorites including Norma Talmadge, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Phyllis Haver, Lionel

(*Continued on page* 93)

Learn Music

AT HOME!

Let us tell you how you can quickly and easily learn to play your favorite instrument, right in your own home and in your spare time. Music will make you popular, welcomed everywhere, and offer many big-money opportunities.

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Fifth Avenue Manufacturer Sells Direct Suits, Topcoats, Overcoats $13.75, commission $3.50. Guaranteed All Wool and Worsted Suits, Overcoats $19.75, commission $4.00. Repeat business guaranteed. Write for free outfit. Dept. SPC, Avenue Tailors, 140 Fifth Ave., New York

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Men—La Salle can use a limited number of producers to sell Quality Suits, Topcoats and Overcoats, any two for $27.95 with $6.00 for you on each sale. Free Outfit. La Salle, Department P-9, 527 Broadway, New York

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Agents—Sell Personal Xmas Cards. 5 orders daily averages $12 commission. The best money-making opportunity from Now until Xmas. Personal and commercial cards, parchments, folders; sensibly priced, with your customers' names. Box Assortments. Now is the time to start selling before your friends buy elsewhere. We deliver-later-postage paid direct to your customers. Experience not necessary, but if you have sold Xmas Cards or other merchandise please so state. Samples Free. "Art-Point" Studios, Dept. 101, A, Santa Ana, Calif. (Oldest and Largest Process firm in the West).

Agents—$300 month. Sell Guaranteed silk hosiery. Must wear 7 months or replaced. New selling plan. We furnish auto. Free silk hosiery for your own use. Write for samples. Betterknit Hosiery Co., Silk 1835, Greenfield, Ohio.

Bang-Up Good New Sideline! Sells Everywhere all Merchants, Banks, Mfrs. Big Comms. advanced daily. Pocket Outfit Free. Carroll, 319 N. Albany, Dept. VA, Chicago.

Can you sell $50.00 suits for $23.50? $75.00 weekly easy! I'll prove it. Expensive equipment free. Crane-Kent, Dept. B-11, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—We start you in business and help you succeed. No capital or experience needed. Spare or full time. You can earn $50-$100 weekly. Write Madison Products, 566 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$60. a week easy introducing beautiful line of women's and misses' dresses. Smartest styles. Amazingly low price gets orders immediately. Free selling outfit. Free Dresses. Fashion Frocks, Dept. X-11, Cincinnati, O.

Tailoring Salesmen—Sell Simpson's new $23.50 pure virgin-wool Union made-to-measure suits and overcoats; commissions in advance; exclusive territory; big outfit. 175 samples free. J. B. Simpson, 843 Adams, Dept. 1502, Chicago.

Agents—New Lines Just Out. Everything in hosiery, lingerie and underwear for men, women, children. Beautiful irresistible Catalog and Samples now ready. New or new special big-money plans. Cash bonus, service awards. No capital needed. Choice territories going. Write quick. World's Star Knitting Company, 142 Lake St., Bay City, Mich.

Free outfit with actual samples of Fine Bostonian broadcloth gets quick sales for our nationally known Bostonian Shirts at 3 for $6.95. Postage paid. Liberal Cash commission and big profits for you. BostonianMfg. Co., Dept. M9, 65 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

"Sell "HOOK-FAST"—an amazing men's belt that never slips! $15 daily easy! Personal initials. Platt-Croyd buckles and emblems. Get Free Belt offer. National Crafts, Dept. J-23, 41 John St., New York.

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The Song Is Ended

(*Continued from page 69*)

riage would probably ruin one or both careers and perhaps cause bitter memories and much future unhappiness.

SO, WHILE there is a wonderful friendship between Ben and Marilyn there is no love affair—no prospect of marriage. It is all off.

"Please do not get me wrong," explained Ben as he was talking this matter over very seriously with us. "The friendship between Marilyn and me is just as sweet as it ever was. I still call her on the long distance telephone. She still calls me. We are great friends and real pals. But there is no use spoiling a fine friendship by a marriage.

"This business of being so badly in love is a serious thing. I know what I am talking about. It is positively ruinous. It warps one's judgment; makes one seem foolish to his friends. Worse than that, it makes your friends hate to see you. I mean that.

"Why, you know what I mean by that," he exclaimed. "You saw me back in New York when I was so deeply in love that I couldn't wait to get back from the studio. I know my friends hated to see me. You know you used to wish I would stay out of your sight."

AND Ben is right. When he was in the throes of his love affair in New York we knew him—and he was unbearable. The telephone line was burned up with calls between scenes at the studio. He could think of nothing but Marilyn.

"I am sure I shall never love another woman as I have loved Marilyn. I have been in love before, but it has been nothing like my love for Marilyn. A man can only love once as I have loved her. And between Marilyn and me there will always exist a friendship that is most precious and dear. That is a lot better than possible unhappiness."

SO—THAT is the end of the matrimonial possibility between this famous pair of stars.

Sanely, wisely, thoughtfully, they have reasoned it all out and have come to a conclusion that will perhaps surprise many who have known them.

It will come as a surprise to those who have pictured Ben as the greatest of the modern lovers. For Ben has been the unusual lover with Marilyn. He has done the unusual things.

Take for example his Christmas greeting to Marilyn on Christmas Eve a year ago. Marilyn was at the Ambassador Hotel in New York. Ben secured a famous orchestra and at midnight took the players in cabs to the hotel. And there on the street beneath Marilyn's window, which was eight stories above, he stood in front of that orchestra and led it as it played Christmas carols and selections from *Sunny* in which she was starring at the time. It was a beautiful gesture.

Marilyn leaned far out of her window. Hundreds of others leaned from their windows and listened as the strains of the music floated up on the night air. And Ben was happy.

But last Christmas Eve Ben was in Hollywood and Marilyn was in New York. Did it stop Ben? Well!

Ben took another famous orchestra to his apartment. Then he called Marilyn on the telephone. When she answered, Ben waved the baton and the orchestra in Hollywood broke into Christmas carols and airs from *Sunny* again, and the tears came to Marilyn's eyes at the other end of the wire as she pictured Ben smiling in Hollywood.

So, is there any wonder we call their romance unusual? Ben's serenading Marilyn over 3,000 miles of telephone wire reminds one of the Knights of old—only in those days—"when Knighthood was in flower"—there were no telephones.

IT IS refreshing to meet a person like Ben Lyon—young, attractive, sought after, but who is absolutely unspoiled and who has used his head and seems to face life squarely—just as he has faced the handling of this romance with Marilyn.

As we were talking Ben's telephone rang. He excused himself and was gone about ten minutes.

"That was Marilyn," he exclaimed as he came smilingly from the other room. "Gee, I was glad to hear from her. You see I told you we will always be wonderful friends, and will probably never stop calling each other long distance. She just called me to tell me she hopes I'll soon finish my flying in *Hell's Angels* for she is afraid something might happen now that a propellor has fallen off one of our ships."

And Ben giggled boylike. "You know," he continued, "I have not only learned a lot from my experience, but have picked up a lot from observation of this romance stuff. Right now I know three young couples (he named some well known younger stars) who are violently in love with each other. They simply bore me to death. Just as I used to bore everybody else. They are no fun at a party because they just sit like moon-struck kids and gaze at each other. Of course it is slightly different in their cases—they can be together without ruining their respective careers. They are not three thousand miles apart most of the time.

"But, just the same, I think Marilyn and I have used our heads. We will always be friends. We will always enjoy each other's company. But we will never throw words or dishes across the breakfast table—if you know what I mean."

Postal Pouch

(*Continued from page 75*)

Fox, where she has recently finished *Hello, Cheyenne,* opposite Tom Mix and *A Night of Daze.* Address Martha Sleeper at F. B. O., where *The Little Yellow House* was filmed. She has made two more recent pictures there. This is your first visit to the Postal Pouch—but don't let it be the last.

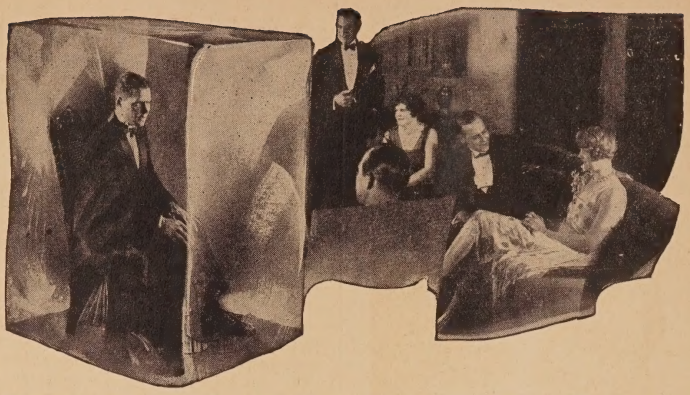
MAY B.: Maybe yes, maybe no. Anyhow, I haven't the home address of a single star—or a married one, either—in Hollywood, New York, or points farther East. Write to Richard Barthelmess at the First National Studios, and to Clara Bow at Paramount. They'll get your letters. Allene Ray was born in San Antonio, Texas, about twenty-four years ago. She is five feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen, has blond hair, and hazel eyes. Better address her at the Pathe Studio, Culver City, where she made *The Yellow Cameo.*

S. O. S.: See the answer to Augusta J. elsewhere in this department. Clara is not married, nor has she ever been. Yes, I think that if you asked for a photo showing her whole figure you might get it—provided you sent 25c in stamps. I don't happen to know her favorite color—but I prefer my cigar bands in shades of pink and purple. Won't that do?

SPEEDY: Well, if here isn't Harold Lloyd in person, dragging his Tooneyville Trolley behind him! Male player born in England, educated in an English university, light hair, and blue eyes? Why, that's Ralph Forbes. "Male player born in Lynn, Mass., in the month of September. Dark eyes. Has played speaking parts for four years." Let our friend, Neil Hamilton leap forward and take his bow! Jean Acker answers to the description of "brown hair, eyes, brown or hazel, and born in New Jersey." And then, there's Molly O'Day, born in Bayonne, N. J., with dark brown hair and dark hazel eyes. Alice White was born in Patterson, N. J., and answers to this general description, also. Take your choice, Speedy. I have a record of two actresses born in Kentucky—Sally Rand at Winchester, and Alberta Vaughn at Ashland. Say, what is this—a game?

FLORENCE W.: You'll find your answers under Myrtice S. Whenever you want a personal reply just send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

MARY ANN N. Another popular song girl is in our midst! Ramon Novarro was born on February 6, 1899. No, he is not going to be a priest. No, no, no! That gossip was just an overabundant diet of bologne and applesauce, so don't bite too hard on it.



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My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise—I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice—having to express myself. I didn't know how to present the ideas which I was sure the firm could use. I was just a plodder—a truck horse, capable of doing a lot of heavy work but of no use where brilliant performance was required. Often I would see men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I, promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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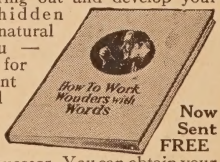

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Doug and Mary in an unusual pose together. They are constant companions and still hold the palm as Hollywood's happiest couple.

Through Europe With Doug and Mary

(*Continued from page* 28)

Margaret for breakfast, cooking in the open. Swim, golf, ride surf board. Someone was always giving a luncheon. Someone a tea. And then a dinner at night, from whence we went to a midnight supper."

A full-rigged ship model prows a carven Buddha in a leather case in Doug's Chinese den. It is one of a myriad of rooms in his suite on the United Artists lot.

"It was in Cannes that Mary and I decided to do a bit of flying. She had never flown. And never has to this day. We wanted to cross the Mediterranean into the biblical country. A three-motored Fokker could take us to Rome, to Naples, across into the Algerian country, then to Alexandria and Jerusalem, from where we could go to Constantinople, Budapest, Salzburg, Munich, where a motor ordered from Paris would meet us and we could continue by road."

THIS is their fifth or sixth trip, together, across the pond. Doug, himself, once maintained a house just outside of London where he spent several months of the year.

"The flying cruise could be made in four-hour hops. We would spend as much time as we wanted at each spot and reach Amsterdam for the Olympic games in the summer by motoring up the Rhine. At that time Mary and I planned to stay on the continent until fall, returning to Hollywood to each make a picture this winter.

"The Fokker was ordered to meet us at Zurich, where golfing was fine and I wanted to try my hand at putting. On the train, Zurich-bound Mary and I met still another representative of our company who told us that the only golfing in the world was at Geneva. So we changed our destination, immediately.

"He also told us that he had just had a rotten trip by airplane, despite the fact that in Germany forty-one thousand miles of commercial flying are done daily. Mary is a very poor sailor, and when she heard that we decided that our other excursion must be abandoned."

A great picture of Mussolini, Italy's dictator, autographed to Douglas Fairbanks in 1925, stands between two windows.

"'Let us do this,' Mary suggested. 'Instead of staying in Europe all summer, let us go home and make our pictures in the fall and return in time for the winter sports in St. Moritz. Or, instead, we might go to Siam.'

"I was happy to hear her say that. I had been merely 'marking time' on the continent, waiting for her to rest and renew her energy. My story was ready for production, although I had been discussing various phases of foreign production. It would be fine to make the sequel to *The Three Musketeers* in D'Artagnan's own country, but

later that developed into an impossibility.

"Mary began to think of her story, outlining the plot, discussing characterization. I was glad to see her renew interest in her work.

"We were in Geneva. Mary sent word to Poiret in Paris, and LeLong, that she would shortly see their newest clothes, and I wired my tailor in Rome to start work on some suits. He is also a sculptor, this tailor. He molds in woolens as Michelangelo did in marble. He asks you to lounge in your chair and fits you while lounging, rather than while standing erect. He is, indeed, an artist."

DOUG flipped a coat lining to the fore and on a silken square, in fine Italian script, was the name "Sr. Douglas." There is no Mr. Fairbanks to Rome.

"From Paris I telephoned Hollywood that Miss Pickford and I would soon return, and discussed production plans. Mary was shopping. She was looking for antiques in a little shop in back of the Pantheon. There was another that sold gloves. It was back of Sacre-Coeur, and there was a little gown salon to the rear of the Institut Pasteur.

"By that time Mary had located all her little shops and we went to London. We met a swirl of parties. I don't think we had two hours' sleep a night. The season was at its gayest."

"Then from Paris to Rome and the Villa Mandama. It once belonged to Margaret of Austria. An Italian palace, from the designs of Rafael, clinging to the side of Monte Mario. Today it is owned by Countess Frasso. We were her guests. It has broad verandas and deep-set windows. Every evening supper was served on the veranda that overlooked the whole of Rome. It was uncanopied, the veranda, with the velvet vault of sky above. And stars gleaming. Talk about beauty! It was superlative."

THE Fairbanks always travel with a *courier*, a flesh-and-blood Baedeker. An amiable soul who takes the rough edges from travelling and absorbs the difficulties of ticket-procuring, money exchanges, passport visaing.

"We had a very interesting man with us in Italy. Petroncini, the archeologist. The trip was highly instructive as well as interesting. He was absolutely steeped in the lore of the country; could point rock formations and tell why, and show us, as well, where Attila, the Hun, ravaged ancient Italy."

That is, when he wasn't busy shooing off the populace, the happy villagers, who come, with festoons of posies, to worship the King and Queen of America.

"We sailed on the *Roma*, after two months of constant travel, and Mary celebrated her return by having her hair snipped. It's in a long bob. The kind she can tuck into a dignified evening coiffure. I am very fond of it, in this new way."

And Doug smiled his tanned, lean, ingratiating, elastic grin.

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Sally Phipps says that after a year of companionate engagement she will be able to make up her mind so she won't need to try companionate marriage.

Her Companionate Engagement

(*Continued from page 73*)

to write at least twice a week—more if we feel like it, but not less—and we are both free to go around with other people. Of course, it wouldn't be possible for us to play lone wolves in our business and staying home would be sure to wreck the match in two weeks. Besides, this way we can find out if there *is* somebody else for us.

"I haven't a ring. We thought that would make it old-fashioned and we're both modern."

She sat on the table in her orchid and green dressing room, looking very modern from the halo of cigarette smoke rings about her red head to the baby sox on her pretty bare legs. Her eyes have more green in them than brown and her mouth is soft and red and ripe as a Bing cherry.

Wallace Sullivan is some two or three inches taller than Sally. His hair is blonde and his eyes are blue—he is Irish through and through—and oh what a way with the ladies!

"Girls are just mad about him," glowed Sally, patting his picture with a possessive air. "Some of them have tried to commit suicide over him—because they couldn't get him, you know," with the faint smile of the cat that has eaten the canary. "He's simply frightfully brilliant, too. He wrote a book on the Loeb and Leopold case. I'll have to read it."

THE romance came about in this way.

William Fox sent Sally to New York to make a picture early in 1928. The first night in the Big Town, the company decided to see what night clubs were all about.

Wallace Sullivan was making his nightly round of the clubs. He saw Sally on the floor and asked to be presented. He liked her better on a closer view and—well, after all, a man's got to have something if girls are going to drink poison on his account! At any rate, when he asked Sally if she'd care to cover night clubs with him, she thought it a marvelous idea. They proceeded to see night life every night.

Now there was on the Great White Way a woman writer who took tips from Mr. Sullivan when news was scarce. By way of a joke, he had given her a tip concerning a scandal that would have been good if it had been true. On the very day of Sally's entrance into his life, the woman printed the item and was subsequently razzed.

Seeking revenge, the woman noted the budding romance and bitterly decided to blast it. There presently appeared in her column an announcement of the engagement of Mr. Wallace Sullivan to Miss Betty Darling.

Mr. Wallace Sullivan was indignant.

Miss Sally Phipps was heart-broken.

Miss Betty Darling was probably surprised.

There is no record as to what Miss Betty did about the matter, if anything. Mr. Sullivan came rushing up to Sally's hotel and proposed.

"You let me announce our engagement in my column!" he urged.

And she did.

But, as we have related, it's a companionate engagement.

"Five months have passed already," gloated Sally, lighting another cigarette. "He's still writing to me. I s'pose he's taking other girls out to see the night life of New York, but he says they don't mean anything to him.

"I'm going around with other boys. I go a lot with one boy. But I couldn't find out who I truly care about unless I get to know more than one man, now could I?

"If we're still mad about each other at the end of the year, he will come out here and we'll have a wedding. We'll know by that time, so we won't need a companionate marriage.

"I think I'm going to New York soon for another picture. If I do—I don't know—I wouldn't care to say positively—but we might not wait for the end of the year."

Does a petting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel," Page 199

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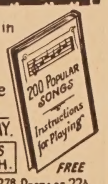

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When Richard Dix Faced Death

(*Continued from page* 55)

for the plans of picture people! When Joda was saying "I will" and "I do" in answer to the questions of the clergyman officiating, Lois was in Ireland with Thomas Meighan and Richard was down in Texas, worrying because the weather refused to co-operate so that he could finish *Womanhandled.*

"I DON'T believe in love at first sight," observed Richard, an elbow on Jack Holt's make-up table, his chin resting on his doubled fist, "but I know there is some sort of instantaneous vibration that gets in its work when two people meet—two people who could care for each other under the right conditions. Love at first sight is an emotional outburst. Mechanism is at work.

"Perhaps the man may have had an ideal in his mind for years; the girl looks something like his mother, or like the auntie who used to give him jam when he was a kid; the girl seems to fulfill a secret dream that he never expected to have come true. Perhaps it's just that the colors in each personality seem to blend together and become wonderful. But that isn't love. Try the colors with the acid test and they'll probably fade.

"Love is a strange thing. When it's real, you can't get within 400 feet of the woman in the case without feeling an electric shock. You may not even be able to see whether she is in the room or not, but you have a sixth sense that tells you that she's there. You feel big and strong and powerful.

"This is leap year. But really clever women never propose. Nine out of ten fellows would resent it, because the privilege of proposal makes a man feel male. If he were to be on the receiving end, he'd have to take the feminine attitude and he'd feel like a mollycoddle. Leap year is all 'hay wire' as we say at the studio, because if a man and a girl have got as far as a proposal, the thing is settled anyway. They both know that the fatal moment is in the offing, and each one knows how he or she feels about it.

"No I'm not an advocate of the single state. I'm going to get married one of these days, and when I do I shan't pretend I'm still a bachelor. The real things of life are home and love and children, and I hope I'll have them all."

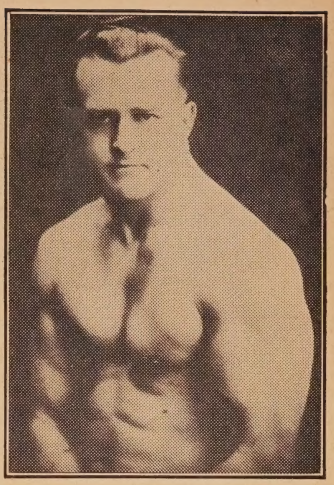
The outer door of Jack's bungalow was pushed open. Half a dozen heads appeared.

"All over?" cried the throng.

"You've had him long enough!"

And suddenly the room was full of Richard's friends continuing his Welcome Home.

THE END.



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You'll Be a He-Man From Now On!

And it's no temporary layer of muscle I put on you. It's there to stay! With those newly broadened shoulders; that perfect neck and great, manly chest, you can maintain your self respect in any society. Every woman will know that you are what every man should be—a forceful, red-blooded he-man.

I Want You For 90 Days

If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the Muscle Builder for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. *And you can be that man.* Remember, I not only promise it. I GUARANTEE IT.

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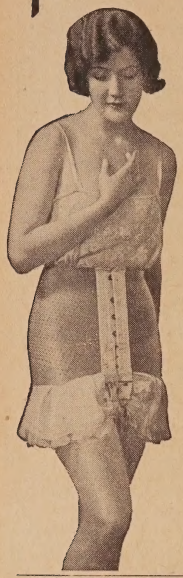

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The Sky Dud

By Raoul Whitfield

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Hollywood Discovers Jimmy Walker

(*Continued from page* 49)

Russian flies and mosquitoes and left, the Mayor gave his order for prunes and a poached egg for breakfast and tried to get a little sleep. But there was an actress on the floor above who persisted in practicing her voice culture lessons in preparation for talking movies and that made things a bit unpleasant.

Morning came and so did invitations from the Breakfast Club, the Democratic Luncheon Club luncheon, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the Wampus, so, eventually, Jimmie went out to the First National Studios where a small crowd of two thousand people met him at the gate with confetti, cheers and several yards of serpentine. The band broke into *Sidewalks of New York* and later *Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?* a little ditty which Mayor Walker himself indited in a mad, musical moment.

FOR the occasion, Mayor Jimmie who is reputed to have sixty suits and half as many dressing gowns, chose white trousers through which a silver thread ran gently, with mauve coat and vest and a Panama hat turned up in courtly manner on the left. After the rush of actors who wanted his tailor's address had abated, Jimmie was taken to lunch.

His speech on this occasion was marked, as usual, by brilliant oratory in which he apologized for being late. It seems, so he said, that he is always late and he has papers to prove that he was born that way.

"It is not time that counts," said Mayor Jimmie, permitting a wise Irish twinkle to enter his wiser eyes, "it is making time count."

HE sat down at one of the set organs and pealed forth *Cheerio* his latest song which is to make its appearance in the New York show that Elizabeth Marbury, long famed as a producer, is staging.

"He has written thirty songs," said Charles Hand, one of the Mayor's two secretaries, side-stepping a casting director who thought he was handsome enough to take a screen test. It seems that Mr. Hand was until six months ago a crack newspaper writer but after traveling all around Europe on various press missions he decided he wanted to see more of the world. So he joined Mayor Walker's staff.

"There was an editorial in the *New York World* the other morning that said after his trip abroad the Mayor needed a vacation so he went to quiet Hollywood for a rest."

Arriving at the hotel there was Henry Halstead who conducts a local orchestra, fingering a copy of a song called *Let's All Be for Al,* and what do you think? There was a news photographer so

what could Mayor Jimmie do but pose with Henry and Maurice McCarthy, who hopes to be the Democratic Congressman from California. And there was another good negative gone.

SOME of the studios didn't invite him to call after he finished his Wampus speech. It seems he implied that certain of the big interests were trying to sell Hollywood "down the river," politically, to the Republican party. Jimmie said that Hollywood should be nonpartisan; they couldn't afford to be mixed up in party politics. Besides hadn't the Democrats always been friendly to the motion picture interests? Hadn't they always waggled their thumbs and frowned at censorship? What had Al Smith, Governor of New York State, done about the Sunday closing law? He wasn't in favor of it.

Louis B. Mayer of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and Joseph M. Schenck of the United Artists were the only two Hollywoodites who attended the Republican conclave at Kansas City. The papers asked Mayer for a statement. It came forth the following morning. "We can't even get our stars to make personal appearances with their pictures," Mayer was quoted. "How can we influence their votes?"

Light wines and gins? Does Hollywood, and the rest of the country, get them if we make the country safe for the Democrats? The revenue from liquor would abolish the income tax, now, wouldn't it?

And a high tariff for foreign film importations. That might solve some worried producer's difficulties.

JIMMIE reached the hotel in time to order mushrooms ala Sid Grauman for breakfast which caused the chef no end of wonderment, and some mornings later he overslept and couldn't attend a meeting of the Breakfast Club. Not that he had promised. Oh, no. Anyway, they sent him a wire reading "Any old bum can stay up all night but it takes a thoroughbred to get up in the morning."

Jimmie is reported to have smiled slightly, at that one. But that has not been verified.

The Breakfasteers ride the surrounding hills, under the morning star, returning at daybreak to a meal of ham and eggs, garnished with slogans.

A week later, after he had prepared his cup of White Rose tea which he carries with him, he journeyed out to the Breakfast Club and gave the members a sample of oratory. He had them cackling at the "Roosters' Table" where the leather-necks gather, and weeping, in turn, at his mention of the Unknown Soldier. They are staunch Republicans, the Breakfast Clubbers, and only when he spoke of the grand Al Smith who had never left his country, in face of Hoover's little sojourn abroad, did they frown. So deft was Jimmie, though, that the next second he was urging Breakfast Clubs for every community. For relaxation. For public good.

reeling-staggering-wrestling -they fought with wolf-like fury

Round and round the room they went, man and maid, reeling, staggering, wrestling for the deadly hunting knife he had wrenched from her hand.

Then, as he felt her maddened strength give way, as her body became limp in his arms, his mind strove to solve this strange puzzle.

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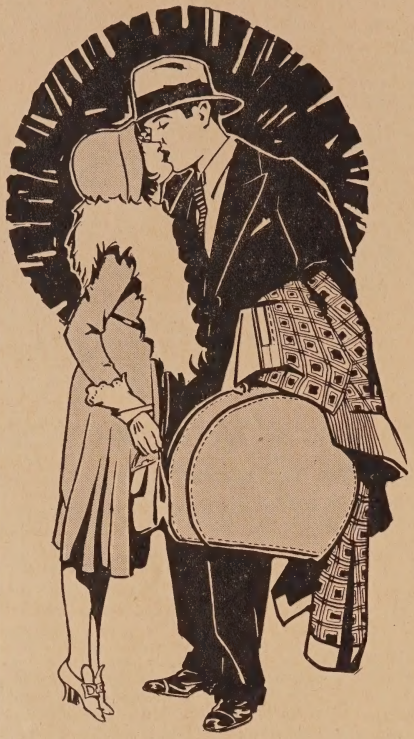

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Classified Picture Guide

(*Continued from page* 59)

MELODRAMA

The Perfect Crime—Clive Brook is a super-Sherlock who could solve any crime. So he commits one himself just to see if he can beat the game. He can but he doesn't. And there is Irene Rich—*F. B. O.*

Lights of New York—Man shot in barber shop in gang war. A gruesome little scene where his murderers prop the dead man up and shave him to avoid detection. With Helene Costello and others.—*Warner Bros.*

Honor Bound—Why they wrote the prison song. Shows what goes on in the prison camps of Georgia and then some. Estelle Taylor does some fine restrained emotional acting. So does George O'Brien, but not so restrained. —*Fox.*

The Cop—Bill Boyd as one of the knights of the night stick who helps keep the world safe for oil stock salesmen. He has his weak moments, but gets the better of them. Robert Armstrong, stage actor, enters the screen world.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

The Drag Net—Successor to Underworld. Some great acting by George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and William Powell amid plottings and counter-plottings.—*Paramount.*

COMEDY

Give and Take—Lots of good clean fun from beginning to end with Jean Hersholt and George Sydney juggling a canning factory and broken English. Younger generation stuff supplied by George Lewis.—*Universal.*

Warming Up—As the bushleaguer who panicked 'em in the Yankee Stadium, Richard Dix puts over a couple of fast ones. One over the plate and the other on the president of the league when he wins his daughter, Jean Arthur.—*Paramount.*

The Magnificent Flirt—Florence Vidor is still naughty and sophisticated. Her daughter just can't make her behave. In fact she swipes her daughter's sweetie. Then the fun begins.—*Paramount.*

Hold 'em Yale—Rod La Rocque is a South American who goes to Yale to learn about life. He learns all right but not at Yale. Lots of funny scenes of the usual sort about the rich man's son.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

DRAMA

The Godless Girl—Lina Basquette in the best role of her career as the child atheist. She reforms after they burn down the reform school. Also Marie Prevost, Noah Beery and Eddie Quillan. —*Pathe-De Mille.*

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The Patriot—Emil Jannings in a great character role as the mad czar that couldn't keep his collar buttoned. No pleasant little things to chase the blues away but good strong meat.—*Paramount.*

The Cossacks—John Gilbert in a horse opera with Russian trimmings. Some violent scenes and fast action. Love theme between Gilbert and Renee Adoree.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

WESTERN

Law of the Range—Tim McCoy races, rides and defies death in forest fires, stage coach holdup and duels, as he pursues bandit and wins the girl.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Fangs of Fate—Klondike, a rising young dog star with a bright future, is the star of this one. More than earns his salary in the last reel by dashing into the courtroom with the stolen plans in the nick of time.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

Wild West Romance—Marks the appearance of the new western star, Rex Bell, who bids fair to become a popular cowboy actor. Picture about a range rider who exposes a big stage coach holdup with plenty of fast action.—*Fox.*

—o—

Fan Club's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 82)

Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Barbara Kent and Alberta Vaughn, now has an enrollment of 500 members. The club has a very attractive little paper called *Starlight*, which is published quarterly. Membership fee is 25c a year or one dollar for a life membership. Each member receives, besides the club paper, a membership card and membership lists. The list for the latter half of 1928 and first half of 1929 is now just off the press. Mr. Cedric A. Rosefield is the president of this fan club and would like to hear from any of you who may be interested.

Sue Carol's Boosters

SUE CAROL has a very interesting fan club way up in Tacoma, Washington. Miss Maree Berry is the president, and the dues are fifty cents a year. The club was only recently formed and now has ninety-six members enrolled. Maree's sister, Katheryn, has started a club for Sue's boy friend, Nick Stuart and will have some news for us next month. Down in Dallas, Texas, a young man by the name of Packard Sherrill has formed a joint Sue Carol and Nick Stuart fan club and would like to hear from all their fans. Another Sue Carol fan club has just been started here in Hollywood and dues are twenty-five cents. This club hopes in a very short time to become one of the largest in the world. A great ambition, but not impossible when you stop to realize just how tremendously popular Sue is fast becoming with all the fans.

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32x4	3.00	1.80	29x4.40	2.70	1.50
33x4	3.45	1.85	30x5.25	4.00	2.50
34x4	3.50	1.90	31x5.25	4.25	2.60
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Moret looked at her, his eyes smiling admiration. "You must dine with me soon," he said. "Tonight if you are free. Seven-thirty—at my apartment."

Man-Made Women—Part III

(*Continued from page 63*)

that he stressed the word "good" and his expression was equivocal. Subtle, she decided he was.

"I mean to be extremely *good*," she said, looking straight at him. Then to Moret, "I'll report for work tomorrow morning. Nine-thirty, I suppose."

"Nine," he told her.

But she seemed not to hear. Lapsing back to her erstwhile manner of the grande dame, she inquired the price of the perfume—a price which fairly staggered her—and bought a bottle of it, merely to impress Monsieur Moret. He permitted her to sample it, and she didn't like it. She said so.

"A bit flashy," she passed upon it, critically. "Made for Americans, I suppose. Don't worry to wrap it." She took it from him, and slipped it into her bag. "Tomorrow, then. Nine-thirty."

THE Maison Moret was not very different from the average small shop dedicated to the vanities of women that dot Fifth Avenue and the streets just off it. No matter how haughty a lady you might be, upon entering its doors, you were greeted with a haughtiness that quite transcended yours.

And it was Anne's job, as Moret's assistant, to personify this spirit. Moret admitted very frankly that he was a bad hand at it.

His weakness, of course, was women. But he knew it. And, being French, it was more of a pleasure to him than a worry. At fifty, indeed he quite revelled in it—but secretly, cautiously, and always a little fearsomely.

SUCH was Jules Moret! and, being such, it was no great wonder that the personnel of his studio was a trifle uncommon. There were three designers—a woman and two young men—a fitter—an oldish woman with an acrimonious disposition and an amazing faculty of being able to talk volubly with a mouth full of pins; two models, Betsy and Irma, one tall and thin a l'americain, and the other more generously fashioned in the French style—naughty girls, both of them, but happily naughty; and the bookkeeper, Mr. Link, a fat young man with a cherubic countenance whose bright baby pinkness he kept carefully powdered.

THE first week was most depressing. She did what Monsieur Moret told her to do, and tried to do it well. But evidently she was on probation, not only with him, but with all of them. They talked. From morning till night they talked and argued and discussed, sometimes so fiercely and noisily that Monsieur Moret had to stop them. He would clap his hands and say "Mes enfants, mes enfants, MES ENFANTS!" in rising crescendo. But the next minute they would be at it again, and as often as not Moret would join in as excitably as any of them—and then Irma and Betsy, standing on

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model stands in abbreviated undies, would mimic him—clap their hands and sing "Mes enfants, mes enfants, mes enfants, MES ENFANTS!" Sometimes it was pure gossip. Irma or Betsy, who seemed to know more scandal about celebrated people than the entire editorial staff of Town Topics, generally started it. All week she had the feeling that they disliked her cordially, and, accordingly, she disliked them—even Monsieur Moret, who ignored her in the same subtle way as did the others.

When Saturday came and he gave her her check, she expected him to fire her.

"How do you like it here?" he asked.

"I like it well enough," she returned, hesitantly. "How do you like me? I'm sure the others don't—"

"They will," he assured her. "One cannot help liking you. They do not know you yet. I do." He looked at her curiously, his small bright eyes smiling admiration. "You must dine with me soon. Tonight, if you are free."

"Why—yes," but his expression puzzled her.

"At my apartment then—seven-thirty. It will be nice to have you," and, turning, he went out of his little office, where they had been talking, into the studio.

She didn't know whether to go or not. She walked the half-mile to her hotel, and, with each block, became more unhappy.

What a hateful week it had been! So disappointing. She had expected to shine, and instead she had been totally eclipsed. Her beauty, her gaiety, her cleverness, had gone for naught; she might have been the plainest, most drab, most ordinary mortal in all the world for all the attention that had been paid her! The only one of them who seemed even mildly to like her was Monsieur Moret—and in what way did he like her? A pretty woman—yes. "You must come and dine with me soon." One of many. If she didn't go, it would make little difference to him. And if she did, he would no doubt make love to her in that horrible, casual, sophisticated fashion that typified his whole establishment. Nothing was naughty! Nothing wasn't naughty! Nothing was good or wicked or astonishing or—anything. Morals? There was no such thing. All that counted was cleverness, chic, wit, humor or a caustic, Mephistophelian kind, and art—art that embraced impressionism and expressionism, chiefly the latter!

BUT it was Saturday night, and the week-end yawned tediously ahead of her. A wave of homesickness enveloped

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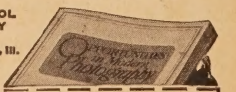

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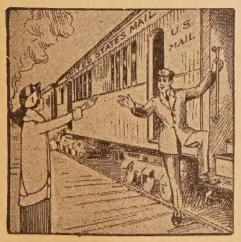

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her. and she succumbed to tears—then anger, then rebellion, and finally to a desire for anything that smacked of adventure. A dinner a deux with Moret, followed by a row, was better than nothing. And anyway the dinner would be excellent! If afterwards he forgot his nice French manners and got rough, she'd slap his face; and, in her present mood, the anticipation of slapping a man's face was a distinct pleasure!

She bathed her eyes in cold water, selected her most bizarre evening gown, and half an hour later when she descended in the elevator and entered her cab, she felt almost herself again.

Moret's apartment occupied the two top floors of the house in which was his shop. Anne had to climb two flights of steep stairs to get there.

They were all there, the entire personnel of the shop. And they all greeted her!—as though each was her host or hostess and not merely Monsieur Moret. He greeted her, too, of course.

"So you decided to come!" he said graciously, but pointedly.

"Why, I said I would," Anne returned blandly.

His eyes twinkled and a slow sardonic smile parted his bearded mouth. "But you did not expect this," he informed her, as though he knew perfectly well what she had expected. "You are a child, Anne," he said with quasi-seriousness, his eyes still twinkling. "So many women are. Let me give you a cocktail."

He offered her his arm and led her to the buffet.

Dinner was served almost at once, and a truly French repast it was! Far more than a meal whose sole object was to satisfy the inner man. The food was excellent; likewise the wine, and there was plenty of it.

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Anne said very little, but tonight she did not feel like an outsider. On the contrary, she was conscious of a pleasing sense of having been initiated into a most

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exclusive club which required far more than social status or money to be admitted. She thought of John and of all those people in Ashroken, and she smiled to herself. How shocked they would be! How horrified! She looked about her at Paul Gay with his girlish mouth and his white girl's hands, at Mr. Link, at Angela Donetti, a stocky young woman of Italian extraction, dark-eyed almost swarthy, hirsuite—a terribly strong person, physically, but an intelligent person, well-educated, observant, practical.

After a few minutes or so Moret joined Anne, sitting on a divan and talking to Angela Donetti.

"I hope you haven't been bored, little girl," he said.

"Sometime," he went on, "you must tell us about yourself. I'm sure it will be interesting. Otherwise you wouldn't have lied—that first day, you remember, when you lead me to believe you were bored with your millions!"

She flushed a little. "It wasn't a lie. I was bored."

"But you wanted the job."

"Of course—and I got it."

Her flippancy seemed to annoy him; he rewarded her with a smile—slow, slow, and a remark to the effect that he hoped she would manage to keep it.

His inference was perfectly clear—and she sorely regretted what she had said.

Anne murmured that she must be going and Moret went with her, closing the door behind them.

"You're not going to fire me, are you, Monsieur Moret!" she asked in alarm, when they were alone.

He gestured vaguely. "We'll see. It all depends—"

"—upon how *good* I am?" she couldn't resist demanding.

"Precisely," he retorted succinctly. "Upon how *good* you are!"

But he might have spoken in French for all she understood. She waited, hoping he would elucidate. Good! Did he mean in her work—or morally? Did he mean that he wanted her to be good morally—or not?

"I can only do my best," she sighed. "It isn't my fault that I'm not as sophisticated as you and all these other people. I thought I was—until I came here."

But he seemed not to have heard her. Anne watched them, too, but when Moret glanced at her, she looked away, extinguishing her cigarette, and got up.

"I'm sorry I was a bit wet with the talk," she said, "but I've enjoyed myself hugely."

Moret accompanied her down the stairs to the hall below.

"Dinner is served every evening at seven-thirty," he said. "You will always be welcome. Much the same people come—sometimes a few, sometimes many. It depends." He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it. "Bon soir."

Now turn back to page 64 and go on with Part IV.

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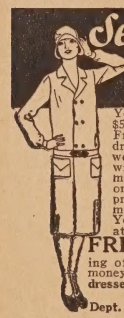

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Madame Drumeil smiled at Anne. "You have known Moret a long time?" she asked. "He knows how to make a woman happy, Jules does."

Man-Made Women—Part IV

(*Continued from page* 65)

She saw little or nothing of him on board. He retired to his cabin before they were out of sight of land, and remained there until the morning of the day they disembarked. He sent her a message saying that he was ill. And when she went to his stateroom to see if she could do anything for him, he refused to let her enter.

Arriving in Paris, he installed her in an expensive hotel, and went elsewhere himself. The next morning he called for her quite early, and they went shopping. He bought lavishly—models for his shop, and things for her which she did not know he was buying at the time. In the evening he called for her again and took her to dinner, to a revue, and on to a chic little supper-club where almost everyone, it seemed—guests and entertainers and even waiters knew him. And how glad they were to see him!

"Why don't you live here always, Jules?" she asked, as they sat sipping their champagne. "You seem to love it so! And you have so many friends."

He looked about the little room now gray-blue with smoke.

"I'm not happy here—for long," he said. "These people are old," and he gestured eloquently. "Among them I am old, too. I prefer to be young—in America—and be bored with children!"

She pondered that for a moment. "That's why you like me," she said. "And I bore you!"

HE DIDN'T deny it. He merely patted her hand and refilled her glass with champagne. One of the little girls climbed to the top of the piano again and, beating time with bare heels on the music-desk, commenced to sing American jazz:

"Zey call eet Black Bottom, a
new twistaire;
Eet's sure got 'em, and oh, Sistaire;
Zey clap ze 'ands and do ze
raggairdy trot,
Hot!"

Then, as swiftly as the small place had filled to capacity, so that there was scarcely room between the tables for the waiters to squeeze through, it emptied. And half an hour later she was in her luxurious hotel room slowly getting undressed, more mystified than she remembered ever having been. "Bon soir, ma p'tite." "Goodnight, Jules." "I trust I haven't tired you out today. No? Well, tomorrow we will do it all over again!"

She sat at her dressing table, and studied her face in the mirror. She thought of what Jules had said at the supper club. The vision of one woman and then another floated before her eyes—white arms shackled with scintillating bracelets, white bosoms agleem with jewels, and faces—masks, masks!

TWO weeks, three weeks, a month went by—a month of shops and restaurants and gay cafes, of being shown Paris by day and Paris by night, of driving and walking and talking with Jules—and of growing ever fonder of him, it seemed. And yet wondering, wondering, all the time. Glad, grateful to overflowing at moments, that Moret had behaved in such extraordinary fashion. Troubled sometimes by the thought that she was cheating. And, at infrequent intervals, vaguely disturbed by her apparent failure with him.

At Longchamps, one perfect Sunday that marked an annual racing event in France, they encountered a woman who seemed inordinately delighted and surprised to see Jules. He introduced her as Madame Drumeil.

A woman of about thirty-eight, Anne judged her to be, she was still quite beautiful with deep henna-ed hair, wood-brown eyes set wide apart in a thin, lovely face. And she was exquisitely dressed—chic beyond words.

"Who is she, Jules?"

But he was busy paying the check, and he didn't tell her until they were sitting in the bar of the Champs Elysees grill over a pre-dinner aperitif.

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"You like her?"

"Oh, very much. She's charming, and so chic."

"She said many nice things about you, too. I told her I was going to the South of France to visit my sisters."

"Are you, Jules? When?"

"I am going tomorrow—for a week. Georgette—Madame Drumeil—said she would be very happy to have you come and stay with her until I return. She has an apartment in Neuilly."

"Why, I'd love to—but—" Why hadn't he said anything before about going to visit his sisters? And why should he want her to stay with this Madame Drumeil? "Who is she, Jules?"

"She is the mistress," he told her, "of a very important person connected with the government—Monsieur Andre Boylesve."

"Boylesve!" A month ago the name would have meant nothing to her. The coming man, people said he was: one day he'd be Premier.

"You will have the pleasure of meeting him, perhaps."

Georgette Drumeil's apartment, where Moret took her the following day, remaining for dejeneur and then hurrying off to attend to some business before he caught his train, was large and luxurious and elegant.

The salon was formal, a minuet room of white-powdered wigs and elegance and gold chairs of the style of Louis Seize. One gathered there for cafe after dejeuner or dinner where there were guests. But one didn't sit there to chat cozily, or to read, or to smoke. One naturally preferred the bureau or Georgette's boudoir which, like her bedroom, disclosed precisely what that mouth of hers disclosed—and immediately one was reconciled to the bureau and the salons, and one understood perfectly why she was so evidently what she was. No apartment was ever more intimate or provocative of erotic yearning. The bed was a delicious shell in which Aphrodite, risen from the sea, might well have slept. Everything—silks and lace and softnesses—conspired to make of it a veritable dove cote of warm, rose-lighted seduction.

THE room to which Anne was assigned was far less pretentious; but it rang to the same timbre—a fitting chamber for a mistresses' friend who might be a mistress herself when she was at home!

Anne felt rather strange there. It suggested a phase of life of which, for all the sophistication she had acquired from Moret and his maison, she was quite ignorant. It frightened her a little.

While she was dressing for dinner that night, Madame Drumeil came into her room.

"Do you want for any 'elp?" she inquired. "If so, I will ring for my maid." She studied her as she spoke, her appraising eyes admiring her. "Quelle forme—dieu! But Jules was always a connoisseur. It is unfortunate you do

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not speak ze French. You are happy with 'im—yes?"

"Who—with Jules?" It dawned upon her suddenly that Madame Drumeil thought of course that she was Moret's mistress. Had he told her so? "Oh, yes," she said, "very happy."

"He knows 'ow to make a woman 'appy, Jules."

"You have known him a long time?" Anne said, half-queryingly.

"Oh, many years I 'ave known 'im," and a sad expression crept into her eyes. "So sad a life 'e 'as 'ad, hein!"

"Sad! Has he? He's never told me."

"'e 'as not told you!" She seemed surprised. "Per'aps he do not want you should know. He is strange, Jules."

Anne's curiosity was aroused, but before she could find out anything about Jules' sad life—granted that Madame Drumeil would have told her—the maid knocked at the door and took her away. She paused by Anne who was at her dressing-table, and stooping, she kissed her.

"You are ver' beautiful," she said. "I like you. You will call me Georgette—yes?"

Anne regretted keenly at dinner that she did not speak French.

Only the barest thread of their conversation could she follow, and sometimes even that was lost to her.

About ten-thirty the guests departed, and Anne found herself alone with Boylesve, a bald-headed, quiet individual, and his mistress. He seemed pleased with the outcome of the evening and, patting Georgette on the cheek, he kissed her fondly. The atmosphere of formality was gone, and Boylesve was just a man in the sanctum of the woman he loved. Anne felt embarrassed. Not knowing quite what was expected of her, she wondered if she should bid them goodnight and retire or remain—as she would have done with a man and his wife.

To her surprise, Boylesve departed. He gathered together some papers in the bureau, tucked them away in a portfolio, kissed Georgette again and kissed Anne's hand, saying in atrociously bad English that he was charmed to have met her and hoped that she would be staying a long time with Madame Drumeil, and went away.

"You are not entertained, I am afraid," she said graciously, when she returned from seeing Boylesve out. "But it could not be 'elped. And I must go, too. Come wix me till I change."

She did not say where she was going. Throwing herself in a comfortable chair, she covered her face with her hands for a moment, as though suddenly she were intensely fatigued. Then, summoning her maid, she said something which sent the woman into the bathroom and back with a glass half-filled with water into which she emptied a small paper of white powder. Permitting the maid to disrobe her completely, she dressed again in quite simple attire that any modest woman going out alone at night might have worn, kissed Anne goodnight, and apologized again for having to leave her.

"But you are tired perhaps—yes?"

Anne knew that *she* was tired. Her whole manner showed it, despite the strange brightness of those wood-brown eyes. And somehow, without knowing why, her heart was filled with pity for her.

HER place in the world was so indisputably hers. And that made of her a woman to be admired, not pitied. Nobody, nothing—not even the ravaging years—would ever wrest it from her. Yet, she had not struggled to acquire it, nor did she glory in it. Like a queen who wears a heavy crown uncomplainingly, she accepted it unquestionably, bending her every endeavor, both as to mind and body, to make herself worthy—to be a success as she put it once to Anne.

In the morning she read. From nine o'clock when she rose until dejeuner at noon, she closeted herself in her bureau and devoured the news of the day—politics, chiefly.

Just before dejeuner her maid dressed her, and immediately afterward she left the apartment and was gone all afternoon on the business of shopping. From couturier to modiste, from corsetiere to lingere, from her bootery on the rue St. Honore to the man near the Porte St. Denis who made her bags, she went methodically and ordered with the discriminating knowledge of fashion and taste that only a woman of her kind ever achieves.

Then tea at some chic place where she would be seen by and see certain people—and back home where a small corps of beautifiers awaited her—hairdressers, masseuse, manicurist.

The evening, for which all day she prepared herself, belonged to Boylesve. As a rule he appeared for dinner and remained the night.

ANNE, living those days and evenings with her, marvelled. Often she envied her. She envied her her knowledge, her wealth of experience, her power, her chic, and above all her poise. As often, she pitied her. Once in particular, one afternoon, she felt that Georgette was the saddest woman she had ever known.

Why she took her there, Anne never knew. But she took her everywhere with her, opening her life as she might a book which was quite impersonal to her, permitting Anne to read where she chose—perhaps with some determined purpose, perhaps because she was so sure that her life was her own, as absolute a part of her as her white shoulders or her wood-brown eyes, that anyone whom she liked (and of her own sex, of course) would have been accorded the privilege.

Finding that a gown she had ordered was not ready for a fitting, they had tea earlier than usual and at a more popular place than was her wont, and then drove quite far to an obscure street off the Place des Invalides.

They passed through an old courtyard and entered a shabby-looking house, mounted a few stairs to the door of an

apartment, which was opened to them by a young man who bowed at the sight of Georgette and ushered them in deferentially.

In a gloomy room, which seemed almost dark from having come from outside, sat a man, lean-faced, bearded, but scarcely forty. He did not rise at their entrance, but at the sound of Georgette's voice, stretched out thin tense hands—and Anne, with a sense akin to horror, at the sight of that unfamiliar bearded face, realized he was blind.

Georgette went to him and gave him her hands which he kissed fervently, speaking to her in an eager voice which was all gratitude and pleasure. She told him she had brought a friend with her—at which he looked in the direction of the door, smiled, and bowed. But he turned back at once to Georgette, who told him evidently that she was in a hurry and could stay only a minute.

Anne's impulse was to go. It was almost more than she could bear to stay there—and watch. Their love for one another—especially his for her—was not a thing to behold. The fact that he was blind made it all the more terrible. He couldn't seen Anne, of course, but it was as though he had even forgotten her—and for once she was glad that she couldn't understand what was being said.

The little that she gathered was enough. It told her that he literally lived for these visits. At other times he sat and waited, as a dead man might wait for the Angel of Resurrection. That she could stay but a moment now made his happiness an agony—but better agony than that dark waiting emptiness that was otherwise his.

And Georgette! Her voice was different, her bearing, her all. So tender, so utterly, utterly loving. She sat on the arm of his enormous chair, and pressed her cheek to his, saying soft assuring little phrases to him.

When was she coming again? he kept asking her. Soon, she would say, soon. Perhaps tomorrow. Perhaps tomorrow night. Tomorrow night almost certainly.

Anne went. She found her way to the courtyard, through it, to the luxuriously appointed car. In a few minutes Georgette joined her, and they drove off, back through the Place des Invalides in silence. Georgette dabbed at her eyes. Anne dabbed at hers, too.

"Pauvre Jacques!" she said, when she could speak again. "Ze war blind 'im. It is ver' sad."

"Zhere are many so," Georgette observed philosophically, entirely over her emotion now—once more her poised, professional self. And in that almost impersonal way of hers she went on to tell Anne what she had already guessed—that they were lovers; but more what Anne couldn't guess, that they had been lovers for a great many years, while she was yet married to Drumeil who had been killed at Verdun. The two men had been friends. "A story that is not new," she said.

"He adores you," Anne said.

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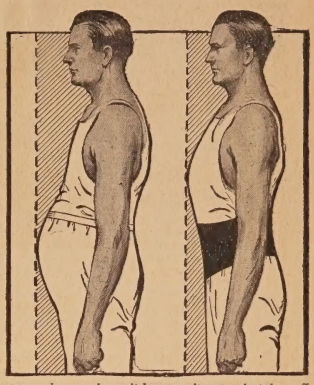

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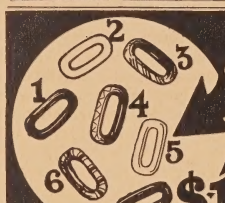

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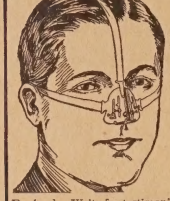

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"I adore him. He is ver' clever. He is a writer."

"Does Monsieur Boylesve know?" Anne asked.

"He knows—certainly. But we do not speak of it. It is best so."

But how—how could she love a man as she seemed to love Jacques, so wholeheartedly, so passionately, and yet be mistress to Boylesve? That's what Anne wondered, and pondered until the car had almost reached Neuilly. Finally she asked her.

Georgette smiled—slowly, sadly, as a mother might perhaps smile at a daughter.

"I don't think I could do it," Anne said. "It would make me so awfully unhappy."

"It is not your destiny per'aps." She shrugged. "Ze woman," she said, "serve ze men. Lovers, 'usbands, sons. Some serve ze few, some many. And zhat is 'ow she lives, is it not so?—in men. Then she is more 'appy. Per'aps she 'ave many sons. Per'aps she have many lovers. Per'aps only one. That depends on 'ow she is made. It makes not much difference. But if she try to live in 'er-self—then she is nothing. Zhat is so, hein?"

"Yes," Anne said thoughtfully, "I suppose it is. But how is one to know what kind she is?"

Georgette laughed. "She do not 'ave to worry what kind she is," she said. "Life—'ow you say?—life, yes?—life shows you ver' plain what kind you are. La vie," she summed it all up, "et les hommes!"

"But love!" Anne objected. "Love!"

Georgette shrugged again. "It is ze same thing, ma P'tite. Regard yourself—'ow you are made—to serve ze man. Zhere is no more, I tell you."

ANNE was not sorry when Jules returned and she moved back to the hotel. She liked Georgette, and Georgette liked her, but there were fundamental differences between them that no lengths of intimacy could ever breach. Anne thought that it was mainly due to the fact that Georgette was French and she was American, but when she said so to Jules, he smiled and shook his head.

"There are many women like you in France," he said, "and even America has her Georgettes."

"I couldn't help feeling sorry for her, Jules. If only she had married Jacques! I'm sure she doesn't love Monsieur Boylesve."

"There is love—and love."

"No, there isn't," she disagreed, "not for a woman. There is only—love."

"But you enjoyed yourself with her?" he asked. "You were not bored?"

"Not for a moment. But I would have been, I think, if you hadn't come back. Georgette thought that of course you and I—"

"That you were my mistress. Yes."

"You told her so, Jules?"

"She imagined so—naturally. And I did not deny it. It was better for you, I thought. You did not mind?"

"No—oh, no." She still did not know why he had sent her there, but she refrained from asking him. He had some reason, of that she was sure. And she wondered, studying his unfathomable face across the dinner table, if he had really gone to the Midi to visit his sisters. As like as not he had been in Paris. What an unknowable person he was. How terrible to be in love with him! He would own you absolutely and know everything about you, while you would never own the tip of his little finger!

A few days later they sailed.

The mid-June sea was as calm as a mill pond, but Jules was just as ill as before. The very idea of being on shipboard made him sick. Anne, left to herself, might have had a very good time. The boat was crowded, and there seemed to be an unusually large contingent of unattached males, who evidently believed that an ocean liner was a sort of Garden of Eden. But she was in no mood for a six-day romance. She remained by herself, drowsing in her deck-chair—her mind a tangled skein of puzzling problems which she endeavored to unravel.

The evening before the boat was due to arrive in New York, a steward brought her a note from Moret which demanded why she hadn't come to see him?

She found him propped up in bed, sipping champagne.

"So you are here—at last!"

"But Jules—you wouldn't let me in when you were sick before." She felt he was unreasonable. "Isn't that just like a man!"

"Is it?" He gestured to her to sit down. "Well, as I am one, what's wrong with being just like one? Help yourself to champagne. What kind of a time have you been having?"

"Oh, very quiet. I've been thinking—"

"With any result? What have you been thinking about?"

"Lots of things—you, for instance, and myself—and Georgette."

"And?"

"Why did you take me to Paris, Jules? Why did you spend all that money on me? I wasn't any real help to you when it came to choosing things for your shop."

(To be Continued)

Anne Payson faces a crisis in her affair with the fascinating Frenchman in the next installment. If you can not wait, you can read it in the October issue of True Confessions, on sale September 10. You will also find it in the October issue of *Screen Secrets* of course, on sale September 20, together with the exciting conclusion.

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London Letter

(*Continued from page 74*)

stood by American fans, do not represent British films at their best.

DENISON CLIFT, the prominent Hollywood director and screen writer, is over here to start work on a series of pictures which he is to make under his new contract with British International Pictures, Ltd. While he is here, a picture made from his New York play, *A Woman Disputed,* starring Norma Talmadge, will be released by United Artists.

His first picture will be a story called *Paradise* by the famous English author Sir Phillip Gibbs, starring Betty Balfour, known as the English Mary Pickford.

Following *Paradise* he will make a melodrama titled *A-1 at Lloyd's* dealing with a game of wits between a band of crooks and Lloyd's of London, the greatest insurance company in the world, which will insure anything from your old flivver to your bet that Aspidistra will win the sweepstakes on Thursday.

Clift expects to make a flying trip to New York in the fall for the opening of his play, *Scotland Yard* on Broadway, and will return immediately to London to continue with his production schedule.

ANTHONY ASQUITH, son of our one-time Prime Minister, is well-known in Hollywood. Several years ago he visited the American studios with a view to studying production methods there, and eventually taking up a motion picture career. Now he is producing pictures in England, and, contrary to expectations—for one is rather apt to feel prejudiced against these young society lions who step into a director's place with everything made easy for them—he has done remarkably well. His first picture *Shooting Stars,* caused quite a small sensation in British film circles, and he's now at work on his second production *Underground,* a story of London life, centering particularly round the tubes. Incidentally Cyril MacLaglen, brother to Victor, has a fine part in this picture.

BY THE way, there's an alarming tendency amongst new British companies that are springing up all over the place now, to entrust themselves to inexperienced amateurs rather than take the advice of men experienced in the business. Ollie Sellers, formerly production manager for Universal, was over here on vacation recently. He saw several production units but, although his experience would have been very valuable to the heads of most British production agencies, he was allowed to go away again without anyone making a bid for his services. It's a pig-headed policy, but then we British always were obstinate blighters.

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Helen of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 72*)

what it was so long as it had no connection with motion pictures. She settled her hotel bill, and wrote a long letter to her mother back in Carthage explaining just what had happened. She saw Hal Howard and told him what she had done. Inasmuch as he was with the production only in the capacity of her personal publicity man, Hal announced his intention of returning to Hollywood with her that afternoon. Berwick called on the telephone several times, but Helen refused to see him or speak to him. She was bitterly disappointed with Berwick because of the lack of faith he had shown in her.

Back in Hollywood, she went straight to the little bungalow-court on Vine Street, found that her old apartment had not been rented, and engaged the place over again. By evening she was fairly well settled. She prepared a simple meal for herself and went to bed early. But she could not get to sleep because of the chaos of her thoughts.

Well, such was fame . . . The day before she had been on the high road to glory and riches, and now, a few hours later, she was back in her drab little quarters. Possibly another chance would come in the picture world. Did she want it if it did? But she realized, that her disgust with the picture business had been due as much to her disappointment with Nigel Berwick as any other reason.

Berwick . . . He had seemed so real, so sincere. And yet he had failed her. But the situation in which he had found her . . . it had been extremely compromising . . . Halliwell shot in her room . . . all that. Perhaps Berwick had been justified. Her reckless conduct on the occasion of her first meeting with Halliwell might have given him a wrong impression of her. It was her fault, perhaps . . . Berwick was not to blame for his false conclusions. It was Halliwell . . . in his quest for her body . . . who had ruined her chance for happiness. She found herself defending Berwick, blaming Halliwell, blaming herself, for what had happened.

SHE drifted off to sleep. She might not have awakened then if the telephone had not rung. It was Hal Howard on the wire, telling her that he had received a telegram from Weil, asking for her address; that Weil was asking her to come back and proceed with the picture. Her heart leaped swiftly as she learned this. She wanted to go back . . . she wanted to be near Berwick . . . despite the way in which he had treated her. But she was possessed by a vague perverseness that all of her yearnings could not overcome.

"I won't go back!" she told Hal definitely. "I'm through . . . after the way I was treated."

Hal's attempt at persuasion was useless. He told her that Halliwell had died during the night, after recovering conciousness and absolving her from any taint in the affair.

"I'm glad of that," she told Hal, "but nevertheless I'm through."

When she finally hung up the receiver she knelt down by her bed and burst into tears. Why hadn't she gone back to her work . . . back to the path that led up to the heights . . . back to Nigel?

That evening Helen visited Signa Shipstead whose life was slowly ebbing away. The former star was still able to talk coherently, however.

"You and Nigel Berwick," the dying woman whispered. "Of all the ones I knew . . . only you two . . . think of me now, in the way I want to be thought of. A letter came from him today. He asked about you. He told me . . . everything."

Helen averted her eyes, and she felt her face flush warmly. Nigel, then, was thinking of her . . . wanting her, perhaps, as she, in her heart, wanted him.

"He should have believed in me," Helen murmured. "I never want to see him again."

Signa smiled faintly and sympathetically.

"I understand," she breathed.

Evening after evening she sat alone with the wasting woman who once had been an idol of the screen and who now, her glory vanished, was left to pass into obscurity alone.

She returned to the bungalow one evening and, to her surprise, found Arline waiting for her there. Impulsively they rushed into each other's arms and Arline commenced to cry softly.

"I was so jealous of you, Helen," confessed Arline. "That was what made me leave you."

Arline hung her head shame-facedly, and Helen patted her affectionately upon the shoulder.

"I met Hallie, a few days ago," the girl continued. "He asked me to marry him . . . he always liked me . . . and I am going to. Helen, dear, I am so happy."

"I am happy, too," said Helen, dreamily, "for you and Hallie."

She was left alone a little later when the bustling Hallie came and proudly took Arline away.

HELEN snatched up the paper and let out a little moan when she saw the glaring headlines. Marie Maroni and Camprubi had been found hiding out in the little town of Whittier between San Diego and Los Angeles. They had not gone over the border, after all. Marie was being held for manslaughter, and faced a long term behind the cold gray walls of a prison. Her companion was charged with being an accessory after the fact and it was believed that it would not be long before

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the gates of San Quentin would clang behind him.

Each evening Helen went to sit for an hour with Signa Shipstead who was failing slowly day by day.

And then, one night, when Signa was lying there listlessly, scarcely concious of what was happening about her, Helen heard the bell ring, heard voices in the living room, subdued voices, one of them the Chinese house boy's. The other voice was pitched very low. She could not recognize it, but as she sensed who the visitor might be, a chill swept through her body.

Then Nigel Berwick was standing there before her.

She stood up. She tried to act with dignity, to nod coolly and impersonally, but she saw the strong face of Nigel working strangely, and suddenly, she hardly knew how, she was clasped tightly in his arms, Nigel was breathing words of love to her, telling her disconnectedly that he could not live without her, asking her forgiveness for any of his former doubts.

Over the shoulder of the man she loved she saw a slowly moving shadow, and believed that the Chinese house-boy was furtively taking in the scene from the other room. She did not care. All the Chinese house-boys in the world, all the world itself meant nothing, in this high moment of bliss.

When Nigel finally released her, she turned to find the dulling eyes of Signa almost brimming for a moment. "Bless you, my children," smiled Signa, who found time for flippancy in the shadow of death.

As they sat there and conversed in low tones while Signa dozed, Berwick told her of the regretful attitude of Sid Weil since the statement of the dying Halliwell.

"It might be good for you to make one more picture with Weil, and get established a little more securely," suggested Berwick. "I don't want to be too selfish, dear. I don't want to share you with the public, and yet I don't want you to cut off all interests simply because you're my wife."

"You are my director, dear," said Helen. "I think perhaps I had better put myself entirely in your hands. All that you have told me has turned out to be only too true."

"And you are my star," returned Berwick, as he put his arms around Helen and kissed her. "And I don't believe," he added, "that you're going to be a temperamental star, after all. And when we are married—"

He stopped abruptly. He was staring at the bed. The white counterpane rested motionlessly across the bosom of Signa Shipstead. The eyes were closed. Signa Shipstead had passed over the borderland where stars and extras, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, are one.

But for the handsome couple sitting reverently by the bedside, life had only begun.

The End

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Harry Carr Says

(*Continued from page* 51)

A Sad Case

SAM GOLDWYN must be the most intensely sympathetic soul who adorns this cruel world. He made a speech the other day before the Foreign Correspondent's Club; and told them with many quavers how mean Hollywood has been to the hapless foreigners.

What a Cruel Shame!

YEA brethren, it is indeed a sad case. For instance look at the brutal way it treated Valentino who was a hotel dancer until Hollywood, in a beastly and ruthless manner crammed a fortune into his pockets; and jammed a halo down over his head.

And look how it treated Anna Q. Nilssen who was working on a farm in Sweden; and now has to torture herself cutting the coupons off her bonds.

And Ramon Novarro . . . and Lubistch, and Pola Negri and Antonio Moreno who might still be delivering bread for a Madrid baker, but for the mean conduct of Hollywood.

Will Rogers, Picture Flop

THE one big bet of talkies will be the estimable Will Rogers. He has always been a pretty sad flop in pictures: largely because the public was unconsciously disappointed in not hearing him speak. With this sudden opportunity for his wise cracks, he ought to be a riot.

On the other hand, the talkies may not be so good to Tom Mix, Fred Thomson and other Western heroes.

Left Argentine Flat

MR. T. MIX is back in Hollywood again—at the F. B. O. studio. The Argentine will have to struggle along without him. The general opinion is that Thomas never had the slighest intention of going to South America; that it was all a bluff. Personally, I am rather inclined to think that he was more or less sincere—but not enthusiastic. It was taking a long-shot gamble—even with the best of breaks. The truth is, there isn't anywhere outside of Hollywood that pictures can be made at the present time with much assurance of success.

The Fair Dolores

IF THE supply of mythical wild women holds out, Miss Dolores Del Rio's fame will continue to blossom; but it is hard picking. Her problem is much the same as that of Ramon Novarro. The public refuses to think of her as a lady who might marry somebody and look after the gas bills and see to it that the milk man doesn't water the cream. She has to be a flashing poster girl animated with life. And there are not enough such characters to go round.

Dolores seemed a little bored even with herself when, in *The Trail of '98* she tried to be the forlorn maiden menaced by a lustful villain. It wasn't her stuff; and she seemed to know it.

Dolores is being a Gypsy right now. She is looking for a story where she can be a young lady in the temples of East India, with rajahs and such furniture.

Ramona

WHEN Miss Del Rio made *Ramona,* they were a little skittish as to its reception in the effete East; but they banked on the fact that it would be received with open arms by the old California.

It follows quite naturally that it has been a big hit in the East; and the old California folks are searching their souls for sounds to show how mad they are at Miss Del Rio.

Norma Is Bored

EVEN Hollywood—used to the temperament of stars—raised surprised eye brows when Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland suddenly discovered that they needed a rest; and, right in the middle of a picture, departed for Honolulu—discreetly accompanied by Mrs. Talmadge and a gentleman friend.

I think that Norma is bored by her own picture career. Life has nothing more to offer her; she is rich, famous, a social success—and what else is there? At that, this new picture promises to be one of her greatest.

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(Names on request)

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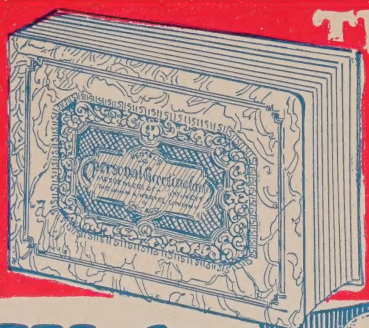

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Everyone Buys Christmas Cards

Just ask yourself this one question: do you personally know of a single grown-up who does not send out Christmas Cards? No, of course not. Everybody does. That is why more than $100,000,000 worth were bought last year. Share in this gigantic business. Let us help you to get part of that business. We have helped thousands of others . . . just like you . . . and we can help you. Will you let us?

WEEKLY PAY—and Monthly Bonus Checks

That sounds good, doesn't it? It's better than it sounds. When you get those big checks every week, and a bonus check monthly, you'll get the biggest thrill of your life. Especially when you cash them. Hundreds of those who earned such tremendous amounts last year—$100, $200, $500 and $1000, and more—had no idea money could be made so easily, quickly and surely. Today they know. This very instant they're out taking orders. We showed them how to make big money in spare time and we'll gladly show you. Will you let us? Write. Write quick.

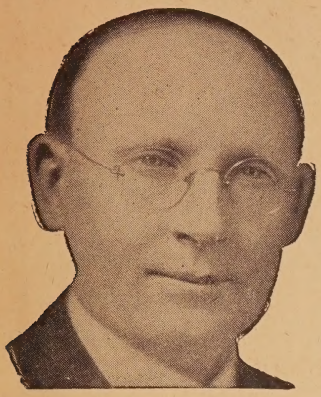
The John A. Hertel Company
Dept. 5550 318 W. Washington St. Chicago, Illinois

$10.00 OUTFIT FREE

Send References With Your First Letter

For Limited Time Only—To People of Good Character

I'll Pay Your Bills!



...and give you a steady income for the rest of your life

if you will take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Pleasant, easy work, can be handled in spare or full time.

No Investment Needed

I furnish all capital—I set you up in business, advertise you, and do everything to make you my successful and respected partner in your locality. I will make you my partner in my fast growing, established business—but I don't ask you to invest a single penny. Everything is furnished to you FREE—just look after the established business in your locality and we will split all the money 50-50!

Partner may be either man or woman. All I ask is that you have ambition and can devote a few hours each day to distributing my famous products to friends and a list of established customers. High grade food products, teas, coffee, spices, extracts, things people must have to live.

Your Groceries at Wholesale

As my partner I furnish your groceries at wholesale—I do everything to see that my partners get all the advantages of Big Business. Big FREE supply contains over 32 full size packages of highest quality products. Choose all your groceries, at wholesale, from my big list of over 300 home necessities. Quality backed by $25,000.00 bond.

Iron-Clad Guarantee to YOU of $15 a Day Steady Income

Look!

$117.50 FIRST 5 DAYS
"Made $117.50 first five days. Your products are marvelous. Anyone can easily make money with Health-O."—A. Pelletier, Massachusetts.

ALWAYS SURE OF $10 A DAY
Mrs. Bower, a W. Va. housewife, writes: "I am always sure of $10 a day profit with Health-O products."

$31.65 FIRST DAY
"Just received sample case. Started among acquaintances and first day made $31.65."—B. L. Simmons, S. Carolina.

$101.25 FIRST WEEK
Ruth Hoffman never sold a thing before in her life. She proved that experience was not necessary—she writes: "Made $101.25 first week!"

$24.85 IN TWO EVENINGS
T. J. Osborne two days after receiving sample case, enthusiastically writes: "I have been out only two evenings and have taken orders for $24.85."

Easy for you to make big money. I look out for welfare of my partners.

I don't want you to take any chances. I GUARANTEE your income. This is the most amazing guarantee ever made for a steady year 'round income. I can make this guarantee because I know you can do as well as my other partners whose letters are shown on this page.

I'll Furnish You With New Chrysler Coach

This is part of my FREE outfit to you. I want my partners to be prosperous and look prosperous to gain respect from everyone in your locality. That's why I will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE this brand new Chrysler Coach to use in your business. This is no contest! It is yours to keep just as soon as you show me you are in earnest. Send coupon today.

This wonderful, new, easy way to make big money and have a growing business of your own is sweeping America. Thousands of men have found my proposition a way to double and triple their incomes—hundreds of busy housewives have started as my partners in a few spare hours a day and are earning from $25 to $50 a week *just in spare time*. One housewife writes, "I earn, in my spare hours, more money than my husband."

I Do Everything to Help My Partners

Besides going 50-50 with my partners on profits I WILL FURNISH YOUR HOME with hundreds of wonderful premiums, including pianos, living room sets, etc., that I give as premiums. Send coupon at once for my signed guarantee of $100.00 a week for full time or $3.00 per hour for spare-time work.

Chrysler Coach FREE

C. W. Van De Mark
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Sales Mgr.
THE HEALTH-O QUALITY PRODUCTS CO.
Department 1052-KK
117 Duane Street
Cincinnati
Ohio

SEND COUPON AT ONCE for APPLICATION.

FREE FOOD PRODUCTS COUPON

C. W. Van De Mark, Health-O Quality Products Company, Dept. 1052-KK 117 Duane St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send at once application for territory, details of partnership, free food products offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

YOU STEP UP TO A BIG JOB WHEN YOU MAIL THIS COUPON

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SCREEN SECRETS

Vol. V Contents for October No. 43

Cover portrait by Marland Stone of Vilma Banky, Sam Goldwyn Star.

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Clara Bow

Clara Bow
Reveals
The Dangers
of
Vamping

Do girls play a false part when they are seeking to win a man's love? Should they pretend to be something that they aren't or just be themselves?

These and many other questions uppermost in any girl's mind are answered by the flaming flapper in the November issue of

SCREEN SECRETS

On Sale October 20

Also begin the exciting story of John Gilbert's latest picture, *The Mask of the Devil.* Many other fascinating features will be found in this next big issue.

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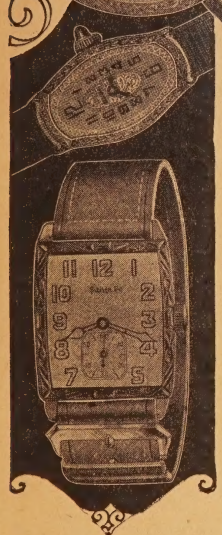
21 Jewels



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I want you to see all the newest designs in the new thin model Santa Fe Special in both white and green gold—the handsome sturdy case models designed for our famous Santa Fe Mogul Watch—the very newest creations in Men's Strap Watches, sturdy in design and beautifully engraved in both white and green gold and the artistic little Santa Fe Princess, Ladies' Bracelet Watch, in many shapes and designs in white gold, some with diamond and sapphire settings. No matter what your choice of a watch may be, there is a Santa Fe Watch that will please you. Send today for our Beautiful Watch Book and select the watch you would like to see.

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What Kind of Women Win and Hold Modern Men?

Dare (Dah-ray) Herself Tells in Her Amazingly Intimate Book

LOVELY LADIES
The Art of Being A Woman

DARE (Dah-ray) is the first woman with the courage to reveal the VITAL, FUNDAMENTAL SECRETS that *win* and *hold* modern men.

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Dare is thoroughly MODERN. She knows all the situations that women who love must face today. Herself a famous French beauty, educated in both Europe and America, she knows every secret artifice that the most fascinating women use to develop their intriguing, provoking personalities. Through her book, she will solve for YOU the problems, the personal heartaches, the secret hopes, the half-voiced fears and apprehensions of love and marriage.

There is but one way in which you can compete successfully for love and admiration. This way Dare tells you, woman to woman, never allowing fear or false modesty to interfere with frankness.

For years the women Dare has helped have implored her to write a book for ALL women. At last she has done it. *LOVELY LADIES, The Art of Being a Woman,* is the result. It is the ONE BOOK WHICH EVERY WOMAN, MARRIED OR UNMARRIED, NEEDS. And now *you* can get it to read—and without paying a penny, unless you find it "too good to part with."

Sent Without Cost or Obligation Just Mail Coupon

Dare is so sure that her book, LOVELY LADIES, will be of inestimable help to you that she has persuaded her publishers to send you the book to look over before you obligate yourself to buy it.

Send no money now. Just your name and address on the coupon will bring your copy. Read it for five days—on approval. If, after reading, you decide to keep the book, send only $3.50—or return it without any obligation. Orders sent by MEN will not be filled. Dare's book is EXCLUSIVELY for WOMEN. Mail coupon now and learn the secrets that have helped thousands to win love, beauty, wealth and happiness.

The Plaza Publishing Company
37 West 57th Street, New York

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"What is sex appeal, and how does one know whether or not one has it?"

"What chance have we homely women?"

"At what age do women cease to be attractive to men?"

"I am a young woman of twenty-five and frankly I do not care to marry. How can I achieve real success in a career?"

"I have never been popular because I am plain and dull. Just because Nature has favored me less than other women is it going to be impossible for me to have love?"

"My husband has become interested in his stenographer. I know that she is cheap and shallow and unworthy of his love and that she does not really love him. What can I do to save us all from unhappiness?"

"Do you think it is more necessary to develop personality, or beauty?"

"I have had an 'affair' with a married man for years and given up all my chances of other happiness because of him. Now he tells me that he thinks we had better put an end to our relationship. What can I do?"

"I am hopelessly in love with my boss, but I am no more to him than a dictaphone. What can I do to make him feel that I am a woman and not a piece of furniture?"

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- The Modern Mother
- The Art of Housekeeping
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For Women Only
(No Man Will Be Sent This Book)

Plaza Publishing Co.;
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Please send me, on approval, in plain wrapper, Dare's book, *LOVELY LADIES, The Art of Being a Woman.* I will either return the book within 5 days, or send you $3.50 in full payment.

Name.....

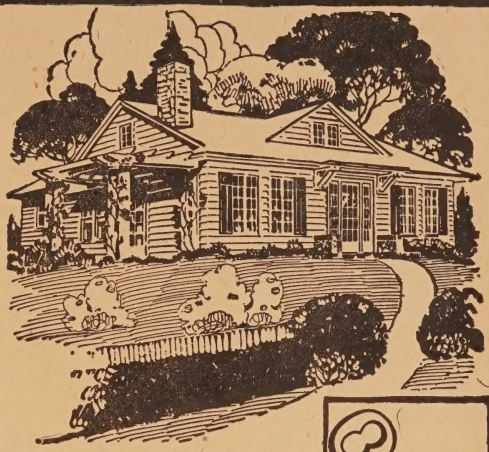
Address.....

City.....

State.....

REWARD

Find the Key to this Free House!



There are 19 house keys pictured here. To be sure, they all look alike, but, examine them closely. 18 of them are exactly alike, but "ONE," and only one, is different. See if you can find the different one.

CLUES This difference may be in the size, shape, or even in the notches. So study each key carefully and if you can find the "ONE" key that is different from all the others, send the number of it **AT ONCE.** You may become the winner of this house, lot, and garage, or **$4,500.00 CASH** without one cent of cost to you.

Or Win $4500.00 Cash

Choice of this beautiful six-room house, lot and garage—or—**$4,500.00 CASH.** The house can be built anywhere in the U. S. A. This is a great opportunity. Act quick, and here is why—

$1,000.00 Cash—Extra For Promptness

I will pay $1,000.00 cash extra just for promptness. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. You can win the house, lot and garage—or—**$4,500.00 CASH.** Answer quick.

You Cannot Lose Absolutely everyone who takes full advantage of this opportunity is rewarded. Find the "ONE" key that is different from all the others and rush your name and address to me TODAY on a postal card or letter. And, just say Key No. ..... is different from all the others. Please tell me how I can get this beautiful house, lot and garage—or—**$4,500.00 CASH** without obligation or one cent of cost to me.

I. M. DITTMAN, 537 South Dearborn Street,
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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19

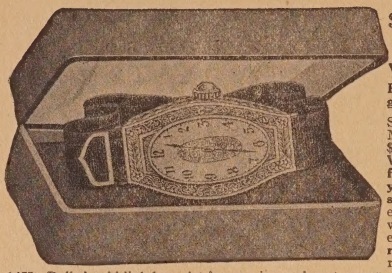
Cut Price Sale

Buy your watches direct from importer and save 50%

Our Written Guarantee With Each Watch

We guarantee each and every watch to be in first class, accurate, time-keeping order, and with proper use and care to remain so for a lifetime.

We guarantee to refund money in full, or replace any watch that does not prove perfectly satisfactory to you in every way.



$3.99 Newest Style Wrist Watch With Two Bracelets

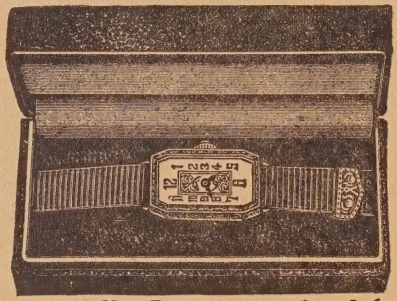
Really the greatest Bargain in America today.

Storekeepers and instalment Mail Order Houses charge $12.00 for this very watch—**We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.** Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved case, **fully jeweled movement**—Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and 14Kt, Rolled gold link bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on Delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.**

$3.99

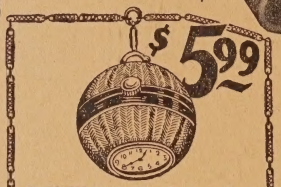
Lifetime Precision Men's Strap Watch

Worn by Practical Men Everywhere—Guaranteed shock proof and weather proof—Perfect timekeeper—**Radium dial**—tells time in dark—Fine imported **full jeweled movement**—Silver finish—Genuine leather strap—**Absolutely a $15.00 value. Fully guaranteed** to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**



New Design Rectangular Shape Wrist Watch **$4.96**

Everyone will admire this elegant and artistically designed small and narrow shaped **6 jewel wrist watch.** 14 kt. white Rolled gold plate case, handsomely engraved platinoid finish top, gracefully carved sides. Fitted with **genuine Swiss movement** of the finest quality, **guaranteed** for accuracy and dependability. Every wheel, spring, screw and jewel flawlessly finished. Furnished with **two bracelets;** a black **silk grosgrain** ribbon for day wear and a **white gold** finish link bracelet for evening and party wear. **A real $20.00 value. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon.**



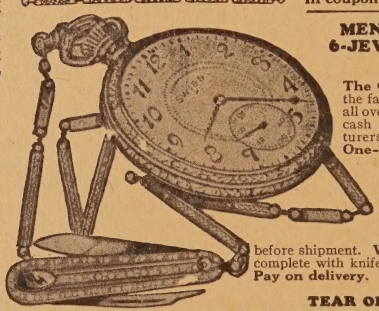
$5.99

Ball Watch the Latest Fad worn by Women in Society—Destined to become the most popular watch in America. Very decorative—dainty and is usually worn as a neckpiece. Surprise your friends by wearing one of these **6 jewel movement** Pretty Ball Watches—Fancy Enameled decorative designed case—Visible dial and a reliable timepiece. Sold at jewelers' for not less than $15.00. Get yours today for only $5.99. SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below. Written guarantee with this watch**

$4.88

New Model Up-To-Date Strap Watch

Your choice in square, rectangular or tonneau shape at same price. White Gold finish richly carved case, with **extra-fine Swiss 6 Jewel movement,** shock-proof and weather-proof. Tested and adjusted for accurate timekeeping. **Regular $18.00 value.** Radium dial and hands. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**



MEN'S DE-LUXE 6-JEWEL POCKET WATCH **$4.39**

The Greatest value ever offered. Produced by the famous watch craftsmen in Switzerland known all over the world for their quality watches. A lucky cash purchase direct from Switzerland manufacturers enables us to offer them to you of **less than One-Third** what it would cost to make them in this country. 14 Kt. Solid Gold effect case, white or green gold finish, handsomely carved sides and back. Artistic dial with **raised gold letters.** Fitted with finest quality movement, **guaranteed** to give you a lifetime's satisfaction, with **6 red ruby jewels,** thoroughly tested, regulated and adjusted before shipment. **Written guarantee with each watch.** Sold complete with knife and chain to match. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

$3.59

This Men's Pocket Watch—Knife—Chain and Pistol Cigar Lighter Combination, sold separately would retail for over $15.00.

Here's an opportunity to buy this combination for only $3.59. Pocket Watch is an extra thin model—Beautifully engraved case, white gold finish—Handsomely designed dial with vision letters—**jeweled movement** and really a perfect timepiece. Comes to you with the latest style **Waldemar chain and a fine gold plated knife.**

The Cigar Lighter charm at the other end of the chain is a unique but practical cigar lighter and will delight you because of its oddness and of its usefulness. Order this $15.00 combination today at the Bargain Price of $3.59. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in Coupon at right.**

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- ☐ **Men's Watch, Chain, Knife and Pistol-lighter** 3.59
- ☐ **Men's DeLuxe Watch Set** $4.39
- ☐ **Lifetime Precision Men's Watch** 3.99
- ☐ **New Model Up-to-Date Men's Watch.** 4.88
- ☐ **Ball Watch, latest style** 5.99

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Street .....

City ..... State .....

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

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Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

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Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

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Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

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"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

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For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

PFU—10-28

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Last Minute News of Film Affairs from All Corners of the Globe as We Go to Press

NEW YORK—Following the drastic manicuring of *The Racket*, film dealing with graft and booze running, by censors in this city and others, Howard Hughes, youthful producer of the picture, has announced that he will wage a nation-wide battle against unfair censorship. Since there are no moral grounds for suppression of the picture, Hughes avers it must have tread on sensitive political bunions.

BERLIN—Lillian Gish, the fragile film star who has been absent from the screen for some months, is here visiting with Max Reinhardt, famous German theatrical producer and leader of the futurist school, who is to direct Miss Gish in a picture in America this winter.

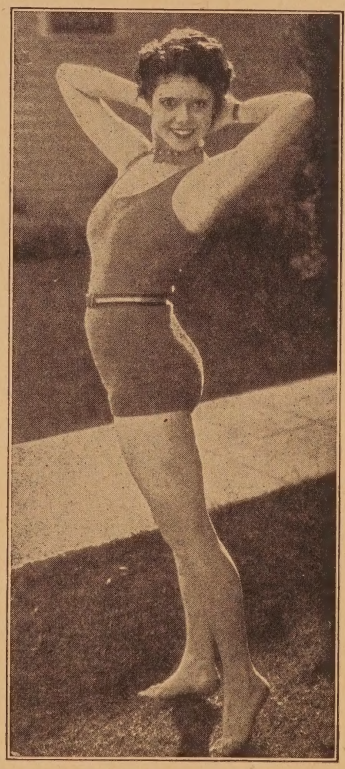
PARIS—Dolores Del Rio, her mother and Edwin Carewe, director, arrived here for a brief visit during a tour of Europe. While Hollywood gossip has it that their trip is for the purposes of matrimony, no such event has been forthcoming.

BUDAPEST—Victor Kassaj, Hungarian stage and screen actor, had made a practice of sleeping in a coffin, fearing that he would die in his sleep. His fears were realized recently when he was found dead one morning by friends.

HOLLYWOOD—*Pagan*, an original story by John Russell, who wrote "Where the Pavement Ends," one of the most successful pictures Ramon Novarro ever made, has been selected by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for his next picture.

LONDON—Scott Sidney, one of the most popular directors in Hollywood, died here recently while working on some pictures for British International. Sidney was widely known for his generosity. He helped many prominent people along with their careers, including Betty Compson and Phyllis Haver.

DEAUVILLE—Pola Negri and her husband, Prince Serge Mdivani, dropped in here recently expecting to stay a week or so at this fashionable watering place, but after two days found their villa near Paris more to their liking and returned.



Viola Richard, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, keeps in good form with her daily setting-up exercises. And you can see above what good form she keeps in.

PARIS—George K. Arthur, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comedian, is over here making a tour of battlefields familiar to him during the war, when he was a Tommy Atkins with the Forty-first British Division.

OTTAWA—May McAvoy has been sending so many replies to letters from fans in Canada, that hereafter mail is to be assessed, it was announced by the collector of internal revenue recently.

PARIS—Marie Dressler, recently celebrating her 50th anniversary here, announced that she will shortly write her autobiography giving her observations in life as she has seen it.

LOS ANGELES—Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle, wife of the famous Fatty, revived the famous scandal which was the cause of Fatty's downfall in suing for divorce. Mrs. Arbuckle also mentions cruelty. She thinks she will be able to live on $750 weekly alimony.

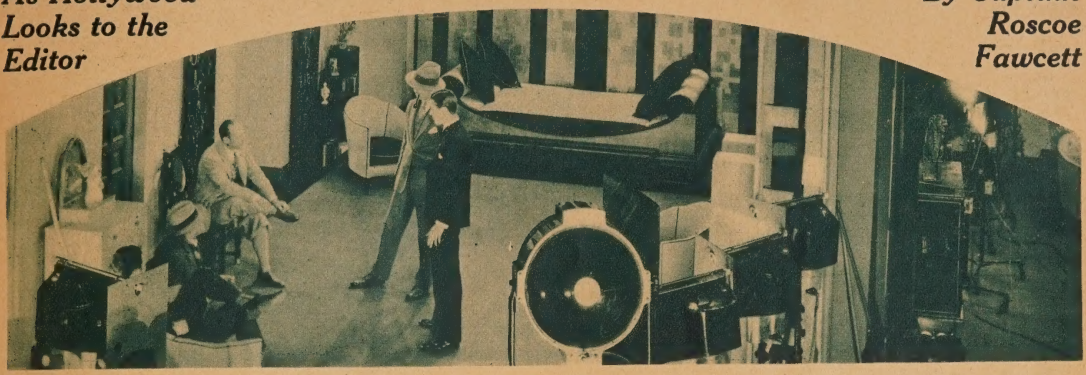
NEW YORK—Many picture stars are going into vaudeville to turn an honest penny these days. Clara Kimball Young and Charles Ray are playing the Keith circuit, Mae Murray is on Pantages time, and Roy D'Arcy is about to open an act alone over the Orpheum circuit.

UNIVERSAL CITY—Mary Philbin, popular young screen actress, and Paul Kohner, Universal official who was brought to America from Czecho-Slovakia by Carl Laemmle several years ago, have announced their engagement, and their marriage will follow shortly.

EDITORIAL

As Hollywood Looks to the Editor

By Captain Roscoe Fawcett



Roscoe Fawcett

White Shadows

SOME very interesting pictures are coming out of the Hollywood studios.

One of them is *White Shadows of the South Seas.* Nobody thinks it is just a pretty good picture. They either rave over it; or they want the author and all the actors stoned out of the city.

To me it has two very interesting points. In the first place it is based upon an extraordinary dramatic device—which I doubt if the scenarist fully realized himself.

There is a conventional "heavy" who goes villaining around the South Seas; but the real villain is you who sit in the orchestra chairs. You represent the civilization that has robbed the natives of the South Seas of their careless freedom and poetry.

Sweet Sounds

WHETHER talking pictures are a success or not, sound devices are going to bring some unsuspected singing talent to the screen. Ramon Novarro has a voice that could melt stone images. Lupe Velez can sing like a lark, and will do so in her next picture, *The Love Song.* And believe it or not, lyrics lurk in the massive chest of Wallace Beery.

Mae's Princess

MEANWHILE Hollywood has had a mild shock in discovering that the lovely Mae Murray and her Georgian prince husband have a baby 16 months old. The Los Angeles reporters are somewhat bewildered because they can't find any birth certificate; but probably they don't book heirs to Georgian thrones. Anyhow, this would seem to be Mae's affairs, and no one else need be concerned.

Mae has had the most curious experience of any star I have known in the film colony. She was ruined by her greatest picture. Her fame thrived on a long series of cat dramas in which she did nothing but show her legs and her bee-stung smile. Then she made *The Merry Widow* which was really a great picture and in which she fairly outdid herself. And, from then on, her fame went into a decline. The real trouble is—or was—that she is very hard to manage.

Mae's real genius is as a dancer and she feels, thinks and expresses everything in terms of dancing. Mae, herself, says that she is thoroughly artificial and that she represents romance, not realism. She is a girl on a magazine cover who comes to life and moves.

Producer's Day Off

IT'S AN old gag that a shoe clerk's idea of good entertainment is to go see a leg show on his evenings out. Likewise, Mack Sennett, comedy producer, relaxes from the business of making pictures by making pictures. But he admits they are all wet. He takes them under the ocean with a special device that cost him $50,000. Recently, he bagged a rare shot of a whale shark. He often goes on long underseas exploration trips off the Mexican coast. Perhaps he is looking for new mermaid material.

Still They Come

RUTH ELDER, the aviator young lady who forgot she was married when she told reporters she wasn't, is the latest product of fame to hit Hollywood. She is going to work for Paramount.

If she makes good, she will be the first of her kind that has. Every time a girl swims the English channel, wins a beauty contest, or sits on a flagpole, they grab her for the movies. And usually before she has learned how to put on her own makeup, she is on her way back home. But they continue to come.

Public Spirited

MONTA BELL, the director, who is now in charge of sound devices at the Paramount Long Island studios, has been doing the public a real service. He recently gave a talk over radio station WGL, in New York City, under the auspices of SCREEN SECRETS, explaining the process of making sound and talking pictures, a matter about which there has been much mystery.

Portraits of the Month

CLARA BOW is always bewitching, but when she looks sad and soulful like this, she is postively irresistible. She plays the part of a sailor's sweetheart, in her newest Paramount picture, "The Fleet's In." Is she thinking of her sweetheart far out on the briny?

—Hommel.

GRETA GARBO, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is again to come under the direction of Clarence Brown, who brought out her emotional fireworks so successfully in "Flesh and the Devil." Her new picture is entitled, significantly enough, "A Woman of Affairs."

Ruth Harriet Louise.

MARIE PREVOST and Thomas Meighan are seasoned troupers who recently played the finest roles of their careers in "The Racket," a Caddo production. Now Tommy has made another picture for the same organization to be known as "The Mating Call."

—*Russell Ball.*

BETTY COMPSON continues adding triumph to triumph, in a sensational comeback, after some years of absence from the screen. She has gone from "The Barker" for First National, to play the feminine lead in the Paramount picture, "The Docks of New York." —*Russell Ball.*

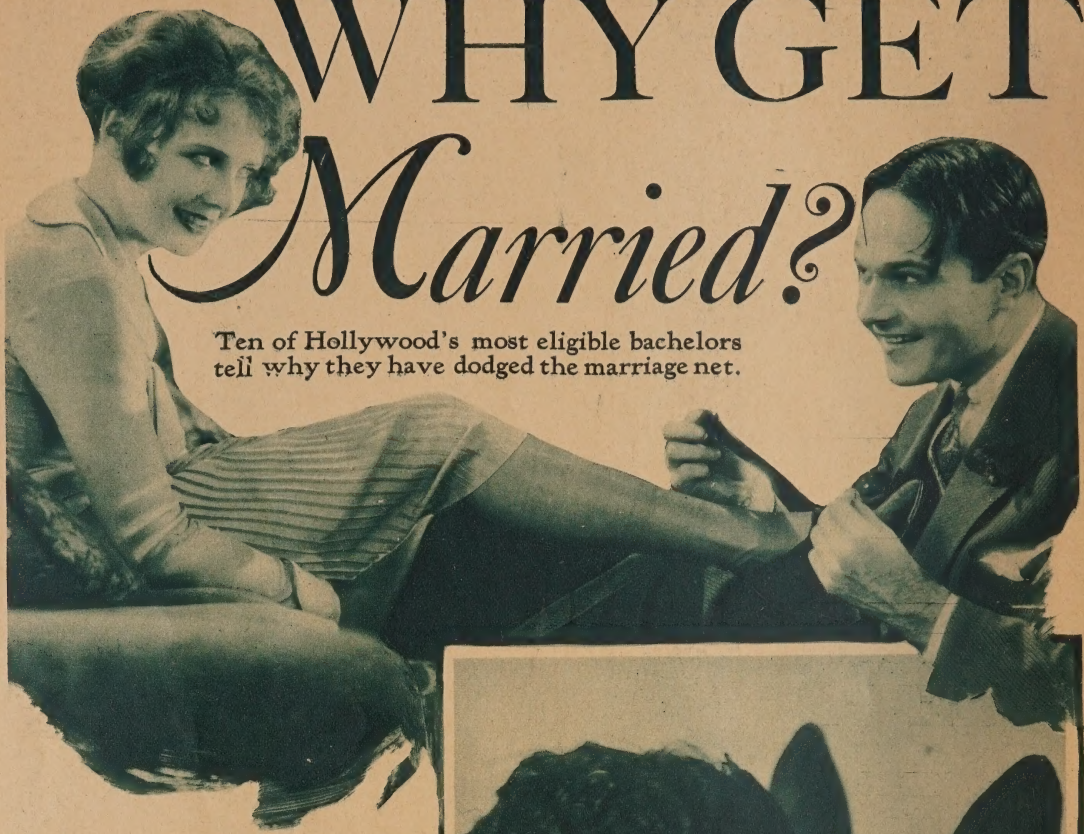
GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD, whose beauty won her many prizes before she entered motion pictures, continues to be an ornament to the screen. She has recently played leading roles in "Sporting Goods," with Richard Dix, and "The Hit of the Show," an F. B. O. production. Her husband is Robert Z. Leonard, the director.

ANITA PAGE has been in Hollywood less than a year and is already well started on the road to stardom. After playing leading roles opposite William Haines and Lon Chaney she is to have a featured role in The Lew Cody-Aileen Pringle picture, "A Single Man."

—*Ruth Harriet Louise.*

WHY GET *Married?*

Ten of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors tell why they have dodged the marriage net.



Bill Haines says you may catch him in a domestic pose like this one with Anita Page on the screen, but never in real life. "Just tell the girls I'm totally undesirable," says Bill. "Besides that, tell them I snore in my sleep."

By JACK WOOLDRIDGE

JUST write down in your little book of *Affaires d'Amour,* alongside the names of great screen lovers, "Total loss. No insurance." They don't want to be married. Their romantic roles in films may cause the pulse of countless maidens to pound like the hearts of coffee drinkers, but they must pound alone. Motion picture heroes are as gunshy (of the altar) as migrating drakes which go south each year when the leaves start falling in the big North woods.

"I'm a tramp at heart and I don't want to be tied down," says one. "I can't afford the modern girl," says another. "She's too expensive."

"I snore in my sleep," adds a third. "And I have other faults besides. Just catalogue me, please, as 'utterly undesirable.'"

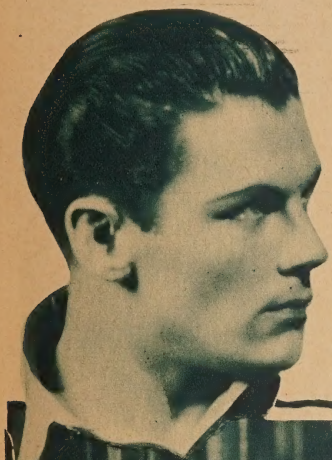
Could anything be more disconcerting for Dan Cupid? The little god of love might fill their hides with darts till they looked like human porcupines and their only response

"Buddy" Rogers says he has never had a steady girl and won't consider matrimony until he is thirty. He gets proposals through the mail nearly every day, but doesn't think the women who send them are very bright.

would be—"Don't bother me. I got something else to do. I don't wanna wife!"

And they would go their way, thoroughly disinterested. Women, in real life, play a very small part in their affairs. Out of ten of the most widely known stars and leading men I have interviewed, not one will admit any inclination whatever to remove himself from his club or bachelor quarters and take up duties as head of a house. Yet, on the screen, they make love in a way that is the envy of most every mere man in America.

"Of course—some time," they start explaining. Then they go wandering into a rhapsody about some dream girl they never expect to find this side of Paradise and certainly nowhere "west of the water tower."



George Duryea is one of those big-hearted souls who won't marry until he can give his wife an automatic dishwasher and other comforts of a modern home.

Take the case of George O'Brien, for instance. George is a star, handsome, six feet tall, an athlete. He lives in a bungalow in the winter time and has a cottage at the beach in the summer. His father is Dan O'Brien, chief of police in San Francisco. The last time George was at home, he says, his mother talked to him about this thing of getting married.

"My only reply," explains George, "is that I never have given marriage a thought. From my boyhood days I've wanted to rove, and what wife will put up with a rover? I like to go places, suddenly, hardly knowing just where I will go. Larry Kent and I were in the navy together. Between pictures, now, we head for some outlandish place just to get away. If we don't fell like speaking, we remain silent. Could any wife tolerate such a disposition?

"If, in the morning, I feel like going out into the desert, I start right away. Could I drag a girl out to such a place just to humor my sudden fancy? You see, I like to do things without giving much thought to them. Right now, I go where I want to go and please myself on how I get there. I walk, ride or sail. I have to ask no one's permission nor consider any other person's wishes. That sounds selfish. But what I want to point out is that if I were married I never would hope to make my wife accept such whims. It would make her unhappy to do so. Yet her wishes would have to be considered as her due.

"My mother is a wonderful person. My father, being a public figure in San Francisco, moves here, there and everywhere. I have always emembered him like t at. If my mother were a selfish person, she could have made life miserable for him. But whenever

Richard Dix goes tongue-tied when any girl corners him as Mary Brian has done here. "I haven't found the ideal girl yet," he says, "but when I do there won't be any blare of horns. Just a simple announcement, 'Richard Dix married Kitty Smith yesterday.' That's all."

Lane Chandler says, "How can I support a wife on a thousand a week? I could get along nicely on $4, but what modern girl could struggle along on $996?"

James Murray is a high-powered lover on the screen, but in real life he bemoans his fate with the ladies. "The ones I want don't want me, and the ones that want me I don't want. What can a fellow do?" wails James. He is whispering his regrets into the sympathetic ear of Marceline Day.

the business functions are over, dad and mother always go away for a few days to some quiet place. They understand each other. My mother has a very understanding mind. I never met a girl who seemed as though she might develop into such a woman.

"Maybe that's why I never have given serious thought to marriage. Somehow, I'm just content to drift along in a care-free way."

George says he has only vague dreams of the girl who would appeal to him as a wife. He never has imagined her very clearly. Something in his musings suggested to me that verse in Don Blanding's *Vagabond House*:

"The picture I love the best of all
Will hang alone on my studio wall
Where the sunset's glow and the moon's cold gleam
Will fall on the face and make it seem
That the eyes in the picture are meeting mine,
That the lips are curved in a fine, sweet line;
Of the wistful, tender, provocative smile
That stirred my heart for a wondrous while.
It's the sketch of a girl who loved too well
To tie me down to that bit of Hell
That a drifter knows when he finds he's held
By the soft, strong chains that passion's weld.
It was best for her and for me, I know,
That she measured our love and bade me go
For we both have our great illusions yet,
Unsoiled, unspoiled by a vain regret."

"I'm just a tramp at heart," says George O'Brien, "I love to go places suddenly without considering anyone else's wishes. And what girl would want to live with a man like that?"

Ramon Novarro says that modern girls like Marceline Day, in this picture, have changed marriage so that romance is only incidental. When he does marry, it will be someone outside the profession, he says, so that he won't be tempted to talk shop at home.

Eileen Percy agrees with him.

Would George O'Brien become sufficiently "domesticated" to forget his dreams of roving? I doubt it. A wanderlust grips some men like the painted desert grips the old prospectors who roam the vast, silent wastes with their burros.

NILS ASTHER, talented Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer leading man, is another whose delight in solitude has kept him untrammeled by love affairs. Rumor last year said he was engaged to marry Vivian Duncan, a member of the famous stage team, the Duncan Sisters. But, in a most courteous manner, he refused to comment upon the tale and the rumor died peacefully.

"I have a particular reason for not getting married," Nils said. "Essentially, I am a solitary individual. When I was a boy of fourteen or fifteen, I used to go away to an island off the coast of Sweden — an island which my parents owned. There I would stay two or three weeks at a time with only my dog as a companion. I always have loved solitude. Women are not an essential part of my life. They never have been, notwithstanding the romantic roles I play on the screen. I stayed single through choice and I think I will continue so. Permanent companionship doesn't mean much to me."

So Nils smiles, comports himself agreeably and plays at ardent love on the screen, yet with no maiden disrupting his equanimity. Still, he's a charming companion.

Ramon Novarro, one of the finest young men, in pictures, prefers to stay single, he says, until he financially is able to bring the girl into a well-ordered household and provide all material comforts. He doesn't approve of couples marrying young. "It is very much better," he adds, "to wait until both characters are formed—until each *knows* what sort of a companion the other will make. Modernism has greatly changed thoughts of marriage. Romance now is incidental. I regret that this is so but we are living in an age when other

(*Continued on page* 90)

Sennett Days

By HARRY CARR

Mack Sennett can build a new studio like the one which he is completing out in the San Fernando Valley, but he can never restore the glamour of the old huddle of shacks that cradled Hollywood's genius.

How Charlie Chaplin got his trick shoes and other anecdotes are recalled by Harry Carr who lived through the halcyon slapstick days at the old Mack Sennett Studio as publicity man.

The only time Mack Sennett ever laid aside his famous cigar was when he himself posed for a picture.

THERE can never be another studio like the old Sennett lot.

Not even the new studio in San Fernando Valley to which Sennett is moving the bathing beauties and other scenery.

He can build new concrete walls; but he cannot move the memories. It is like trying to restore the flavor of Bohemia to San Francisco after the fire. Hiring artists to paint things on the walls—replacing the sketches scrawled by the long-vanished hands of famous artists, spiflicated by too much pre-war beer.

You might as well talk of moving Hudson River or the Yosemite as moving the Sennett lot. As well might some reckless Kedive of Egypt put skids under the pyramids; or rent the Sphinx to a talking machine company.

Sennett's new studio looks like a cross between a warehouse and a national bank. The old one was a huddle—Hooligans Flats and the

One of the nameless bathing beauties of the old Sennett lot, demonstrating the sort of apparel that kept the tired business man from feeling tired in 1915.

Chester Conklin, Gloria Swanson and Mack Swain in one of those rollicking comedies of the days before comedies got refinement. This one was "A Bedroom Blunder." There doesn't seem to be any bedroom but there were plenty of blunders.

docks of Limehouse, decorated by two or three cement mountains and a mahogany office building.

A great many famous stars learned their trade in this old studio. And they didn't learn it with powder puffs or soft words either. They soared to the Olympian heights of Art with custard pies dribbling down their profiles, fire hoses tumbling them head over heels, trained dogs biting the seats out of their pants.

Genuis didn't get much pampering on the old Sennett lot.

I remember one memorable day when Mary Thurman—then the prize beauty of the studio—got fussy about her close-ups. Just then Sennett came strolling along. He had a curious habit of chewing unlighted cigars; and of strolling into crises. He surveyed the haughty and rebellious lady for a moment; then said to the director: "I'll take the close-up myself; get me some pie."

For the next quarter of an hour, Miss Thurman dribbled assorted pastry. The right side of her beautiful face ran blackberry meringue while the port side gooed lemon cream.

THIS brings to mind the shortest and fiercest rebellion I ever saw on the Sennett lot. Alice Lake, a beauteous young lady with pronounced ideas, was playing the lead opposite Ben Turpin in a burlesque of Uncle Tom's Cabin. She was in white silk tights and a ballet skirt; and had to do a dance. Possibly the party the night before had been stormy. Anyhow, Alice had no surplus pep. She said she would just stand there at rehearsal and do the dance when the camera began to click. The director, on the other hand, couldn't feel his art until she had danced at rehearsal.

When Sennett strolled in, munching his cigar end, they were standing there, glaring at each other. Alice looked as though she were posing for a statue of the French general in the act of declaring: "The Old Guard dies; but never surrenders."

Sennett beckoned the proud beauty to his side. She walked over with a final glare at the director—over her shoulder. "Alice," said Sennett sweetly, "I wanta show you something. You see that thing out there? Know what it is? That's the front gate. Let's see how quickly you can get from here to there."

Taking a leading lady out of a picture in the middle of the opus is so serious a disaster that all companies take out insurance against such cataclysms. But Sennett twisted the catastrophe into the best gag of the picture.

The only actor I ever saw get away with a case of

Ruth Taylor was a comedy cutie cutting capers for Mack Sennett before her bigger and better golddigging in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" made her famous.

Raymond Griffith was debonair in a derby in the days when he took custard pies on the pan at Mack Sennett's instigation. Raymond has since become famed as a high hat comedian but still looks back with longing on his derby days. The girl is a forgotten extra.

temperament on the Sennett lot was Teddy, the trained dog. One day they brought in a very beautiful little collie and the bathing young ladies made much of the new-comer. Teddy took one disgusted, horrified look at the love-making; stalked off the stage and sulked all day long under one of the stages.

Sennett had a special method of reducing the ego of actors who came to the lot with an already established reputation He ignored them until there were in a condition of mind where they could walk under a snake's stomach wearing a high hat.

That's what happened to Charlie Chaplin. When he first came on the lot, nobody paid the slightest attention to him. He sat around like a lonesome little boy nobody would play with. He dodged scene shifters and prop men until he was prepared to apologize for using up so much air when he breathed. One day, he wandered into an old prop room and came out with

a pair of very loose pants and a pair of very big shoes . . . both of which are now famous throughout the world.

When he finally got into a picture, the director wanted him thrown out. At that time, Ford Sterling dominated the technique of motion picture comedy. Everything was done with a rush and a swagger. Charlie, with a sort of timid, pathetic obstinacy, refused to do it that way.

Finally the harrassed director appealed to Sennett—in language which means fight unless you say it with a smile. Sennett contemplatively chewed his cigar. "Give me the megaphone," he said. Then he said to Chaplin: "Now do it your way; and let's see what you'll do." Within the next ten minutes the whole art of motion picture comedy had experienced a permanent revolution.

At this time, Mabel Normand was the queen of the studio. Mabel was a holy terror. One day she was working on a set with about 200 extras. One of these Hollywood scandalmongers was hovering around her, discussing—perhaps I should say dissecting—the reputation of an exceedingly haughty young lady acting in the picture. Suddenly Mabel stopped him with a gesture. "Oh Helen—Hel-en," Mabel yelled across the set. Then as 200 people turned to look, she shrieked, "This man wants to know if you are a pure girl—how about it?" The young lady's name, by the way, was not really Helen; so you need not strain your memory.

I don't remember the name of the actor to whom this happened; he has long since sunk beneath the gory sea of motion picture oblivion. But at the moment, he thought pretty well of himself. Especially of his shining row of front teeth.

One day a worried business manager stopped Sennett on one of his peregrinations around the lot. "This feller, Mr. Blank, he wants a raise of salary. Everybody's been writing him letters about his beautiful teeth."

Sennett chewed his cigar in a baleful manner for a while. Then he said:

(*Continued on page 74*)

The lasting friendship between Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost started when they were both struggling up the stony road to stardom via the slapstick route.

Ford Sterling as one of those famous, never-to-be-forgotten Keystone Cops. Comedians come and go but the memory of their antics remains undimmed in the memories of all fans.

Just A Good Little *Bad Girl*

That's Phyllis Haver all over. She likes to play bad girls on the screen because they're colorful, but at home she's death on orgies.

By CHARLES DARNTON

Phyllis Haver favors the light touch in playing bad girl roles. She's just about to make one of those touches and not such a light one either in the above scene from her latest picture, "The Battle of the Sexes."

IN GOING to see Phyllis Haver at her home in Hollywood you have to watch your step. This precaution, let me hasten to explain, is necessary simply for the reason that, in lieu of a paved walk, only stepping stones nestling in the virgin grass lead to her door.

Within that door you will find Miss Haver ready to defend Hollywood with her first breath, militant to keep it chaste, armed to hold it pure. Not that the exceedingly fair Phyllis is one to put a nightgown on the Venus de Milo. She is no prude. But she's death on orgies.

"You hear a lot about Hollywood orgies," she said to me, almost accusingly, "but have you ever seen one?"

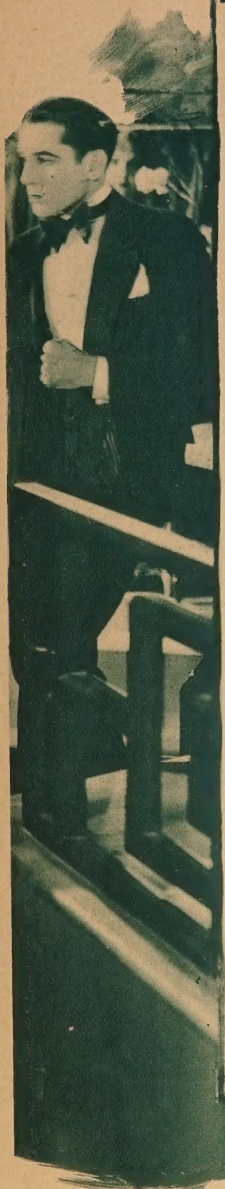
Regretfully, I shook my head.

"Of course you haven't!" she triumphed. "Neither have I. Perhaps there are a few parties now and then, and maybe some of them are a bit—well, lively. But I don't go to parties. I stay home and read a book."

(No; I didn't ask what book.)

"I've heard so much about Hollywood orgies that I'd like to see what one is like," confided Miss Haver, brightening. "But I don't believe I could find one even if I tried. Movie people have to work too hard to be staying up all hours of the night. I'm up at six or six-thirty every morning, and as a rule I don't get away from the studio before six or seven in the evening. So by nine or half-past I'm so tired I go to bed."

"What makes outsiders think Hollywood gives wild



Phyllis Haver's legs might have carried her a long way in Sennett comedies where she got her start. It was in that hard school, she says, where she learned a sense of character, playing everything from mermaids and butcher boys to an old man with a beard.

parties?" I earnestly inquired.

"I don't know," confessed Miss Haver, with a hopeless gesture. "You'd almost think from the awful things you hear, that Hollywood was a painted banner of scarlet."

I was reveling in this highly colored phrase when its creator sighed:

"It's such an effort to hold your head above water and keep swimming through the dreadful scandals that are circulated! Scandal hurts. There may be a far worse scandal next door, but if movie people don't happen to live there you never hear of it."

Meditating on the truth of this, with its bitter reminder that there is no justice in the world, I was sinking into a morbid state when the helpful lady beside me on the sofa pulled me up with:

"FANTASTIC! Of course," she reflected, "Hollywood *is* a fantastic city in one sense. It is made so by its movie studios and its picture people. But in other respects it is no different from other cities."

"Do you imagine that its divorces can possibly make it seem different?" I asked.

"No," was her placid reply. "Hollywood divorces can't have any effect—except to be interesting. Hollywood is really a very simple, quiet place. All it misses is having the curfew ring at nine every night."

She gave me a mocking smile, instead of the laugh,

and I settled back with a pleasant realization of her Irish sense of humor.

"You know as well as I do," she said, in all seriousness, "that Hollywood is in a class by itself, the only city of its kind in the world, and interesting to the whole world because it is a movie city. It lives, breathes, thinks and talks movies. Even the people who haven't anything to do with the studios are colored by the life here. It's in the air. How can it help but be? A girl standing in front of the high school sees a famous star rolling by in her car and yearningly says: 'Oh, I want to be a great movie star!' This is only natural. There's hardly a girl or woman in the world who wouldn't like to be an actress. She may not admit it, but the idea is there just the same—in the back of her head. And that's Hollywood!"

PHYLLIS HAVER ought to know if anyone does, for she is a real Hollywood girl. She came to this throbbing nerve center, if you care to know—and of course you do—when she was two years old. How long ago was that? Let's see—well, she's more than seven.

My absorbing love of the picturesque led me to ask whether Hollywood, when first her blue eyes grew round with wonder at it, was a place of orange and lemon groves and cowpaths.

"Orange and lemon groves, yes," she informed me, "but no cowpaths."

A mental picture of little Phyllis skipping blithely along a cowpath with a shining milk pail swinging from her dimpled arm was—like so many Hollywood pictures — out. But there was consolation in the roseate present.

"Kiss and make up," is Phyllis Haver's golden rule on the screen. Only she puts the makeup on first. Above, preparing for her big court scene in "Chicago."

This pose shows Phyllis Haver's unstudied charm. Doesn't she look like the kind of girl you'd pick to preside over the ice cream booth at the church social?

Today Phyllis Haver is like a young Lillian Russell. Yet in her blond magic there is no touch of the professional beauty. She has the unstudied charm of the radiant amateur. Nor does she in the least suggest the seductive man-trapper she so frequently bodies forth on the screen. Indeed, it may be said that her body does

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SO THIS IS *Hollywood*

By ANNE HOWE

Ronald Colman, Herbert Brenon and Lili Damita are not just reading a book. They are going over scenes in Joseph Conrad's "The Rescue" which they are making into a picture for Samuel Goldwyn.

Clara Bow thought she'd die—Now D. W.—Camera! the Queen!—He saw the light—Raoul beats the game—Beauty marred—Which is Lon?—and other gay gossip.

CLARA BOW has always been accredited with a lot of quick and ready wit but here's the latest. She was speeding down a busy boulevard when one of the harness police asked her where she thought she was going. "I don't think," said Clara, "I know." The officer smiled cause Clara did and asked, "You're in a pretty big hurry, aren't you?" "Yes," Clara replied, "but it's a matter of life and death." The smile left the officer's lips and tenderly he suggested, "Someone at home ill?" "Not yet," said Clara, "but my sweetie is calling at eight and if I'm not there I'll miss him and if I do I'll die." With that she stepped on the gas and was off with the officer straddling his motorcycle and scratching his head.

LEW CODY was determined not to be outshone when he kept a dinner engagement with Mayor Jimmy Walker at a Hollywood hotel the past summer.

Resplendent in a purple-heather suit, white spats, with all the haberdashery trimmings, the M-G-M star primped before his mirror before setting forth.

When Lew walked into the hotel dining room, the dapper Gotham mayor, greeted him beamingly.

He, too, had on a purple-heather suit, white spats and had enough haberdashery innovations to spot Cody at least four rainbows.

"Next time you get a new suit tell your tailor not to be so loquacious!" grinned Walker

Doris Hill, Lane Chandler and Mary Brian getting a taste of life on the briny. They were guests on the airplane carrier U. S. S. Lexington during manoeuvers in Los Angeles harbor recently.

Action! Camera! A glimpse behind the scenes on the set of Henry King the director is shouting orders into the loud Roland at

Camera! The Queen

THE irrepressible Queen Marie of Rumania, greatest barnstormer of them all, is up to things again. Now she is willing to treat the world to a vision of her regal beauty on the screen and has sent her legal representative to Hollywood to welcome eager producers with offers.

But Marie has definite ideas about her screen appearance. First of all she wants to write the scenario herself. Which goes to prove that even queens have their little weaknesses. Then she wants the cameramen to jaunt over to Rumania to shoot the scenes in which she will appear, in her native habitat. Furthermore she insists that she appear only in the prologue and epilogue and not as one of the principal characters. The Queen requests that the picture be dedicated, to the tune of *Hearts and Flowers,* to "all the little children of America."

When Queen Marie was here on her triumphal tour a year or so ago, she was besieged with film offers. But that was then. Now the producers are remaining calm and cool and refuse to be stampeded by the Queen's generous offer, or even moved by the touching sentiment of the dedication of her great work of art.

Now D. W.

THE smart thing in Hollywood nowadays since divorce has lost its novelty, is to be reconciled to your former wife. Now rumors have it that D. W. Griffith, the eminent producer, has effected a reconciliation with Mrs. Linda Griffith, from whom he has been estranged lo, these many years. But D. W. says it is simply more Hollywood talk and that he and his wife are "just good friends."

He Saw the Light

JOHN GILBERT, sitting on a dais for a close shot in the making of *The Mask of the Devil,* suddenly looked up to see a huge arc lamp weighing several hundred pounds suspended perilously just above his head.

"Say," he called to one of the electricians, "I hope that thing doesn't fall on me."

"So do I," retorted the electrician, "I've just put fresh carbons in it."

Norma Talmadge's latest picture, "A Woman Disputed." speaker. Norma, in peasant costume, is chatting with Gilbert the right.

Raoul Beats the Game

RAOUL WALSH, director of *What Price Glory?* and *Sadie Thompson,* who also played the part of the marine in the latter picture, has hit on a new way to outwit the high cost of matrimony. Raoul recently slipped away to Mexico and was married to Lorraine Helen Walker, who is not a movie actress, at Agua Caliente, a new resort near Tia Juana. Alan Dwan and Mrs. Dwan stood up with the couple while the ceremony was performed before a Mexican judge. Stopping at the roulette tables in Tia Juana on the way home, Raoul was favored by the smiles of the goddess of chance and picked up the neat sum of about $18,000 in a few hours' play, which he figures will be enough to give him a flying start on the matrimonial highway. The couple returned to the new movie colony at Malibu Beach for their honeymoon.

Beauty Marred

CAROL DEMPSTER, whose beauty has brightened many a picture, may never appear on the screen again. She was recently injured in an automobile accident at Carmel and may carry life long scars as a result.

Agnes Ayres is free again. Now that her divorce from S. Manuel Reachi has finally become effective, she is contemplating a return to the screen in the near future.

Which Is Lon?

NO ISSUE is complete without one Lon Chaney joke. It happened on a jungle set made for *West of Zanzibar* at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. There was a lady visitor from Des Moines. Crocodiles were raising their unbelievable beaks from the mud, hippopatami were wallowing. Pelicans were filling their pouches.

"And which," asked the sweet-faced lady visitor, "is Lon Chaney?"

Lupe Velez and Dolores Del Rio represent two opposite types of Latin beauty. Lupe is all vitality and active vivacity. But Dolores gives that sense of smoldering danger impression that underneath her calm repose is a volcano of emotion.

Sophisticated Youth

SCREEN romance holds few thrills for Junior Coghlan, ten-year-old Pathe juvenile. The other day he was watching Director Spencer Bennet rehearsing George Duryea and Virginia Bradford for some very tender love scenes. They kissed and they cooed again and again while the director directed. Junior looked on with wrapt interest. At last he sighed and said:

"Gosh, those two certainly do earn their money!"

Not long ago when Junior himself was enacting an emotional scene, he was seized with a sudden fit of squirming. He wiggled and jumped as though afflicted with a sudden attack of St. Vitus dance. He was rushed to the emergency hospital where a cursory examination revealed a vagrant toad concealed inside his shirt.

Hard for Elaine

THE way of the film aspirant is hard, as evidenced by an unusual suit brought by Elaine Towne against a drug store and a beauty parlor. Elaine had ambish. But her hair was a golden brown. A casting director told Elaine that gentlemen film customers preferred them blonde. So Elaine set out to be a blonde. She went to a drug store and they gave her a preparation which turned her hair black. Then the drug store rushed her to a beauty parlor to have her made a blonde according to specifications, says Elaine. But imagine her embarrassment, she declares, when her hair turned green! This horrible experience, Elaine feels, should be worth $15,000 of the drug store's and beauty parlor's money to her.

A SAILOR'S *Sweetie*

Clara Bow is a naughty lass who loves a nautical lad in her newest picture, *The Fleet's In.*

"HEY, girls! The fleet's in. And Trixie Deane (Clara Bow), bewitching dance-hall queen, goes down to the sea with quips to urge the boys in blue to shake a wicked shoe at the Roseland Dance Palace.

Trixie then meets Eddie Bates (James Hall). She doesn't want him, but she can't leave him alone, so finally she vamps another sailor just to make him jealous.

This brings on the big fight scene and Eddie is arrested. But Clara, woman-like, rushes to his defense, and the judge who would have given Eddie ninety days, deals out a life sentence instead when Clara suggests that they be married on the spot.

"Let the best man come and get me," says Clara Bow to James Hall, (above), and Jack Oakie, (left), her sailor sweethearts. Clara plays the part of Trixie Deane, a dance-hall queen in "The Fleet's In."

THE SILENT

This is the way words look in voice tests for talking pictures. Those who are speaking are John Gilbert, Louise Fazenda, Buddy Rogers, Dolores Costello and Greta Garbo.

Sound pictures and talking pictures are all the talk in Hollywood. They are causing consternation among the actors and producers. What will be the outcome?

By MARY SHARON

ON THE very spot where less than a scant twelve years ago, Tom Ince made pictures against a background of crudely-painted canvas flats in the glare of a blazing sun, is arising a huge white building, looking very much like a warehouse.

It is a temple of the new art.

Within, there is the silence of the tomb. Footsteps fall without a sound. Voices are muffled to a whisper. Even the clicking cameras are enclosed in sound-proof boxes. There are a dozen such stages springing up all over Hollywood—studios for the making of pictures that speak, pictures that make sounds.

The silent drama is silent no longer.

In obscure laboratories men are working feverishly, working with moving needles and sensitive discs, with miracles of sound that change to light and back to sound again.

And these little waves of sound, these little rays of light are causing Hollywood's first earthquake.

In the palatial mansions of the stars hidden among the palms along the boulevards, in the cheap one-

Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, registering her voice for talking pictures at the same time that the camera registers her expression. Voice tests are now as important as screen tests in casting for pictures.

DRAMA *SPEAKS*

"DO YOU REALLY?"

"DONT SHOOT!"

"I LOVE YOU"

room apartments where extras struggle for a living and dream of fame, in executive offices where lights burn far into the night, where plans change from day to day, on the sets where men are working feverishly to meet the emergency, there is one absorbing topic of conversation—sound pictures—talking pictures.

Where are they going? What will they do to pictures?

Everyone has a different answer, but no one knows.

In theatres all over the country crowds are going to mediocre pictures that make sounds, bad pictures that talk in preference to good pictures that are silent. Perhaps out of curiosity, perhaps drawn by the novelty. But they go. And producers must fill the demand.

Seasoned and sophisticated theatre-goers laugh at the crude efforts in a new field. But they talk about talking pictures. And their friends go, too.

Meanwhile, what is happening in Hollywood? Chaos, bewilderment, upheaval. And feverish activity. While the public wants talking pictures and sound pictures they are going to get them, going to get as good ones as can be produced in the rush to satisfy the demand.

BUT everything that the movies have built up in their energetic years of existence, threatens to go down like a pack of cards before the avalanche. Millions of dollars worth of equipment for the making of silent pictures must be scrapped. What will become of the names of stars built up by costly publicity if new ones must be substituted in talking pictures? What will be done

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DAN CUPID'S BULLETIN BOARD

BACLANOVA

LEARNING FAST

BACLANOVA, the fascinating Russian character actress, is an apt pupil in the ways of Hollywood. She had been only a short time in the film colony when she took steps to discard her husband, a business man of Moscow. And now, in the ways of Hollywood, she is said to be a principal in a new romance. Rumors indicate that she is engaged to a countryman, Nicholas Soussanian, who plays character roles at the Paramount studio where Baclanova also works.

NO PUBLICITY

HAPPY marriages bring no publicity, but there are many of them in Hollywood nevertheless. There are Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, who recently celebrated their first anniversary of happy married life. There are Eileen Percy and her husband, Ulrich Busch, who not long ago marked the completion of nine years of domestic bliss. King Vidor and his wife have returned from a joyful tour of Europe.

CUPID LOSES

MRS. WILLIAM FARNUM, wife of the erstwhile popular screen star, says that she is just the wrong angle of the eternal triangle and has applied for separate maintenance.

Virginia Browne Faire has sued for divorce from Jack Dougherty, the former husband of Barbara La Marr, claiming that he was temperamental and unpleasant.

Anna Q. Nilsson is no longer engaged to Ernest C. Krause, Los Angeles realtor, according to reports, but they are still good friends.

Helene Costello, daughter of Maurice Costello, one of the favorites of the screen in years gone by, has been awarded a divorce from John Regan.

Peggy Prior has sued Theodore von Eltz for divorce, claiming cruelty. Peggy says her husband stayed out late at nights and called her names.

Louise Lorraine has sued Art Acord, film cowboy, for divorce.

CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

CUPID SCORES

PAULINE GARON, who was once the wife of Lowell Sherman, is going about with "Skeets" Gallagher, who made such a hit in *The Racket*.

Audrey Ferris, 1928 Wampas baby star, and Warner Brothers ingenue, may soon wed Carl Laemmle, Jr., son of the president of Universal pictures, and himself a director.

Marion Nixon and Ben Lyon have swapped slave bracelets. Which may, or may not mean anything.

Rumors of Janet Gaynor's engagement to Lydell Peck, young San Francisco bachelor, flared up, when the latter visited Janet and her mother at Del Monte.

Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan, reconciled just before their divorce decree became final, are enjoying a second honeymoon at their beach cottage at Malibu.

Ralph Graves and Virginia Goodwin, society girl, recently let it be known that they have been married since last April.

AUDREY FERRIS

DOLORES DEL RIO

WEDDING BELLS?

DOLORES DEL RIO, her mother, Edwin Carewe and his brother, and Finis Fox, are going on a trip to Europe, but not to make a picture as was first announced. The other possibility that remains is that they may be going abroad for matrimonial purposes. Both of them are now free, having received their final decrees from their respective mates some time ago. Both deny that they will marry.

OVER THE WATERMELON

WHEN Nate Watt, supervisor for Caddo, first met Jeanne Vachen, all he could see was her eyes. The rest of her face was hidden behind a large-sized piece of watermelon. But the eyes must have had "it", for Watt was greatly intrigued. They were married recently and are now embarked on a honeymoon trip.

Little Eva Ascends

the movie heaven without the aid of pull or pulleys. The rest of her name is Von Berne and she's going to play opposite John Gilbert in *The Mask of the Devil.*

By DOROTHY CARTWRIGHT

NOW about this chappie, John Gilbert, he's not so hot—if you ask Eva Von Berne. Because when she was back in Vienna and she went to see his pictures, she didn't notice him at all—she was all eyes for Garbo. Greta, you see, is—well, she is jus' wonderful! Still, Jack is Eva's favorite actor, because he—well, he was jus' wonderful in *The Big Parade;* and anyhow he *is* very nice on the screen; and so are Ronald Colman and and then Norma Talmadge and Norma Shearer—and Lon Chaney. As for actresses, Greta first, of course; isn't Marion Davies the *sweetest* thing?

This, dear readers, is Eva Von Berne broadcasting—little Eva from Vienna, who is now John Gilbert's new leading lady. Eva was ever so willing to tell us all about everything, only she has been in America just a scant month, and never spoke a word of English until she left her Viennese salons. And, of course, my German vocabulary of "Donner blitzen!" "Ich liebe dich," and "Du bist verucht," didn't help even as much as that so-called "universal language" known as French.

"I play sweet little girls now," says Eva, "but I will play sophisticated roles when I have had more experience."

Anyhow, she had quite a lot to say; because at just eighteen—last week was her birthday!—girls usually have lots to talk about.

Waiting for Eva at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, I hardly knew what to expect. The appointment was for lunch at twelve, and I was there. Eva wasn't. The studio sent out an S. O. S. Everybody had seen her on a stage, or entering her dressing room, or "somewhere on the lot." One individual, more definite, said, "Aw, I saw her walking along the side of the building, gazing——" He demonstrated a skyscraper stare, and finished with a shrug—"Oh, you know how she walks along, always in a daze."

Suddenly catching a high sign that a publicity person was in their midst, he commented enthusiastically, "It does beat me how that kid understands the lingo! Why, just last week we were

John Gilbert and Eva Von Berne, his new leading lady, are being introduced by Ralph Forbes, shortly after Eva's arrival in Hollywood. Eva had seen John before in pictures in Vienna but she didn't remember what he looked like. She was too busy watching Greta Garbo.

making passes at her to make her savvy; but now she's talking all over the place."

We found Eva being towed off by a "still man" to have pictures taken in a garden with a Russian orchestra. When reminded of the luncheon engagement, she shrugged expressively toward the possessive cameraman and asked, "Vell, vat *I* can do?" The picture had to be taken, and that was that. I watched.

Funny child, that Eva. She really is a child. Eighteen isn't very old, and into the two years she has been out of the convent she hasn't crowded much worldly experience. Between poses, she made faces at the camera, imitated a Charleston expert, and threatened to bang a Russian zither over a defenseless masculine head.

IN THE M-G-M commissary, at last, Little Eva popped whole crackers into her mouth while studying the menu; and when food was brought she attacked it vigorously. Her lunch consisted of a non-fattening salad and unbuttered toast; for at 120 pounds she cannot afford to put on weight. She is only five feet three inches tall. And while we're describing her, we must mention one of those velvet complexions that are found only in books—and in Vienna. A light dusting of powder and just a little rouge on her beautifully shaped lips is her only makeup. Her cheeks have a natural rose tint. Her eyebrows are, I'd venture, the loveliest in all Hollywood. Soft, slender, unplucked, and of a deep reddish brown, they are an artist's dream. Her expressive hazel eyes are fringed with thick, though not especially long, dark lashes. Her hair, which is shoulder-length, was rolled up under her hat. Eva is slender and well proportioned, for she has always engaged in sports—riding, swimming, tennis, and (here's one on the American flappers) boxing. Her legs, like those of most Teutons, are a bit too large for the rest of her. You may remember that it was Camilla Horn's legs, exceptionally beautiful for a German girl, that singled her out from the extra ranks and made her a leading lady.

LITTLE EVA didn't win by a leg. Her face was her fortune. As the daughter of a Viennese army officer, she moved in the best Continental social circles—which meant that she often got her picture in the paper. On her

The House of Von Pletzner—Eva became Von Berne for picture purposes, because it's easier to say and takes less space in the papers—was divided against itself. Papa Von heard this racket about the movies and shouted the Austrian equivalent of "No!" But, says Eva, "Always in my own home I do what I want. So I tell him, 'Say, beeg man, I *go!*' Then I come to America all alone, and I do not then know one word of English. It was very hard at first." Eva didn't bother to study an English grammer, either, because, "Always I hear nothing *but*, and so very quick I learn."

The studio is all het up over Little Eva. John Gilbert thinks she's great. Everybody else raves over the way she photographs and about the sincerity of her acting. All are vague about whether or not she is to be another Garbo.

Says Little Eva: "When I comb my hair back, and dress like Garbo, I look like her. I am very much like her in some ways. But in this picture I do not play Garbo. I play *sweet* little girl, and when Jack make love to me I all time say, ' hate, hate, hate you!' and push him away. That is very hard!" She smiled mischievously before adding, "Later in the picture we make love differently."

EVEN so, Little Eva doesn't get a thrill from being made love to by Jack—she says. Because, after all, acting is just acting, and she is supposed to portray a definite role which does not permit the intrusion of personal feelings. She does not know how good a lover John is in his leisure hours, because he has never made love to her. Would she like him to? Little Eva shrugged indifferently. She isn't so sure even yet that he's so hot. But she likes him very much—sometimes better in person than on the screen. Only he's very difficult, because some days, he speaks so kindly and acts so nice, and the next day he doesn't see Little Eva at all. Temperamental, that's what!

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Is Eva dreaming of her sweetheart in Austria? Below she is listening to John Gilbert's playing.

honeymoon abroad, Norma Shearer noticed Eva's photograph and said, "What a beautiful young girl!" And so, dear readers, Little Eva became a motion picture actress across the sea—just like that! She couldn't come to America with Miss Shearer and Irving Thalberg, because she had to arrange her passport and gain parental consent.

Vilma Banky Was AFRAID OF *Strange Faces*

Vilma Banky spent her tranquil childhood amid scenes like this at the family estate on the Hungarian countryside.

Vilma Banky couldn't face a theater audience. That's why she preferred the silent drama. American fans are thankful

By HELEN STARR

HAD it not been for a curious complex, American picture goers might have been deprived of the attractions of one of their favorite feminine stars.

Vilma Banky had never known care during her peaceful childhood until war cast its darkening shadow over the Hungarian countryside.

Chaos followed. The old order changed. Vilma decided she must do something if her parents were to be kept from want. Friends suggested that she seek a career on the speaking stage.

"No! No!" she cried, "I should be frightened by all the strange faces and run from them!"

So Vilma did not go on the stage. But when an opportunity came to enter the movies, where there was no audience of strange faces to frighten the actress, she accepted it.

Much of Vilma's charm is due to her tranquility.

Vilma, with Ronald Colman, in one of the unforgettable scenes from "The Magic Flame." Below, Vilma is snatching a moment of rest at home after a hard day at the studio.

Her life began peacefully, joyfully. The landscape of her childhood was bounded on a sloping hilly horizon by vineyards, hung heavy in luscious purple wealth. And her nursery fables were heard beneath her father's broad orchards in native Hungary. In California, now, she sees other trees in flowering time, and is reminded of her childhood. And of examining the first hard, green plums and apples with her little brother, Gyula and saying, "This one is yours, Gyula, when it is ripe, and that one is mine!"

The amusements of those days were simple and sweet. The children of her own small village of Nagydorg did not go to theatres to puzzle over phantasms of realism. Instead, boatloads of little ones floated lazily down the blue river Danube until they reached Margherita Isle, where picnics were spread on the soft, mossy turf. Or they climbed through the valleys and up the winding paths of the Dakony Mountains. In the winter there was ice skating over the blue frozen rivers.

In Hungary, ordinary lessons were taught the lovely daughter of Johann Konsics Banky during the morning hours. During the afternoons, the school system provided that ambitious parents who wished their children to be proficient in music, the languages, embroidery, the frosting of cakes and other special household arts could

pay special fees for these. Katalin Konsics Banky wished her daughter Vilma to have the advantage of all the accomplishments the Hungarian educational system afforded, and so Vilma invested both morning and afternoon hours at school.

IN THE face of such a tedious stretch of schooling, how wonderful it was to live in a country where wandering Hungarian gypsies were always loitering about the town, playing fascinating airs on their violins to thrill little school girls. And Sundays, Vilma's father took the family to the garden restaurants just outside of town where they heard real concerts and could sip sweet wine if they chose.

As a bureau chief under the old Franz Josef Austro-Hungarian Empire, Johann Konsics Banky and the family enjoyed an established social position in the official set at the capital. There were many gay affairs in the cosmopolitan brilliant life and life ebbed along with no ripple of discord to mar its surface.

Then the war, with its tumbling money values, and the fruit-tree-dotted Banky country place was sacri-

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Vilma, and her husband, Rod La Rocque, are like two children when they are alone together in their Hollywood home. Below, Vilma and Rudolph Valentino in "Son of the Sheik."

Paris needs new faces, says Rene de la Seine. In the gay cafes of the city of dreams, such as the one pictured above, there are always the same cocottes with the same unquenchable thirst, the same entertainers, the same stolid waiters, even the same tourists.

Movie Gossip from GAY PAREE

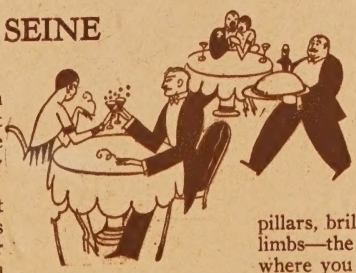
Peggy Joyce steps out—the Prince of Wales looks bored—one dances then swims at the Lido-Venice—Biarritz holds memories—and other bits from the boulevards.

By RENE DE LA SEINE

PARIS

EVERY time I return to Paris from New York—at least of recent years—I am assailed by the same conviction that the town needs new blood, new amusements, new faces.

New York is always new, except for permanent monuments like Texas Guinan and Morris Gest, but Paris for five years hasn't changed by even a bartender. Exactly the same tourists are trotting up and down the Rue de la Paix as bought first-class minimum last year.



Just to satisfy myself that I was right about it, I made the rounds the night I arrived. We had crossed on the *Ile de France,* the French Line's floating exposition of *art nouveau,* and we were a bit fed up on red-and-gold pillars, brilliant carpets and nude ladies with swollen limbs—the ladies, of course, are the statues. Everywhere you go on the *Ile* a grotesque statue bobs up

to soothe or irritate, according to how many drinks you have had.

Peggy Joyce called me and said we were going out. I said well, I was pretty tired. "Too tired to go out with me? asked Peggy, wistfully.

So there you are, and there was I, with a white waistcoat and tie and tails, sitting with Peggy and David at a front-row table at the Ambassadeurs Restaurant in the Champs-Elysée, the place that has nothing French about it but the prices.

Clifton Webb, the indefatigable—he has only just finished a tour with Bee Lillie —was starring, doing his usual getting-bigger-and-smaller stunt which he has worked successfully for five years. The chorus was mostly English but very lissome and pretty. There was particularly a little brunette—but Peggy's eye was on me.

AN AUTOGRAPH hunter hurried up, secured Peggy's signature and was hurrying on in her feverish way when Peggy stopped her. "How about getting these gentlemen to sign?" she asked. "I'm sorry, but I only want celebrities," said the girl.

Well . . . . *Passe encore* for David, who is only an Earl, but if that girl had known who *I* was!

And the next day the papers had it: "Peggy Joyce to marry Earl Northesk." Now, whichever and why, and how? Would you like me to lay you some odds?

"Now where?" I asked David, who knows Paris so much better than I do.

"Well," said his lordship, after a period of weighty thought, "there's the . . ."

"Perroquet," said Peggy and I.

"Exactly. Albert will give us a good table."

It was a fête when we went in. Dear old Albert nearly exploded, he was so full of good-will and welcome. The only thing he didn't do was set up the drinks. Peggy's $300,000 diamond (that was the reason for the tails-and-white-waistcoats) made a brave display at the best table in the room.

Portly Tecktonius, the pianist who is to marry, so I hear, Mrs. Galloway, of Memphis, and who is the guide and ciceron to title-hunting Americans was at next table. "The town is empty," said he. By which I took it that the collegians had returned to the Ritz Bar and that Deauville was enjoying *son plein*.

"Let's go to Deauville," said Peggy.

"Right-O," agreed his lordship.

"I shall go to Touquet," I said, firmly, but regretfully.

You see I spent *last* August in Deauville. And am still paying my debts.

After a magnum of champagne at the Perroquet there was the big problem, the everlasting problem of Paris. What's the next place?

David's mouth opened to frame a word, and Peggy sighed.

"Oh, *all* right," she said. "We'll spend an hour there—no more."

WHEN we got to Florence's, which is the stuffiest, most expensive, most crowded, stupidest and smartest place in Paris—after two a. m.—we found the town was well ahead of us. The usual celebrities, the usual champagne, the usual inebriates, the inevitable Florence, black and husky as ever. The Prince of Wales was in a corner, looking very, very bored. Well, if you will do this *every* night—

That was a pretty girl with him. A new one. Blonde and—of course—tall. The Prince won't dance unless his head just arrives at the second strand of his partner's necklace.

He nodded to David and bowed to Peggy. Not a gleam for me. Which *I* call rank ingratitude, considering the fact that I've been trying to make him famous all these years.

Later he came over, said he expected to cross to Canada and New York in the winter and include in his itinerary, perhaps, Havana.

"He's an awfully nice boy," said Peggy, who is original.

"Rather a pipper," agreed the Earl.

"Let's go home," said Peggy. "There's nobody here."

I rolled over to Zelli's, having put my celebrities in a buccaneering taxicab driven by a woman, and found Joe rubbing his hands as he surveyed the debauch of thirty or forty collegians, all very noisy and rumpled. Every party had "the royal box."

"Ah, here's Réné," said Joe, jovially. "How's New York? Here, show Monsieur de la Seine to the royal—"

"Joe," I said. "I'm going to have a drink at the *bar* with *you*."

"Not such a very good season," said Joe, when we were served. "Not as good as last year. That crash in the market did it, I expect. Still—"

(*Continued on page* 79)

Peggy Joyce, who takes a jaunt through the Parisian cafes with our correspondent. And the next morning she announces her engagement to the Earl of Northesk.

Hollywood Hates Me Says Tom Mix

Tom Mix with his little daughter, Thomasina, and his wife, Victoria Forde Mix. He lives only for them, he says.

Not the real Hollywood, but the Hollywood of parasites who live on luxury. But he doesn't care. He has his friends—and his horse.

By SPEED KENDALL

FIFTEEN years ago he had two possessions—a horse and happiness.

Today, he is rated better than a millionaire. He has everything wealth can provide. He has a mansion with few equals, nestled in a six-acre estate in beautiful Beverly Hills.

He has a yacht. He has $75,000 worth of automobiles parked in his garage. He has antiques worth thousands of dollars. He still has his horse—one of his best friends.

But happiness has broken loose from his corral with the speed of a wild mustang.

He is Tom Mix, the internationally known cowboy of the films, who has rubbed shoulders with everybody from kings to ranch hands.

(*Continued on page 97*)

An imposing array of celebrities gathered at the Ambassador for a farewell party to Marion Davies. Those in the picture are, standing, Charles Crouch, Ed Hatrick, Isabel O'Neill, Mrs. Don Alvarado, Miss Rene Dowras, William Haines, Roger Davis, Pickford, Mrs. Moore, Anita Murray, Marion Davies, Molly O'Day, Charles Chaplin, Adela Rogers St. John, Gloria Swanson, Barum, John Moore, Jimmy Murphy, and Adolphe Menjou; seated, Polly Moran, Betty Bronson, Claire Windsor, Ruth Geraghty; on the floor, Anita

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY
SCREEN SECRETS Society Editor

Society in

THE farewell tea given for **Miss Marion Davies** the day before her departure for Europe required the services of six popular hostesses—**Gloria Swanson, Constance Talmadge, Claire Windsor, Yvonne Shelton, Adela Rogers St. John Hyland** and **Louella Parsons.**

It was one of the most colorful affairs of the year in Hollywood society. Nearly all of the outstanding celebrities of the film capital, who are shown in the picture above, were on hand to bid au revoir to Marion.

The Ambassador's French room afforded a colorful background for **Miss Davies** as she gleefully opened all the mysterious packages showered upon her. "If Marion expects to take all that loot abroad, she'll have to charter the *Leviathan* to trail along behind her own steamship," sagely decided **Hedda Hopper** as the bewildering pile of gifts continued to mount.

The **Hon. James Walker,** professionally known as the "late Mayor of New York" for his well-known propensity for arriving two or three hours after every function has commenced, shared honors with the piquant Marion.

from left to right, as follows: at the extreme back, Buddy Rogers, Patsy Ruth Miller, Don Alvarado, and Larry Grey; Hedda Hopper, Gertrude Olmstead, Lloyd Pantages, Pepi Lederer, Buster Collier, Harrison Fisher, Leon Gordon, Mary Jimmy Shidds, D. W. Griffith, Henry de la Falaise, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Arline Booth, Mrs. James Murphy, Dr. Frank Taylor, Eileen Percy, Blanche Sweet, Colleen Moore, Constance Talmadge, Phyllis Haver, Kathryn Carver and Carmelita Stewart and Harry Crocker.

Cinemaland

Marion Davies' farewell party—Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason entertain—shower for Kay Hammond.

Among the hundred or so guests were Messrs. and Mesdames Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Barthelmess, Rod La Rocque, Milton Sills, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Sam Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, Robert Z. Leonard, Irvin Willat, Marshall Neilan, John McCormick; the Misses Greta Garbo, Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Lili Damita, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hedda Hopper, Virginia Valli and Aileen Pringle and Messrs. William Haines, Buster Collier, Andres de Segurola, Harry Crocker and Harry D'Arrast.

One of the most charming affairs of the month was a luncheon and linen shower given by Peggy Hamilton for Kay Hammond the week before Miss Hammond's marriage to Henry Wetherby of Pasadena. The

table which seated fifty guests was in the shape of a horseshoe. Since the bridal couple planned a three-months honeymoon in Europe, the center piece was a large boat with a miniature bride and groom waving adieu. Pink roses and ferns and tiny cupids made attractive decorations.

Among the picture people who attended were **Dolores Del Rio, Margaret Livingston, Mary Akin Carewe, Joan Crawford, Lilyan Tashman Corliss Palmer, Marion Douglas, Mary McAllister** and **Rita Carewe.** Everybody teased Rita about being the next bride—she eloped the following week with **Leroy Mason** and was married in Arizona. . . .

By issuing invitations to an immigration party, **Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edeson** thus assured their guests of a delightful evening for costume parties are invariably a success.

KENNETH THOMSON and his bride **Alden Gay** attracted quite a bit of attention; he made a handsome Dutch immigrant while her beauty survived the horrible costume of an American in 1890. **William De Mille,** picturesque in red Russian boots and a black satin blouse over wide trousers, declared he was a Russian peasant in a "Jannings sort of way."

Eulalie Jensen said that she was supposed to come from the lost Island of Atlantis. Her's was a surprising affair consisting of a beaded cream colored evening dress above and Turkish trousers below. "I really should have called myself 'Freedom of the Knees,'" she laughed, "because I can cross 'em without shocking anybody."

A bright costume of kerchief, wide skirts and boots worn by **Jean Dean** represented the Baltic States while **Edmund Breese** was a Scotch immigrant and **Gladys Brockwell** a Roumanian peasant. **May Robson** made an amusing entrance. She came into the room without saluting anyone—just looked around in a bewildered, frightened sort of way as though actually at Ellis Island.

(*Continued on page 79*)

When Mary Duncan gave a party recently at the Beverly-Wilshire for her small sister and nieces, she called in Albert Conti to help her with the entertainment for the children.

Nancy Drexel received this armful of flowers from F. W. Murnau, her director, at a surprise birthday party which he gave her recently on the set while making "Four Devils."

DON'T MISTAKE IT FOR *Modesty*

It was simply a desire to save money and avoid annoyance that lead Ramon Novarro to travel through Europe incognito—and no one found him out.

By
RUTH BIERY

Ramon Novarro in an unusual camera study. He hid his face, so well-known to movie fans, behind dark glasses and a mustache when he traveled through Europe.

RAMON NOVARRO has returned from a three-months incognito tour of Europe.

The first motion picture star to make a trip without a heralding of trumpets, a blare of publicity and a long list of triumphal, Napoleonic entries!

Usually they cable France: "Here we come," or similar words, the first day out on the ocean.

Adolphe Menjou is said to have wired greetings to Paris for days before his arrival.

When Jackie Coogan was abroad he was not a prancing, inquisitive child, but a paragon on exhibition.

It is reported that the first time Tom Mix entered Berlin he did not receive proper recognition. He returned with

(*Continued on page* 103)

HARRY CARR

Although Corinne Griffith has been cast in a succession of bad pictures she has prospered because the public will pay good money just to look at her. And why wouldn't they?

Harry Carr's intimate knowledge of Hollywood has made him the most famous of all commentators on motion pictures. In one capacity or another he has been associated with the movies since their cradle days. He collaborated with Von Stroheim in writing the screen story of *The Wedding March*, soon to be released. Now he is writing titles for *The Divine Lady*, Corinne Griffith's newest picture.

THESE talking pictures make me think of an old Roman centurian who has captured an educated Greek slave.

After a couple of bottles of wassail, he takes the boys out into the back yard and shows them the beautiful Greek scholar. "Look at what I got," he says. "The guy knows algebra and painting and arithmetic and everything."

"What are you going to do with him?" ask his envious friends.

And the old centurian has to rub his nose and rub his chin. And finally admit that, in that regard he is stumped.

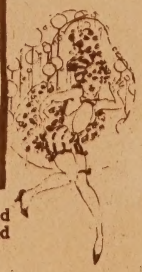
Hurrah, Noises

THE pictures will talk okeh. No doubt about that. But what are they to say?

Paramount thinks they should talk of whole stage plays —to and fro as it were. Other companies think they should supply only the incidental noises—like the brass bands and the pistol shots and the sound of the cannon and the hurrah of the crowds.

Relics

WARNER BROTHERS, having beaten all the boys to the get-away, seem to have changed their minds and are putting their talking machines to work perpetuating acts of tenth-rate vaudeville. Until the Warner Brothers thought up this idea I was firmly of the belief that all the ventriloquists became extinct about the time William Jennings Bryan made his "cross of gold" speech. The last time I saw a ventriloquist was in the I. O. O. F. hall over Doc Schultz' drug store back in Iowa.



Ace in the Hole

FIRST NATIONAL is tackling talking pictures in a different mood from all the others. They are going into talkies about like a man who starts drinking whiskey with beer chasers. He knows how he is going to feel the next day; but everybody else is doing it; so he has to.

I understand that one of the First National big guns, is so skeptical about talkies that he has already started trying to figure

SAYS

Mary Pickford grows up—Von Stroheim fed Fay Wray chile peppers to make her emote—bringing back foreign stars as souvenirs—color made them look like arsenic fiends—ventriloquists stage a come back.

out an ace to have up his sleeve when talkies finally blow up.

Color

THERE is a great chance that he is right. Sound would seem to be outside the legitimate function of pictures. But, right or wrong, they never will be able now to go back to pictures as we have known them. They will have to slide into some other kind of novelty. In all probability it will be color.

Like Arsenic Fiends

WITHIN the last few months, a real color process has been developed. Until now, color has been a virtual failure. I was in the Griffith studio when D. W. tried to make a picture that way. The long shots were not so bad; but the close shots were terrible. They made the girls' faces look as though they were arsenic fiends: white, puffy faces with cotton skins, dabbed with spots of crimson coloring.

Mary's Curls

THERE is a prospect, by the way, of Griffith directing Mary Pickford again. Mary has cut off her famous curls and is going to be grown-up from now on. Quite providentially, she came back from Europe to find Griffith full of plans to make a picture of *The Pioneer Woman.* I might add, with becoming coy modesty, that this is a story I wrote for De Mille. Griffith bought it from him. It deals with the period of Daniel Boone, when little families of white settlers were pushing their way down the rivers of Kentucky and Tennessee, fighting the Indians at every turn and every bend of the rivers.

Clara's Heart

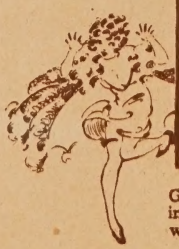
THIS is pretty tough on all the sheiks who have loved Clara Bow; which list is almost as impressive as the vast concourse of young men who have been engaged to Pola Negri. Clara has announced that the only gentleman she has ever really loved is her father.

Art and Hot Chile

MISS WRAY was the little girl whom Von Stroheim rescued from the Universal "Cow operas" and made the leading lady of *The Wedding March.*

He made her a finished actress. Von either kills them or makes them finished actresses. She lived through the ordeal. I shall have to admit however that she spent about two-thirds of the time in hysterics.

I remember one day when she could not get up the proper degree of emotion; and Von made her eat half a bottle of little yellow Mexican chili peppers. If you have ever eaten one, you will know that you can eat a live coal afterward by way of cooling off and I don't mean maybe.



Gloria Swanson is a great little trouper who learned her art in the school of the custard pie. She is shortly to commence work again on one of the greatest pictures of her career.

When Colleen WAS AN EXTRA

The idol of millions recounts her struggles to gain a place on the screen in the second installment of her life story as told to Helen Starr

Colleen Moore

RECENTLY, I asked D. W. Griffith what assurance he had in the beginning that I might make good. He told me just what he thought of me when we first met.

"Remember," he said, "we were introduced by your uncle in the elevator of a Chicago office building. I wondered if you had a spark of emotional ability with which I could make anything of an actress of you."

"Then I noticed how you were trembling. You were fairly shaking with excitement—you were so intensely vivid and alive that in a moment I saw a dozen shades of emotion on your little face. You were *so* sure you could make good! Wouldn't I give you a chance to try? You had ambition and assurance, but I really took you on the strength of your vividness. In that quality lies your charm and attractiveness."

It was Mr. Griffith who gave me the Irish name of Colleen Moore. I had thought of taking my grandmother's maiden name, Mary Moylan, for the screen. The name "Maurine" also appealed to me, but Mr. Griffith was sure "Colleen" would interest picture-goers, and so from Kathleen, my given name, I emerged "Colleen."

Oddly enough, in *The Bad Boy*, my first picture, I was not frightened. It all seemed like a fascinating new sort of game. Now, whenever I start a new production, I am intensely nervous until we get well under way.

But I suffered physically in that first production. At that time, manufacturers of make-up did not know as much about mixing their paints as they do today, so our

Perhaps the wistfulness that made Colleen Moore so popular in "Ella Cinders" was a result of her many disappointments in her early screen career.

Colleen is enjoying an idle hour at home with her books. She takes as much pleasure in maintaining her household as she does in her career before the camera.

Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, on their way to a Hollywood party. They are prominent members of the film capital's social set.

lips and cheeks and eyes used to smart until it was almost intolerable. It was pretty hard to learn to act under such physical discomfort. However, we were all in the same boat, so I thought that if the rest of the girls could smile and look sweet under torture, I could smile and look sweet under torture, too.

Perhaps the curls were worse than the make-up. Mary Pickford, with her beautiful tresses, started all the trouble by holding an ideal of perfection before the whole nation which demanded that one have curls and have them long. My hair is decidedly straight, as you can easily see from my short Dutch flapper bob of today.

When my hair went up in my second picture, *An Old Fashioned Young Man,* with Bobbie Harron, I was also told to wear shoes with high heels. Never in my life had I worn high heels before, and they were not only uncomfortable, but I couldn't walk naturally in them. So Mr. Griffith in assembling the finished picture, cut all the long shots with my wobbly steps, and only used my three-quarter or close-up views.

So many people have helped me on to success. Associated with Mr. Griffith was Mr. Frank Woods, more recently head of production activities at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, and an independent producer as well. I knew Mr. Woods' opinion counted for a great deal with Mr. Griffith and I was more than pleased, after my first picture, to hear him say, "You'll do."

My third picture at the Fine Arts studio was *Hands Up*, and in that I was given my first dramatic role. Of course, a youngster of fifteen hasn't much idea of drama, but Tod Browning, my director, helped me a great deal to have confidence in myself.

IT WAS just after *Hands Up* had been shown at Clune's Broadway, in Los Angeles, that I was first recognized in public. I was in Bullock's dry goods store buying some notions, when the clerk who waited on me asked if she had not seen me on the screen in that film. I was never so flattered and excited in my life. At last, I was a famous person! And I spent twice as much at her counter as I had intended.

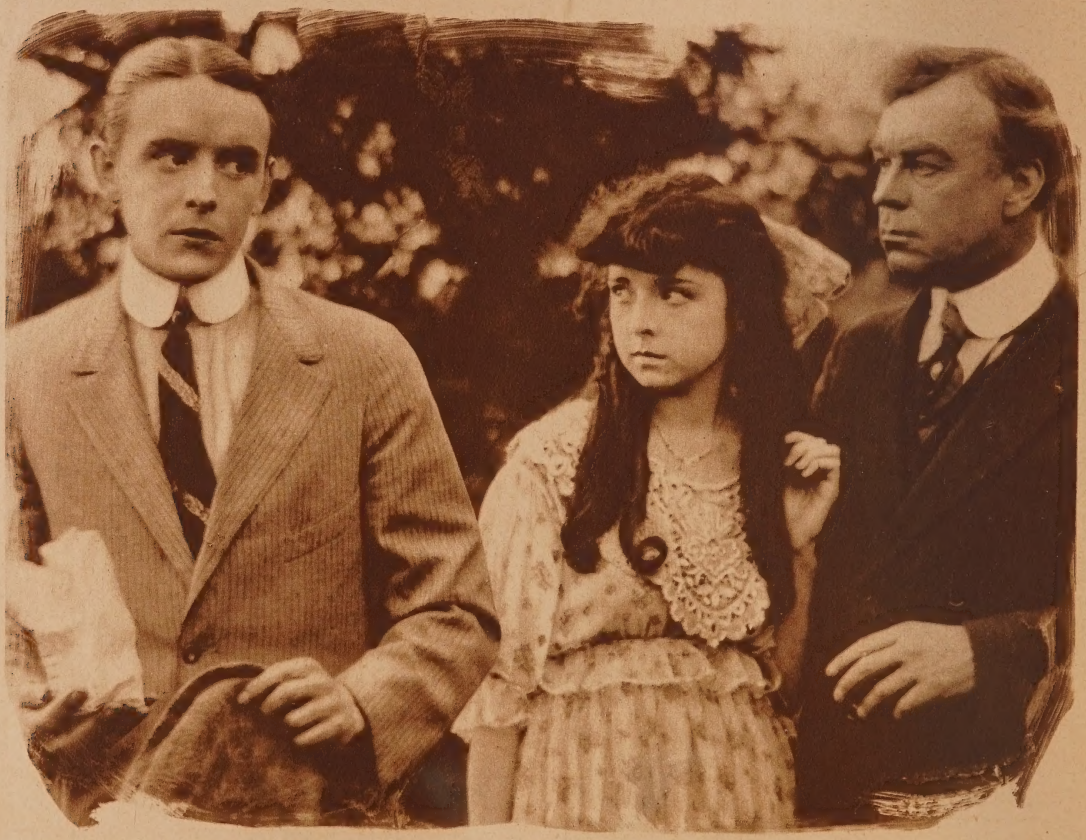
Then, as I told you in the first instalment of my life story, decorating my dressing room proved its usual hoodoo. No sooner had my room received its finishing touch, than the Fine Arts Company experienced financial difficulties and we were all given our notices. They came in lovely big blue envelopes and inside these was a typewritten letter to the effect that "The Fine Arts Studio regrets to be obliged to dispense with your services, although fully appreciating the artistic ability you have displayed in your work in our companies."

My reaction to this slip was decidedly humorous. Everyone else was blue and morose and felt terribly over their misfortune, but that last line, seemed to me decidedly complimentary.

I had never before visited the theatrical agents' offices, but now I went to the Willis and Inglis agency to seek new parts. Colonel Selig engaged me, and while I had earned $50 a week with Mr. Griffith at the Fine Arts, Colonel Selig doubled that salary and signed me for a year's contract.

I did *Little Orphan Annie* over at the Selig Studio and in this picture had my first experience working with animals. I had to do a great many scenes with a cat, and while I was acting I held a piece of juicy liver in one hand behind my dress so that it could not be seen by the camera. The liver was the magnet which impelled the tabby to follow me around, and as I pleaded with my wicked foster father of the picture, "Don't beat me! Don't beat me!" I was, at the same time, dangling the liver toward the cat and saying, "Kitty, kitty, come kitty." In still another

(*Continued on page* 93)



Colleen Moore wasn't frightened in the least when she stepped before the camera for her first role in "The Bad Boy" with Robert Harron, left. Now she says she is always afraid that something will go wrong.

Camilla Speaks AMERICAN

but luckily Will Hays hasn't heard her yet. All the English Camilla knew when she arrived was "I luf you!" But she's learned more since—very much more!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

CAMILLA HORN perched on the back of the chair. Two satin feet waved blithely in the air. Cream-colored lace churned from white bosom. A black velvet frock covered a rounded form.

"What in hell are we waiting for?" The words hung palpitant in mid-air. Then crashed to the ground.

Camilla looked pleased. With herself. With her in-

(*Continued on page* 95)

Camilla Horn was a famous beauty in Europe before she came to America. Above she is shown with Willie Fritsch and Lillian Harvey at a popular German watering place.

SCREEN SECRETS

By Agnes O'Malley

THE WOMAN DISPUTED

as the
Best Romance of the Month

NORMA TALMADGE in a good picture for a change. The story is charmingly implausible and theatrical, but so well directed and acted that it entertains just the same. Norma plays an Austrian street girl who is loved by a nobleman of her own country and a young Russian colonel, each of whom desires to make an honest woman of her. The men are close friends and this cramps their courtship not a little. Believe it or not, neither suitor tries to take advantage of the other. But along comes the good old war to separate them, and the girl has to take her pick. Norma gives a delightful performance. Gilbert Roland is dashing, but Arnold Kent seems more human.—*United Artists.*

FOUR WALLS

As the
Best Melodrama of the Month

JOHN GILBERT gone gangster! Don't be surprised if next you see Jackie Coogan as a desperate hi-jacker in Chicago's underworld. But, be that as it may, Gilbert's underworld picture is a knockout. Not, perhaps, from the standpoint of Gilbert fans, who may prefer to see their hero nipping the shoulders of beautiful damsels, to giving a sincere portrayal of a more or less human being. Which is what he does in *Four Walls.* He is a Jewish youth, who goes to prison for killing the man who flirts with his girl. After four years within four walls, he tries to renounce his former associates, including the girl, and that's what the story is about. Joan Crawford gives a brilliant performance. You will be surprised to see Carmel Myers as a plain jane in muslin undies.—*M-G-M.*

SCREEN SECRETS monthly review constitutes a complete index

SELECTS

the best photoplays of the month, classified to aid readers in their selections.

THE BARKER

As the
Best Human Interest Film of the Month

LA-DEEZ and Gen-tul-men!! Right this way to see the snappiest, spiciest, entertainingest show put on by First National in many a day! *The Barker* is as big a hit on the screen as it was on the stage. Believe it or not, Milton Sills is fine as the swaggering, bullying, blasphemous barker in the carnival show, whose sweetie gets jealous of his devotion to his son. Two great performances are given by Betty Compson and Dorothy Mackaill For one hundred dollars Dorothy agrees to vamp the Barker's son and get him out of Betty's way. There is a love scene in a peach orchard between Dorothy and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., that will make the censors throw down their scissors and give up.—*First National.*

THE GATECRASHER

As the
Best Comedy of the Month

GLEN TRYON furnishes a laugh a minute as a correspondence school detective. Watch this boy sky-rocket to a high place in comedy. He's young, exuberant, versatile, and very, very funny. All about an amateur detective's attempts to recover them. Patsy Ruth Miller is good as the haughty actress who is first enraged by and then enamoured of the goofy detective. T. Roy Barnes is a loud-speaking press agent who is outslicked by the boys from the sticks. There is a rollicking scene where the detective gets chased onto the stage during the act and has to make the best of the situation with some impromptu acting. Glen Tryon shows that he is well on his way to success as one of the most popular of picture comedians. He has a light sure touch that never fails to bring a laugh at just the right moment.—*Universal.*

of current films. Additional reviews will be found on pages 58 and 59.

The Screen

Heart Trouble

Tears are streaming down my face as I record another poor picture from a great comedian. If Harry Langdon doesn't soon get a good story, ably directed, we're going to snub him for good. This picture has a good basic idea, about a fellow who can't get into the army but becomes a hero through accident. But the idea gets mislaid, and the rare Langdon personality cannot click. There are some laughs, of course, but don't walk a mile for them.—*First National.*

Gang War

We're in the underworld again, this time with Olive Borden and Jack Pickford. Olive is a taxi dancer in a tough cafe, and Jack is the saxophone player in love with her. But a great, nasty gangster is after Olive, too, so Jack is compelled to let his saxophone wail his love messages. There is a gang war on the Chinese New Year which removes the obstacle from the path of love, and virtue is triumphant. It's not very good, folks.—*F. B. O.*

None But The Brave

Meet Charles Morton, Fox's new find. He looks like Charlie Farrell and acts like William Haines, but somehow misses the charm of both. He plays a smart-aleck college graduate who tries to sell insurance. But the story gets so mixed up with hot dogs, bathing beauties and boat races that everyone, including the hero, forgets all about the insurance policy he's after. However, there is Sally Phipps and a gorgeous bathing beauty parade in color to gladden the eye, and funny titles.—*Fox.*

The Companionate Marriage

This is Judge Ben Lindsay's picture of his companionate marriage idea. The Judge appears in some introductory scenes. The picture shows the three most common types of unsuccessful marriage—the poor couple with too many children, the discontented, philandering rich, and the gin and jazz marriage of ignorant youngsters. It is entertaining as well as instructive, and should not be missed. Betty Bronson plays the girl who decides that companionate marriage is the only solution to the great problem.—*Gotham.*

A Classified

ROMANCE

Lilac Time—Gary Cooper drops out of the sky into a French girl's life, the French girl being Colleen Moore. There really are lilacs—a background for the love scenes. —*First National.*

The Barker—Life and love among the big-hearted carnival folk who'll let you try and win a kewpie doll for a dime. Milton Sills is the leather-lunged barker; Betty Compson a hula girl with hoopla hips.—*First National.*

Fazil—Rhymes with Brazil, because its just as hot. Burning sands, burning love, with Charlie Farrell and Greta Nissen gone native.—*Fox.*

Four Walls—Someone has discovered that people live

in Review

POWER

Here's a very funny film about the rivalry of two dam builders for the dames on the dam site. There is no plot and nobody cares. William Boyd and Alan Hale are friendly enemies again, chasing the same girl. Jacqueline Logan is the main dame who promises to marry both of them, after extracting their bank rolls. There's a thrilling rescue at the dam which would be heroic if it weren't so funny. Boyd and Hale give splendid characterizations.—*Pathe.*

CRAIG'S WIFE

Craig's wife is a disagreeable lady played superbly by Irene Rich. Mrs. Craig works so hard at running her husband, her sister and her servants that she finally runs them right out of her well-run house. In fact, she runs her innocent husband into jail. You all know the type, so see her done to a turn by Miss Rich. Warner Baxter is sympathetic as the well-regulated husband, and Virginia Bradford gives a charming picture of the sister who is in love with the wrong man.—*Pathe.*

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN

A butter and egg man, kiddies of radioland, has nothing to do with a dairy. He is an "angel" with a bankroll who backs a show on Broadway. Jack Mulhall gives his usual pleasing performance in the role of the small town boy with $12,000 and an ambition to become a play producer. William Demarest and Sam Hardy are awfully funny as the New York producers who take him in. Greta Nissen is lovely, and, well, it's a darn good show.—*First National.*

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

A rapid-fire report of the everlasting battle which is always being fought and never won. D. W. Griffith gives an entertaining portrayal of the female of the species at her deadliest. Phyllis Haver is bewitching as the golddigger who makes Jean Hersholt wear corsets, buy diamonds, and forget mamma and the kiddies. Belle Bennett is the mamma and Sally O'Neil and William Bakewell the kiddies. Don Alvarado is the wrong answer to a maiden's prayer.—*United Artists.*

Picture Guide

in four walls and they're making a picture about it with Joan Crawford and John Gilbert. But no one else ever lived within walls like these.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Power—Bill Boyd is a fast dam worker and a dam fast worker in this high-powered picture. A heart of gold beats beneath the Bull Durham sack in his shirt pocket, but it skips a beat when Jacqueline Logan enters the scene. —*Pathé.*

Loves of an Actress—Intimate glimpses of the love life of an actress about as thrilling as a lollypop. Pola Negri imitates the actress in question and leaves her more in question than when she started to.—*Paramount.*

(*Continued on page* 104)

Speak

Giggling girls in Hollywood are
movies are getting ready to

YOU TOO!

Rosina Lawrence, Christie Comedy girl, is sitting on top of the world now that she has found a book that tells her how to be a big noise in talking pictures. You, too, can learn how to swallow long words in ten easy lessons.

"Round note, girls!" Professor I. Teachem Howe is instructing some
ing pictures came in they used to think scales were something

Easy!

tuning their tonsils now as the speak right out in meetin'.

Christie Comedy girls in chords and discords. Before talk- that handed out bad news about their figures.

Rita Wilkes and Betty Lorraine, Christie Comedy girls, will try anything once that might help them speak easy. That's why they have gone on a diet of Garglene. One brown jugful, before and after meals is guaranteed to produce that neat English accent.

MAN-MADE

Can a woman ever forget the man she has lived with? Anne, returning to New York from the revels of Paris, finds her longing for her husband is stronger than ever. Will her love conquer her pride? Continue with this big serial of the famous Pathe-De Mille feature film starring Leatrice Joy, below.

PART V

The story so far:

Anne Payson, married and settled down in a drab New England town, seeks to recapture the gayety of her younger days, and in doing so incurs the enmity of her prosaic husband. After a scene in which her husband accuses her of unfaithfulness, Anne leaves home and returns to New York. There she meets Jules Moret, a sophisticated Frenchman who gives her a job in his exclusive gown salon. Anne finds that Moret exercises a strange fascination over her, and he in turn takes an interest in Anne that is more than paternal. At last Moret invites her to go to Paris with him, and Anne accepts, in expectation of an adventure. But Moret remains mysterious, aloof, while Anne tries in vain to fathom his true feelings for her. On the boat returning home, Anne asks Moret point-blank why he took her to Paris. Now go on with the story from here.

MORET interrupted Anne. "You're a foolish child. Pour me out some more champagne. I've practically lived on it since we left Cherbourg. You thought no doubt I anticipated having an affair with you!"

She didn't like the way he put it. "Not an affair, Jules!"

"Well, I did," he admitted. "And then I changed my mind."

She looked at him. Was he serious? "You changed your mind? When—why?"

"That first night in Paris—at supper. You're a deceptive type, Anne. You're conglomerate. Oh, there are lots of women like you—lots; especially in America. I may say it's an advancing type that American men have greatly encouraged ever since they put a ban on the house of ill-fame. A very enjoyable type, too, when it has been brought to perfection. But no good as a mistress—dieu, no!"

"Why not?" she demanded. "I could be good at it—if I put my mind to it—if I wanted to be one."

"Not in a thousand years," he declared positively. 'You'd make a man miserable. He'd end up by hating you. You'd do to any man what you did to me—make him want to marry you!"

"Jules!"

"Remember," said Moret, as they got out of the car in front of for this plan I have suggested to you. If it fails—" "It won't

Women

By ERNEST PASCAL

Author of "The Marriage Bed," "The Dark Swan," and other best sellers.

the Payson home, "I want to be absolved of all responsibility fail," said Anne excitedly. "It can't. It means so much to me."

"But I'm not going to. I never have married and I never will. Perhaps you would refuse me—if I asked. But as you were willing to be my mistress, it was my privilege to think that you might not be averse to becoming my wife. But no! I have thought it all out. Even if I went through the ceremony of marriage, the woman would never be more than my mistress—or less. You are more seductive, *ma petite,* both in mind and body. And I love you more than I care to admit, but there is an old adage the wisdom of which all bachelors are born with—and if one looks long enough before one leaps—*voila!*—one doesn't leap." He reached for his glass, and watched the tiny amber bubbles rise to the top. "Now you know why I took you to Paris and brought you back—well, how shall I say?—"

"Myself," she suggested.

"Yourself," he agreed; and added, "a little wiser, I hope, ready now to go back to your husband and make him as good a wife as you would have made me a mistress!"

"No," she said. "No."

"Why not? You love him."

"Y-yes," she admitted. "But I can't go back. I can't, Jules. I've been thinking about that, too."

"Ah! Then you would like to go back!"

She shook her head. "In the first place, I doubt whether he would take me back—after all this time."

Jules laughed. "What a man he must be!"

"Really, Jules. You don't know him! And if he did, he would realize that I was beaten—that he had beaten me. Besides, I'm so different now; so much more—don't laugh, Jules!—sophisticated, I don't know if I could stand it. Ashroken! You don't know what that town is like. And after your shop and—and Paris! No," she said emphatically, "I do love him. I always will. But I won't go back. I used to think he'd come for me. Then it would've been different, perhaps. But he didn't," she broke off, unhappily. And he thought for a moment she was going to cry.

"Certainly not," he observed. "He did not want to see you."

"Why not?"

"Must *I* tell you? Have I not paid you enough compliments tonight?"

"Tell me, Jules—tell me. If you know a way to make him come to me, tell me. Please. I've told you everything—why we didn't get on, why we quarreled, why I left him. If he loved me, he would have tried to find me. He would have come after me—just to see me—wouldn't he?"

"When you leave me, do you imagine that I shall come after you—just to see you?"

"No, but you're not married to me."

"Well, neither is he by this time."

She started. "What do you mean, Jules?"

Her consternation amused him. "A wife is a constant mistress," he said. "A mistress is not always a constant wife. *You* left *him,* remember that!"

(*Continued on page* 98)

Those who have been reading the fascinating story of Man-Made Women in our sister publication, *True Confessions*, will find here the serial brought to a thrilling conclusion.

JOHN took the chair in front of the ample desk and gestured Moret to a seat opposite. But the Frenchman preferred to move around; he could gesticulate more eloquently, and the occasion, his manner seemed to suggest, was one that was likely to move him emotionally.

"It has been a big pleasure," he began, ceremoniously, "to meet you and Madame, your mother. I 'ope some time you will come to France and permit me to pay back —how do you say?—ah—reciprocate. This little affair will then be arranged—yes?—and—"

"What little affair?"

"The affair of your wife and myself—and you."

"My wife and you! I don't think I understand the relationship."

"It is ver' simple," Moret informed him. "Ver' simple. And as you say in your language, there is no necessity for beating the bushes. You are an homme du monde—one can see that at a glance. I 'ave seen much of life also. We will be honest with each other."

"Certainly," John snapped. "But what are we to be honest about?"

The other hesitated, and frowned. He shrugged, took a turn up and down the room, and came to rest again.

"Your wife told at dinner how it was we met. An accident of luck—how do you say? —Providence. Her American companion disappeared. Per'aps she sent him away. I do not know. I did not see him. But I saw much of her, Monsieur—oh, ver' much —and soon—voila!—I am at her feet—fascinated."

Inwardly John squirmed. "Go on," he growled.

"She is so beautiful—yes? Many women are beautiful. But she is the mos' beautiful woman I ever meet. Everything is so—the eyes, the mouth, the hair—the skin—"

"You don't have to tell me all that, do you?"

"Pardon!" The slow sardonic smile lighted his eyes for a moment. "Monsieur knows. Naturally *Bien!* But I find her not alone beautiful—but charming, clever, amusing and wise like a woman, ten, fifteen, twenty years older!"

"Well, what about it?"

"What about it!" he gestured. "I am in love! I try to resist—but I am already trapped—caught. Voila!" And as though what he had said approximated a confession of startling import, he broke off and paced the room.

"You are going away—after what happened last night?" asked John, an expression of amazement upon his face, "Why I thought of course—"

JOHN stared at him. Suppose the man *had* fallen in love with her! What point was there in telling *him* about it? What the deuce was he driving at!

"Then, Monsieur," the man, more than a little agitated,

Another smashing serial of a famous motion picture, *The Mask of the Devil*, starring John Gilbert and Eva von Berne, will start in the November issue of SCREEN SECRETS. Don't miss this great story of sacred and profane love!

"That I was going to stay? John, dear, I just wanted to be kind to you—to prove that your attraction to me is—purely physical."

resumed, "after I pay her many attentions, and confess my love, I find out she is—married!"

"Oh," John said saturninely, amazed by the apparent simplicity of so sophisticated a person, "you wanted to marry her yourself?"

Moret shook his head, his eyes alight again with that sardonic gleam. "Unfortunately, Monsieur, I am married—to a ver' distinguished lady who has given me two sons and three daughters."

"I am sorry," John said, "but I don't follow you."

"Monsieur," and Moret spoke solemnly, "it is impossible—*impossible* to make her my mistress until she is divorced."

"Your mistress!"

"Assuredly."

"And she is willing to be your mistress?"

Moret shrugged. *Ca va sans dire!* "I am rich," he said modestly. "Of an ancient family. And Madame is good enough to find me an amusing companion."

John's eyes narrowed. An almost irresistible desire assailed him to strike the man in the face.

"In that case," he queried, with difficulty restraining himself, "what difference does it make if she's married?"

"It is a delicate matter," Moret informed him. "If she were a Frenchwoman—yes; an Austrian—yes also; an Italian, a Spaniard, even an English woman. But an American—no! I talk many times with Anne. She is sensible. Many men make her offers—naturally. It is not often one finds a woman like that!"

"And you want me to divorce her—for your convenience!"

The idea was so preposterous that he felt breathless.

"Then it is settled!" Moret beamed. "I knew that Monseiur would be reasonable."

"Settled—nothing!" John sprang up and glared at Moret across the desk. "You must be out of your mind to suggest such a thing!"

"You refuse?" Moret looked astonished.

"Certainly I refuse."

"But it will cost Monsieur nothing. I will pay for everything!"

John's hand came down with such force on the desk that everything on it rattled. Moret started.

"Monsieur!"

"I've heard enough! I won't divorce her—for you or any other skulking coward of a Frenchman! To come here and make such a proposition is preposterous!"

Moret's face darkened, but he merely shrugged and gestured helplessly. Les Americans! Les hommes Americans! Dieu!

"Monsieur is angry," he said quietly, "I am sorry. In France, when a man is finished with a woman he is 'appy to arrange for her. Here it is not so. The country is per'aps too young yet. It is like the little fable of the dog

(*Continued on page* 100)

LEILA HYAMS is stirring a strange witch's brew for Hallowe'en as she recites the incantation, "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble."

Spookiest Thing That Ever Happened to Me

Hallowe'en brings strange recollections of weird and hair-raising experiences to the movie stars.

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

Jacqueline Logan admits she is superstitious about some things and black cats are one of them. And who wouldn't be after such a spooky experience as she describes?

SHIVERY stories of sooty black cats, ghosts that refused to be laid, shuddery nights in haunted houses and weird happenings that cannot be explained . . . All these are woven in the tales they tell in Hollywood as Halloween — the night when spooks are rampant —draws near . . . .

Was it Walter Byron's strange experience told so thrillingly at a recent dinner party that set them all to talking?

This handsome young actor brought over from England by Samuel Goldwyn to be Vilma Banky's new leading man was on guard duty at Dover Castle during the last year of the war. Now Dover Castle is a venerable place of dungeons and turrets and secret passages with several well-authenticated ghosts. One particularly dark and gloomy night, Walter Byron started up a winding, outside staircase, conducting the soldier as relief, to the guard in the tower above.

Halfway up, Tommy Atkins balked. He confessed to a fear that something was bally well wrong and refused to go any farther.

Ever since they started up the stairs, Walter had felt the presence of unseen things and now his very scalp began to prickle, but, as the superior officer, he scoffed at the man's fears and forced him upward.

As they neared the tower, a bloodcurdling shriek rent the stillness. They rushed forward only to find the guard on duty cowering in a corner—a raving maniac. No other living thing was in the tower, so, after a hasty look around, Byron sped down the stairs in pursuit of the wretch who had so terrified the guard. Within twenty feet of his goal, he saw the door which he had left locked behind him slowly closing and what looked like a black cloak slipping through it. He dashed after it and instituted a search.

No trace of the intruder was ever found and the unfortunate guard never recovered his sanity.

(*Continued on page* 84)

The Awakening

A picturesque village in war-torn Europe furnishes the setting for Vilma Banky's newest starring vehicle for Samuel Goldwyn. Read the story of the touching romance below.

MARIE DUCROT (Vilma Banky) blocks the road with her sheep when the Uhlans lead by Count Karl Von Hagen (Walter Byron), invade her native Alsace.

She falls desparately in love with the young officer and when he asks her to come to him that night at the Inn, she cannot refuse. He looks on her only as a conquest, but when she comes he realizes he has misjudged her, and finds love awakening in his own heart.

Marie returns home to find that she is in disgrace. The shock kills her aged father and, overcome with sorrow, she takes refuge in a convent.

Vilmy Banky, as an Alsatian peasant girl, sacrifices everything for the love of Walter Byron, who plays the part of a dashing young Uhlan officer in this stirring romance of the War.

Later, the fighting lines approach the convent, Count Karl tells the Mother Superior that the nuns must leave. Then he sees Marie crossing the portico.

He goes to her and asks forgiveness. But she is still bitter and declares she never wants to see him again.

Later in the day, Marie comes upon her lover in the countryside and when she finds he is badly wounded, sympathy awakens love.

La Bete, an old peasant who has loved Marie, comes upon the two of them. He is first tempted to kill them, but when he finds that Marie really loves Karl, he helps them to escape at the cost of his own life.

They ride away in happiness together, while Karl gravely salutes the dead enemy who has been the salvation of his happiness.

Those Scandalous SCANDALS

By ARTHUR W. EDDY
SCREEN SECRETS New York Correspondent

One of life's little ironies—the story of the dark young man who didn't get the job—Sally O'Neil will never play nursemaid to another coal barge.

Original New York cast goes to Main Street—book on etiquette for dry sleuths—girl to make a picture about her seduction—and other bits from Broadway.

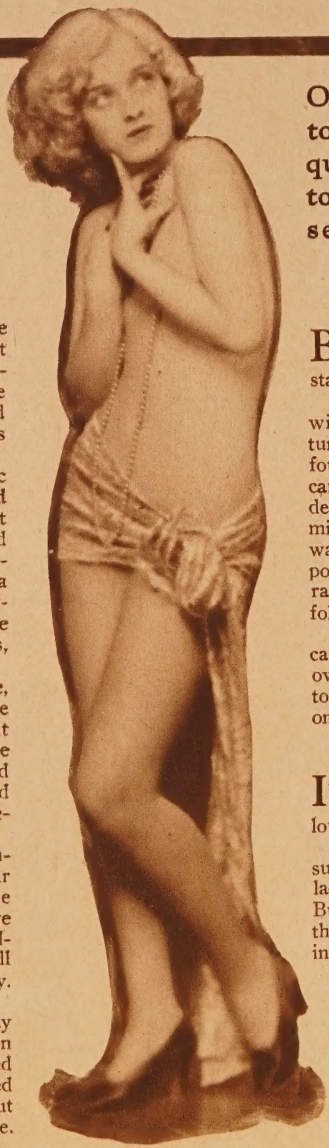
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS are now scandalous in name only. What once was considered risque and daring now is accepted as commonplace—if the word "commonplace" can be honestly used in connection with the revue, especially it's 1928 edition.

After polishing up the show at Atlantic City, George chaperoned it to Forty-second Street and there, at the Apollo Theatre, it undraped itself to an audience which found it gorgeous, lively and, to indulge in repetition, undraped. Its principals read like a stage version of *Who's Who.* Ann Pennington, Harry Richman, Willie and Eugene Howard, Tom Patricola, Frances Williams, Rose Perfect and others.

Vocafilm, talking motion picture device, makes a second Broadway debut during the course of the festivities. The first time it was publicly demonstrated at the Longacre Theatre about a year ago it nearly ruined the reputation of the artists who appeared in its numbers. But now it's been rejuvenated and sounds very well, thank you.

It's used in a sketch between Harry Richman and Willie Howard. First you hear Harry sing on the stage and then on the screen and Willie do likewise and before the sketch is over, you have a sort of muddled impression of what the shooting has all been about but you've liked it, anyway. Which is what counts.

There you will see as gorgeous a display of beauties as is to be found anywhere on Broadway. Their pulchritude is revealed in a way that might have been considered shocking ten, or even five years ago, but which is now taken as a matter of course.



Helen Howe is one of the undraped beauties who are drawing crowds to George White's scandals of 1928, at the Apollo Theatre.

Irony of Life

BY ONE of life's little ironical twists, Juanita Hansen, one-time screen star, nearly lost her life.

The miss who once bravely flirted with celluloid death in rough-and-tumble serials, but always escaped the foul clutches of the villain in the last reel, came mighty close to being scalded to death—in her own hotel shower bath. By mistake she turned on a stream of boiling water. For days afterwards she was reported in a critical condition at the Murray Hill Sanitarium, but her recovery followed.

Perhaps this will remind you of the case of Bobby Leach, stunt-man, who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel and lived to tell of it. Over in London he slipped on a banana peel and broke his neck.

Dark Young Man

IN THE columns of New York newspapers recently there appeared the following advertisement:

"If tall dark young man wearing blue suit, black fedora hat and carrving malacca stick, waiting in front of Heckscher Building 2 p. m. last Friday, will come to the seventh floor of the Heckscher Building it will be to his advantage."

City Editors, alert to get fresh news stories, sent swarms of reporters to investigate what it was all about. Exactly one hundred and thirty

men answered the advertisement and then the much-advertised-for-man himself appeared. Like his contemporaries he learned that Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures Corporation, was seeking a certain type to play the role of Ravenal in *Show Boat,* being produced from the novel by the same name. After another inspection he heard that joy-bringing exclamation, dear to the ears of all who haunt casting offices in quest of jobs: "You're just the type."

But this has a sequel. The best casting director, the final tribunal in judgment, is the camera. A screen test of his finely-chiselled features showed up as hollows and shadows. No, he didn't get the job.

No More Barges for Sally

SALLY O'NEIL is thoroughly sick of both coal and rain and she doesn't mean possibly. With Jean Hersholt and Malcolm MacGregor she came East to make exteriors for Universal pictures, *The Girl on the Barge,* with Edward Sloman directing.

Universal sent the troupe up to the Erie Canal, accompanied by a coal barge which played the title role. Then it began to rain, persistent, wet and ungodly rain. And it rained more or less, mostly more, for about five weeks. Finally the company decided to abandon the location trip and shoot the scenes at the Paramount studio at Astoria, Long Island. Which was done.

Enthusiastically packing for her return to Hollywood, Sally had at least one comment for publication and this is it: "I don't mind playing almost any part in a picture but never again do I play nursemaid to a coal barge."

"Original New York Cast"

BROADWAY stage successes, with the "original New York cast," will soon be seen in practically every section of the country before long, if the plans of Al Woods, Bill Brady, the Shuberts and several other producing firms don't flop.

These gentlemen who provide the Main Stem with much of the cream of its theatrical diet intend to produce talking motion picture versions of the most popular of their shows. They will be sent out to legitimate houses outside New York to play simultaneous with the Broadway run. An encouraging part of this announcement, especially to young men who take their girl friends to shows occasionally, is the fact that "nominal prices" will be charged.

Dry Sleuth Etiquette

DRY sleuths who get paid for raiding night clubs have evidently been reading up on "How the well-mannered prohibition agent should act."

When they dropped in on the Helen Morgan Club some months ago they used ages, figuratively speaking, for calling cards. But now the revenuers have adopted more gentlemanly methods. The other dawn they invited themselves into eighteen happiness haunts, including Texas Guinan's Salon Royal, the new Helen Morgan Club, Charm Club, Silver Slipper, Frivolity and Beaux Art. Patrons were unmolested but gently asked to remove themselves from the premises.

News to Movies

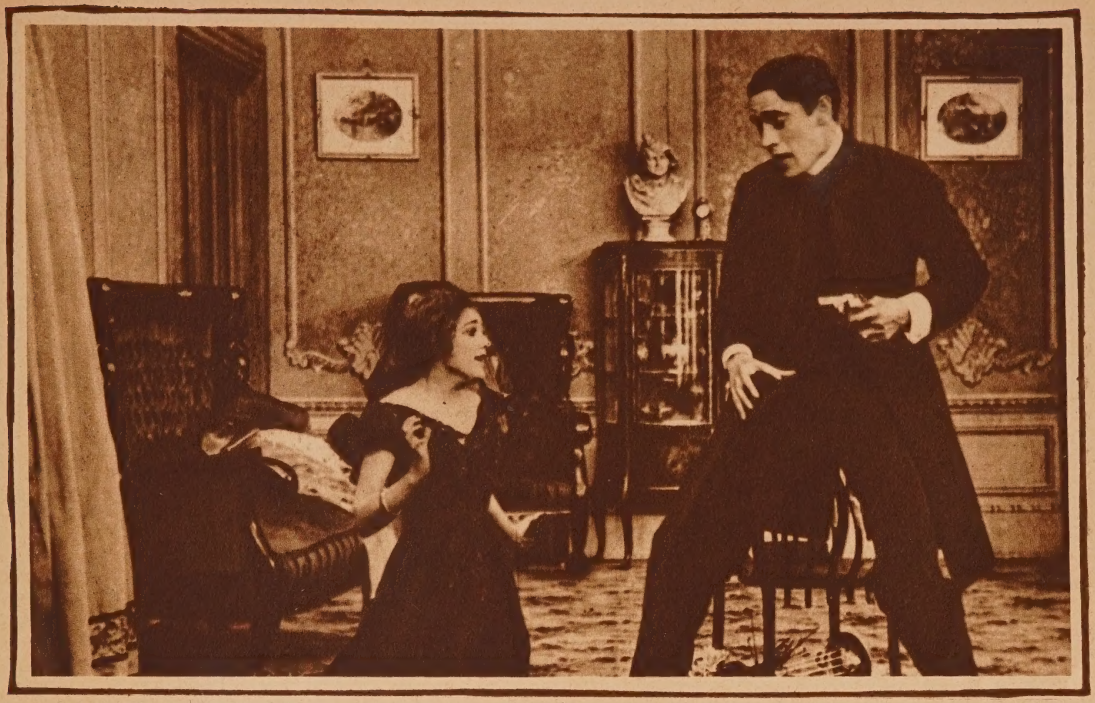
OLYMPIA MACRI, New Haven girl who broke into much newspaper print about two years ago when she shot and killed the father of her illegitimate child, is ambitious to become a movie star. At least the Olympia Macri Excelsior Pictures Corporation has been organized at New Haven, with a stock issue being floated to finance the project. According to the prospectus the firm plans to produce a seven-reel film of "the famous complete story of the life, adventures and tragedy of Olympia Macri, the fair and heroic American girl who, treacherously seduced, had the courage to defend her own honor." Olympia shot a New Haven man in the lobby of Poli's Palace Treater in that city when he refused to support their child, and was freed after two sensational trials.

Ten Best

THE ten best directors of 1927-28, chosen by reviewers in an election held by *Film Daily,* national movie trade paper, are as follows in order of selection:

Herbert Brenon—*Beau Geste, Sorrell and Son* and *Laugh, Clown, Laugh;* King Vidor—*The Big Parade, The Crowd* and *The Patsy;* Frank Borzage—*Seventh Heaven;* Raoul Walsh—*What Price Glory, Loves of Carmen* and *Sadie Thompson;* Joseph von Sternberg—*Underworld* and *The Last Command;* Victor Fleming—*Hula, The Rough Riders* and *The Way of All Flesh;* Fred Niblo—*Camille, Ben Hur, The Enemy* and *The Devil Dancer;* Ernst Lubitsch—*The Student Prince;* Charles Chaplin—*The Circus;* James Cruze—*The City Gone Wild, Old Ironsides, On to Reno* and *We're All Gamblers.*

Just a little group of girls from the "Hey! Hey!" revue out on tour over the Publix theatre circuit to give the country a sample of a New York musical show.



"Shoot me if you dare, Wilmerding, but only over my dead body will you make me yours!" Mary Pickford was a pursued but spotless maiden and Arthur Johnson a deep-dyed villain, with a raucous laugh, in this old-time Biograph thriller.

When Hollywood was really Wicked

Casting pictures over cocktails at the old Alexandria bar—the era of eminent authors—when Madame Glyn turned green—and other reminiscences of gay days.

By DON RYAN

IN DAYS gone by Hollywood, like every other red-blooded village, elevated the foot, bent the elbow and openly, in the full light of day, hoisted the foaming stein to thirsty lips.

There was one great hangout for all the masculine tribe connected with the making of movies. This was the Alexandria bar. A long, smooth expanse of mahogany behind which a dozen ministering angels in starched white coats moved deftly. Five o'clock was the casting hour in the Alexandria bar. No joke. Every actor at liberty showed himself at this hour. Here he met all the directors in the business and the matter of parts was arranged over copious draughts of the special Alexandria fizz, pecan punch or the ever popular dry martini.

Bill Farnum, Tom Mix and Lew Cody always came in when the baked ham in hot buns began to circulate at the cocktail hour.

The Alexandria, at this time the leading hotel in downtown Los Angeles, was the setting for all the large-scale movie revelry, just as the old Hollywood Hotel, occupying a similar position in the suburbs, served for the more select occasions. It was in the Alexandria that Mickey Neilan, who had come up from a chauffeur's job with Allan Dwan, to directing in pictures, threw a party that is still talked about with moist eyes by the old-timers when they foregather dismally over their near-beer in the Montmartre.

Mickey rented the grand ballroom. He hired two orchestras and stationed them in the balcony at opposite ends of the hall. When one stopped playing the other began. There was no pause in the dancing and feasting which continued all night and far into the next day. Mickey had a complete Chinese restaurant rigged up in a pagoda on the side. Here you could get anything obtainable in a Chinese restaurant served by beautiful slant-eyed maidens from Apablasa street.

"I have observed," remarked the host, "that whenever a woman has a drink she hollers for chow mein. So I got it for 'em."

there. And it was at this party that Texas Guinan made an early hit with the hard-boiled type of clowning which has made her famous in recent years as a night-club hostess.

Another era in Hollywood history was ushered in with the advent of eminent authors. Largely through the efforts of Samuel Goldwyn, a perfect avalanche of them was launched upon Hollywood; Rex Beach, Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Sir Gilbert Parker and Elinor Glyn.

NATURALLY the advent of these eminent word wranglers gave Hollywood social life a lot of tone, hauteur, hautesse, haute monde and haut-le-coeur in some quarters. Charlie Chaplin, who by this time was making a million a year, became the leader of a group of earnest parlor bolshevists who wore the badge of the openthroated shirt. Jim Tully, who acted as amenuensis to Charlie, still wears the shirt.

Doug and Mary—America's sweetheart, was divorced from Owen Moore in 1920—began to hold levees where visitors jabbered in French. And the Hollywood Hotel became a social rendezvous. It was in the Hollywood Hotel that the never-to-be-forgotten farewell party was given to Somerset Maugham.

Maugham had seen Hollywood—and decided to go to China. This eminent author refused to be caught in the golden net. The event in his honor was the first big Hollywood affair after prohibition and established the fashion of hip-drinking in rooms which has become a set feature of hotel balls and banquets all over our bone-dry nation.

(*Continued on page* 84)

Cissy Fitzgerald giving her popular interpretation of gilded sin in silks and satins which once caused such a terrific palpitation of masculine hearts.

This Roman feast must have cost Mickey $10,000—but it was worth it. Among those waltzing and one-stepping about the floor that night were the entire Pickford family: Mary, her mother, the redoubtable Mrs. Smith, her sister, the equally redoubtable Lottie Pickford, brother Jack and little Olive Thomas, who later married him only to die in the prime of her youth. Mary Miles Minter, just out from the East to star for the American Film Company, was

Mary Pickford bobbed her skirts and let down her hair to gain renewed popularity in those little girl roles.

MONTE Drops in

Monte Blue and King Vidor are among London's most recent visitors. Vidor is at the left borrowing a megaphone from Rex Ingram to show Alice Terry, (Mrs. Ingram) how he would have her do this scene. Monte Blue is shown at the extreme right with Arthur Clavering, Warner Bros.' London manager.

Monte Blue comes to London in a plane —King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman are visitors—Jesse Lasky's new find— and other news of British film affairs.

By E. ELIZABETH BARRETT

SCREEN SECRETS London Correspondent

I BELIEVE it's the ambition of all Americans visiting London to go to a real English race meeting—particularly a famous one like the Derby or Ascot. Monte Blue chose just the right time to visit us. He and his charming wife flew over from Paris on the Saturday before Ascot and proceeded to "do the sights" with characteristic American hustle. On Sunday they visited Windsor and stood outside Windsor Castle where the King and Queen happened to be staying. Monte declares that he saw King George peeping through one of the windows—was it too much to hope, I wonder, that his Majesty was trying to get a glimpse of Monte!

(*Continued on page* 88)

Sennett Days

(*Continued from page* 25)

"When you run the rushes of his picture this afternoon, wait for me. You see that this fellow is in there. I'll come in late—like I don't know he is there."

"Yeh," said the business manager, darkly bewildered, "Yeh, what then?"

"Well," said Sennett, "the first time one of his close-ups comes on the screen, I will say to you, 'For God's sake have that fellow grow a mustache: I can't stand those awful buck teeth.'"

I wasn't in the projection room during the tragedy; but I saw the actor coming out. He was dragging his feet sadly behind him. He was wilted like a wet dish rag; and I observed that he kept his lips tightly closed over the world's most famous dental display.

Sennett's real name is Michael Sinnott. He is more Irish than the map of Dublin. As a consequence, the lot always looked like a Donnybrook Fair. Always a lot of animals wandering around—dogs and donkeys and goats. And the place was full of Clanceys and Clines and Murrays and Harrigans.

In a moment of incautious grandeur, Sennett one day decided to make for himself a grand office—like the other magnates of Hollywoood had—and have. By way of explanation, I call public attention to the executive offices of Hollywood. The president of the United States would be scared to death by the elegance of the poorest of them. Cecil de Mille's looks like a Cathedral . . . only a little more gorgeous. So Sennett decided he would have him one of them.

And, brethren, it was an office. Elevated like a conning tower to look over the lot, it was done in mahogony, rose wood and other rareties from India's coral strands and the far isles of the sea. There were mysterious sliding panels like a ducal palace; and shaded lights and all the rest of it. Underneath all this elegance, Sennett built a private Turkish bath with an adjoining rubbing room, presided over by an exprize fight trainer. To the best of my knowledge and belief, Sennett never saw the inside of the beautiful office. He took up his executive headquarters in the bath house. All guests, however distinguished, were received there. All contracts were signed on the top of the rubbing table. You could always tell the height of your importance by the seat you got. If you were of the elect you perched yourself on the rubbing table and dangled your legs overboard. If you had yet to make your name and fame, you consoled yourself with a seat on the bath room weighing scales.

One day Sennett was looking out of his bath room window—out onto the lot—listening to a gag man who was under the delusion that he had an idea. He saw three little girls coming up the path together. The one in the center. . . He grabbed his hat and hurried out of the door. "What's your name?" he demanded of the one in the center.

"N-n-name's Gloria Swanson," she faltered.

"Well you are going to be a great star," he said; and went back to the rubbing room.

Gloria was a little scared girl; but she didn't stay that way. I remember one day that she asked Sennett if she could go downtown to do some shopping. He told her to ask the business manager; and the business manager told her to ask the director.

Poison-mad, she made the rounds of the studio asking everybody she met if he had any known objection to her going down town. Then she came back to Sennett, bitterly sarcastic. "The dog feeder and your chauffeur and both doorkeepers and your bath rubber and three prop boys and the cafe cook say I have their consent to go downtown," she said.

"Yeh?" said Sennett, "Well I withdraw mine."

I remember another time when Sennett dealt with temperament . . . in the person of Albert Cook, then a well known comedian. Albert, deeply offended, was laying down the law to a circle of much awestricken stage hands.

"I am going to get my name on the screen and I get a raise of salary and a good dressing room, or I'm through."

The window above him opened softly and Sennett's best baritone came sweetly down: "You're through, Albert."

What a crowd of budding stars they were! Mal St. Clair was a Keystone Kop, getting slammed around at the risk of his neck. A little Mexican boy played for a little while as one of the Kops; but he didn't last. His name was Ramon Novarro. Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Chester Conklin, Mack Swain, Wallace Beery, Raymond Griffith, Marie Prevost, Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Louise Fazenda, Maude Wayne . . .

Mack Swain and Chester Conklin owned a ranch; and their dressing room was always filled with samples of prize alfalfa and books on raising and educating pigs.

Eddie Cline, now a star director, was an extra boy. Louise Fazenda was the capitalist. She was always investing in stocks and bonds and turning them into golden hordes. Marie Prevost was celebrated as one of the few diving Venuses who knew how to swim. She used to double for the stars.

The day that Sennett closed the studio, he invited the public to come in and take souvenirs. The one I wanted but could not get was the swimming pool which had washed the beauty chorus; which had floated so many flappers into stardom—and so many others into oblivion.

Little Eva Ascends

(*Continued from page* 39)

Motion picture work is thrilling! Eva says so. She has quite definite ideas about her future, too. "On the screen I like sweet little girls, and I like sophisticated women. Jus' now I mus' play sweet **jeunes filles**, because I haf no experience—none at all; but in five years maybe I play sophisticated parts. I want to change. That is more interesting, don't you think?"

AT EIGHTEEN, when the first sixteen years have been spent with governesses and in a convent, one can't have much worldly wisdom. Little Eva's only love affair was a very proper engagement to a young Austrian—"very rich"—who had long been a friend of the family. And who chose him for her prospective husband? Why, Little Eva, of course! Because, "Always I choose what I want—husbands, careers, everything!" She broke her engagement just before sailing for America, because "It would not be wise for my career that I should marry now. In two years, maybe yes. Oh, I luf him, but—no, it is not wise." Wonder how a child entirely removed all her life from the theatrical world learned to talk so glibly about "her career?" Is she just naturally shrewd, or has she read about actresses who "live only for their art?" Whichever it is, Eva has an

Little Eva lives with an American family near the studio. Since arriving in Hollywood three weeks ago she has attended two theatres—the Orpheum, and The Spider. "It make me laugh all time," she remarked anent the mystery play that created such a sensation on Broadway. "No, it no scare me—it just funny, I think." Since beginning work on *The Mask of the Devil* she has not gone out at night. "I mus' go home and go to bed at 8:30 every night. The cameras they make me tired, and I mus' get up at 6:30. I cannot go to parties or shows until I finish."

Little Eva hasn't a beau in Hollywood—yet. She has been escorted only by her chaperon to date. But, she stated practically, "I find heem when I finish this picture. Now I mus' work; but soon I finish, and then I find boyfriend."

This interview would not be complete without the stock question always demanded of a foreign star: "What do you think of American men?"

Well—yes Little Eva likes them. They are so natural. European men—Austrians and Germans—are—Eva looked very solemn and bowed rigidly to right and left with chilling politeness. But American men are always laughing. They are spontaneous. She isn't quite used to them yet—but when she starts hunting herself a boy-friend at the completion of *The Mask of the Devil*, she wouldn't be surprised if he were an American. John Gilbert, maybe?

Little Eva shrugged indifferently.

The Postal Pouch

What do you want to know about your favorite movie star? Your questions will be answered on this page.

Write Postal Pouch editor, *Screen Secrets* Magazine, Box 1757, Robbinsdale, Minn., enclosing 2c stamp.

MARRIED. Yes? Well, cheer up; we have our troubles, too! Write to Buddy Rogers and Clive Brooks at Paramount, and they'll send you their photos—for 25c apiece.

BROWN EYES: They're better than black, if you get my meaning. Yes, I'm sure Ramon Novarro and Mary Astor send out fan photos. Write him at M-G-M. His real name is Jose Ramon Samaniegos. Mary is twenty-three years old. She is under contract to Fox now, having recently left First National. We send out personal letters when a stamped self-addressed envelope is included; otherwise all answers are published in the Postal Pouch.

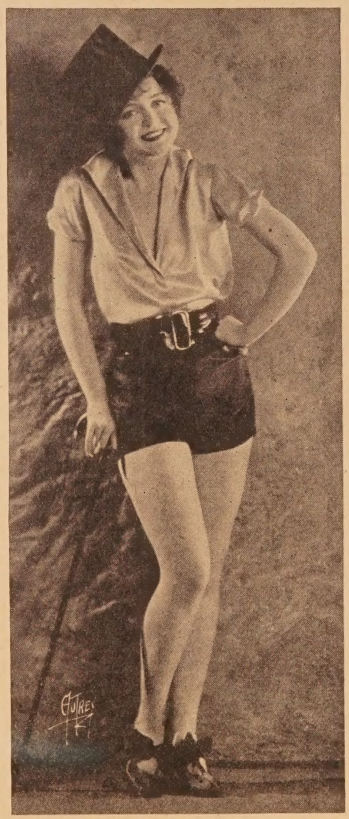
B. W. S. Mae Murray was born on May 10, 1893. The Wampas Baby Stars for 1924 were Gloria Grey, Ruth Hiatt, Dorothy Mackaill, Hazel Keener, Eleanor Fair, Clara Bow, Alberta Vaughn, Marian Nixon, Margaret Morris, Carmelita Geraghty, Blanche Mehaffy, Lucille Ricksen, and Julanne Johnston. Address Sue Carol at the De Mille Studio, June Collyer at Fox, and Jack Mulhall at First National. Why sure, come as often as you like!

CAROLINE: You'll find your questions about Buddy Rogers and Clara answered last month in the Postal Pouch. We don't send out photographs. Write to Paramount for pictures of these two stars.

TED L.: Tut, tut! Who ever said that Pola Negri was Russian? Not we! She is still Polish, just as she has always been, and just as you said. She was born in Bromberg; and if that's in Russia, so's Indianapolis! I'm going away to play in my own back yard, so there!

BABE: Practically all the stars have a double to "stand in" for them while electricians are placing lights and arranging a scene. These girls have the general physical characteristics and measurements of the stars themselves. Sometimes a double is used for stunts that the stars themselves can not perform. Ramon Novarro has been in pictures since 1921. He is not married. So you didn't like Richard Barthelmess in *The Noose?* Maybe you'll like *Out of the Ruins,* his latest picture, better. Tom Mix is about forty-eight years old now. *Hello, Cheyenne,* and *Painted Ponies* are his most recent productions. Sure, send us a poem for our Poetry page. If it's as good as you say, we'll get out a special issue of SCREEN SECRETS for it!

C. L. E.: Harry Woods certainly lassoed a little fame for himself in *The Red Riders of Canada.* He was under contract to Fox about two years ago, but has been free-lancing ever since. He is about six feet two inches tall, weighs around one hundred and eighty, and is about thirty-five years old. He was born in Cleveland. He is married and has three very nice children. He has black hair and—I think—blue eyes. He has been working at F. B. O. quite a bit recently, so write him there.



Nancy Carroll, Paramount featured player, was born and went into the movies. If you want to know where, why, and how, ask the Postal Pouch.

OHIO'S JANIE Y. B.: Bless your heart, Gilbert Roland's sideburns are intact. They're like Finnegan—"off again, on again, gone again." There's naught that I can add to it, alas. A description of my own dear self? There I sit, Janie, at the top of the page, looking thin and haggard over the stacks and stacks of questions I get from nice little girls like you living all over the world. As you may have observed, my hair line is receding; but after what you said about sideburns, I vowed they'd be the last hair to go if I had to spend my next year's salary for tonic.

L. S. NEW YORK: Arthur Lake, the 19-year-old youngster who has made such a rapid rise in pictures, is about six feet tall, and weighs around one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Richard Dix was born in 1895. He is also six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and eighty. Clara Bow is twenty-three years old, five feet three and one-half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and ten. Write to Arthur at Universal, and to Clara and Dick at Paramount.

PATSY. Oh, you're not the Patsy—I am. I knew if I opened my mouth I'd put my foot in it when I named what I thought were the five most popular actresses on the screen. Yes, Colleen Moore is very definitely in this class. Really now, didn't I mention her? *Baby Face* has not yet been made. *Lilac Time* is not yet released. Donald Reed played in *Naughty, But Nice.* I don't think her eyes are the *most* expressive on the screen, but they certainly can talk!

VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH GILBERT ROLAND: What a fan harem that lad has! He'd make Solomon look celibate! You're thinking of Mae Murray in *The Merry Widow*—and what a picture that was! No wonder you've never forgotten that dance. H. B. Warner was the man who played with Gloria Swanson in *Zaza.* Huntley Gordon played with her in *The Affairs of Anatole,* if my memory hasn't played tricks on me. Barbara La Marr was the girl who married Conrad Nagel in *Name the Man.*

E. M. L.: We have no record of a Mary Lawlor in pictures. If she came West to join the motion picture colony, possibly she changed her name, as so many do. Sorry.

Marvelous New

now *any* woman can be

POWER over men that you must use *guardedly*. Fascination so compelling that you *dare not* use even a *tenth*. The selfsame power that unthinking women have loosed upon men to control nations. The power that makes some woman *you* know the envy of her set—because she simply fascinates men. This woman—the siren type—makes no apparent effort. Often she is scarcely good looking—let alone beautiful. Other women, honestly mystified, say: "I don't see what men see in her."

Now do *you* want power over men ten times greater than that of the *most fascinating woman you know?*

An Astounding Thing—But Proved

That Lucille Young actually gives fascination to women is an astounding claim. That only Lucille Young of all women in the world can do this is an even more startling assertion. But here is proof—absolute, unquestionable proof. In the past year thousands of women have accepted Lucille Young's amazing offer. It is that if *any* woman, young or old, beautiful or homely does not acquire fascination she spends not a penny. Lucille Young's *real* warning is, don't abuse or misuse the dangerous power she places within your hands.

How This Amazing Knowledge Came To Be

Lucille Young has been making women *physically beautiful* for more than fifteen years. She is, indeed, recognized as leading all beauty experts of the world; known for the almost miraculous improvements she effects with face and figure. Actually hundreds of thousands of women, representing every part of the civilized world, know Lucille Young for her beauty work.

But years ago Lucille Young undertook to probe one of nature's greatest mysteries. She determined to find out what it is *besides* beauty that is absolutely necessary to *fascination*. She knew that of a hundred women all possessing reasonable beauty, not more than *one* is fascinating.

The Strange Fact She Discovered

Among Lucille Young's clientele were famous actresses, film stars, noted society women—those *famous* for fascination. These women were her friends, intimates. They would have gladly told Lucille Young anything. But the strange, mysterious truth was that not one of them knew her own secret, simply could not explain what it was that brought men fluttering about as moths flutter about a flame. *They did not know.*

Lucille Young then did the only thing possible—she studied *individually* thousands upon thousands of women. She card indexed her observations. She compared what countless women said. She asked questions and recorded answers. She studied what these women did, learned their thoughts, watched them with men. She traced the histories of unusually fascinating women back to childhood.

And Now She Can Make You Dangerously Fascinating

To her utter astonishment Lucille Young saw the actual secrets of fascination take form. As she compared thousands upon thousands of individual records and observations it became amazingly clear that EVERY FASCINATING WOMAN HAD EXACTLY THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS. They were hidden. But they were there. Deep within the siren type of women were hidden sources of power over men. AND THEY WERE ONLY HALF UTILIZED. Think of that. These fascinating women might have been doubly alluring if they had actually understood their power.

Now, in half an hour, YOU can learn what it took Lucille Young ten long years to discover. For the absolute, innermost secrets have been put into the most startling little book ever written. It is called "How To Fascinate Men." A storm of protest has raged about this book. This protest has *come from men*. BECAUSE MEN REALIZE THAT THE BOOK GIVES INTO WOMEN'S HANDS A POWER THAT MAKES THEM IRRESISTIBLE. The men know that they can no longer lord it over the woman who reads "How To Fascinate Men," that henceforth they must exert themselves to the utmost to *please the woman.*

Those who know the arts of fascination so well—the famous film stars—help you realize the astounding secrets of "How To Fascinate Men." In the above you see Patsy Ruth Miller, Marion Nixon, Dorothy Gulliver, John Boles, Edmund Burns, Buddy Rogers and George Lewis, Screen Stars in Universal Films, We Americans, Red Lips, The Collegians and The Chinese Parrot. This new book has created a furor even in Hollywood.

Power over Men dangerously fascinating

The Course of Thousands of Lives is Changing

Millions of women have already learned about this new power. Countless women are using it. Thousands of women formerly forced to be content with crumbs of attention, now command everything desirable that life has to offer. The sheer, utter, stark simplicity of the thing is astounding. The little book is *short*—perhaps a half hour's reading. But its revelations unleash a power beyond words to describe.

The Magic Combination of Beauty and Knowledge

There is *one* thing the secrets in "How To Fascinate Men" will not, cannot do. They cannot make an unkempt, careless woman—one who neglects her skin, hair, figure and all else—fascinating. NO POWER ON EARTH CAN DO THAT.

On the other hand, there is absolutely no need for great beauty. All that any average woman need do—in a physical way—is make the most of what she has. If she is willing to do this, Lucille Young will absolutely guarantee to make her fascinating, or not accept a penny for the priceless gift of power she offers.

How You May Make The Test Without Risk

The book "How To Fascinate Men" gives you all the secret information you MUST HAVE. It then tells you definitely and clearly of an experiment that will put your new knowledge to an infallible test. This test is to be made at any gathering where *men are present*—at a dance, a party, a little dinner, or any similar setting. You are shown how to make men flock to you, to become your devoted slaves, to become intense rivals for your slightest favor.

You will want to succeed quickly, the very first time you try. Therefore Lucille Young has drawn skillfully upon her fifteen years' experience in giving women marvelous physical beauty. She has selected certain things, grouped them and named the group her "Instant Beauty Arts Method." Everything necessary to accomplish QUICK BEAUTY is included.

An Astounding Introductory Offer

The secret information in "How To Fascinate Men," together with everything to give you instant beauty, is regularly $8.00. But you are not asked to pay the full price at this time. To further introduce this means to fascination, this way to make you of really dangerous power, you will receive EVERYTHING for $3.00. But this price will be ONLY FOR THE FIRST 10,000 WOMEN WHO ORDER.

Not a Penny If You Are Not Amazed and Delighted

You may send for this exciting opportunity, the most daring, wonderful opportunity you ever had, WITH ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE. If you feel that anything in the world could induce you to part with the book and the Instant Beauty Arts group, every penny of the $3.00 will be returned to you IMMEDIATELY. Not even a question as to why will be raised. You are to be the sole and only judge of what you desire.

Be Among the First 10,000. SEND TODAY SURE

This advertisement will appear in all leading magazines. So astounding is the success of the offer that the limit of 10,000 women to receive the introductory offer will soon be reached. So send YOUR order *today*. If $3.00 cash is sent with your order, postage will be prepaid. Or you may order C.O.D., paying postman $3.00, plus a few cents postage. EVERY CENT BACK IF YOU WANT IT.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
937-A Lucille Young Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me your COMPLETE offer of "How to Fascinate Men" and your Instant Beauty Arts group to give me instant beauty. On arrival I will pay postman only $3.00 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted with results, I can return everything within 10 days and receive my money back, without fail.

Name_____

St. Address_____

City_____ State_____

NOTE: If price of $3.00 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

TEN YEARS AGO

Lew Cody was a cowboy, Mary Pickford played atmosphere, Cecil B. DeMille was shocking the world with sex dramas when pictures were in their cradle days.

Stars to Atmosphere

YOU have to have a pretty elastic memory to recall the days when Biograph was turning out Big Feature Productions in one reel. Around 1910 that flourishing studio was a reconstructed brown-stone front on Fourteenth street, New York City. There were two dressing rooms—one for women, one for men. The star was shown very little favoritism; for the heroine of one production was often atmosphere in another. Mary Pickford had already become chief leading lady, with Wilfred Lucas, a former husband of Bess Meredyth, the scenario writer, as leading man.

Bobby Harron, who later played opposite Lillian Gish in *Hearts of the World,* and who accidentally shot himself the same week that Olive Thomas died in Paris, was at that time prop boy at Biograph.

Dorothy Bernard and Dorothy West were also leading women; while among the extras were Jeanie MacPherson, now star scenarist for De Mille; Marian Sunshine, of the sister vaudeville team, *Tempest and Sunshine;* Vivian Prescott, who has since retired; Dorothy Davenport, later Mrs. Wallace Reid, and Lottie Pickford.

Too Skinny

ANOTHER extra girl was Lucy Cotton, the well-known New York actress. Her chief worry was her lack of weight, for D. W. Griffith refused to let her play leads until she got over being "so skinny." Ten years later she was massaging a double chin—too plump to be leading lady!

Cowboy Without Drug Store

HERE'S another tale of the Inceville days. The victim is Lew Cody, who in 1915, played a dashing cowboy under the directorship of Walter Edwards, with Elizabeth Burbridge in the feminine lead. Poor Lew had a hard time co-operating with the horse. After a harassing day he turned to a seasoned cowboy and asked despairingly, "Say, how can I stick on this animal?" The cowboy aimed a squirt of tobacco juice at a cactus plant and remarked in a bored tone, "Maybe a little spirit gum would help." Today Lew is the debonair half of the popular comedy team, Cody and Pringle.

Bebe Daniels was the wild wicked woman of the world, and Gloria Swanson, now one of the best dressed women on the screen, was the frowsy frump in C. B. De Mille's problem play, "Why Change Your Wife?"

Black Heavies

LOIS WEBER, one of the few women directors in Hollywood, co-directed a Universal picture with Philip Smalley, back in 1913. It was a two-reel special, with Cleo Madison playing the vamp, Rupert Julian as the "smooth villain," and Frank Lloyd and Elizabeth Burbridge as "black heavies." One of the extras was Lon Chaney, while another was Claire DuBrey, the stage star. This production was the turning point in Frank Lloyd's career, for as a reward for his excellent work he was put in stock at $40 a week. He was overjoyed, quite unable to realize his good fortune. Today, Lloyd is one of the outstanding directors in Hollywood, noted for such productions as *The Sea Hawk, Children of Divorce,* and *The Divine Lady.*

Why Change Your Wife?

C. B. DE MILLE was presenting "slices of life" back in 1920, just as he is today. Do you remember *Why Change Your Wife?,* with Thomas Meighan, Kathleen Williams, Bebe Daniels, and Gloria Swanson? La Marquise, now one of the best dressed women on the screen, played the frump wife, while Bebe was the gorgeous vamp.

The First Big Vamp Picture

"AFTER six months of unremitting activity at the Hollywood studios of William Fox, *Salome,* with Theda Bara in the title role, has been completed, and is now in the hands of the cutting staff in the general offices in New York for final elisions and titling," says a publicity story of Fox.

"The biggest of film productions achieved by William Fox will be seen in the foremost dramatic theatres of America with the advent of September. The statement of the official touches on the outstanding features of a production on five hundred feet of which, reflecting historical scenes, Mr. Fox is credited with spending $50,000 alone—in places at the rate of $100.00 a foot." In those days that was considered expensive.

Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page* 48)

A MERRY crowd gathered at the beach home of **Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason,** joining heartily in games of charades, adverbs, twenty questions and other old-fashioned games. Those participating were the **Robert Armstrongs, Charles Sollars, Daphne Pollard, Ek Bunch, Vera Reynolds** and **Russell Gleason.** One of the hits of the evening was the quaint *Samoa* song rendered with appropriate gestures by Vera Reynolds and Ethel Armstrong.

Sixty of the local newspaper and magazine writers bribed the butler to let them into the Dempsey's recreation room one Saturday night this month and all shouted "Surprise" when **Jack** and **Estelle** arrived home from a motor trip to Tijuana. A guest book of hand-tooled leather was presented the popular couple as a souvenir of the occasion.

Members of the *Harold Teen* company were the guests of honor at a midnight supper given by the Thalians after the opening performance of the comedy at one of the local theatres. **Mervyn LeRoy,** the young director, danced often with his pretty blonde wife **Edna Murphy,** while I noticed **Mary Carr's** son casting sheep's-eyes at lovely **Mary Brian. Jack Luden** did an exhibition dance with Mary at his wife's instigation. **Arthur Lake** and **Martha Sleeper** were easily the best dancers on the floor and condescendingly showed **Judy King** and **Lincoln Steadman** one of their latest steps.

Movie Gossip from Gay Paree

(*Continued from page* 44)

Any time Joe starves . . . .

The El Garon was fairly full, but, Rene, too had a sad look.

"Thees Ambassadeur', " he said, "he tak awa' oor bis'ness. He smart feller, that Sayag."

"What can you expect?" I asked. "All these years you've been running this place you haven't given them a single new wrinkle. Always and everlastingly the same—same faces, same wine, same orchestra, same waiters, same *poules*, same scandals. And too many Argentines."

But Rene Volterra said I was wrong. He said what people wanted in Paris *was* sameness. He said it made them feel at home.

Say, any time I want to feel at home I'll not go to the Rue Fontaine . . .

AT THE other places it was the same story. The Grand Ecart, the only new place opened in recent years, which found instant popularity because it was just a little bit smaller and stuffier and hotter than the others, was full, but the Abbaye, the Rat Mort, Pigall's, the Savoie, the Monico and the Royale were practically empty.

The embarrassment that comes with knowledge of this grave social offense is finally ended. An important phase of woman's oldest hygienic problem is now solved.

WHERE smart women gather socially—or in business—even the most attractive are guilty of offending others at certain times. Yet they, themselves, seldom realize it. When told, they become miserably self conscious. They try in vain to overcome the difficulty by make-shift methods. Now science offers safe and certain relief from this fear.

Kotex now scientifically deodorizes*

Millions of women have learned to depend on Kotex within the last ten years. It has brought them better health, greater peace-of-mind under trying conditions. Now comes an added advantage. Kotex chemists have discovered (and patented) a process that absolutely ends all odors. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

No more bulky outlines

That awful feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. You may add or remove layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

Deodorizes . . . *and 4 other important features:*

1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered: no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;

3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;

4—*Adjust it to your needs;* filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;

and

5—*It is easily disposed of;* no unpleasant laundry.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Fan Club's Bulletin Board

Do you belong to a fan club? Would you like to join one? Read all about them in SCREEN SECRETS new exclusive department.

Marian Nixon has chosen a sunny afternoon to autograph photos and answer letters from members of her fan club.

All secretaries wishing to send in club news, or fans wishing to join new clubs, may correspond with Grace Simpson, Bulletin Board conductor, SCREEN SECRETS magazine, Box 1757, Minneapolis, Minn.

New Club for Nick

A BRAND-NEW Nick Stuart fan club has just been formed—this is the second club that Nick has—and we are patting ourselves on the back because we played no little part in its formation. The way it all came about was like this:

Miss Ona Wilson, of Milwaukee, came out to Hollywood to spend a brief vacation with her aunt, Mrs. Ona Wilson Brown. Mrs. Brown, you should know, is the former wife of Clarence Brown, one of Hollywood's greatest directors, and is herself one of the best-loved women in Hollywood and a most popular social leader.

Well, we took Miss Wilson with us when we went down to the Fox studio to attend the cornerstone laying of their new film laboratory. After the ceremony, young Stuart strolled over to us and we introduced him to little Ona. He presented her with one of his latest portraits and wrote something exceedingly nice on it, too. She was properly thrilled and confided to us then and there that just as soon as she reached

(*Continued on page* 82)

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to this slip—fill in your name and address—and mail it to the Richard K. Fox Publishing Company, Inc., Franklin Sq., New York City, N. Y. You will receive The National POLICE GAZETTE each week for three months, 13 weeks, and, in addition, as a gift, this fine self-filling fountain pen, with 14K. solid gold point.

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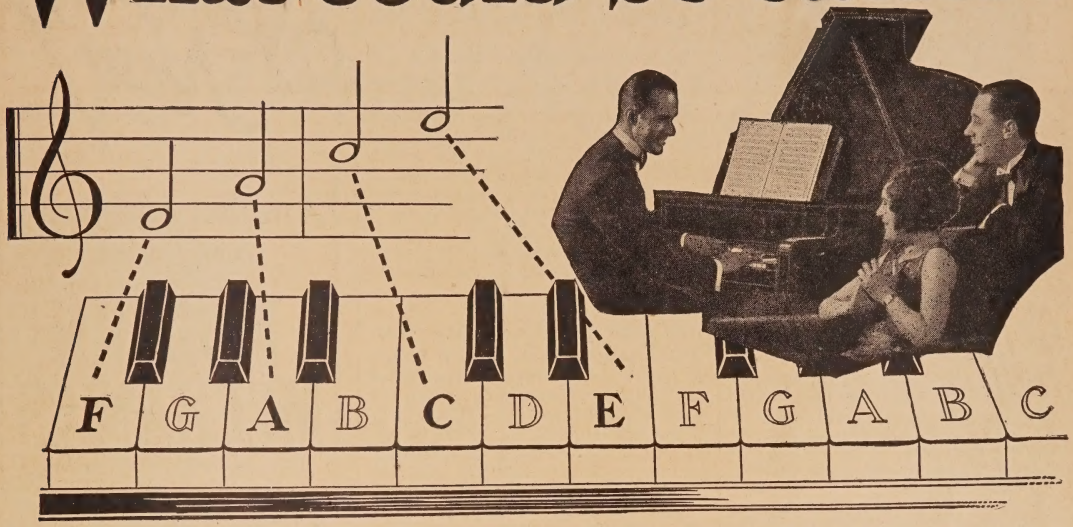

Play any instrument in a few short months

. . . . *learn this delightfully simple way*

LEARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play your favorite instrument! A delightful new method has made it positively easy to read and play music within just a few months. And the cost is only a *fraction* of what people used to spend on the old, slow methods!

You don't need a private teacher. You study entirely at home, in the privacy of your own room, with no one to interrupt or embarass you. And, strange as it may seem, you'll enjoy every minute of it—because the new method is *agreeable* as well as *rapid*!

No Tricks or Stunts—You Learn From "Regular" Music

You don't have to know the first thing about music in order to begin. You learn to play from actual notes, just like the best musicians do. And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts." When you finish the U. S. School of Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and play it! You'll be able to read music, popular and classic, and play it from the notes. You'll acquire a life-long ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money. (Musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work.)

Whether you like the piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you can now learn to play it in an amazingly short time. By means of this wonderful newly perfected method reading and playing music is made almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up, which is not *entirely plain*, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

Here's Proof!

"I am making splendid progress and can play almost any piece of music I pick up. My friends used to laugh when I first took up music with you, but now when I play pieces of Grand Opera and selections from Verdi, Mozart, Bach, etc., it is I who laugh. I owe all I have learned to the U. S. short-cut method." *J. W. R., Telstad, Mont.*

* * *

"I have found the lessons very interesting and exceedingly easy. They could not be made any clearer in the English language. I will always give the U. S. School of Music my best approval." *A. F. B., Clinton, N. C.*

* * *

"I do not understand how you can give so much for the money. The course is a musical education in itself. I wish more people in limited financial circumstances would realize that one can *really* successfully learn to play from your course, without the aid of a teacher." *W. E. W., Montesano, Wash.*

The Surest Way to Be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the musician who claims attention. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know. So don't miss this exceptional opportunity.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course can not be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"*Music Lessons in Your Own Home.*" You can have a copy absolutely free by mailing the coupon below. With it will be sent a free demonstration lesson which shows better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful Method is. If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. Instruments supplied when needed cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3610 Brunswick Bldg., New York City. (Please write plainly.)

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Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Piccolo	Harp
Trombone	Mandolin
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Hawaiian Steel Guitar
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Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
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Please send me your free book, "*Music Lessons in Your Own Home,*" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.....Have You Instrument?.....

Name.....

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See amazing improvement within 24 hours. Free. No cost. No obligation. Send today for generous trial size of Poslam. Simply mail your name and address.

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I CHALLENGE

you that I will teach you, by mail, in one lesson, the simplest, shortest, method all for $1.00. Not telepathy. You can read one's mind to a dot, by only looking in the eyes of partner, chum, sweetheart, etc. Praised by New York, Boston, Montreal Police Chiefs; colleges Thurston; Blackstone; etc. If fake, let them arrest me.
A. HONIGMAN, 4344 Colonial Ave., Dept. D. Montreal, Canada

Fan Club's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 80)

home she was going to start a Nick Stuart fan club, besides a Billie Dove Club.

Nick, by the time you read this, will be in Europe. He left on July 9th and will be gone for about three months making a picture over there. With him went June Colyer, as leading lady and Director David Butler and one or two others. Nick told us he hopes his fans won't forget him while he's gone, and he'll have some interesting experiences to tell them upon his return. Anyone interested in his club or Miss Dove's can write to us and we'll send the letters on to Ona.

Big Year for Bill Haines Fans

JUST a word to all William Haines fans, who like to write letters. There is a fan club dedicated to your favorite—that highly active Billy, which is naturally a wide-awake club. If any of you like lots of fun and amusement, interesting correspondents from all over the world, with a chance to obtain souvenirs, a good place to get it is to join Bill's club. They're planning an extensive year, with their honorary president being very much interested in his club and they're publishing a snappy magazine devoted to the activities of the members and various branches of their organization, to William Haines, and to everything going on in movieland that is interesting.

Miss Vivian Stephens, the president, writes: "There will be many interesting and novel articles in the magazine soon, 'different' contests in the club, and in fact, many things that we can only hint at now! We'll guarantee that anyone who joins us will have fun and loads of it!"

This club is one of the largest in existence, having nearly 4,000 members listed from every country in the world with the single exception of Persia!

Eddie Lowe More Popular

EDMUND LOWE would like to have all of his fan friends become members of his fan club. Ed is tremendously popular right now due to his splendid work in his two latest pictures, *Dressed to Kill* and *Happiness Ahead*, and before very long his club should be one of the real leaders of fandom. The club is offering some exceedingly attractive prizes—prizes that are well worth striving for—to be given to the folks who bring in the most members by November first. Yearly dues to the Edmund Lowe fan club are twenty-five cents.

Drive for Madge Bellamy Club

A MADGE BELLAMY fan club has also just been organized and is now having a membership drive. Anyone interested in Madge (and who isn't??) should write in at once and learn all about this club.

Something New!

Another Magazine Sensation!

MODERN MECHANICS
(A Fawcett Publication)

It Tells You—

¶How to build an airplane for $150.

¶How the world can be blown apart.

¶How to perform feats of magic.

¶The Inside Story of the raising of the S-4.

¶All about the latest inventions of the mechanical world.

Fiction—

The Conquest of the Moon
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The Mad Magician
By CHESTER SAXBY

the First Issue On Sale OCTOBER First!

{ Filled With Illustrations }

Where do YOU *want to Grow New Hair?*

Decide NOW! Let me cover that spot with new hair in 30 days, or I'll mail you a check—I'll be the LOSER, not you!

WHEN approaching baldness threatens—when hair gets thinner and thinner on the temples, the forehead, the top of your head—*that's* the time to accept this no risk offer. I positively grow new hair—or you pay NOTHING!

New Hair in 30 Days—Or No Cost!

Thinning hair, falling hair, dandruff, dry scaly scalp—DANGER SIGNALS ALL! Stop delaying. Stop wasting time and money on ordinary salves, massages, tonics and oils, which you *know from experience* cannot possibly bring worth-while results! Save yourself from baldness this quick, easy way—through my iron-clad contract—*without risk!* For I GUARANTEE to end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new healthy hair in 30 days—or *I don't want a penny of your money!*

Why does baldness begin to appear? Why do ordinary tonics fail to help? In most cases of baldness the hair roots are dormant—*sleeping* through lack of nourishment. And tonics fail to help simply because they treat only the *surface* skin. To make a tree grow you don't rub "growing fluid" on the bark. You get to the roots. That's the simple secret of my scientific treatment. It goes *beneath* the surface—nourishes dormant roots directly—stimulates them to new activity — encourages quick and healthy growth of new, vigorous hair.

At the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York, many people have paid as high as $100 for results secured. Now you can secure equally beneficial results at home for only a few cents a day—AT MY RISK. You *grow* new hair where you *need* new hair—or I pay, not you!

Coupon Brings FREE BOOK Explaining Treatment Fully!

Some cases of baldness are hopeless. I admit it. But so many thousands have benefited through my remarkable treatment that the facts are certainly worth knowing. Mail coupon for vitally interesting FREE booklet, giving the complete story—and, in addition, telling all about my iron-clad contract, which enables you to take the treatment without a penny's risk. No obligation. Sign and mail the coupon NOW! Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 4810, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 4810, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me—without cost or obligation—in plain wrapper, a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(My age is.....)

A Throbbing real-life Romance of modern youth.

MARY only wanted to hurt him a little, to show him that it wasn't so easy to capture her heart with honeyed words and stolen kisses. How could she know that the dazzling path of pleasure might lead her into anguished depths of an all-consuming love? Read the answer in—

My LESSON in LOVE

13 other thrilling true romances in the OCTOBER

True Confessions

MAGAZINE

October issue still on sale.

November issue on sale October 10th.

TRUE CONFESSIONS MAGAZINE, (Oct. S. S.)
Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.
Inclosed find $1 (bill or stamps) for which mail me **True Confessions** for the next 5 months.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

When Hollywood Was Really Wicked

(*Continued from page* 72)

Bootlegging had not yet developed into the national corporative business it now is, with ramifications everywhere, protection assured and prompt deliveries guaranteed. Bootlegging was in its infancy—in Hollywood, at least. The only source of supply was a lone still out in the San Fernando Valley which dispensed a poisonous variety of corn juice. The entertainment committee contracted for the entire product of this poison factory a week in advance.

When the committee sampled the stuff they realized that something had to be done about it. Something that would at least disguise the taste while it was going down. I think it was John Goodrich who had an inspiration. If this is libel—tell him to sue me.

"I've got it," John is alleged to have exclaimed. "Punch!"

Punch it was—composed of corn whisky, Ed Pinaud's Eau de Quinine, two or three cans of preserved peaches, a pint of yarnish and a dash of Nujorol.

Oh, what a night! Eminent authors and sad-faced Aphrodites of the films all over the place.

Madame Glyn, possessor of an alimentary tract that had known only the choicest nectar of the London, Paris and Riviera cafés, innocently imbibed and due effects followed. La Glyn has always affected face powder of a greenish tinge which gives her intellectual features an air of mystery and fascination—but this night she didn't need the powder to look green. She *was* green—inside and out.

And as the guest of honor staggered to the docks next day he was heard to mutter:

"Thank God, I'm going to a place where the worst thing they can give me is rat soup!"

Soon after our nation had been declared constitutionally sober and at the very time when the *Saturday Evening Post* was printing articles to the effect that everybody had quit drinking and nobody missed the stuff, Wally Reid pulled a stunt in San Francisco, which, under these circumstances, could only be attributed to an excess of animal spirits. This will be described in the next installment.

The Spookiest Thing That Ever Happened To Me

(*Continued from page* 67)

"That's like my experience," said Colleen Moore, "only my ghost didn't do any harm. It happened when I was a youngster visiting in Tampa, Florida. There was an old house on the outskirts of town which had been leased by people we knew and I was sent there to call one afternoon. It had old iron gates and a shell walk leading to the porch.

(*Continued on page* 86)

Make $1,000.00 Extra Before Christmas

MONEY-MAKING DEPARTMENT

Men $80 week. New educational invention. Proctor earned $3,638 cash bonus 1 month. Freitag $500 McKean $20 in half day. Playbox patented. Not sold in stores. Huge demand. Outfit Free. Parents Association, Dept. 2041D, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

Big Money. Full or Spare Time. Take orders direct for guaranteed Boys' and Youths' Clothing. Big Cash commissions. Experience unnecessary. Sample outfit mailed free. Write Kraige-Wilson Co., 719 Broadway, N. Y.

Permanent Business Your Own: Men and Women, $40 to $100 weekly operating a "Specialty Candy Factory." We instruct and furnish everything; few dollars starts you home spare time. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 40, East Orange, N. J.

Just out—16 smart, new Lingerie creations. Selling like sixty! Women say irresistible. Backed by famous line hosiery, lingerie, underwear for men, women, children. Advance styles now ready. Choice territories going. Free selling equipment. Write quick. World's Star Knitting Co., 143 Lake Street, Bay City, Mich.

I'll Put You in the Shoe and Hosiery business. Permanent income, protected territory, full commission on repeats. Experience not necessary. Handsome Sample Outfit, literature—everything you need to become a successful Shoe Merchant. Send for free booklet, "Getting Ahead." Wm. J. Mishel, Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., M-1009 C St., Boston, Mass.

Make $100 weekly supplying demand for new invention. Makes autos run on 7% gasoline. Free sample. Write Whirlwind Co., 999—319 E. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Big profits selling ties. Write about amazing proposition and sensational new plan. Sell from actual samples. Write Ralston, Desk SPC, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Agents—$300 month. Bonus Besides. Sell Guaranteed silk hosiery. Must wear 7 months or replaced. We furnish auto. Write for samples. Free silk hosiery for your own wear. Betterknit Hosiery Co., Silk 2035, Greenfield, O.

Amazing profits made. Biggest commissions selling men's lowest priced dress clothing. Wonderful patterns. Free outfit. Write Mr. Bond, President, 191 Green Street, New York.

I Pay My Agents $9 Daily Just to Wear and show my beautiful New Free Lingerie "V" Chain. Prevents shoulder straps slipping. Lingerie "V" Co., 909 Oak St., North Windham, Conn.

$500 a month, easy. New invention burns chesp oil economically; heats coal; costs few dollars; fits stove or furnace; Underwriters approval; free trial. International Heating Co., Spring & Park, St. Louis, Mo.

$52.50 a week to start; new invention beats $150 washing machines; costs few dollars; operates by vacuum; sells from home at sight; free demonstrator and trial. G. P. Bradley, Inventor, 3808—Park, St. Louis, Mo.

Bankrupt and Rummage Sales. Make $50 daily. We start you, furnishing everything. Permanent business. Free details. Distributors, Dept. 279, 429 W. Superior, Chicago, Ill.

Brand New Plan—Free Suit to Each agent—$45 and up weekly, paid in advance. Take orders for our high-grade tailoring. Handsome carrying case outfit of large real cloth samples—furnished Free. Spencer Mead Company, Harrison and Throop, Dept. X-972, Chicago, Illinois.

Sell shirts—entirely new way. Make double profits and give customers better values. Dealers work for you. $45.00 daily easy with sensational new plan. Your own shirts free. Write today Ralston-Hall, Dept PCS, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Sell "HOOK-FAST"—an amazing men's belt that never slips! $15 daily easy! Personal initials. Platl-Croyd buckles and emblems. Get Free Belt offer. National Crafts, Dept. K-23, 41 John St., New York.

Make $125 daily showing finest guaranteed All Wool Tailored to Individual Measure Suits—Overcoats, $23.50—$29.50. Big Sample Outfit Free. General Tailoring Co., Dept. PCS, 529 So. Franklin, Chicago.

$85.00 weekly—Dresses Free! Associate company of famous Real Silk Hosiery offers you remarkable opportunity. to earn money. Parisyrtles. Below-store prices. Free equipment. Harford Frocks, 915 Walnut St., Indianapolis.

★ **Sell a Necessity that Repeats — Sell it** entirely new way—make $100 to $150 weekly. Write today for Free Details. A. H. Carroll, 554 Argyle Road, Broadway, N. Y.

New and Going Big—Two Amazing New patented household items. Year round selling. Big profits every sale. Write for unique selling plans and outfit offer. Central States Mfg. Co., Dept. K-1011, 4500 Mary Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

All home study schools on this page marked with a star (★) have been investigated and approved. These schools are recommended on the following grounds: truthful purposes, thoroughness of courses, capable instructors and reasonable instruction fees. National Home Study Council, Washington, D. C.

Hotels Need Trained Executives. Nation-★ wide demand for trained men and women; past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Write at once for particulars. Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite BA-W637, Washington, D. C.

★ **Radio! Big Pay, Rapid Advancement,** Success! Learn at home. Finest instructions. Post Card brings you free booklet. Dept. R. Radio Institute of America, 326 B'way, N.Y.C.

Agents—Sell $1 Christmas Card Assortments. Also beautiful personal greetings. Unequaled values. High commissions. Samples Free. Harry A. Doehla, Fitchburg, Mass.

Something New! Latest Craze—Rubber Art Rugs in attractive patterns and colors. Practical, serviceable, economical. Soft, easy on feet. Most women buy 3. Agents cleaning up! Make $90 weekly easy. Also 47 other fast-selling rubber specialties. Free Outfit. Write Quick. Kristee Mfg. Co., 1406 Bar St., Akron, O.

A Knock-Out Sideline— Tailoring Salesmen add $30 a Week to your profits. New and different. Every customer buys. Sample Outfit can be carried in pocket. Free. Tell me what line you are selling. Morton, 1705 N. Oakley, Chicago.

Sell Shirts! I furnish free samples. Stylish ties too. Personal initials. Liberal 25% commission. Write today. Rosecliff Shirts, Dept. K-37, 1237 Broadway, New York.

Agents earn big money taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics, Hosiery, Fancy Goods, 1000 Samples furnished. The National Importing Co., Dept. K89, 573 Broadway, New York City.

Fifth Avenue Manufacturer Sells Direct Suits, Topcoats, Overcoats $13.75, commission $3.50. Guaranteed All Wool and Worsted Suits, Overcoats $19.75, comm. $4.00. Satisfaction or money back guarantee. Free outfit. Dept. SPC 10, Avenue Tailors, 140 Fifth Ave., New York.

Ties Pay big! Get my Fall selling outfit Free. Factory prices—Wonderful patterns—Liberal Commissions—Your ties Free. Write Berck, 4947-X Hudson Blvd., N. Bergen, N. J.

Agents—Just Out! $8.88 for Men's Suits. Anyone can sell! Big commission in advance! Free Sales Kit! The 888 Company, Dept. X-15, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Agents—big Money Selling Model Hats for men. Guaranteed quality; low prices. 20 numbers; smartest styles. Free Outfit. Model Hat Co., Dept. M-27, East Orange, N. J.

Punchboard—Sideline Men Cleaning up $200 Weekly with Lucky Horseshoe. New Different! Full Com. repeat business. Free catalog. Puritan Novelty Co., 1405 Jackson, Chicago.

$31 Profit—with $1.50 Outfit—big Money— Easy Work. Selling Gold Monograms for Automobiles and Luggage. No experience. No license. Send $1.50 for complete outfit. Nulife Monograms, Hartford, Conn.

Make Extra Money Writing Stories, Photo-plays, Poetry, Songs, etc. My free book tells how to write and where to sell. Richard M. Abbott, 22 E. 12th Street Cincinnati, O.

Bankrupt—Rummage Sales make $500 monthly. We start you, furnishing everything. Experience unnecessary. Write today. Robey Dept. R-9, 1045 Wabansia Ave., Chicago.

Get Our Free Sample Case-Toilet Ar-ticles, Perfumes and Specialties. Wonderfully profitable. La Derma Co., Dept. RC, St. Louis, Missouri.

Amazing invention mends socks, shirts, and thousand other articles. Banishes darning, sewing. 50% to 200% profit. Free equipment. New-Way Laboratories, 11St., Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

We Start You Without A Dollar, Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods, experience unnecessary. Carnation Co. Dept. 593, St. Louis, Mo.

Punchboard Salesmen. New fascinating game. Excitement; legal all states; $200 weekly easy; one minute sales talk; pay 60%. Cigar-Novelty Co., Dept. P., Peoria, Ill.

Agents—Sell "Whisper-it-Mouthpiece" telephone specialty. Hundreds sold wherever telephone is used. Big profits. Write Colytt Laboratories, 563 Washington Blvd., Chicago.

Agents $300 a month. We feed the world. Groceries, teas, coffees, food specialties, soaps, perfumes, family medicines. Over 400 daily necessities. Steady profitable repeat business. $3.00 hour part time. Samples furnished. Harley Company, Desk E 2584, Davton, Ohio.

Men—Our outfit with actual samples of the Bostonian Broadcloth gets quick sales for our nationally known Bostonian Shirts at 3 for $6.95. Postage paid. Liberal Cash commission earns big profits for you. Bostonian Mfg. Co., Dept. SM9, 68 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Men—who like to travel. Work romantic South America. American firms pay fare, expenses. Free list. South American Service Bureau, 14600 Alma, Detroit, Mich.

Stenographer Earned $1000 in Lunch hours selling Christmas Cards. Full or spare time. Weekly pay.

$10 Sample Book Free. Exper. unnec. Get details. John Hertel Co., 320 Washington, Chicago.

"Try It" "Punch Ball" 2 brand New Machines that's startling country. $125—$200 Weekly. Every Store Prospect. Pocket Outfit Free. Ad-Lee, 823 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wheat-Corn

$10. No more. Buys Option on 5,000 bu. wheat, corn. Possibility large profits. Full particulars Free. Write today. Grain Traders Service, Dept. 46A, 22 Quincy Street, Chicago.

World's leading manufacturer of Fire Extinguishers has positions open for salesmen in direct selling, capable of earning $3,600 to $6,000 yearly. Prospects everywhere; easy sales. We train you. Rapid promotions to producers. Fyr-Fyter Co., 1720 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

If you need money and want to make it at home in spare time get my big illustrated book of 67 tested plans that show you how to start earning a profitable income without investment. Mail only half dollar (stamps or coin) to V. O. Fisher, 795 Kearney Ave., Arlington, N.J.

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If you do business on basis of "satisfaction or money back" write us for advertising rates.

Publishers Classified Service,
9 East 46th St., New York

Everybody needs Food. Our Plan Gives customer better quality and lower prices. Representatives wanted. $100 a week and free automobile. Write quick. American Products Co., 1925 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

Moneymaker is Taking American Women by storm. Men and women representatives everywhere making biggest profits of years. $279 a week—$57 a day—$17 an hour—spare or full time workers earn extraordinary easily. Territories now being allotted. Full information Free. Marcelwaver, Dept. 98R, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sensational Values! Nothing like them in any other line. Agents cleaning up. 75 other powerful sellers. Quarter yard samples Free to hustlers. Write for outfit at once. Address Dept. 527, Madison Brothers, 133 South Peoria, Chicago, Ill.

Sell beautiful "Style Tailored" shirts, pajamas, lumberjackets and neckties direct to wearer at factory prices. Many beginners earn $50 first week in spare time. $100 weekly full time easy. Selling outfit Free. Howard Shirts, 1213 Van Buren, Factory 21, Chicago.

$100 weekly selling better-quality, all-wool, made-to-measure suits and overcoats at $23.50. Highest commissions. Extra bonus for producers. Large swatch samples free. W. Z. Gibson, 500 Throop St., Dept. X-672, Chicago.

Sells itself. $3.45 profit on $1.30 cost. $10 to $20 every hour. Brand new. Exclusive territory. Big Repeat business. Backed by National chain organization. Agents—get free trial offer. Curtan Mfg. Co., 152 E. Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

Earn—$15 daily selling personal Christmas cards made to order, the most beautiful and complete line, selling at exceptionally low prices. High commission paid daily; experience unnecessary; full or spare time. Write today for sample book; big season on. Klein Co., 242 North Water, Rochester, N. Y.

Galloping Ivories. New Game that's Thrilling all America. Absolutely Legal. Every Cigar Counter waiting for you. $125—$200 Weekly. Hurry. K & S, 4339 Ravenswood, Chicago.

Agents $500 month. New Food Given. Sell finest line guaranteed hosiery. 126 styles, colors. Beats store prices. Silk hose for yourself free. Write for samples. Wilknit Hosiery Co., Dept. 2435 Greenfield, Ohio.

Part-time workers wanted. A limited number of positions open for direct salesmen. Next 3 big issues of my book containing valuable opportunities on spare-time money making sent for only 10c. Alfred Bernard, 22 E. 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Agents—$250 month. Raincoats. All Colors. Your choice $2.65. Part time $2 hour. Complete line 60 patterns, silks, suedes, tweeds, Leather-Lyke. Outfit sent free. Postage prepaid. Write Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 9-O, Dayton, Ohio.

FREE! To honest men over 18: new patented cigarette lighter. Show your friends and make $90 weekly. Send 25c for cover mailing costs. E. Z. Lite, 365 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bang-Up Good New Sideline! Sells Every Store All Merchants, Banks, Mfrs. Big Comms. advanced daily. Pocket Outfit Free. Carroll, 319 N. Albany, Dept. VA, Chicago.

Don't Sell for Others. Employ Agents yourself. Make your own Products. Toilet Articles, Household Specialties, etc. 500% profit. Valuable booklet Free. National Scientific Labs., 1929W Broad, Richmond, Va.

LEARN WHILE YOU EARN

Candies, Home Made. Make big money. Few dollars starts you. We teach making and selling. Capitol Candy School, Dept. AE-8545, Washington, D. C.

Men, Enter U. S. Mail Service; $142-$225 month; steady; paid vacations; experience unnecessary. For details, write Norton Inst., 1523 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

Men Wanted—$18 to $40 week while learning Aviation, Electricity or Autos. Write for Free Book. Specify Trade wanted. Greer College, 2024½ Wabash, Chicago.

Big Pay Jobs open in Automotive field. Learn how on real equipment with real shop tools in eight weeks. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write quick for special tuition offer. McSweeny Auto Schools, Dept. 21-H, Cleveland, O. and Cincinnati, O.

Men, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 month and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Institute, 1523 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

Great neckwear line now free! Features finest quality neckwear at factory prices. Collars big commission daily. Write for FREE tie offer and FREE outfit. Nawco Neckwear, M-125, Covington, Ky.

Make $12 a day and liberal bonus selling Pioneer $23.50 and $33.50 all-wool tailoring. Commissions paid daily. 100 extra large cloth samples furnished. We train the inexperienced. Write Pioneer Tailoring Co., Congress & Throop, Dept. X1272, Chicago. Write

Write for Free Soap Sample & Agents terms on Face Creams, Extracts, etc. Make Extra Money during your spare time. Lacassian Co., Dept. 90, St. Louis, Mo.

$90. Weekly Selling nationally known, tailored-to-measure $23.50 suits, overcoats. Quality unexcelled. Commission $4.00, plus Profit Sharing. Powerful sales producing outfit furnished. Style-Center, Dept. W-25, Cincinnati, O.

Make $1,000 before Xmas selling exclusive personal Xmas Cards in distinctive and tailored designs. Expensive sample book free. Wetmore, Jane & Sugden, Dept. PCS, Rochester, NY

Big Pay Every Day, Showing Nimrod's All-Year Sellers! Jackets, Wool and Flannel Shirts, Overalls, Pants, Sweaters, Underwear, Pajamas, Leather Coats, Lumberjacks, Playsuits, etc. Exp. unnec. Big Outfit Free! Nimrod Co., Dept. 85, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

I pay my agents $90 a week just to wear and show beautiful New Free Raincoat and give away Free Hats. Write for yours. R. G. King, 230 So. Wells, Chicago.

Become Successful and Independent. Complete National Success Course in business and personal efficiency trains you for Big Money jobs. Offered to you at the amazingly low special price of $1.98. Originally $24.00. Only few courses left. Order today. Pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage. Conrad Co., 230-D Fifth Avenue, New York.

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No. 290—$60
$6 Deposit—$1 a Week

7 full-cut, fine quality blue-white, genuine diamonds of fiery brilliance are set in a **solid platinum** disk in this handsomely engraved, 18 Kt. solid white gold lady's ring. Looks like a solitaire worth over $600.

18 KARAT

No. V94
$57 $5.00 Deposit $5.00 A Week

SPECIAL!

This lady's wrist watch is the sensation of New York. Has 6 fine quality, sparkling, blue-white genuine diamonds and 6 blue sapphires. Richly engraved 14 Kt. solid white Gold case. 15 jewel movement guaranteed accurate and dependable. $100 Value. Other diamond wrist watches from $35 up to $1,000.

8% Increase

We will give you 8% more per year than you paid in exchange for a larger diamond ring.

No. 291—$42: $4 Deposit, $1 Weekly. 4 sparkling, blue-white genuine diamonds set in exquisite design 18 Kt. solid white gold Dinner Ring. Regular $75 Value.

SEND ONLY $1 With your order to show good faith. When postman delivers article, pay C.O.D. balance of deposit. **Take ten days for trial.** If you keep it, pay only $1.00 a week for about one year.

DON'T BOTHER WRITING A LETTER: Just pin this ad with a dollar to a piece of paper with your name, address and finger size on it.

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We are an old established firm of diamond importers. **You take no risk.** If you are not satisfied that article is the biggest bargain you ever got, return it and **we will refund every cent you paid.** You have 10 days to decide. All credit dealings kept strictly confidential. No red tape. No needless delay.

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It brings our large Jewelry Store right into your home. Gives weights, grades and complete descriptions so you can buy diamonds like an expert. Gives information other jewelers dare not tell. State if white or colored.

AGENTS WANTED. $200 Week. Write for details.

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Diamond Importers — Established 1879

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How Would $150 a Week Strike You?

Start right in making real money—$90 to $150 a week full time—$50 to $75 a week spare time. *You can do it.* With my Profit-Sharing Plan, Arthur M. Stone cleared $410.95 in 2 weeks. You can make these big profits, too. Just help me introduce my amazing new Wonder Suit in your territory and make 3 to 4 times as much as you've ever earned before. Prentiss, Mass., took hold of this proposition and cleared $945 in one month. Brooks, N. Y., has made as high as $90 in 1 day. Now it's your turn to share in these fat profits.

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You don't need any capital, training, or experience. There's a tremendous demand for my suits, because they stand up under wear and tear that would ruin ordinary suits. Made of a special new kind of cloth. Almost impossible to rip, snag, burn, or tear it. New patterns. Latest styles. Yet, due to huge production, I can sell these suits retail for only $9.95! No wonder it's easy to get orders. And that's all you do. I deliver and collect.

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Just mail a letter or post card. I'll send FREE everything you need to start right in making $75 to $150 a week. Also sample suit FREE to workers. You don't risk a penny. The only way you can lose is by turning down my offer. So act quick. Write today to C. E. Comer, Pres.,
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Daniel Laboratories, Dept. 3067, 18 W. Lake St., Chicago

The Spookiest Thing That Ever Happened to Me

(*Continued from page* 84)

"I looked through the gates first and saw a woman in white walking up the path. Being a kid, I thought it would be easier to go in with the other visitor than to make an entrance all by myself so I ran madly after her. But run as I might I couldn't catch her and just as I reached the porch, she *went through the door without opening it!*

"I was so frightened I fell against the door bell. When my hostess let me in and I told her what I had seen, she laughed. 'That's the ghost that goes with the house,' she explained, 'She always leads the way in but we don't know who she was nor why she does it, but as she never does any harm, we simply ignore her and get on fine!'"

THIS may be all very well but Louise Fazenda prefers not to dabble in the occult after the weird experience she had recently. Her genial husband, Hal Wallis, had been kept at the studio late that night so Louise thought it might be a good time to learn her lines for the Vitaphone sequences of her role in *The Terror*.

In this picture, the comedienne plays the part of a medium. Determined to get into character, she turned out all the lights except one dim light which she directed on the crystal held in her hand. For a while she concentrated on the tiny ball and then slowly began to speak her lines.

"Come, spirit control. Come to me." she chanted.

She was deep in her role when suddenly she *knew* that Something Not Human stood at her back. Paralyzed with fear, for a moment which seemed years she felt glued to her chair. Then with a terrific effort she forced herself over to the light switch. Even after the room was flooded with light, she felt panicky and went through the whole house turning on the lights and finally locked herself in her bedroom until Hal came home.

"I shook and shuddered more over something that happened while on location with *The Covered Wagon* than anything I can remember," said Lois Wilson. "We had a band of Navajo Indians with us and one day the assistant director insulted them. He didn't mean to—in fact, he didn't know he had done so until their mutterings were translated.

"The red men's anger grew and grew and by nightfall the whole company was frightened. We all kept out of their way as much as possible and went to our separate tents right after dinner. I could hear the steady beat of tom-toms and the thumping of their moccasined feet. Hollywood seemed a thousand miles away and I had a conviction that I would never see home and mother again."

"I expected every moment to see a redskin with a tomahawk creep into my tent."

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To win and hold any man's love is not easy and never was. There are millions of women who have had more than their share of good looks, but they did not get a man. Are *you* going to be left on the shelf simply because of your failure to grasp a glorious opportunity?

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Don't fool yourself. Find out all about men from a man who knows. You hear people say, "She is homely as sin and yet men always fall for her." Why? Because she has found out how to fascinate men.

If you are married and your husbands seems to have lost his passionate love for you, beware! Watch out that you have not lost your power to hold him. If you have let the spark of love grow cold—act before it is too late—before some other woman steals his love—a love that belongs to you.

Sana Swain tells you the warning signals and shows you how to be more skillful in maintaining your charm and holding your husband's love. Get this valuable information now—before it is too late.

There is an art in winning and holding love and you must know it to be successful. Sana Swain tells you all about it in his amazing book, "How to Win and Hold Love." Read the unusual offer on this page. The book is written for women and men over sixteen years of age.

We are taking full page space because we want every reader of this magazine to send for our marvelous book—even those not in the habit of buying by mail. A money back guarantee goes with every book. You can't lose and you will be astounded at the value. And we only get $1 for it—not a penny more. Read the details and you will mail the coupon now.

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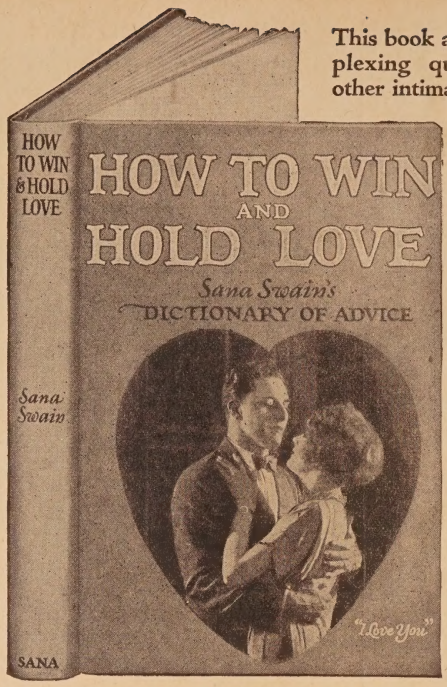

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It answers hundreds of intimate questions that you wouldn't dare ask your closest friend. It tells you how to change mere interest into love; how to avoid long-drawn-out courtships; how to quickly read a person's intentions. A letter from M. E. B. of New York, says:

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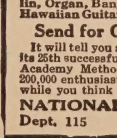

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Monte Drops In

(*Continued from page* 73)

Monday was spent sightseeing, with an hour in the afternoon devoted to the press—Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament were amongst the places this energetic young man visited. Then, on Tuesday, he watched the changing of the Guard outside Buckingham Palace, and went off to Ascot.

I saw him at his hotel when he returned from the races that evening and he was very thrilled by the fact that the King and Queen and whole Royal Family, in their carriage, had passed so near that "I could have stretched out my hand and touched them" as he told me gleefully, with a laugh every bit as infectious as it looks on the screen.

Monte's holiday has been a flying one in more senses than one. He visited practically every capital in Europe, journeying most of the way by aeroplane which, he says, is much the best way of travelling anywhere.

EVERYONE from America, by the way, seems to visit Rex Ingram and Alice Terry. King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman were there a week or so back. Their brilliant picture, *The Crowd,* met with an enthusiastic reception here.

THE recent visit of Jesse Lasky to England caused quite a little sensation in film circles here, first because of his terrific enthusiasm on the subject of sound films and secondly because of his signing up for American films a young English actor, John Loder.

The latter is a romantic story on the lines of the Walter Butler affair. It is particularly interesting in view of the fact that Jesse Lasky publicly disclaimed any intention of taking any of our promising young talent away from the British studios when he attended a luncheon in his honor at the Ritz, soon after his arrival.

But a week later he was introduced to John Loder at the Carlton Hotel—strangely enough, in the very room where the editor of *Picturegoer* brought Walter Butler to meet Sam Goldwyn. He was so interested in him that he went the next day to Elstree to see some rushes of *The Firstborn,* in which John was playing, and a five-year contract, terminable at the end of the first year, was at once drawn up for him.

Loder, who in appearance is decidedly reminiscent of Ronald Colman, is an Englishman who, after an Eton and Sandhurst training, served in the 15th Hussars during the war. His father is a cavalry general. He has never been a stage actor, but started screen work some two years ago with instant success. *The Firstborn* is his first British picture, but he has made nine others in Berlin studios under the name of John Lowe. As soon as he has finished work in this, which will be some time in August, he will sail for America, where his first role for Paramount will be as leading man for Florence Vidor.

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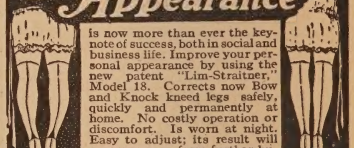

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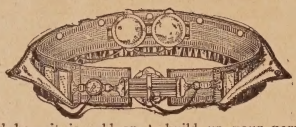

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Why Get Married?

(Continued from page 21)

things virtually rule our lives. Everyone is more calculating.

That's all from Ramon. Not seeking a wife. Not anxious to take that fateful trek to the tune of Mendelssohn's. Just wants to be left alone and be permitted to work.

AND Richard Dix? Well, Richard for many years has been looked upon as the real answer to some maiden's prayer. But he goes lame, develops string-halt and turns deaf, dumb and blind when a cooing maiden starts waxing sentimental. Yet he says:

"I haven't found 'the ideal girl.' When I do meet her the obsequies will be short and sweet. We will find a minister as soon as we can without any preliminaries. There'll be no big wedding with flowers and organ music. There will be no blare of horns. Just a simple announcement—'Richard Dix married Kitty Smith yesterday. Present whereabouts unknown.'"

Search for someone to accept a wife, I found, was not getting me anywhere. I saw big, red-headed Lane Chandler in another part of the Paramount lot. Here, I believed was a young fellow from the great open spaces of Montana with a heart as big as a Georgia watermelon. Surely he would welcome a gentle, cuddling little wife.

"Absolutely!" exclaimed the young giant. "Couldn't be anything finer."

"Then why not get married?"

"Can't afford it," said Lane. "The high cost of living, of clothes, cars and the keeping up with the Smiths and Joneses is beyond me. You see, Mr. Lasky isn't pushing much more than a thousand dollars a week out to me on pay-day. I might get along on $4 out of it but what in heck would a Hollywood girl do with only $996? I've seen too many marriages shattered by money difficulties."

Not far away was Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, excessively handsome young chap, making his first starring picture. Openly, frankly, almost cruelly, "Buddy" told why.

"I've never had any what you call a 'regular girl,'" he said. "I've never had a real love affair. I don't want any before I'm thirty. (I'm twenty-three now.)

"Don't you get proposals through the mails?" I queried.

"Hundreds of them. Two women in Chicago wrote me letters not long ago offering to pay my expenses to come there and one wanted to take me to Europe. The other said she was going to get me if she had to come after me."

Thus young Charles Rogers made his obeisance to the ladies and withdrew his name from consideration.

ACROSS the street at Tec-Art studio was Roland Drew, the dapper young man who played the role of *Felipe* in

Dolores del Rio's *Ramona.* He is under contract to Edwin Carewe.

"The more I think about marriage, the further I get away from it," he declared. "If I had a wife I would have to devote at least a portion of my time to her. I'm trying to make a screen career for myself and it's taking every minute of my waking hours."

Exit another prospect!

I sought out George Duryea, the strapping young fellow who played the role of the godly boy in De Mille's *The Godless Girl.* In response to my queries, young Duryea delivered an oration which ran about as follows:

"I always have said I would never marry until sucess was within my grasp. Love in a cottage may be all very well for poets and dreamers but it is not so good when there is a mortgage on the cottage. I struggled too long not to appreciate that a wife deserves a home and the comforts that success can bring, and I intend to give them to my wife."

All of which might lead one to believe that George is not set against matrimony as being a deadly menace. Neither does it place him in the light of one in quest of wedding vows. He is about as non-commital as James Murray, who said:

"Of course I'd like to get married! But the ones I want won't have me and the ones who will I don't want. Now what is a fellow to do in a case like that?"

Jimmie isn't bothering his head about any girl. He's "taken his fun where he found it," as Mr. Kipling says in *The Ladies* and it always seems to be somewhere around.

I knew of one other young man who might be eligible. This was William Haines and I decided to make one more trial. "Bill" Haines, I figured, would do most anything, once. He's always up to something surprising. I found young Mr. Haines kidding Anita Page, the new blonde recently put under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And here was his response to the inquiries I put to him:

"I have certain definite reasons for not wanting to marry. In the first place I love—O, I just love!—to drop ashes on the floor. Know what that means? 'Willyum, you're burning holes in our new carpet!" Exit the ashes. So young man, if you're making a list of 'Eligible Husbands of Hollywood,' please add another column with my name at the top. Make the caption read—'Totally Undesirable.' Underneath my name add, 'He snores in his sleep.' That, undoubtedly, will make me safe for bachelorhood."

In a debate on the question "Why Get Married?" the affirmative side would be sunk. The high cost of modern girls, the barbaric strain in most every man which leads some to wander, the passion for work and a career, together with a lack of "ideal girls," has pushed the screen's great lovers off the board as possible husbands. For the present, at least. And they don't mind saying so.

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But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue tied in public.

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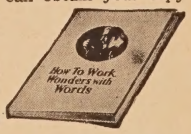

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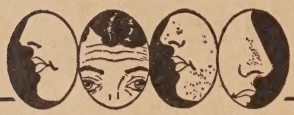

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Vilma Banky Was Afraid of Strange Faces

(Continued from page 42)

ficed for far less ample quarters in Budapest. A wild higera of rumors, troops marching, heaven alone knew where, disorder, dark hints of privations to come. These made the warm violet eyes of the lovely Miss Banky go wide with wonder. There must be something she could do. A brother and sister, parents used to good station and comfort, must not suffer too greatly while nations pressed for power.

As fortune has always favored the lovely Hungarian star, not long after, she was walking with her girl friends, and gazing into the gay shop windows of a city soon to flaunt mourning crepes instead of silks. There she met, through a social acquaintance, a man who had become a director in one of the film companies which had lately sprung up in Hungary. She was the ideal type he wished for the leading role in *Galatea* and so, she stepped at once into a part opposite Ivan Petrovitch, then acclaimed "the Valentino of Europe."

FURTHER opportunity and greater success followed. She made pictures in Vienna, a comedy with the famous Max Linder, great dramatic features for UFA in Berlin, and then Samuel Goldwyn, searching Europe for talent, saw a fine portrait of her in a merchant's window.

That old "busy in conference" alibi which Mr. Goldwyn has undoubtedly given to others many times when he could not be annoyed, was in turn sent out to him by foreign picture producers when he attempted to interview Miss Banky. They knew her value and fully intended to keep her in Europe.

But a hint that a prominent American producer had been trying to see her came to Miss Banky's ears. Casually, she asked to be spared from the set for a brief half hour. In make-up and costume, she called a taxi and arrived at the station just as Mr. Goldwyn was about to board a fast express. A brief glance at the delectable Vilma and the producer signed a short agreement with her. Two days later, she left for America!

After completing her first American film, *The Dark Angel* opposite Ronald Colman, she one day sought the hills of Hollywood for relaxation. As her horse threaded the narrow paths, a horseman across the canyon sighted her. His eyes kindled and he spurred on toward her. It was Rudolph Valentino. He addressed some chance remark to the beauty, but she could not speak a word of English to reply! But she must have smiled, just a little, for Valentino found out who she was and asked for her services as his leading woman in *The Son of a Sheik* and *The Eagle*.

The dashing and dark English actor, Ronald Colman, had previously been discovered by Samuel Goldwyn. Vilma's gorgeous blonde beauty, teamed with the raven coloring of Colman's eyes and hair, made a striking combination and caught the fickle fancy of a public that adores beauty for art's sake and art for beauty's sake. This pair made five pictures together and became world famous as screen lovers. After the *Dark Angel* there was *The Winning of Barbara Worth, A Night of Love, The Magic Flame* and last *Two Lovers*. Then Vilma attained the goal of goals, individual stardom. Her first starring picture, *The Awakening* has just been completed.

And so she has won where hundreds of other lovely girls have failed. And she has not even suffered the usual years "waiting for a break," with the shoddy lunch rooms, the hall bedrooms, the made-over satins recorded by other stars now in the firmament.

And there was Rod bringing romance to round out the charmed life. A socially popular baron abroad had once been a suitor of Vilma's but she has not considered him seriously. Then came Rod La Rocque, one of Hollywood's handsomest and most eligible bachelors now laid low by appendicitis, but previously a very dashing bridegroom at a flower-bedecked church wedding, a white winged whirlwind on the tennis court.

She starts each picture with enthusiasm. Then, before it is finished she is very sure she had made many dreadful mistakes which she never means to repeat. She loves this work, and the daily changing panorama of new sets, new clothes, new backgrounds and new people. She is even willing to stand out in rain and wind during a cold California night as she had to do in *The Awakening* and suffer a sore throat for a week. "No, a double would not do," she explains. "Doubles do not run as I would run, or move as I would move. I must do these in my own way." And so she flirts with death and is herself.

Her womanliness is also an emanation of her thoughtfulness. She reads much philosophy and psychology, for she is sure that no one can be a good actress or artist without a knowledge of these subjects. She used to read all these books translated in Hungarian, but now she has reversed the process, since she has become proficient in English.

Vilma Banky is a living example of the theory that inner harmony in itself attracts success. Back of her charm and personality, there had to be much natural talent to make it possible for her to take advantage of the turns in Fortune's wheel. And Vilma Banky's own subconscious tranquility and her perfection of womanhood has in itself been her greatest aid to success. High qualities don't stay hidden under bushels in a smart world!

When Colleen Moore Was an Extra

(*Continued from page* 54)

scene, I was supposed to fall asleep, and the cat was expected to come and snuggle in my arms. But the kitty would not come until I called to her, ventriloquist fashion, out of the side of my mouth, feigning sleep all the time.

An offer next came from the Christie Studio to play in two reel comedies beginning with *Her Bridal Night*. Although still in my teens, I had done emotional roles ever since I came west. The comedy field was entirely new and I wondered if playing in comedies would hurt rather than help me. So, as always when I was in a quandary, I went over to see my good friend Frank Woods and asked him what he thought.

"By all means get the comedy training," he advised.

And Mr. Christie, when I told him I had decided to accept, greeted me with an encouraging smile and predicted, "This studio will bring you luck. Betty Compson, Alice Lake and a dozen others were trained over here and they are now stars."

And what Mr. Christie said was true, for after a year at his studio I went to Marshall Neilan for a picture and my good luck has continued to this day. Oddly enough, I never wore a bathing suit at the Christie studio in any part, or, in fact never during my career until the making of my very latest picture *Oh Kay!* which you will soon see in the theatre.

So I went to the Goldwyn lot, and there first met Richard Dix who also played in *Wallflower*. There was crying to be done in this picture. I have always had to go off in a corner of the set to prepare myself for crying scenes. Perhaps this brings up recollections of standing in a corner crying as a child. But, at any rate, it brings the desired results even today. So, I was standing off in a corner between two walls of scenery when Mr. Goldwyn himself visited the set. He saw me crying, and came over to ask who had hurt my feelings and if there was anything he could do to punish the offender.

I was given my contract with First National Studios next, and from that time on decided never to take success for granted, and to realize that if good opportunities came, I must work just as hard for the next ones.

When it was suggested that I do *Flaming Youth* ever so many people said that I was too distinctly the country girl type to make a success in this part. But the bob did the trick and the director John Francis Dillon, was sure he could bring out a totally new personality. This he accomplished and this was the picture that put me over in a big way. It was my lucky break after that long period of depressing idleness.

A great event took place while we were half way through *Flaming Youth*.

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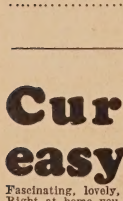

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I was married, really married. Some two years before I attended a dinner party one evening at Sunset Inn, Santa Monica, which a few years ago was the restaurant most frequented by picture folk. At this party Marshall Neilan introduced me to a Mr. John McCormick.

WITH me, it was love at first sight and my husband assures me he was visited by the same romantic miracle. Before that I really hadn't known much about love except what I had read in books. I remember that in one of my first pictures with Bobby Harron that the director told me to put over the fact that I was in love. I panted and tried to look coy and fluttered my eyelids very fast.

"You're terrible!" he shouted at me, and indeed I must have been—until I met John and really understood what it was all about.

It was John McCormick who had faith in my ability as an actress when no one else would give me a part, and it was he who put me under contract to First National Pictures after those seven terrible months of idleness. I am still making pictures under this agreement.

We saw a great deal of each other for the month following our introduction, and John wanted to be married at once. Besides the fact that I had fallen in love, he interested me greatly, too. You see Mr. McCormick had been long associated with the moving picture business and thoroughly understood all my problems. He had sold pictures, engaged players, written publicity, cut and titled pictures and even produced some.

My mother intervened and did not wish me to be married so soon, but advised us to wait a year until we were really sure of ourselves. So for a year we continued to see a great deal of one another after studio hours. At the end of the year we still felt we cared more for each other than for anyone else, so our engagement was formally announced. But mother advised waiting another year before our wedding. When the time was up, and we began to make our wedding plans, I thought it would be nice to choose August 18, 1923. It seemed as if we all had birthdays in August and as John's falls on the 17th, mine on the 19th, grandmother's and mother's on the 14th and John's father's on the 16th. By setting our wedding day on the 18th it came just between the respective birthdays of John and myself and would also provide occasion for a sort of "Old Home Week" for our families each year.

But as August 18 approached, we were only half finished with the production of *Flaming Youth*. However, we decided to carry out our original plans. Just before I left the set that afternoon, I spoke this title: "I don't believe in marriage. It all turns out wrong. Look at yours! I shall never marry!" And then I hurried away to my car and immediately refuted everything in the title by being married at once!

(To be concluded next month.)

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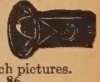

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Like to Travel—Does Romantic, Wealthy South America call you? Unusual opportunities for young men. American employers. Fare and expenses furnished.

BIG PAY. *Write for Free List.*

SOUTH AMERICAN SERVICE BUREAU
14600 Alma Avenue Detroit, Michigan

Camilla Speaks American

(*Continued from page* 55)

terpreter. With everyone. The small projection room was bathed in the refulgence of her smile.

Successful, she tried again.

"Hot stuff!"

A blonde head, a beautiful, curly blonde head, wagged from side to side.

Camilla was parading her knowledge of English. The grammer she had absorbed from ten weeks' residence in America. Oh, please, Mr. Hays, has she been taking lessons from a teamster? Or just some Hollywood funny guy?

"Oh, my Ga-wd!"

But there was no hint of sacrilege.

She made it sound like a melody. It dripped from her lips in dulcet tones. On anyone else's lips it would have been vulgar. From Camilla's it was a song.

The projection room darkened and Camilla slipped into her chair. A gelatine Camilla appeared from the long ray of light onto the square of screen and went through the scene mutely, with grace and charm.

"Ich leibe es!" cried Camilla. The words purred forth. "Ich leibe es! I love it!" They cuddled each other. Camilla was delighted. Palm played a rat-rat on palm and everything was joy.

Another scene flashed on the small white square. A vivacious Camilla, a flirtatious Camilla, a coquettish Camilla.

"Ah!" the flesh-and-blood version breathed. "It iss nize? Yess?"

It was good. There is a depth of feeling to her work that is equalled by few American actresses. A sincere quality that is most beguiling. A strange contradiction of a girl. So ethereal, frail, spiritual in *Faust*, that she made with Emil Jannings in Berlin; a mischievous, rollicking person in *The Tempest*. It was her versatility that attracted Joseph Schenck of the United Artists when he was abroad and prompted him to send her to Hollywood.

"She is blonde, she is beautiful and looks like Cinderella," he wired Beulah Livingstone of the publicity department. "She arrives Thanksgiving Day. Will you please meet her?"

Armed with a large bunch of chrysanthemums, Beulah was at the train to meet the incoming Cinderella.

Ten girls—each blonde, each beautiful and each to be mistaken for Cindrella, descended from the train. Beulah was alarmed, for the moment. But only for the moment. She approached several. No, they were not Camilla Horn. Finally:

"Ja, I am Camilla Horn. I luf everybody!"

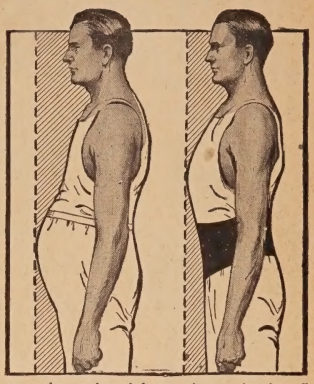
Someone had given her an English lesson.

Arrived at the hotel, Camilla inspected her room. Prodded the overstuffed Coxwell chair, gingerly; opened the dresser drawers; peered into the closet.

"Sleep?" she inquired, monosyllabically.

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but actually takes off rolls of excess fat in a short time. It does the work of a professional masseur—at a fraction of the cost! Flabby fat disappears under its gentle, massaging action. No diet—no drugs—no tiresome exercises.



DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing—the only scientific method—is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to literally melt away the surplus fat. Massage is highly effective, but the services of a masseur are expensive. The Weil Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper.

Every move you make—walking, climbing stairs, even breathing—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. Results are remarkably rapid because this belt works for you every second. Watch your bulky waist vanish.

Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

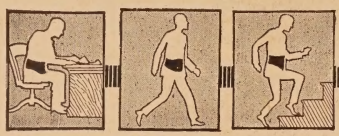
From 4 to 6 inches of bulky, useless flabby fat usually vanishes within just a few weeks. Only the good, solid, normal tissue remains. You will find yourself standing erect, chin in, shoulders back, chest high—just as Nature intended. You will breathe deep, walk with a firm step and experience the thrill of vigorous new life. You will probably look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

Thousands of fat men have vastly improved their appearance at once with the Weil Reducing Belt. Made of the same scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes for reducing fat safely. Physicians everywhere endorse it because it not only takes off fat but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. If you write at once you will receive a special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Company, 10010 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Every move of your body, walking, sitting, climbing stairs—merely breathing causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It works for you every second.



The Weil Company,
10010 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Win a New Studebaker or $2,800.00 in cash

I am going to give away, **absolutely free**, an 8 cyl. Studebaker Sedan to someone who answers this ad. It will be delivered thru the nearest Studebaker dealer, or winner may have its full value in cash, $2,250.00. This offer is open to anyone in the U. S., outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company which has already given away thousands of dollars in cash and prizes to advertise its business. Act at once!

Find 5 Objects

Starting with the letter "C"

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above. See if you can find 5 that start with the letter "C." When you do this, write them on a piece of paper together with your name and address and send it to me right away.

$550.00 for Promptness

I am also giving away a Chevrolet Sedan; Victrola; Shetland Pony; Seven Tube Radio; Gold Watches and many other valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, including $550.00 for promptness. First prize winner will receive the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 cash, or $2,800.00 cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Find 5 objects in the picture above starting with the letter "C" and send them to me right away with your name and address plainly written. **$5,000.00 worth of prizes.** Everybody rewarded.

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Sirs: Rush to me, without charge, copy of 32-page book, "How to Get U. S. Government Jobs," with sample coaching, lists of positions obtainable and full particulars telling how to get them.

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without dieting, drugs or exercises

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Made of finest quality, fresh, live Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., Perfolastic reduces by *automatic massage.* With every breath you draw, every step you take, its continuous gentle pressure breaks up fat cells, moulds away flabby flesh as an expert masseuse would. Cool, comfortable, light—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (garters included)—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK gives full details about this marvelous girdle and special 5-day Trial Offer with money-back guarantee that protects you from all risk. Send for it today. No obligation. Simply fill out coupon and mail to Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 710, 79 Madison Ave., New York City.

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79 Madison Ave., New York City.

Without obligation, please send me FREE BOOK describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle, also special 5-day Trial Offer.

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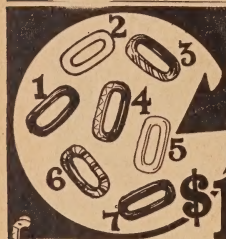

find the MISSING LINK

There is one link missing in the chain forming the border of this announcement. In the circle to the left there are seven links, **but one and only one is identical with the links in the chain.** Can you find it? Each link is numbered—just write the number of the missing link on a piece of paper with your name and address and mail it at once. You may win a big cash prize!

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$200 CHECK to Apply on Grand Prize Sent Immediately as Below if Your Solution Is Correct

Find the missing link. We will immediately send full particulars of this remarkable offer and also voucher check good for $200 to add to the $1000 prize if you win. COSTS NOTHING TO TRY—just a stamp to send your puzzle solution. No need to risk any of your money now or at any time. **DO NOT PASS UP THIS SNAP.** You may have heard of free cash prize offers, but this one is different—you get quick action and fair treatment—no long delays—no hard work to do and **NO SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SELL**—under this new plan every active member positively receives a reward. If you can find the missing link write today **THE LIBERTY CLUB, DEPT. CB2. GREENVILLE, PENNA.**

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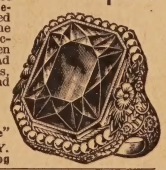
No. 6132. Solid Gold Men's Initial or Emblem Ring. 2 Genuine Diamonds. 14-Kt. White Gold Top. Emblem (any lodge) or any initial (Old English) Yellow or White Gold inlaid in Genuine **Hope Ruby or Black Onyx.** Mention if desired in solid white gold or green gold, same price. Also give initial or Emblem desired and finger size.

$25

No. 6919. Ladies' 14-Kt. white gold ring with genuine **amethyst** encircled by real seed pearls strung on gold wire. The mounting is beautifully pierced, contains flowers of green and yellow gold. Can be had with genuine topaz, sapphires, genuine Hope ruby, Zircon and golden sapphire.

Terms: 6 Months to Pay. Give Finger Size.



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HENDERSON PRODUCTS CO., 757 Broadway, New York. Dept. PF-10

An in-a-door bed was produced. The kind that opens, jaw-like, from a deceptive door. It lumbered to its nocturnal shape. She watched its descent. Then firmly, she declared herself.

"*Ach, nein!*"

She was not to be crushed in the maw of that bed. Suppose it should suddenly decide to ascend? Suppose Camilla should be dreaming sweet dreams of the Fatherland in it? What would happen to Camilla? *Ach, nein!*

"Tomorrow," pleaded Beulah Livingstone, slowly, and distinctly, with appropriate gestures, "we will find a little house for you. But tonight couldn't you stay here?"

"*Nein!*" emphatically.

That afternoon Camilla went house hunting. With her went a German-speaking friend of Beulah's. Over the tea, later, Camilla told Beulah of the lovely house she had found. Such a sweet little house with a tiny garden like the one at home in Hamburg. Beulah was relieved. And where was the little house? Camilla looked puzzled. It was a little white house. Or was it green? Lots of trees on the street. Palms? Or maybe peppers. They were the same to Camilla.

She had paid a twenty-five dollar deposit. Wouldn't Beulah know where it was? Was Hollywood so big?

The friend was 'phoned. How did he know which one she liked? They had looked at twenty, at least. He was exhausted.

Camilla spent the first night in the jack-knife bed, and the house with the twenty-five dollar deposit has never been located.

There is something of the Gish charm about the latest importation. Perhaps in the slender, pale face. Certainly in the little darting movements. Darting here. Rushing there. Her interpreter, Mrs. Halgreen, is forever dashing after her. Something of the Gish way of using her hands, in that restless, fluttering motion. More sturdy than Lillian Gish, with a strong body, and hips that flow outward in the generous shape of the continental woman.

She was a dancer when she was sixteen. Today she is only twenty. It was her dancing that brought her to the screen. Like Lillian Gish she has worked with a master director. In her case it was Murnau, the great German. As Marguerite in *Faust* he gave her her first opportunity. Of the Europeans she has played with Warwick Ward, Marie Jacobini, Rudolph Rittner, Fritz Odena. And has starred, herself, in several continental films.

"I vish," said Camilla, waving a spoonful of grapefruit in mid-air, "that I speak better American.

She's going to have plenty of opportunity. Joe Schenck liked her so well in *The Tempest,* that she is the first person in the cast of *The Night Stick,* that mystery melodrama that Roland West will produce.

Hollywood has tossed away its hammer and has a Horn.

A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE

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Trados Model No. 25

corrects now all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently, and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 90000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service.

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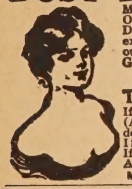

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EDUCATOR PRESS Dept. K-4 19 Park Row, New York

Hollywood Hate Me Says Tom Mix

(*Continued from page* 45)

Why is this true?

Mix himself blames his unhappiness to two things.

First, to his wealth.

Second, to "Hollywood parasites."

When Mix speaks of his unhappiness he speaks of his domestic life.

Twelve years ago he married Victoria Forde Mix. Six years ago an heiress came to the Mix domicile. The heiress is Thomasina Mix.

During these twelve years wealth came to Mix, too.

He still has his wealth.

But his wife and child are separated from him by the wide expanse of the Atlantic. They are in Paris because of his wealth and because of "Hollywood parasites," he says.

To these two things he attributes his marital unhappiness.

"I attribute much of our unhappiness to these Hollywood parasites and to the papier mache and tinsel of Hollywood.

Mix asserts he has done everything within his power to bring happiness to Mrs. Mix in spite of their domestic troubles. To make her happy through independence Mix says he entered into a property agreement with her.

By the terms of this property settlement he gave Mrs. Mix something like $500.000 in cash; clothing and jewelry, he says, worth approximately $250,000 and in addition $50,000.

The $50,000 was given her, he says, with the stipulation that it be used by her to purchase a home abroad, in Thomasina's name, in event she decided to stay in France for a while.

Mix keeps all the real property.

Mrs. Mix, her husband says, is to remain abroad indefinitely. He says he will not know her plans until he receives a letter from her which he expects in the near future.

"The property settlement was not made with a divorce in view," Mix said. "I did it to further please Mrs. Mix as she naturally thought she was partly responsible for my success and that she had a desire to be independent."

Mix also ridiculed reports that Mrs. Mix made the trip to Paris for the express purpose of getting her freedom in the courts there.

"It is generally known and understood that Mrs. Mix cannot get a divorce in Paris unless I am there also to be personally served and to personally appear," Mix said. "It will be impossible for me to go abroad for another year on account of my picture contract and my contract for vaudeville appearances. So that eliminates any possibility of a Paris divorce."

Hollywood has given Mix all the things most men long for—wealth, luxury and fame. But he would trade it all for his days of poverty—and happiness.

$100 a week is waiting for YOU

IF you want $100 a week clear profit, if you want $5000 a year without working as hard or as long as you do now, I'll show you how to get it. I'll prove to you that $10 a day is easy, that $15, $20, or even $25 a day is possible.

I will give you the same offer I made to Christopher Vaughn, whose earnings have reached $125 in a week. You can do like John Scotti, who started without experience and made $97 his second week. Or Mrs. K. R. Roof, who has two children and does her own housework, yet in her spare time has made $50 in a week and $15 in a single afternoon. Yes, profits like these can be yours. Do you want them?

Big Profits For Easy Work

All you need to do is to accept my offer to handle our dealings with our customers in your community. We have customers in a million homes throughout America—hundreds of them right around you. These customers of ours know and like and use "Zanol" Products—delicious foods, delightful toilet preparations, perfumes, soaps and household necessities—more than 350 different products in all.

But "Zanol" Products are never sold in stores. They are sold only through our own representatives. You can be one of them. Our representatives will make two million dollars as their profits this year, and you can have your share. You will be amazed at how easy it is, and how quickly the money rolls in. You will realize that $100 a week is not hard if you are in the right line.

I Furnish Everything

If you want your share of these big profits, all you need to do is to write. We furnish all of our people with complete equipment free for doing business. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We make it easy for you. You will be given the same proposition that enabled G. C. Henry to make four times as much money as he ever did on a farm, and that made it possible for G. A. Becker, of Iowa, to earn more than he did in 22 years in the grocery business.

FREE

We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this handsome closed car without expense and an income of $100 a week, or more.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to start. I will show you how to make $100 a week, or $8 to $10 a day in spare time. It is the one opportunity you have been waiting for. It is your chance to get ahead. You are not risking a penny. You don't agree to pay anything or do anything. Don't wait until someone else gets ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Mail the coupon now!

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co., Dept. 728 Cincinnati, Ohio.

I want to make $100 a week. Send me full details of your proposition at once. This does not obligate me.

Name .....

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Now Yours!

a clear, healthy, glowing skin!

A Radiant Complexion

with **"charm o'youth"**

(pellicle)

NOT a cream, lotion, ointment, salve, skin peel, clay or mud pack or anything like that—but something entirely new and different in skin beauty culture!

No muss, fuss or bothersome massaging. Just a delightful 10-minute treatment—that's all.

If you have a good complexion, *"charm o'youth"* will help you keep it clear and youthful. If you are troubled with a dull, muddy, sallow skin—or large pores, blackheads, pimples, fine lines or wrinkles—by all means send for our

SPECIAL $1.00 TRIAL OFFER

FREE For a limited time, we will give away with each package of *"charm o'youth"* pellicle, absolutely free, one packet each of Charmaine Eggotonic Shampoo and Lustertonic Rinse (which do for the hair what *"charm o'youth"* does for the skin). **ALSO FREE** one color-harmony chart, showing colors and shades in hats and dress to wear to match with and enhance the beauty of your hair and complexion.

Fill out and mail this coupon—TODAY.

CHARMAINE CO., 719-2 Soo Line Bldg., **Minneapolis, Minn.**

Send me at once special $1.00 trial package of **"charm o'youth"**; also Shampoo, Rinse and Chart, free, per above offer.

☐ I will pay Postman $1.00 plus few cents postage and C. O. D. charge when he delivers package.

☐ I enclose $1.00. Send package all charges prepaid. (Dollar bill, money order or 2c stamps accepted.)

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Address.....

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GET THIS FREE

—and learn that what was considered impossible before—the banishing of pimples, blackheads, freckles, large pores, tan, oily skin, wrinkles and other defects—can now be done by any person at home in 3 days' time, harmlessly and economically.

It is all explained in a new treatise called **"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS,"** which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this paper. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging. Simply send your name and address to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 29-M, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail, without charge or obligation. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

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DIRECT TO YOU AT A BIG SAVING. 4 yards or more of each. NO SCRIMS. The very newest and latest popular patterns. Our finest quality. Worth double.

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Beacon Blanket FREE

It's easy to get this 66x80 blanket—only sell 13 bottles of Champoo'air, a greatly improved new shampoo at 50 cents each. Wonderful for hair. Guaranteed. Big value. Send 25c for full size bottle to show. Particulars free.

CHAMPION PRODUCTS CO. Dept. F, Sandusky, Ohio

Man-Made Women—Part V

(*Continued from page* 63)

She didn't understand him in the least.

"Jules," she said, almost tragically, "I love him!"

"Well, we'll see," he returned quietly—and he sipped his champagne.

IN HONOR of his return, dinner that night at Moret's apartment was a little more elaborate than usual. There was champagne. And talk, of course. Their talk irked her tonight more than when she had first met them. She could hardly wait for the long evening to wane, and for them all to go.

At last they were gone, and Moret said to her, "What's on your little mind that's made you so quiet and troubled this evening?"

She told him what Irma had said. "And I want you to read this." She gave him Sarah Innesby's letter, and sat beside him on the couch while he read it.

"Well," he queried when he had finished it, "What do you propose to do about it?"

"That's just it" she said. "I don't know what to do—but something's got to be done or else he'll marry that awful Ruth and ruin his whole life."

Jules laughed. "Your concern for him, ma petite, is touching."

"Don't laugh, Jules," she implored him. "I used to think I was in love with him, but now I *know* I am—and I've got to get him back. I've got to, Jules. Being in love is awful, isn't it?"

"I don't know," he returned, and getting up abruptly, he paced up and down the big room, evolving an idea which had been going around in his head for several days. It was psychologically sound, he felt, but it entailed considerable risk, and as the success or failure of it would depend entirely upon her, he wondered, in her present state of emotionalism, if she were capable of it. But the alternative was for her to go back on her knees, so to speak—and to be rejected. Where women were concerned, men couldn't be honest—even to themselves! And Payson, he judged, was as masculine a male as ever hated the woman he couldn't help but love. Never the type, surely, to be moved by tears or by pleas of repentance; but if he were baited with fresh bait in the old trap—ah!

"I have a plan," he told her, "but before I divulge it, I want to be absolved of all responsibility—even of the responsibility of suggesting it! If you approve of it, I will help you all I can. But if it fails—"

"It won't, Jules—it won't. I can tell by your face that it's the kind of plan that can't fail. And you're dying to tell me!" She moved closer to him and slipped her arm through his. "I know now why you never married. You frightened away all the women who wanted to marry you by your cleverness! If John ever shows signs of it, I'll leave him again—and for good."

"You're being a trifle premature, aren't you? The success of my plan depends entirely upon your cleverness—not mine."

"Tell me," she said. "I'm all ears." She lighted a cigarette and settled herself more comfortably.

And looking at her, stirred for the moment by her magnetism and lure, he decided that the odds were all with her—unless this husband of hers proved to be more fish than man, a chance, considering that she had married him in the first place, that he was quite prepared to take.

WHEN a month went by and Anne didn't return, John closed the house and went to live with his mother in the old Payson mansion, where he had been born.

Anne's telegram reached him there.

They were at lunch—Mrs. Payson, John and Ruth Campwaite.

The telegram was brief and to the point. It ran:

JUST BACK FROM PARIS.
COMING UP TODAY TO
SEE YOU ON IMPORTANT
MATTER. ANNE.

John read it and passed it to his mother, who, in turn, handed it on to Ruth, and then they all fell to eating lamb cutlets and peas, and perhaps five minutes went by without a word being spoken. The afternoon dragged by interminably.

Then a long gray car of foreign make flashed up the drive and drew up outside. Beside the chauffeur sat a little dark girl; in the luxurious interior was Anne—and a man.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, and hurried from the study, followed by his mother who was as bewildered as he was.

The dark girl was evidently her maid. She and the chauffeur were taking innumerable bags from the car and from the trunk at the back. Her companion was helping Anne to alight, and they came up the steps together. John opened the door.

"Hello," Anne cried cheerily. "Did you get my wire?" She gave one hand to John, the other to his mother. "We went to the other house, but it was closed. I'm glad you moved back here, instead of trying to live alone. There's nothing worse." In her excitement she seemed to have forgotten her companion for the moment. "You're looking just the same—both of you."

Moret emitted a little reminding cough. His clothes were a trifle too new, his yellow gloves too yellow, his morning coat too tight at the waist, but otherwise he was perfect—the acme of chic as becomes a Frenchman. But Anne surpassed him. From her Reboux

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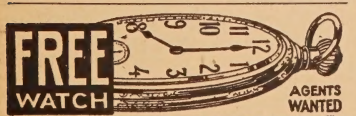

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hat to her Perugia shoes of scarlet snake-skin, she reeked Paris—the Paris of Georgette Drumeil.

"Oh," she said, her glance apologizing to Jules, "allow me to present my husband—and my mother-in-law. Monsieur Jules Moret," she introduced him.

He bent low over Mrs. Payson's hand and raised it to his lips. "I am charmed." His accent was more French than it had been for fifteen years. "And Monsieur!" He bowed. "It is ze great pleasure to meet ze 'usband of Madame."

"Leon insisted upon coming up," Anne said, amused at their bewilderment. "He said he could speak to you so much better than I could. We came over together on the *Berengaria.*" They were in the hall, and in the distance she could see Irma hovering about at the back with the bags. "Oh, John dear, will you tell my maid where to take my bags—and Leon's?" She turned to Mrs. Payson. "I do hope it isn't inconveniencing you—*both* of us coming?"

DINNER—indeed that whole evening—was one of those never-to-be-forgotten affair that used to occur once in every respectable family, after which mother's hair turned visibly whiter and father was seldom seen to smile again.

"May I ask," Mrs. Payson said when they were seated in the drawing room after dinner, "what brought you back to America, then? From what you say you were evidently enjoying yourself."

"Monsieur Moret brought me back," Anne informed her, "he had some business over here, and he was anxious to meet John."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Payson. And conversation languished again, until Anne resumed it.

"Of course," she said, "a great many people think that because a husband and wife entertain one or two fundamental differences—as John and I do—they ought to establish the most unfriendly relations possible, and then stick to them. But that's really very silly, don't you think so?"

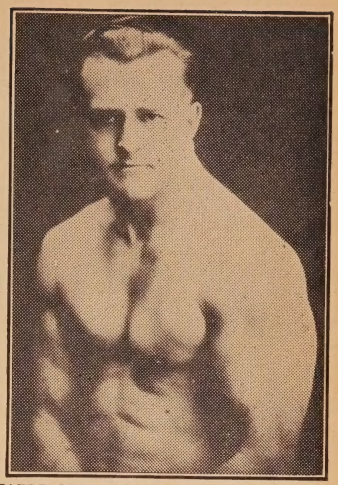
Mrs. Payson couldn't say she did.

"But it's so absurd," Anne went on, "for two people who once were very fond of each other to pretend they can't bear the sight of one another—and be bitter and mean and ungenerous. I'll never feel that way towards John, and I'm sure he doesn't feel that way towards me." The evening dragged to a close.

"And I'll go to bed," Anne said. "Good night."

Moret stopped by the door, raised her hand to his lips and kissed it. He murmured a phrase to her in French. She had no idea what it meant, but she laughed nevertheless and scolded him and told him he was a very wicked man to say such a thing to her—in her husband's mother's house.

Now turn back to page 64 and conclude this thrilling story.



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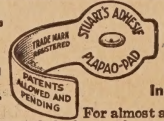

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"John, darling, please don't make me go away," murmured Anne, looking up into his eyes, pleadingly.

Man-Made Women—Part VI

(*Continued from page* 65)

in the cradle, n'est-ce pas?" He fixed him for a moment with those keen eyes and observed that Life was sometimes most unjust. "For you, Monsieur, to be the *'usband* of such a woman you can not appreciate!" His tone implied that there was something infinitely tragic about it. "Bon soir, Monsieur." He sighed deeply, turned, and made his way out of the room.

John sat there, stupefied. And presently he went out of the study, up the stairs and along the corridor to Anne's door. He hesitated for a moment, listening. Then he knocked, and the sound of his own knuckles on the door caused his heart to thump and leap until it seemed to be beating in his throat.

SHE was dressed in no wise to receive a husband from whom for so long a time she had been estranged. She called "Come in."

"I had a talk with that man—"

"Yes. And he told you?"

"He told me,"—grimly.

"And you saw his point, of course!"

"I didn't agree."

"John!"—and her face fell; the animation left it for an instant, and she looked at him through the eyes of a suddenly disappointed child.

"I never heard of anything so preposterous in all my life!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Preposterous! What's preposterous about it?" she asked innocently.

She let a tiny interval elapse. "Won't you be nice about it now—and reasonable?"

"About what?" he asked darkly.

"You know."

"About—about divorcing you?"

"Yes."

He shook his head.

"Please!" She got up, moved to him, and touched him with her hands. "Please, John."

"No," he said.

But she moved with him—imploring him to do as she asked. It was such a little thing she asked! "Why won't you, John? Why won't you?"

"Because"—he said, "because—" conscious of the pleading touch of her hands, conscious of her closeness, her fragrance.

"Because what?" she demanded. "Because is no reason."

"I don't have to give you a reason," he retorted angrily. "I won't!"

"Is it—is it," she asked in a soft, melting voice, "that you still love me?"

"No—no!"

"You're sure, dear—sure?"

"No—yes—of course I'm sure!"

"But if you're still attracted to me," and her voice was a caressing whisper, "why not tell me? It isn't something to be ashamed of, is it?"

He shut his eyes. He tried to shut his ears. He swore. "Damn you! Damn you! Damn you!" he cried.

But evidently it was what she was waiting for him to say.

"My darling!" she murmured in a tone he had almost forgotten. And she seemed suddenly to be deliciously happy.

SUNDAY morning breakfast at Mrs. Payson's was a religious rite. For more than forty years it had been served

Does a petting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel," Page 199

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Has true love come into your life — or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

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precisely at nine-thirty with sometimes as many as twenty-four members of the Payson family in attendance.

But this morning Mrs. Payson sat down at the table alone, arrayed in her customary dress of Sunday black and mumbled the blessing to a solitary dish of stewed rhubarb. From Poultridge, the butler, she elicited the information that John had not yet put in his appearance and that young Mrs. Payson's maid had served breakfast to her mistress in bed and had also taken up a pot of coffee to the Count.

Mrs. Payson ate her breakfast slowly, thoughtfully, a bit chagrined at the upsetting effect which Anne's presence seemed to have had on her household from the moment of her appearance.

At last John arrived, greeted his mother diffidently as though expecting to be asked for an explanation of his tardiness, and attacked his breakfast in silence.

Suddenly Poultridge entered to announce the arrival of Ruth. A wave of relief swept over John. Her presence, he felt, would help him greatly in keeping an uninformative attitude.

"Be seated, my dear," said Mrs. Payson graciously, "John just came down. He had a poor night, I suspect, and no great wonder." Then turning to John, "that foreigner must have kept you up till all hours. Whatever did he have to say to you?"

"His ideas were quite preposterous," said John shortly.

"French, I suppose," said Ruth pointedly.

"Very French," said John and returned to his oatmeal.

"Dear, dear, it is terrible to think that there are such people in the world. What did he want you to do, John?"

John paused here a moment.

"He wanted me—to divorce Anne."

"*He* wants you to divorce her!" Mrs. Payson looked her bewilderment. She didn't understand.

"So that he can marry her himself," said Ruth brightly, not understanding the situation herself any more than Mrs. Payson. What was there so terrifically French about that?

John leaned back in his chair and faced the two women.

"No," he said slowly, "he doesn't want to marry her. He wants to *make her his mistress!* And for some reason he objects to a mistress who is married."

Mrs. Payson looked at Ruth. Ruth looked at Mrs. Payson. They both looked at John who was curiously irritated by the thought that he had ever entertained any idea of marrying Ruth. Thank God, he had never mentioned it to her, or pledged himself in any way.

"What did you say, John?" asked Mrs. Payson anxiously.

"Why, I refused to divorce her," said John indignantly.

"You refused?" from both of the women at once.

"Certainly. No self-respecting man

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could be a party to an immoral relationship of that kind."

"But would you be a party to it?"

"Well, wouldn't I? You forget that Anne is my wife—that she bears my name."

His mother was silent for a moment. At last she spoke, her voice trembling with excitement and anger at the unexpected turn of events.

"The Paysons," she said, "have always been noted for their chivalry, but there is such a thing, John, as carrying even chivalry too far. After all, once you are divorced from her it is none of your affair what becomes of her. Come, Ruth."

THE two women departed abruptly from the room leaving him alone. Presently he heard the outer door close and knew they had left for church.

He did not know how long he had been alone with his thoughts until he heard a soft step and felt the presence of another beside him. It was Moret.

"Bon jour, monsieur," he bowed distantly.

"Good morning," John returned almost cheerily, for although he disliked the Frenchman intensely, he felt he had the advantage over him. "Have you had breakfast?"

"I do not eat the breakfast, merci bien."

John moved into the drawing room. Moret followed.

"I have been reflecting upon our talk last night," said the Frenchman, "perhaps you have changed your mind. At least let us continue our discussion."

Smiling inwardly, John shook his head.

"There is nothing more to be said."

"On the contrary," returned Moret, "I can not take your refusal seriously."

"Nevertheless, it stands."

Moret shrugged. "It can only be," he said, after a moment, "that you are *too* gallant. American men, I understand, entertain the curious idea that it is uncourtly to divorce their wives. Possibly Monsieur would not object so much to *being* divorced. No doubt you could furnish the necessary—ah—complications—"

At this point a voice from the doorway interrupted.

It was Anne, looking beautiful and chic in a modish travelling costume that she had picked up in Paris.

"Excuse me, John," she said, "I did not mean to interrupt you, but will you help me with my travelling bag? I can not get it closed."

John bowed to Moret and followed her up the stairs without a word.

As soon as they had entered Anne's bedroom, John spoke.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh—away," she said lightly,—"New York—London—Paris."

"After—last night?" He was dumbfounded.

"What has last night to do with it?"

"Why, everything! I thought—"

"—that I was going to stay? John dear, I just wanted to be kind to you to prove that—your attraction to me is—purely physical."

She busied herself with the packing of her bag.

John leaned against the foot of the bed. He was thinking fast.

"Anne, I am afraid I have been selfish," he said at last. He paused so that the words could sink in. I am—going to give you your divorce. I shan't bar the way to your freedom."

What he had been aching to see, he saw then. Her face fell. An expression of utter amazement came into. Her lip quivered slightly and she turned away.

"That's very kind of you," she said in a husky voice and turned to her packing once more.

"Moret said he would pay for it," John went on.

ANNE seemed to be having difficulty with her packing. With a final desperate effort which served to give vent to her feelings she jammed her traveling bag shut. In her haste a corner of her jacket had caught in the clasp. Fighting to keep back the tears she struggled with it.

"John, help me!" she cried at last, pleadingly. Her worldly pose had fallen away from her. Somehow she seemed like a helpless child.

John stepped forward. While he was struggling with the bag he was only conscious of the nearness of her, of that presence which he had missed so sadly. His senses swam.

He straightened up. Anne wavered forward. He was holding her in his arms, pressing kisses against her mouth, her eyes her throat.

"Oh John, please don't make me go away," she said. "I couldn't bear it!"

"No, darling, no. Oh there is so much I have to say to you! So much that needs explaining . . ."

He held her even closer while he tried to say it. But his throat ached too terribly to even speak her name . . . .

In the drawing room below, Moret, pacing the floor in a fever, smoking cigarette after cigarette, tired of waiting for John to return, decided to go to his room.

On his way he passed Anne's bedroom. He paused, raising his eyebrows. From within he could not help but hear low murmurings—murmurings of love—Anne's voice and John's.

He smiled his world-weary, quizzical smile, and sighed—ever so faint a sigh. Then he went on to his room.

A few minutes later he returned—on tiptoe. Carrying his bag in his hand, dressed for travelling. He could not resist another pause.

A trace of sadness came into dark eyes. He raised his right hand and blew a kiss in the direction of the closed door from his exquisite fingertips.

"Blessings, mes enfants!" he said softly, "but what a pity!"

And picking up his bag he went out into the prosaic glare of an Ashroken Sunday morning—in search of new adventures.

THE END

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Don't Mistake It For Modesty

(*Continued from page 49*)

Even Mary and Doug—well, you know how they are always courted by potentates and nobles.

But Ramon Novarro went to see Europe—not to be see by Europeans. He grew a mustache, donned horn-rimmed, dark glasses and travelled from one end of the continent to the other with only one off-hand recognition.

"Don't mistake it for modesty," he told friends before he departed. "It's just because I can afford to travel as Ramon *Sananiegos* but not as Ramon *Novarro*."

To comply with regulations, his passport read Ramon Novarro Sananiegos—his correct name, you remember.

His second morning in Paris almost spilled the apple-cart of recognition. The hotel manager asked if he were *the* Ramon Novarro.

The next morning he was missing. At another hotel, in a far distant part of the city, there was a horn-rimmed guest who signed his register-profession as "writer."

At Nice he was the guest of his old friend and movie-god-father, Rex Ingram. Rex, he reports, by the way, is much the same as in the old days at Metro. He is planning to follow *Three Passions* which he is now making with Petrovich and Mrs. Ingram (Alice Terry) by another Arab picture. He keeps in training with his French, his Arabic and his virile, American swearing!

Word sifted forth that Novarro was the guest of the Ingrams. The manager of Nice's elite hotel sought Mr. Ingram.

"Why does Mr. Novarro not stay with us?" he demanded.

"Why not?" Ingram evaded.

"Don't tell him," Ramon pleaded, "that I have been a guest in his place for a week. We would both be so embarrassed."

NATURALLY, he told his intimate friends of his identity. One of them wished to introduce him to Herowitz, the pianist.

"All right. But as Sananiegos not Novarro!"

After introductions and some small conversation, the pianist remarked, "You know, you look remarkably like Ramon Novarro."

"And if he were?" the friend interceded.

"But, no. It could not be. I have friends who crossed on the *De Grasse* with him and he was planning to wear dark glasses and a mustache in foreign countries."

"I can provide the glasses." Novarro responded, slipping his hand into his pocket and drawing out his spectacles. "But I had the mustache removed this morning. You see, I am returning tomorrow."

He really regrets that his sojourn in

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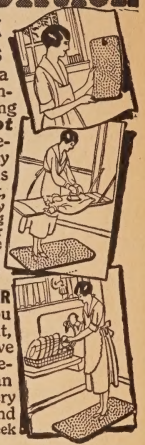

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Madrid, one of his own dear Spanish cities, was cut short by an unctuous, I-want-to-know-what-is-none-of-my-business detective.

A stranger stopped him as he was leaving his hotel.

"You *are* Ramon Novarro," he premptorily stated.

"You are mistaken, sir," Ramon Sananiegos answered.

"I don't know why you are keeping it a secret but you are Novarro!" He pulled back his lapel displaying a badge which proved his right to inquire.

The next day Ramon joined his family in Italy.

A family of six, treated to a tour of all-Europe.

"I did let them know who I was on the boat. I went on a one-class steamer and with ten days at sea you get so well acquainted that you couldn't think up enough incognito stories to go as an outside person.

"Being alone like that gave me a chance to study and think. It gave Ramon Sananiegos a chance to get acquainted with Ramon Novarro.

"Besides, it was a good way to prove to my friends who said I couldn't do it, that a star can travel unknown the same as any other person. It's just a matter of publicity, pure and simple."

Classified Picture Guide

(*Continued from page* 59)

MELODRAMA

The Racket—A picture as is a picture about what a poor beer baron goes through in making deliveries to your back door. Tommy Meighan is still incorruptible but you can believe it in this one.—*Caddo.*

The Mysterious Lady—Greta Garbo has a new boy friend, Conrad Nagel, in this one. She does some expert safe-cracking, stealing "the papers" first for him, and then from him. All okay in the end.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Lights of New York—Just about bad enough to be good. All about New York speakeasies. Everybody speaks, but they don't say anything. However you can stop your ears and look at Helene Costello.—*Warner Bros.*

COMEDY

Heart Trouble—Harry Langdon is still being good comedy in bad pictures. Of course there's a girl and a lot of misunderstanding, in fact its just like all his other pictures all over again.—*First National.*

Excess Baggage—A laugh, a tear and a kick in the pants, all about life backstage, as it might be lived. William Haines is great as a small-time vaudevillian—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

WESTERN

The Fighting Redhead—Buzz Barton is a high-stepping cowboy kid who outsmarts all the wise guys in this rough riding romance of the plans.—*FBO.*

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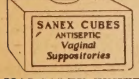

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The Silent Drama Speaks

(*Continued from page* 35)

with the stars under contract if their voices are not suitable for reproduction? What of the foreign stars who speak English imperfectly, brought to this country at great expense? And what, if the public tires of this novelty in a few years, is to be done with all this new and expensive equipment that is being installed?

The movies have bought themselves an old man of the sea and set him up in business. What if he only plays a one night stand?

Producers as a whole are more enthusiastic over sound pictures than talking pictures.

They are better suited to the proper sphere of movie houses, they believe. They will not interfere with action, they will heighten it. When the U. S. Cavalry gallops over the hill, you can hear their hoof beats on the road. You can hear crowds cheer the hero as he makes that winning touchdown for Yale. In battle scenes the cannon will roar, in epics of the air propellers will whirr.

Talking pictures, on the other hand, are a return to the field of the spoken stage. Some producers fear that they will merely heighten the popularity of the stage to the detriment of motion pictures.

Yet there is a lure about the sound of the human voice. And who will pay scalpers' prices for theatre tickets when they can see the same show at the neighborhood movie house?

In Hollywood joy and fear walk side by side in the shadow of the approaching talkies.

Voice culture is the thing. Elocution teachers are doing a booming business. And impressive impresarios in frock coats are reaping a harvest among the gullible. Frantically, hysterically, the stars are going in for it. Or remaining coldly aloof, maintaining that talking pictures are a fad that will pass.

Stars now riding the wave of popularity are nervously calculating their real estate holdings, and their incomes from gilt-edge investments.

And down on poverty row venerable actors of the Shakespearan school, who trod the boards with John Drew, are hopefully buying new bottles of hair dye, waxing the faded mustaches, and spouting their well-remembered lines with renewed and hopeful gusto to the brothers of the boarding house fraternity.

Broadway stars who have scorned the different art of the pantomime are quietly letting it be known that they are open for contracts. Wise-cracking title writers and blood-and-thunder scenarists are looking over the possibilities of picking up a profitable string of hot-dog stands with their savings. And second-string playwrights are looking to Hollywood for the pot of gold which has remained hidden from them at the end of Broadway's rainbow.

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Just a Good Little Bad Girl

(*Continued from page* 28)

not run away with her face. She is the sort of girl—how shall we put it?—the sort you would choose to preside over the ice cream booth if your church tonight were giving a lawn fete for the benefit of the aisle carpet. The entire male membership of the congregation would, to be sure, get in a jam at that particular point and the terrible congestion would continue until the last freezer was empty. But even a church has to take some chances.

For the more worldly reader of these lines it might be enlightening to put the matter in yet another way: A good burgher, plodding the straight and narrow to his Hollywood vine and fig tree, and chancing to meet Miss Phyllis bringing home the bacon, would feel no sudden panic fear of his feet slipping towards the primrose path.

THE plain truth is that if Phyllis Haver walked into a Hollywood studio an utter stranger today no one would dream of casting her as a vamp. I could well believe her when she told me this:

"At first I wasn't cast for vamp parts. In fact, I started as an extra at Lasky's when I was fourteen. I was going to high school, but during vacation I thought I might be able to make a little money, so I tried for a job as extra and got it. Then one of the girls suggested I go out to Sennett's, saying I might get regular work at twelve dollars a week. This seemed a lot of money, and I went after it. But I did even better, getting three dollars a day, with a guarantee of twelve a week. Some weeks I made as much as twenty-one dollars. That settled it—I didn't go back to school. At fifteen, I signed with Sennett at twenty-five—think of it, only fifteen years old and earning twenty-five a week!"

Her eyes danced with the childish joy of it.

THE little high school girl had graduated and, best of all, she was keeping her head.

"What I wanted, above everything else, was training," she said. "Everything in comedy, you know, is a series of gags. That's what makes it such valuable training. The moment you finish one thing you do another. In this way you learn to 'space,' and 'spacing' for laughs teaches you how to do the same thing for drama. You're telling your story blindly to that audience you will never see, and unless you know how to ever. In comedy you not only have to have a sense of humor but a sense of character. I played an old man with a beard in *Salome vs. Shenandoah,* and no one who saw the picture knew I wasn't a man. You see, the names of the cast weren't given in those days. I had lots of experience in male roles. They were short on juveniles, so I played a boy in three pictures. To have me look right they sent me down town to a smart tailor who made several suits for me. But there was one thing about wearing those clothes I could never learn. I always buttoned up my trousers before putting in my shirt."

Only the fact that it was very wide and deep saved me from falling off the sofa.

"Are you tired of playing—er—bad girls?" I stammered.

"No, it isn't that," said Miss Haver. "I enjoy those parts because they're so colorful. You know," she added, with a winning smile, "'bad' women are more colorful than the good kind."

I heartily agreed with her—and got an extra smile for good behavior.

"If you play that type of woman lightly," she shrewdly pointed out, "audiences do not resent it. I started a new vogue by playing harlots lightly, giving them a little charm and humor. Before that time harlots had always been played as 'heavies', and consequently audiences were never given a chance to forget their immoral and perhaps unpleasant side. You appreciate that fact, don't you?"

I APPRECIATED likewise the healthy frankness of Phyllis Haver, the fact that she made no silly pretense of bowdlerizing her language. Even more she made me feel she had intelligently studied the humanities.

"I like playing characters that are a little bad," she admitted, "because they are human and quickly recognized by audiences. This is particularly true of women who see a character of this kind in a picture, note some little trait in her, and immediately remark, 'Isn't that just like Susie Glutz!' When I played the girl in *The Way of All Flesh* I didn't allow her to be hated. No matter what happened, I was determined to save her from being damned by audiences. I liked doing that. It isn't that I want always to play hussies. I don't. For that matter, I turned down the part of Shanghai Mabel in *What Price Glory?* for three weeks simply because Christie was going to put me in the leads of feature comedies he was then planning to make at the Metropolitan studio. But I feel now I must do something different, and I'm hoping I shall."

I should say there is little doubt of it, for this Hollywood Cinderella has gone very far and bids fair to go farther.

There is another thing about Phyllis Haver I should like to say. She's certainly good company. If I could have had my way I'd be there yet. On the way out I happened to see that book she reads. It was *Bad Girl.*

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YOU have heard of the big savings that can be effected by dealing directly thru the mails. Here are some of the examples. Every article is high quality—everything guaranteed. We sell under the guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

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SEND ONE DOLLAR with your name and address, the number of the article you wish to examine and a brief note telling us something about yourself.
Simply state: (1) How long at present address, (2) Age; (3) Married or Single, (4) Name of employer, (5) Nature of work and (6) How long in employment. This information will be held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries sent to employer.

WHAT WE DO—
Upon arrival of your order, we will open a Ten Months Charge Account and send your selection for approval and 15 days trial.
Convince yourself of its remarkable value. If satisfied, you pay the balance in ten equal monthly payments. Otherwise, return and your dollar will be promptly refunded.
No articles sold to persons under 20 years of age.

$65

22—Symbolic engagement ring carved with beautiful bird design in 18K white gold and set with our AA1 quality blue white diamond. $1.00 with order, pay $4.00 to Post man; $6.00 a month.

$50

23—Artistic Roman scroll design in 18K white gold set with large brilliant blue white diamond of our AA1 grade. $1.00 with order, $4.00 a month.

formerly Sold for 37.50

Now 32.50

24—An American made watch with a guaranteed 17 Jewel movement in a 14K green gold filled case; beautifully engraved. It formerly sold for $37.50. Now you can buy it at this low price of **$32.50.** $1.00 with order, $3.15 a month.

A NEW DINNER RING
with 3 Diamonds and 4 Sapphires

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24—Artistic design 18K white gold dinner ring set with three blue white diamonds and four blue sapphires. A remarkable bargain. $1.00 with order, $4.15 a month.

It's a BULOVA

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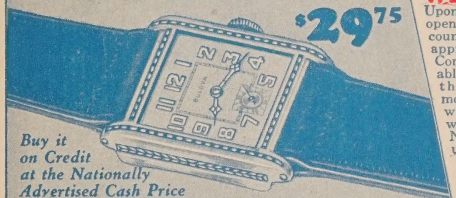

Buy it on Credit at the Nationally Advertised Cash Price

26—Here's a new model in the famous Bulova watch. It has a 15 Jewel movement with dust-tite cap that keeps out dust and dirt and radium numerals and hands. Buy it on our convenient payment plan at the nationally advertised cash price—**$29.75.** $1.00 with order, $2.87 a month.

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27—Two blue white diamonds and four blue sapphires are set in this 14K solid white gold wrist watch. It comes complete with high grade gold filled flexible expansion bracelet set with two triangular cut french blue sapphires. $35.50. $1.00 with order, $3.85 a month.

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$35

29—Madam Agnes design. An achievement of modern art in jade, black or ruby enamel. Mention color desired. $35.00. $1.00 down, $3.40 a month.

30 The Premet. A design of the famous Madam Charlotte in artistic color of jade. Black or ruby enamel. Mention color desired. $35.00. $1.00 with order $3.40 a month.

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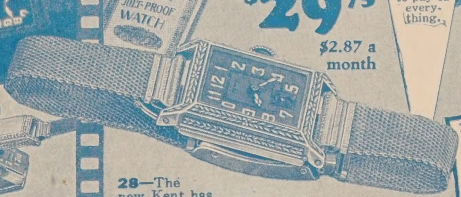

28—The new Kent has all the modern improvements of watch making. Consider its many features illustrated to the left, then consider its low price. With each watch we give an insurance policy which protects you. We give you 15 days to wear it and convince yourself of its dependability. Its jolt proof feature alone should be sufficient for you to make it your watch. Send $1.00 today and let us send you this watch for approval and 15 days trial.

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We cut corners on costs without sacrificing quality—cut our profit, too!—to give bigger value to you.

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Davenport, rocker and wing chair have comfortable side wings. The delightful curved backs invite lazy lounging. The sturdy hardwood frames are in rich Brown Mahogany finish. You will love the way the serviceable blue and taupe Figured Velour is tailored over the backs, wings and trim seats—so smooth and snug. For contrast there is plain Blue Velour over the roll arms and outside ends. Inner construction—9 coil springs in the seat of each chair, 18 coil springs in seat of Davenport, together with high quality, sanitary, interior upholstering materials, thickly padded backs, seats and side wings—guarantees perfect comfort and long wear.

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A Year To Pay

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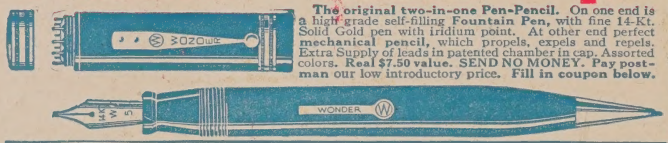

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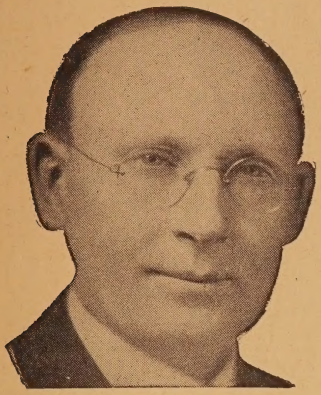

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SCREEN SECRETS

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The Secret Sorrows of the Stars

are rarely mentioned. But there is a darker side to the lives of those who bring happiness to millions on the screen. Read the amazing revelation of hidden heartbreaks in the November issue of

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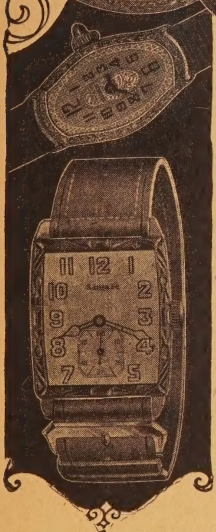

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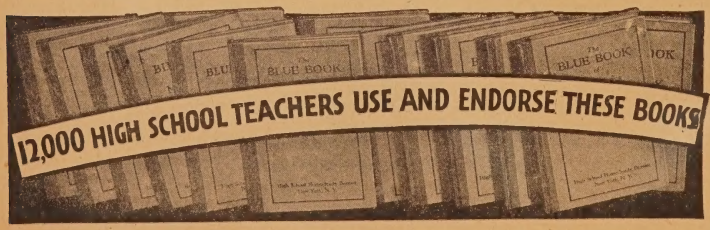

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Special List of BEST Sellers

Ramona
My Blue Heaven
Hallelujah I'm a Bum
Get Away Old Man
Among My Souvenirs
Laugh Clown Laugh
Red Wing
Wreck of the Old 97
Rovin' Gambler
Mary Ann
In the Baggage Coach Ahead

Any 10 Records $1.98

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10 Days' Approval

Choose any ten records you want and simply write their catalog number on coupon below. Send no money. See terms on coupon and see how fully I protect you in every way.

POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

2398 Ramona
In Valley of Memory

2418 Hallelujah I'm a Bum
Preacher and the Bear

4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament

2381 Ford Has Made a Lady out of Lizzie
Clancey's Wooden Wedding

2407 Girl of My Dreams
Old Pal of Yesterday

2395 Together
Baseball Park

4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again Willie

4180 My Blue Ridge Mt. Home
Lane of Dreams

2392 Laugh Clown Laugh
Wanna Sail Away

2369 Among My Souvenirs
When We Were Sweethearts

4224 Six Feet of Earth
Like My Daddy's Gal

2331 Ain't She Sweet
Bootlegger's Daughter

4151 After the Ball Was Over
Do They Think of Me

2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud

2344 Me and My Shadow
Sweet Hawaiian Kisses

4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks

4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon

4171 Red Wing
Waters of Minnetonka

2338 Lindy How I'd Like to Be You (Comedy)
Positively No

2386 My Ohio Home
Alice of the Pines

2337 Plucky Lindbergh (Patriotic)
What Good Are Tears

2370 Diane
Edge of Rainbow

4135 Rovin' Gambler
Log Cabin in the Lane

4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic

4198 My Old New Hampshire Home
Ida Sweet as Apple Cider

4145 My Wild Irish Rose
Come Back to Erin

2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket

8101 Roll 'Em Girls
Save It for a Rainy Day

2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
The End of the Shenandoah

2323 Get Away Old Man
Well I Swan

4148 Dream of a Miner's Child
Bred in Old Kentucky

4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Yodel)
Roll on Silvery Moon

4122 When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget
Dear Father Come Home

4128 Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight
Juanita

4116 Letter Edged in Black
She Ought to Be Home

4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home

4142 Silver Threads Among the Gold
In a Garden Rare

4133 Jesse James
The Butcher's Boy

4143 Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee
Fall in Love Again

4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy

4127 Tell Mother I'll Be There
Ben Bolt

4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree

4117 Where River Shannon Flows
Rose From Ireland

SACRED SONGS

4046 Nearer My God to Thee
Lord Is My Shepherd

4075 Church in the Wildwood
Voice of the Chimes

4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line

4091 The Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds

POPULAR DANCES

(All with vocal chorus and all fox trots except where otherwise marked)

1497 After My Laughter Came Tears
Back to Connemara

1510 Ramona (Waltz)
If I Didn't Love You

1488 Among My Souvenirs
Someday You'll Remember

1523 Constantinople
Waltz Me Around Again Willie

1521 Rag Doll
Draggin' the Dragon Blues

1463 My Blue Heaven
I Found Best Gal of All

1449 Dew-Dewy Day
Don't Mean Maybe

1502 Mary Ann
Blue Hawaiian Moon

1448 Are You Lonesome Tonight (Waltz)
End of the Rainbow

1441 Doll Dance
Wishing and Waiting

BLUES

7023 St. Louis Blues
John Henry Blues

7025 Yellow Dog Blues
Hard Time Blues

HAWAIIAN

4023 My Old Kentucky Home (With vocal chorus)
O Sole Mio

4009 Palakiho Blues
One Two Three Four (With vocal effect)

4113 Kilima Waltz
Honolulu March

4018 Maui Aloha
Ua Like No-A-Like

INSTRUMENTAL

4136 Humoresque
Spring Song

4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey In the Straw

4137 Silver Threads Among Gold
When You and I Were Young Maggie

4061 Listen to the Mocking Bird
Song Bird (Both whistling)

4138 By the Waters of the Minnetonka
Over the Waves (Waltz)

COMEDY

4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hi and Si

4111 Flanagan at Barber's
Flanagan's Real Estate Deal

4004 Flanagan in a Cafe
Flanagan's Married Life

MUTUAL MUSIC CLUB,
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1 ..... 6 .....
2 ..... 7 .....
3 ..... 8 .....
4 ..... 9 .....
5 ..... 10 .....
(Write Clearly)

Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
(Write Clearly)
1 .....
2 .....
3 .....

IMPORTANT ☐ Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.

Name .....
Address .....
(Write Clearly)
City..... State.....

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Tales from THE GREAT DECAMERON...

YOU'LL never know life until you've read this greatest of all forbidden books! You'll never know how utterly stark and vivid a picture of human passions can be painted in words until you've feasted on the most fascinating tales from the greatest of all true-to-life books — the immortal Decameron of Boccaccio!

Between its pages, the thrill of a lifetime of reading awaits you. Before your very eyes is unfolded the glittering pageantry of a golden age now vanished—an age when passion, intrigue and high-riding romance held full sway. Past you, in a breath-taking parade, sweep some of the most beautiful, yet unprincipled, women of all time—women whose intense fascination fired men's blood and even altered the fates of empires . . . Here you will find tales of scarlet days, when a robust world drank of life and love to its very dregs!

Few writers have ever dared to write so intimately of the frailties to which the flesh is heir. But the flaming pen of Giovanni Boccaccio knew no restraint. Sophisticated and fearless to the ultimate degree, his stories are not only brilliant fiction of the most gripping variety—but also the most illuminating record of life in fourteenth-century Italy ever penned. Hardly a detail of these stirring times escaped his watchful eye—and what he saw, he wrote, without hesitation nor fear!

READ

—how a certain noble lady slipped into her husband's chamber by stealth, and changed places with his mistress in order to win back his love!

—how a tiny mole on a woman's breast, condemned her to death and wrecked three lives!

—how a princess of highest rank was humiliated beyond all toleration in her own bed chamber by a cavalier whose "veins ran fire instead of blood!"

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Perhaps no other book ever written has had such an amazing history. Written in so vigorous a style as to be actually *startling,* it has long been a storm center of fierce controversy and even persecution. Critics and the *haute-monde* have acclaimed it with unstinted praise for its sparkling vividness and subject matter—while prudish zealots and tyrannical reformers, aghast at the utter frankness with which Boccaccio exposed human life and love in the raw, resorted to every possible means to keep this masterpiece from general circulation. At one time they actually went so far as to gather all the available copies and have them publicly burned!

But all that was yesterday! To-day the thrill that awaits the reader within the glowing pages of Decameron Tales is no longer denied you. This is the age of *reason*—and the peerless word-artistry of genial old Boccaccio has come into its own at last! . . . Now, for a short time only, you can inspect these great examples of realistic writing in your own home for five days, without obligation!

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Take no risky medicine

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Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

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Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

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Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

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Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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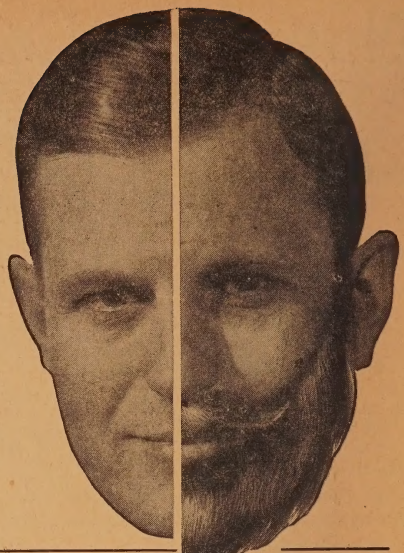

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"I want to say that KRISS-KROSS Stropper is the best thing I ever saw. I have been using ONE blade continuously for one year and nine months and have no idea how much longer it will last." C. S. Stephenson, Okla.

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KRISS-KROSS is destined to revolutionize all existing traditions of shaving! Its performance is so sensational that it seems hardly fair to call it a stropper. Rather it is a **super**-stropper or blade-rejuvenator! Almost literally it makes a new blade out of an old one every day. No longer do you find that your blades "die" after five or six shaves. KRISS-KROSS "brings 'em to life" a surprising way, week after week and month after month—and endows them with a keenness that they never possessed when **brand-new!** Actually—you can take a blade right out of a fresh package and improve it as much as 100% in eleven seconds with KRISS-KROSS! No wonder experts pronounce it one of the greatest inventions ever patented!

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Send for full information on these surprising new inventions today. KRISS-KROSS products are never sold in stores. You deal direct with me or my authorized representative. Write for illustrated description and full details of free razor offer. It's even more remarkable than I can tell you in this short space. Clip the coupon now. Mail it today.

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Make big money with KRISS-KROSS. Giving away FREE razors boosts your profits amazingly. H. King made $66 in one day. N. C. Paige made $104 in 3 days! Others **average** $350 and up to $750 a month! **Spare-time** workers. **Office** and **Factory** men make **$6-$12** extra a day showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employes. S. Kantala made $154 extra just working evenings 3 weeks. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight!

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EDITORIAL

As Hollywood Looks to the Editor

MANY fans have written in telling me they don't like talking pictures.

They say that voices on the screen don't sound like voices, but like animated tin pans.

This is largely true. It is partly due to imperfections in the recording and reproducing devices. Talking pictures are in the same stage now that radio was in the days of the crystal set.

But it is also partly due to the people who use the voices. A certain well-known grand opera star tells me that there is a special trick to singing for a phonograph record. The singer must hit a special voice register that adapts itself to the recording mechanism.

There is a similar trick yet to be learned by actors for the talkies.

Never too Late to Amend

THEY say that Madge Bellamy is is due for one of the sensations of the year in *Mother Knows Best*, her forthcoming picture for Fox.

Madge has had a curious career. When she first came to Hollywood she simply stunned them with her beauty. But she was as unmanageable as she was beautiful. No one could do anything with her temperament. Soon they stopped trying. Madge was slipping into the discard at a fearful rate of speed.

Then suddenly she snapped out of it. She bobbed her hair. She stopped trying to look like an angel of light and became a reasonable, merry-hearted, slangy, adorable girl. At which point she began to travel. Her come-back promises to be one of the sensations of Hollywood.

How About Sampson?

OF COURSE it isn't every girl that can repeat Madge's triumphs by the simple process of bobbing her hair. A guy named Samson tried it—and look what happened to him.

Casey at the Gat!

SOMETHING has happened to Westerners. The famous cowboys have stopped horsing around.

Roscoe Fawcett

Some of them are leaving the saddle and taking to airplanes. Others are riding out of the picture altogether.

But this can't last long. Westerns have been the backbone of the movies. The kids of the country would rather see one good western than all the million dollar spectacles ever produced. The trouble with westerns is that the stories are all the same.

You always know that as soon as the rustlers kidnap the beautiful heroine it will always be merely a question of time until the U. S. Cavalry gallops over the hill to the rescue.

Sexperience the Best Teacher

CLARA BOW and Elinor Glyn are teamed up again for a good Glynish picture to be known as *Three Week-ends*. It promises to be the best thing Clara will do this year.

Madame Glyn started her sex appeal stuff with *Three Weeks* and finally got it down to *One Hour*. Now she is stretching it out to *Three Week-Ends*.

She did Clara a lot of good by inventing the term "It" which has become one of the most widely known slogans of the day.

But after all Clara has made her own way more than any other girl in Hollywood.

Everyone claims to have discovered her. But she worked for years as an extra girl while no one suspected that right under their nose was the greatest potential box office attraction of our day.

It was Ernst Lubitsch who really discovered her. He gave her a part in *The Marriage Circle*. Clara says she learned everything she knows

By Captain Roscoe Fawcett

about acting right then and there.

After all it's sex appeal that makes the world go round. The proof of the petting is in the heating, or, as Clara tells the girls in *The Fleet's In* —"Look hot and keep cool." And that's the biggest reason Clara packs the houses.

When She's Bad She's Better

POLA NEGRI will probably never come back on the American screen. Her last picture, *Loves of an Actress*, which she made for Paramount, was her Swan-Song. The loves were there all right, but one looked in vain for the actress. Her interpretation of the great Rachel was about as convincing as the two-headed boy at a street carnival.

It wasn't really Pola's fault. Her career was the most grossly mismanaged of any actress in Hollywood.

She came to America on the heels of one of the greatest triumphs in the history of pictures, the part of "Du Barry" in *Passion*.

If there was any silly thing they didn't do to her it was because they didn't think of it.

As soon as they got her into a Hollywood studio they reasoned, "Here is a girl of a new type. She is obviously adapted to play glorious wantons; therefore we will put her into Pollyanna roles."

Baclanova Gets the Breaks

THIS Baclanova, the rampageous Russian, is getting all the breaks Pola should have had. So far they have put her in roles where she could act. And how she has acted! In pictures where she was required to be a slut, she has been the most sluttish slut you could imagine.

Baclanova learned her trade under Stanislavsky, in the hard school of the Moscow Art Theater, where one is a star today, and speaks two lines tomorrow.

Incidentally she has no temperament. They put her in a picture where she had to ride a horse. She had never ridden a horse. She took three hard falls. Then instead of demanding a double in loud tones, she brushed back the tears and got on for the fourth time.

RUTH ELDER wasn't bothered by a little jaunt across the Atlantic, but she nearly died with fright when she stepped in front of the camera for the first time to play opposite Richard Dix in "Moran of the Marines." Her husband, Lyle Womack, evidently doesn't approve for he is sueing for divorce. —Hommel.

MARIAN NIXON, the little brunette with the big eyes, who danced her way into pictures has changed dressing rooms again. Marian went from the Fox Studio to Universal and now she has gone to Pathe where she will play the leading role in "Geraldine" opposite Eddie Quillan.

—Edwin Bower Hesser.

RAMON NOVARRO will have a chance to realize his ambition to become a singer now that talking pictures have become a reality. Ramon is hurrying to finish work on "Pagan" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer so that he can go over to Warner Bros. for a picture in which he will both talk and sing.

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

KATHRYN McGUIRE is one of the reasons why "Lilac Time," a First National production, is a picture well worth seeing. She plays the second lead to Colleen Moore under the direction of George Fitzmaurice. Off the screen she is Mrs. George Landy.

—*Harold Dean Carsey.*

BACLANOVA, the tempestuous Russian, has made a name for herself in her brief career on the screen with her fiery interpretations. And now she is adding to her laurels with her role as an untamed girl of the waterfront in "Docks of New York," for Paramount.

—Gene Robert Richee.

VIRGINIA BRADFORD, pretty little Pathe player, is all up in the air over her newest picture. She is learning to fly her own plane for her part in "Marked Money," in which she is featured with George Duryea. She has gained wide popularity with her ingenue interpretations.

Clara is illustrating Lesson One in how to prove deadly to the male, with Lane Chandler.

Clara Bow Reveals The Dangers of Vamping

What men don't know won't hurt them—it's risky to pretend to be what you aren't when you're trying to win the man you love—keep them guessing. Clara Bow has many other valuable tips for girls in love in this amazing article.

as told to RUTH M. TILDESLEY

"YOU can get what you want, if you want it more than anything else in the world," declared Clara Bow, swinging her white, silk-socked legs from the padded arm of a chair.

"I wanted to be a moving picture star. If a little fat, homely kid, who had no clothes and didn't know how to wear them—a shy, awkward, ignorant fifteen-year-old, without much talent—could climb up from nowhere to stardom, surely any girl can get the thing she wants.

"If the thing you happen to desire is a certain man, you can get him. But you should be absolutely sure that he's what you want before you begin your campaign, or you'll be like the woman with the three wishes who got the pudding bag stuck to her nose.

"First, you find out what type of girl appeals to your man, and then you act the part. If he likes flaming flap-

pers, dress like one, learn to smoke, mix a cocktail, dance the latest jazz steps, and shock him with every second word.

"If he admires sweet, serious girls, choose your wardrobe accordingly, tone down your voice and manners, talk about books, or, better still, let him talk and do the impressed and intelligent listener.

"If his taste runs to aloof and distant beauties, make that your pattern; if he's looking for a pal, learn his pet sport, be ready to do whatever he suggests, acquire hearty manners and act as if you enjoyed yourself whether you do or not.

"But you're taking a chance.

"If you are not really the kind of a girl you are pretending to be in order to get your man, you'll regret your conquest bitterly.

"Suppose you had discovered that your man liked a home girl; you learned to cook and sew and keep house and caught him; don't you see that all your married life you'd have to go on being a home girl, cooking, sewing, keeping house, and all the rest of it? You might actually be a flapper or an intellectual or have your heart set on a career, but you'd be condemned to wash dishes and mend socks, or lose your man.

"It's risky to pretend to adore football and to get a kick out of going to fights, when what you really care about is opera and collections of rare prints. Or, the other way round. Imagine a girl who yells herself hoarse at a ball game and can't tell whether you are whistling *Deep River* or *Yankee Doodle* having to pretend to be thrilled with *Parsifal!*

"My advice to girls who'd like to be interesting, is 'BE YOURSELF'! If you feel like playing leap frog on the beach, go ahead and play it. Don't stop because someone might say 'Look at that wild one! Wouldn't you think she'd have more dignity?' But if you don't enjoy leap frog, don't play it just because you think it will make you look young and carefree.

"Be yourself! If a man likes you for the real you, you're the right girl for him and he won't need a campaign to catch him. If he's interested in the peppy little flapper you've been pretending to be, the minute he discovers his mistake, it will be all off."

Clara shook back her red gold hair, which she is wearing in a very long bob, and smoothed the gay embroidered bird that flamed at the side of her smart yellow sports frock. Her dark eyes were suddenly grave.

"You see, I have the inside track on the way men think," she confided. "I feel as if I had been a boy instead of a little girl, because as a child I always played with boys. When I was seven I began playing with the gang on our street; when I was nine I was on the team. I used to wear overalls and sweaters and boys' caps and I don't think it occurred to them that I was really a little girl.

"After a game, I'd sit on the steps or on the curbstones or in corners of vacant lots with them and listen to what they said. They forgot I wasn't a boy and they talked about girls. I learned just how men's minds work. Men are alike. You get to understand one group of boys and you've found out all you need to know about the whole sex.

"Men are just like women in one way. If they think they can't get a certain thing, they begin to want that thing, but if they find it's easy, they lose interest.

"I've often told men that the only way they can hold my interest is to keep me guessing. If I'm not sure they like me better than any other girl, I'm interested in seeing if I can capture them; but the minute I have them on their knees, I can't be bothered.

"Once a man played up to me for months, treating me as if I were a girl he liked but he liked other girls quite as much—as if he enjoyed going around with me, but he had just as good a time with somebody else—making me feel that he wouldn't be desperately unhappy if he never saw me again, in spite of being my very good pal. I had quite a crush on him until one night when he had had one drink too many and he broke down and told me how crazy he was about me and how he'd just been playing my game.

"I didn't like the girl in *Get Your Man.* I thought she wasn't plausible, and I like to play real girls, not just parts that show off a certain set of tricks. That girl pretended to be in love with another man, pretended to be hurt in an accident so as to be carried into her boy friend's house,

"Every girl should dress to please herself," says Clara, "and pretty soon the man she loves will begin to tell her she has marvelous taste."

cheated him into a compromising situation and got him away from another girl. None of the things she did would have appealed to any man who could have interested me."

She curled up on the huge divan, feet tucked under her, hands clasped about her knees, eyes laughing as she looked up under her lashes.

"I think every girl should dress to please herself. *But* if you discover that the man of the hour is partial to blue or is fond of fox fur or has a violent hatred for short skirts or a passion for clinging draperies, you can adopt his ideas here and there or now and then, always telling him firmly that you dress to please yourself. Pretty soon he'll begin to believe you have marvelous taste!

"Cosmetics?"

"I was once very fond of a man who didn't like make-up. He used to say to me, 'Why do you put all that mascara on your lashes? Why don't you brush back your hair from your face and wear it smooth? I don't like it blowing around that way.' My brows and lashes are fair and they don't go well with my dark eyes, so I prefer them dark. My hair and my way of wearing it belong to my personality. It makes me look older to wear it smooth and back from my face. But I thought 'After all, it's a small thing, why not do as he says if it will make him happier?'

"He was older than I was and he used to remind me of that all the time. 'You're younger than I am, darling. I only want you to learn,' he'd say, when he'd criticise me. The more I followed his wishes, the more he demanded. He didn't dance. He told me to go ahead if I liked, when we were at parties, and if I took him at his word, he felt abused.

"At length, I saw I couldn't be myself if I married him. So I didn't.

"He wasn't jealous. At least not what I mean by jealousy. The first man I was ever engaged to was furiously jealous. He'd kick my dogs if I petted them because he thought I loved them more than I did him. At first I loved it. I had my mind full of story book sweethearts who locked you up in towers. Thrilling! But after awhile I got tired of it.

"I think all women like their men to be a little jealous—enough so that they know they are beloved, but a true lover must trust his lady.

"Romance is dead in Hollywood because people don't trust each other. Actors are so used to acting that they can't quite believe in the sincerity of anybody else. A man is in love with a girl. If she acts as if she cared for him, he is always doubting. 'I see her in a scene with So-and so, and she looks at him the same way—I wonder if she's fooling me?' he says. Only absolute sincerity should be the rule between two people who really care.

"I'm a firm believer in the saying, though, that what they don't know won't hurt them. There's no use adding extra fuel for quarrels and misunderstandings. If I am going with a man and he happens to call up when another man has dropped in to see me, for instance, I don't feel that it's necessary to carol: 'Oh, who do you think is here?' If he asks: 'Who's over there, darling?' I don't believe in lying about it, but why make it important by

"I like to see if I can capture men," says Clara. She has plainly captured Clive Brook in this scene from "Hula."

"Be yourself if you want to be interesting to men," says Clara. "If you feel like playing leap frog on the beach or romping in a bathing suit, go ahead and don't care what people think."

mentioning him? I don't want you to understand from this that I believe in cheating. I don't. But I hate useless quarrels."

She looked about her bungalow living room, with its comfortable furniture, its shaded lamps, its books and music and flowers.

"I love freedom," she said, "but I think girls have to learn what to do with it. Girls of today are intoxicated with freedom because it's new. My mother died when I was sixteen and I ran wild for a year, perfectly crazy about doing as I pleased with no one to criticise. But soon I saw there was nothing in that. If I was going to amount to something, I must abide by rules.

"I like men. I think they have lots of fine qualities and they make marvelous friends. I admire them and I understand them. So should every girl who desires their attention.

"She must maintain a personal charm that at all times is inspiring to the man she wants to win. A slovenly, unkempt woman cannot be appealing—she cannot have what the movie fan calls 'Sex Appeal.'

"While I accredit a well rounded figure with having its allure, I believe that pretty eyes together with pretty teeth and mouth will attract the attentions of men more than the body will. In fact, the body attractions now are gone as result of the present style of dress.

"There is little more to be seen. There is no mystery.

"I get stacks of letters each month from men telling me their wives do not understand them. And I get fervent pleas from wives asking what they should do to stave off the wreck of their homes. Of course I cannot personally answer them all. But in general I want to plead—'don't forget your sweetheart days.'

"Act as you used to act then! With the passing of time both their husbands and themselves have assumed a certain amount of affectation. They have in a sense been kidding each other.

"Remember men like a soft eye, a pretty mouth with snow-white teeth, a sweet voice and gentleness. Surely every girl has one or more of these virtues to a degree—and surely—surely every girl can try to cultivate them.

"This idea of parading around in silk hose and thinking that the men are still going blind gazing at them is all wrong. Not any more. Girls have shown the men too much of their figures. There is hardly anything left to the imagination.

"Be yourself girls. Cultivate the finer things of life, and you are bound to meet the man who will love you for what you are, and not grow tired of you for pretending to be what you aren't.

"Another thing about men:

"You are making a big mistake if you think they don't know when some one is trying to make a match between them and certain girls.

"If you go to a man and say: 'You know Phoebe Brown. She's a lovely girl. Everybody's crazy about her!' he will immediately think: 'Huh! I bet I couldn't stand her!' and he'll avoid meeting her. The worst thing you can do to a girl is to over-praise her to a man you'd like to interest in her. He'll be sure to think it's a plant.

"Don't let your zealous friends or relatives talk about you to the man you want. Don't let them tell him how popular you are, or how game or how sweet-tempered. Show him those qualities yourself, if you think he admires them.

"Oh, yes, you can get the man you want, but you must get him yourself and then you'll have nobody to blame if you don't like him after you've brought him down!"

What girls need is more mystery. With the present styles of short skirts, bobbed hair, low necks, rouged cheeks, and painted lips, there is no mystery about a flapper. The average man gets about as much kick from looking at her bare legs and shoulders as he does from a picture of Brooklyn Bridge at sundown.

So This is HOLLYWOOD

Adolphe is irate—Clara Bow acts as hostess at a popcorn stand—Ernest Torrence returns—Gilda Gray's divorce—another story about DeMille—and other late news of the film capital.

By ANNE HOWE

Here is Charlie Chaplin being translated into the Japanese by Frank Takanago, noted Oriental caricaturist. Charlie is a favorite actor on the island across the sea, which goes to show that a kick in the pants is funny in all languages.

Adolphe is Irate

"WHO steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches my fair name—" thus the faultlessly groomed Mr. Menjou is declaiming to himself, his nicely waxed mustache all aquiver with rage. And not without reason, he believes. It seems that the manufacturers of a certain bow tie made free with the use of his name in connection with that simple article of dress, without first getting his consent, so Mr. Menjou declares. It was not, unfortunately, a bow tie of which he approves, either officially or unofficially, Mr. Menjou further alleges and deposes, and he believes that the very association of his name with this sartorially imperfect article has seriously impaired his standing as a gentleman of elegance on the screen. So there has remained nothing for Mr. Menjou to do but to request through the medium of the courts, reparations to the amount of $25,000. This modest sum, judiciously invested, in dashing tweeds, twill shirts and correct cravats, in event of course that he wins his suit should easily be able to repair the damage done to his external character.

Fireworks

CONSIDERABLE fireworks are promised as divorce proceedings between Gilda Gray and her husband Gil Boag are approaching.

Gilda has started proceedings for divorce alleging cruel and inhuman treatment, while Gil is seeking annullment charging prenuptial fraud. The eagerness of each to be first to legalize the separation is somewhat sharpened by the little matter of about $1,000,000 property in the suit.

Torrence Back

ERNEST TORRENCE is back from Europe with many entertaining anecdotes of his trip. While abroad he visited some relatives in Scotland. He has a little niece whose parents wanted her to see her distinguished uncle on the screen, but she had never been to a theatre in her life.

"They thought it would be too much of a shock for a lass who had had such little experience with nature's flora and fauna," said Ernest, wrinkling his countenance into a grin, "so they took her to a zoo."

Carol Protests

CAROL DEMPSTER, one of the many actresses whom D. W. Griffith brought from obscurity to fame, declares that injuries she received recently in an automobile accident are not serious enough to prevent her from appearing again on the screen.

Popcorn Hostess

YOU'VE got to hand it to Clara Bow for being big-hearted. She has been through so many struggles in her own life that she can't resist helping others.

Recently she went to Long Beach to make a picture. A young man was running a popcorn stand there in which he had invested all his savings, and business wasn't so good. He was in danger of losing the works. So he appealed to Clara and asked her if she would act as hostess for his popcorn stand. Clara, being a good sport, consented, and she sold popcorn faster than the lad could pop it. Now he thinks there's nobody in the world like Clara Bow.

Spare That Barn

THE old chant of "Woodman, spare that tree," has been changed to, "Wrecker, spare that barn," on the Lasky lot. The old barn where *The Squaw Man,* Hollywood's first picture, was produced by C. B. De Mille back in 1913, and which still stands inside the Paramount studio gates, was about to be torn down by wreckers to make way for the new stage for talking pictures when Jesse Lasky himself, intervened and demanded that the old barn be saved. It is now used as a gymnasium and within its walls Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers, Esther Ralston, Bebe Daniels, Gary Cooper and other screen actors to keep fit for their work at the studio.

Another About De Mille

THEY were reminiscing the other day at the studios and some one recalled a classic incident concerning C. B. De Mille. He had employed several Chinese from the Oriental quarter of Los Angeles, for a big scene in which about $4,000 worth of fireworks was to be exploded.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Beery spend their week-ends away from the crowds "high, high up in the hills." They have joined the ranks of airplane commuters and make regular trips to their mountain lodge in the high Sierras.

Did Pev Marley learn to make such prolific "x's" by writing love letters to Lina Basquette? The beauty of the films and the ace cameraman of the De Mille Studios are reported to be engaged.

Gilda Gray is girding to do battle with her husband, Gil Boag, for a million odd dollars which the public has paid to see her shimmy. Divorce action and counter-action is pending.

Some one blundered and all the fireworks were touched off before the cameras had started grinding. De Mille demanded that the culprit be produced.

Tom Gubbins, who supplies the Oriental talent for pictures, at last appeared at the studio with an aged Chinese.

De Mille then started on a long eulogy, telling just what he thought of Chinamen in general and this one in particular, and ended up by firing him with great gusto.

The Chinaman mumbled something in Chinese and departed.

Outside he met Tom Gubbins, who rewarded him with five dollars.

Then he went on his way, pleased but mystified with the ways of the white man. Tom had judiciously selected a Chinaman who couldn't understand a word of English.

Last Laugh

W. S. VAN DYKE, who is preparing to leave for Africa soon to film *Trader Horn*, announced that the leading lady must possess a musical laugh. Now, every time he takes down the telephone receiver some lady laughs in his ear.

About a Ring

IT WAS a fraternity ring, that time-honored symbol of campus love that caused all the excitement on the Paramount lot. The ring belonged to Buddy Rogers and it suddenly appeared on the finger of Mary Brian. And everyone started talking.

"But it was only atmosphere for the picture," protested Mary, "all the romancing between Buddy and me will be shown on the screen."

Chinese Landing

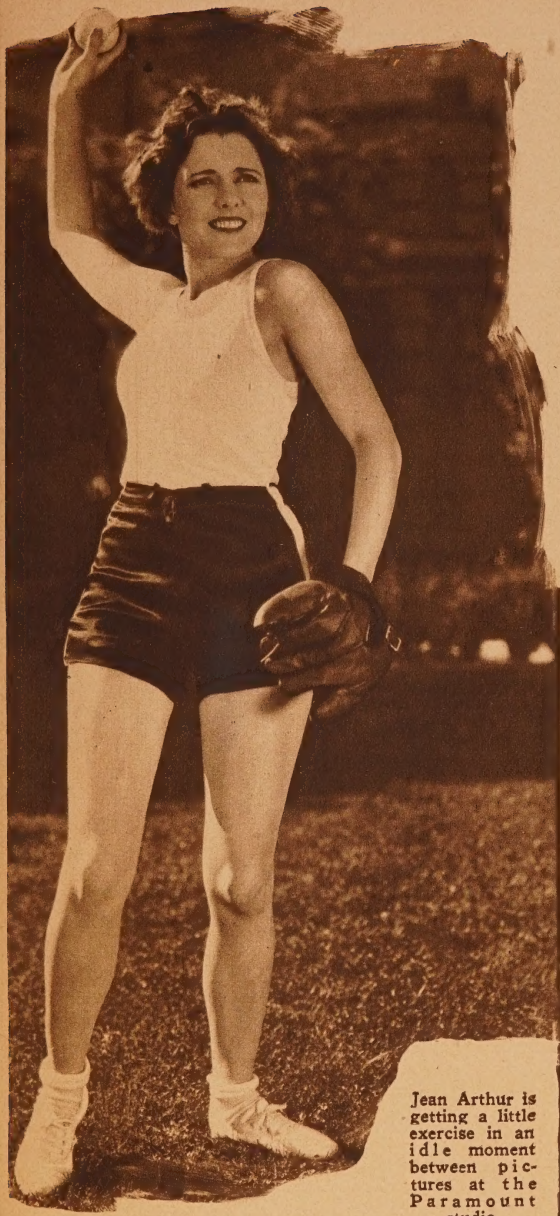
RAMON NOVARRO, learning to fly at the San Diego naval base, for his new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer *Gold Braid*, took the air in a dual control plane with Lieut. D. W. Tomlinson, his teacher, at the helm.

After several attempts, Novarro was finally allowed to make a landing, and achieved what he thought was a perfect three-point arrival on the North Island field.

"That was a swell Chinese landing," said the lieutenant.

"What do you mean — Chinese landing?" asked Ramon.

"One wing low," explained the lieutenant.



Jean Arthur is getting a little exercise in an idle moment between pictures at the Paramount studio.

They Got His Number

LEW CODY is lying awake nights, thinking up ways and means of getting even with O. O. McIntyre, the well-known columnist. McIntyre recently got a laugh on Cody and he put Lew's phone number in the book and through his column told his readers to call Lew up after three a. m. and kid him about it. They took him at his word and the phone rang so consistently that Lew had to get his number changed.

Terrible Eric

ERIC VON STROHEIM is one director who does not believe in taking insults from nephews of studio officials. One day on the set, it was a set of several hundred people, a little nephew threatened to report Mr. Von Stroheim to the front office. Von looked daggers at him, then grabbed a megaphone and handed it to the kid—"Go to the far end of the set and apologize just as loud as you can." The boy knew that Mr. Von Stroheim was not to be played with. He went to the end of the long set and screamed through the megaphone, "Mr. Von Stroheim, I apologize!" "Louder," screamed Mr. Von Stroheim, "I can't hear you." After he had repeated his apology three times Mr. Von Stroheim called him to him and said, "Now, go to the front office and tell your uncle that I fired you?"

Ounce of Protection

SINCE Bess Meredyth's unfortunate automobile accident, in which she had her face badly cut by glass from the windshield, other feminine stars have taken measures to protect themselves, from a similar fate. A gash on the face could spell ruin to a player.

It's alive! Marceline Day, has a new pet. A distant cousin to the Australian Wimpus on its mother's side, this strange adnoidal animal is known as a honey-bear. And if it lives up to its name it's going to cause a lots of jealousy on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

Mary Pickford's in conference. She is going over plans for her new story with her staff. From left to right they are, Allan McNeil and John Grey, authors, Charles Rosher, cameraman, Sam Taylor, her director, and Luke Humberstone, his assistant.

Vilma Banky, Billie Dove, Laura La Plante, Rod La Rocque and Evelyn Brent have equipped their cars with "unbreakable" glass recently.

Picture His Predicament

CHARLIE FARRELL is having more than his share of sun baths. For weeks he has to stand in water for the scenes in *The River* which Frank Borzage is directing. To add to his misery, his costume consists of little more than a loin cloth. Being ogled day in and day out by tourists didn't add to his pleasures and one day a little girl screamed, "Oo, look, Mamma, at the naked man!" Imagine poor Charlie's embarrassment! With a pitiful look he ducked under the water. Incidentally, the team of Farrell and Mary Duncan should rival Gilbert and Garbo for sizzling love scenes.

They Slipped One Over

FLORENCE VIDOR, famed for her portrayals of women and the world in those comedies with a light touch, and Jascha Heifetz, the famed violinist, who were married recently, managed to keep the wedding a secret from the newshounds of New York. They were married quietly in a hotel by a magistrate. But marriage, like murder, will out, and the news soon spread around. Florence Vidor was divorced from her husband, King Vidor, the director, several years ago.

Simply Shocking

BEN LYON has a beautiful new car and he doesn't want people with buttons and belts removing any of the paint so he has an electric wire running through it and trespassers receive a terrific shock. However, it turned out to be more of a source of amusement than of protection for everyone who receives a shock is anxious to pass the joke along.

Larry Semon Laid Up

ALTHOUGH he has successfully survived being drowned with a fire hose, besmeared with custard pies, automobile smashups and other hardships of comedy making for years, Larry Semon found the ardors of a vaudeville tour too much for him. When he returned from a tour of the country, he was forced to take to a sanitarium near Hollywood to rebuild his shattered nerves and it may be a year before he is able to resume his work in pictures.

Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are trying to make the raven croak during a quiet moment between scenes while making "The River."

Renee Changes Her Mind

NOW Renee Adoree, who recently filed action for divorce against her husband, William Gill, a tailor, on charges of cruelty, has changed her mind. She recently instructed her attorney to drop the charges. Renee remained silent, however, about her decision, and refused to say whether or not a reconciliation had been effected.

Honolulu Honeymoon

REGINALD DENNY, who is being married to "Bubbles" Steiffel when his divorce decree becomes final next month, says that he and his bride will spend their honeymoon cruising to Honolulu on his yacht.

These Yer Pitcher People

AT LEAST one Utah farmer has his opinion of "these yer pitcher people." He watched with interest the maneuvering necessary to raise a stuffed buffalo upon a high precipice. After hours of labor the buffalo was planted and the cameras below started grinding. Then the prop boy shoved the buffalo off the cliff onto a covered wagon below. The Utah farmer shook his head, "I tell ya, they're crazy, plumb crazy. It took them a half day to put that buffalo up there and then the damn fools push it off."

Engaged Again

SALLY EILERS, brought to fame by Mack Sennett, followed the breaking of her engagement to Matty Kemp, attractive screen juvenile, by announcing another engagement, this time to William Hawkes, younger brother of Kenneth and Howard Hawkes, both of whom are in pictures. But Sally's engagements really can't be taken very seriously because Mr. Sennett, being a foresighted gentleman, put a clause in her contract forbidding her to marry until it is terminated.

Joan's

By HELEN STARR

Doug, Jr., and Joan, have developed a language all their own that no one else in Hollywood can understand. That goes to show what love can do for people.

THERE'S something about people who are in love. They distill an atmosphere of radiance around them that is catching. Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are like that.

Doug was frantic.

"Where's Joan?" he shouted. He had not seen her for seven minutes.

Then Joan came around the corner of the stage. Shapely brown stockingless legs beneath a green wisp of a frock swinging carelessly from capable young shoulders.

Fond reunion. The lovers were together again after such a long absence. Kisses covering lips and cheeks and fingertips.

If some inventor of movie sound devices could apply them to printing type, that strange new language which goes on between Joan and Douglas could be made into a magazine "talkie." It is a lovely language of heights and clouds. An occasional "darling" and "precious" are familiar to the ear, but beyond that, no one on the lot understands it in the least.

"Do-Do," being a loving diminutive of "Douglas" is now playing on the M-G-M lot with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in *A Woman of Affairs,* which it is said, is based on Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat.*

Joan has just finished *Four Walls* opposite John Gilbert. A gangster is Gilbert who is sent to prison, Joan his tough girl sweetheart.

"She's a bad girl with a good heart," Douglas hastens to explain with a very evident wish that his loved one be cast as the nice girl of the films as well as the nice girl of his dreams. Soon she is to do another film with Gilbert which is all about the African desert and some elusive diamonds.

She used to be called the cry baby of the studio. Joan never gets angry. But she cries. How she cries! Over at the wardrobe if she did not like a new frock they had planned she should wear, she would not tear it to shreds or engage in temperament. She would just cry. And they would all scurry around and say, "All right, Joan. We'll get you another one right away." Effective tears,

In Love

Joan Crawford's life is punctuated with kisses these days. Her romance with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., proves that Cupid hasn't taken the count in Hollywood.

those. Now she has snapped out of all that. She's herself.

"You see I was just a chorus girl back in New York." Ah, the New York history has not been entirely obliterated from memory. "And I was an extra out here for six months and there are things about being at the bottom of the heap that make one very sad. I guess I cried a great deal. Plenty. And I didn't have the least bit of drag, but after awhile, they seemed to think I might make good and they gave me a ten-weeks' trial on a guarantee."

Out west, she has won twenty-six dancing cup trophies —many of them from the famous Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, and from Montmartre, but even if her legs are nimble, she is terrified in traffic. She scurries by the M-G-M gateman when she is afoot, panicky over the wheels going in and out. A city gal afraid of the streets. And although love making is not insured when traffic is about, it must be some help now to have Douglas nearby with a protecting arm.

Apparently she's a trivial feather in the scale. But after you know her longer you realize her very vagaries are light masks worn to screen a sensible head and the strong foundations of her talent.

You see an interview with Joan jumps around. Just like Joan herself, impulsive, impetuous, here and there.

Joan has acquired a deep, rich tan because she and Douglas spend many days up at the Pickford-Fairbanks estate, "Pickfair," playing tennis and swimming in the pool. Sundays, they go to the Santa Monica beach-house of "Uncle Douggie," as Joan calls the hero of *The Gaucho*.

"Now he insists we call him 'Pete' ", says Joan. "Uncle Douggie went to a man—a numerologist, I guess they call them, and he said Uncle Douggie should have been named 'Pete' and that that name meant he would be successful in life! So now he says 'Call me Pete, pals' and we all do!"

Mary is kind to Joan and receives her warm-heartedly. It is rumored that Douglas, Jr.'s own mother, Mrs. James Evans, does not favor the match and that Douglas has moved over to the Hollywood Athletic Club in order to have his own manly way! Others, who have small hammers to throw concerning any Hollywood romance, must, in the end, give deference to this romance which is so very deep rooted.

Always buzzing about their careers, these two. The romantic lure of show business has caught them both.

"Angel, did you like my new pictures taken in the yellow evening dress with the pear-shaped bead necklace?" asks Joan.

"And, dear, are the shadows under my eyes too deep for this role?" asks Douglas.

"Mr. So and So is back as assistant to Director B————," informs Joan. "That will make the work go smoother again." And, "See, precious, how Ramon puts a little dab of lip stick at the corners of his mouth to make them turn up! Isn't that clever? Otherwise, he'd look too depressed!"

"Joan and I haven't missed five new pictures in a year," says Douglas. "We go every night and to all the new stage plays, too. That is, except when Joan is working, then we only go out Saturday evenings and to the Biltmore to dance."

"And when Douggy is working days and I am not," ventures Joan, "I lie in the sun up on the roof of my Beverly house and rest."

Ever since Joan first sat

Joan is reading about the announcement of her engagement to Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the Los Angeles papers. But she hasn't said a word yet about the wedding ring which she wears. Doug, Jr. says he gave it to her because he's an optimist.

evening after evening in a stage box to adore young Douglas behind the footlights during a Los Angeles theatrical production, she has continued to plan her day's events around his duties and his day is planned around hers. Inseparable, these two.

"But the roof and the tan," I asked. "How about evening dresses in the pictures?"

"Oh, they do something to the lights now that makes the brown skin look white," explains Joan. So, stars these days can be athletic and have leatherlike skins in private life if they choose!

One o'clock.

"Precious angel, must you go back on the set?" asks Joan, patting Doug's hands and lowering her cheek for another punctuating kiss.

Yes, Douglas must because he is also precious angel to M-G-M and lots of box offices, too.

But do the lovers part until five? Indeed not.

"Come over and visit my set at three," urges Doug. And more sweet bird and baby kisses with King Vidor laughing as he approaches—he has been all through those romantic days—and the gateman smiling, and a boy piling away film boxes in the morgue grinning, and the cutters on the iron balcony above the sidewalk leaning down to envy.

So Joan dashes off to have Ruth Harriet Louise, famous portrait photographer of the stars, take some new stills. A dab of grease on nose and chin to attract highlights and she is ready. Some days the studio phones Joan and asks her to sit for pictures. She is otherwise occupied and disinterested. Then all of a sudden, one day, she wakes in a mood for portraits, phones to say she is ready now, and is coming right over!

Joan is known as the girl with the perfect figure, since her measurements tally exactly with those of Venus de Milo within a quarter of an inch. Venus ought to be proud to have a figure like Joan's.

Joan resents being known as a celluloid trollope. Her legs started her off on the race to success in the Shubert production, *Innocent Eyes,* and as a dancer in *The Passing Show* at the Winter Garden. But she doesn't want the legs to be given all the credit at the tape line. Her full bust and narrow hips—a slender but voluptuous figure and the "loveliest legs in pictures," qualify her for standardized Greek measurements, and first brought her into the camera limelight. She's Venus de Milo in the flesh.

But Joan is also a clever intuitive actress. For it takes real intuition to know when to stay off the screen. And this Joan knew by a seventh sense when they offered her a part as Mae Busch's daughter in *Time, the Comedian,* and she felt she was not yet ready to do the part to her credit and refused. Gertrude Olmstead, a more experienced actress, took her place.

Later, of course, she gained assurance and did her first part with Tom Moore and Zasu Pitts in *Pretty Ladies* and later a lead with Harry Langdon in *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.*

Joan, for a long time, had to fling off her garments in pictures and be wild and collegiate. And so the public stamped her as a type — that type, and wanted her wilder and more collegiate.

Her parts even stamped her at the studio — a big-hearted girl, hail-fellow-well-met. Why give her anything serious to do? Even now she tones down her cheerfulness.

"Ha—l—oo, John!" To John Gilbert, glistening, glossy-haired star whose brown eyes are constantly snapping.

Real need of a sound device to show you how Joan says "Bee—lee" and "Ra—moon." Mischievous Billy Haines, who sat on a soap box in the lobby of the Chinese Theatre the opening night of *White Shadows of the South Seas,* slouch hat pulled low over his eyes and unrecognized by the curious mob, cat-called and hooted as other stars made their dignified ermine-swathed entrances.

"And Ra——moon," for Ramon Novarro, in a new spic and span uniform "decorated in brass" for his part in *Gold Braid.*

Just lots of cheery hooey and hokum. The habit of professional folk giving enthusiastic greetings even though they pass on the lot ten times in a day.

And Joan's very big-heartedness even disguises itself in a hail-fellow-well-met spirit. A studio employe developed cancer. All he had he had invested in a farm. Family to support. Only a few studio employes knew the circumstances but Joan heard, and hat in hand, she went through the M-G-M lunch room at noon—to

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How I Broke Into The Movies

A borrowed dress and high-heeled slippers made Harold Lloyd's manager give Bebe the twice-over.

By

Bebe Daniels

Bebe's recent picture "Hot News," is symbolic of her never-say-die spirit which has won her the reputation of being the most courageous girl in motion pictures.

MY ABILITY to filch an afternoon dress and a pair of high heeled slippers enabled me to "crash the gate" in motion pictures.

As a matter of fact, I had played around motion picture sets while a child in company with my mother when she took a fling at the screen and occasionally I was given just a bit by a kind-hearted director but my first real opportunity was given me because I "borrowed" the dress and the slippers.

It happened on an afternoon when things looked rather black. I was living with mother again after three years of school and the financial situation of the Daniels family was far from being pleasant. Mother had been playing bits now and then, and on this particular afternoon, was out on location with a company, leaving me to my own resources. I had wanted to help but the Goddess of Luck and the casting directors ignored me completely. My name was known to a few of them but a job was another thing.

Suddenly the telephone rang. It was Harold Lloyd's manager with the information that he would like to see Mrs. Daniels.

"Mrs. Daniels is not in," I replied.

"Not Mrs. Daniels," he went on somewhat impatiently, "I want Miss Daniels."

I managed to splutter that he was speaking to Miss Daniels.

"Please come in to see me this afternoon, if possible," he said, and this I readily promised to do.

I was so excited I could have yelled but on top of this excitement came the realization that I had nothing to wear. How many times have women been in this situation?

A hasty survey of the house revealed nothing in my wardrobe but the luck had changed, for mother had just purchased a light afternoon frock. Without any debate whatsoever, I grabbed that and put it on. Then I found that I needed slippers. Another problem, but still another search and I found a pair in the wardrobe of my aunt who was visiting us at the time. These were appropriated in a like manner and I set out for the interview.

To make a long story short, I got the contract as Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

Sitting in a producer's office awaiting an appointment is not the most pleasant thing in the world for, in the majority of cases, the wait is a long one. It seemed to me that I sat there fully eight hours although in reality it was close to two.

I really had no idea what sort of a proposition would be offered me so I was mentally concocting stories relating to my capabilities, my experience and so forth. In addition to this I had done up my hair in such a way that added several years to my appearance and this was helped out by the longer skirt of the dress and the high heels.

Finally I was admitted into the private office of the manager. He was very kind and cordial but I was so scared I couldn't say a word. I just mumbled something

(*Continued on page* 100)

STARS ON THE *Rampage*

Jetta Goudal is calm, innocent and stubborn when she gets temperamental—Greta Garbo puts on her hat and quietly goes home—Pola Negri gets excited over cats—but when Mae Murray explodes every one takes to the fire escapes.

By HARRY CARR

"WHAT I love," said Jetta Goudal, "is peace. I want everybody to be sweet to me—and I want to be sweet to everybody."

If the audience has now recovered consciousness, we will now go on with the story.

Jetta is said to be the owner and proprietor of the champion temperament of Hollywood. One time they turned her over to Paul Stein, a German director, under the theory that there might be some mystic and soothing magic in the fact that both she and he came across the water.

But at the end, the estimable Herr Stein was in a state of collapse with just enough strength to murmur: "That woman—she is worser as ten lions."

Jetta tells me confidentially that she was as innocent as a new born lamb.

In fact, I have noticed this about all Hollywood's rambunctious collection of temperamental ladies—and gents:

That they are convinced that they are most picked-on, abused, misunderstood, tame, gentle, dove-like, innocent, modest, retiring, self-effacing band of martyrs who ever timidly ventured to inhabit the earth.

Take Jetta, for instance. She has a firm stolid Dutch obstinacy fortified by a dash of wily, subtle, ingenious Javanese ancestry—rooted in the suavity and devious psychology of the Orient. Trying to make Jetta do something she doesn't want to, is like trying to drive a band of young turkeys through a hole in a fence.

Jetta listens to the bonehead director telling her what to do; then she says with patient calmness: "No, that is not what Jetta would do in those circumstances."

"Well, by gosh," storms the director, "I'm the director of this picture, and you will do what I tell you."

Jetta gazes at him, through her tears, like the last of the Christian martyrs; then the irate director snarls: "Camera!" and Jetta does just what seems the best to her in the circumstances.

ONE of Jetta's most famous upheavals came up over the matter of a dress in a picture being directed at De Mille's by Rupert Julian. Jetta wanted to wear a white dress at a movie court ball; the director, fortified by a grand and imposing collection of costume designers, said no; she would have to wear a black dress. Jetta said no more—apparently outnumbered and disarmed.

The fateful day came on. The extras were assembled in great and elegant state. The light was turned on; the director made an impressive gesture for the action to begin—and in walked Jetta with the white dress. She had sat up all night and made it herself.

Eric Von Stroheim, seated on the left, the director, is looking worried, and Mae Murray triumphant, after one of the many clashes of these two famous temperaments which enlivened the making of "The Merry Widow."

This dance scene from "The Merry Widow" caused one of the biggest battles in picture history. Von Stroheim insisted that Mae Murray dance in the crowd. Mae said her contract called for her to dance in a cleared space. Mae won, and Von Stroheim stood in the crowd with his back turned.

And of course, Jetta was absolutely right. That's the thing that makes Jetta beyond human endurance. She is always right and the director is always wrong. She is a clever gal with a great deal of brains.

When she was cast for one of Cecil De Mille's pictures, everybody gasped. Greek and Greek. Mr. De Mille said with a confident smile that he would have no trouble with Jetta; that people didn't have brains enough to understand her. According to the best-informed studio gossip, when she left in the middle of the picture, De Mille stood up on his throne and yelled at her never to show her face again on one of his sets. Some go so far as to say that he threw his megaphone after her. If he didn't throw the megaphone after her, it was probably because he was looking for a ten-inch shell to throw.

When Griffith picked her out for the picture he was to make with Lupe Velez—everybody told him goodbye with tear-dimmed eyes; for Lupe is not without temperament herself.

Day after day, Hollywood sat on, holding tightly to the guard rails, waiting for the explosion. Taking courage to peek around the corners, they found Jetta and D. W. getting along like two turtle doves.

I was so astonished myself that I ventured to ask Jetta about it myself.

"Why, certainly," she said, "why not? You who know me should not have asked such a foolish question. There is nothing that I love so much as peace. The slightest inharmony kills me. I want everything to be sweet.

"But," she added, in slow measured tones, "nobody can bully me.

"Mr. De Mille wanted to cut ten per cent from my salary when they had the big studio cut a year ago. Had he come to me and said: 'Jetta, we haven't the money'—I would have been first to yield. But when he called me into his office and said that—contract or no contract—I would have to take a cut—I just shook my head and said: 'No, no, no, papa De Mille.'

"Mr. Griffith treats me like a person—not like a mule. I had my hair dressed with the most beau-u-u-tiful curl hanging down on my neck. Had he said: 'Take off that damn curl'—the way most of them do—I would have died with it on. But he said: 'Jetta, you can wear that curl if you want to; but I don't like it'—and so I had to cut it

Gloria Swanson is giving a good pyrotechnic display of her temperament in this scene from "Sadie Thompson." She is now working under the direction of Von Stroheim in "Queen Kelly."

off—although, of course, he was wrong," Jetta smiled.

Jetta also found peace with Marion Davies—who is always a peach to work with. The executives of M-G-M, who had hired her with dread and bated breath—found themselves in the position of the one-legged man who waited for the one-legged man in the upper bedroom to throw down his second shoe. In the end they summoned her into the office and asked her—nervously chewing their nails—when she was intending to break out. They couldn't stand the suspense any longer.

GRETA GARBO is temperamental in a different way. She is a silent, self-contained, gloomy Swede. Also with brains.

Greta knows exactly what and how she intends to do everything. When it isn't done that way, she calmly goes home. With a studio overhead mounting like a French national debt, in the end the high admiral always meekly sends a car for her and tells her that a little mistake was made; and that everything is now as she wants it. The parade then begins to move.

One of Greta's eccentricities is that she insists on being taken to and from sets—even from one end of the studio to another in automobiles. If the car isn't there, she doesn't go to the set.

WHICH brings to mind, the wildest exhibition of temperament ever seen outside a cage; this was displayed by Lya de Putti when she first came to America and acted in a Griffith picture. It wrecked her career.

On one occasion, according to gossip, the De Putti was annoyed at seeing a star romp past her on the way to the studio with a powerful McFarland car, she riding in some meek domestic make. Whereupon the fascinating Lya went to the phone and ordered a squadron of high-priced cars; and sent the bills to Paramount.

The cars naturally did not appear; neither did De Putti. When the agonized studio manager inquired at her flat, she replied innocently: "How can I get to the studio? The cars I ordered did not come."

You can be sure that there isn't going to be anything monotonous when the lovely Pola Negri starts making a picture. It seems as though the more brains they have, the more different kinds of temperament they can produce on short notice.

Pola has a lot of different kinds. When she first came

over from Europe, after her triumphs in *Passion* and *Gypsy Love*, she had a well-grown superiority complex. She just put the director in his place with a glare; and went on with her own ideas.

The first day they showed her around the Paramount Studio, her eye fell on the bungalow which Gloria Swanson insisted upon having for a dressing room.

"Very nice," she said, "Where is my bungalow?"

With trembling lips, they told her that there was only one bungalow. "Very well," she said with terrible dignity, "when I have a bungalow I shall return."

So they had to throw the scenario department out to make her a bungalow.

Perhaps the most famous attack of temperament came when Pola first reported for work—having got her bungalow. She saw an innocent, well-meaning kitty cat crossing one of the stages.

"Cats," she screamed, "I can't stand cats. All the cats must be taken out of the studio."

Just at this moment, Gloria Swanson appeared, "If all the cats are taken out of the studio, I quit. I like cats."

An *impasse*. The tortured producers pleaded with one lady; then the other. Each would die rather than yield. I never have found out how they solved the problem. This is one of life's great mysteries. Presumably they trained the cats to gracefully retire when they saw Pola coming.

It was through the diplomacy of Mal St. Clair, the director, that Pola was persuaded to give up her temperamental methods. He told her it wasn't the American way. All of a sudden Pola became the very best sport on the sets of Hollywood.

Only once in a while, she would show signs.

One time a sub-normal studio manager took it into what passed for his head to order that Pola must sit on the sets whether she was working or not. She had to sit while the other girls were doing their scenes. This promised trouble.

Once in a while, during a big scene, Mal would feel an imperative pull on his coat sleeves. "Mal," Pola would say in her most tragic voice, "what am I doing while she is doing that?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" the diplomatic Mr. St. Clair would gasp. "While she is doing that little no-account scene, you are doing the most marvelous scene ever put on the screen."

Whereupon the Negri would retire, satisfied—for a moment—until the next close-up.

I will say this for Pola, however. She hasn't an unkind or malicious hair in her head. She would give you her shoes and break her neck to help you if she thought you were in trouble.

Most of her kick-ups are over little things—mostly affronts to her dignity. As for instance, when an assistant director does not rise when she speaks to him; or somebody fails to say good morning.

Another case of a temperament that changed over night was Madge Bellamy. She used to be a terror to directors.

I REMEMBER one day that Maurice Tourneur spoke sharply to her. The large, limpid liquid, beautiful eyes filled with tears. Her lips quivered. With a shriek her mother rushed into the scene. "You shan't talk to my little girl this way," she said, reproachfully, clasping her cherub child in her arms. "You don't understand my little girl."

"No, madam," said Maurice icily, "I don't understand your little girl; but I am being educated rapidly."

But, oh, boy, when Mae Murray got temperamental! Wow!

Everybody took to the fire escapes

(*Continued on page* 90)

Greta Garbo never shows her temperament off the screen, but she has a quiet way of getting what she wants. She goes home and stays 'til they come for her

Prominent among a group of young hostesses who entertained recently at a charity bridge were, from left to right: 1. Josephine Dunn, 2. Sally Blane, 3. Lia Toro, 4. Ruth Roland, 5. Claire Windsor, 6. Lina Basquette, 7. Lola Salvi, 8. Billie Dove, 9. Mrs. Wally Reid, and 10. Polly Ann Young.

Society in

Colleen Moore and her husband entertain—social doings at Pickfair—cards, swimming and dancing at the Jack Warner estate—and other events of the month in the film capital.

OPENING in a blaze of glory, **Colleen Moore**'s *Lilac Time* bid fair to surpass all other premieres in point of effulgence. Lilac tinted lights lit the streets for blocks around the Carthay Circle Theatre. An hour before the opening, 21,000 fans gathered overflowing to house tops, tree tops and telegraph poles.

Colleen Moore and her husband, **John McCormick**, were hosts at a buffet dinner before the premiere, retaining special motorcycle police to escort the party through the crowds. New York's traveling mayor, **James Walker**, was their honor guest, while Colleen made much of her editor uncle, **Walter Howey**, who

Cinemaland

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY, SCREEN SECRETS Society Editor

had come to Hollywood for the occasion. Other guests were Messrs. and Mesdames B. P. Schulberg, George Fitzmaurice, Conrad Nagel, Tom Geraghty, Harold B. Franklin, Dick Hyland and Benjamin Glazer; also Carmelita Geraghty, Marian Nixon, Lupe Velez, Bebe Daniels, Phyllis Haver, Julanne Johnston, Dorothy Mackaill and John Gilbert.

The fans cheered to the echoes when the dynamic Lupe Velez danced down the long promenade on the arm of Charlie Chaplin and there was quite a stir at the arrival of Dolores and Helene Costello with John and Lionel Barrymore.

"PICKFAIR" was the scene of a brilliant function given in honor of Our Girls' Club, an organization whose membership includes many starry names, most of whom were extras when the club was inaugurated. Mary Pickford has been president for several years.

Ramon Novarro was lionized by the social set at the Hotel Coronado, fashionable year-round resort near San Diego, when he was there on location for the making of "Gold Braid," a naval picture.

The beautiful hilltop home was aglow with lights and the gardens lit with soft colored lamps. Dinner was served to Our Girls—**Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Billie Dove, Laura La Plante, Edna Murphy, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Leatrice Joy, Ruth Roland, Julanne Johnston, Virginia Valli, Claire Windsor, Gertrude Olmstead, Pauline Garon, May McAvoy, Carmel Myers, Zasu Pitts** and **Gloria Hope.** After dinner the escorts arrived and more than a hundred other guests.

The **Jesse Laskys, Irving Thalbergs, Don Alverados, Conrad Nagels** and **Emil Jannings, Norma** and **Constance Talmadge** beaued by **Buster Collier** and **Gilbert Roland,** the faithful **Doug Fairbanks, Jr.,** attending **Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio** and **Edwin Carewe.** Everyone was teasing dainty little **Janet Gaynor** because her escort, **Lydell Peck,** had flown from San Francisco just to take her to the party.

The Madrid supper room and roof patio at the Roosevelt were gaily decked with flags of all nations when the Hafco (Hollywood Association of Foreign Correspondents) were hosts at a dinner-dance in honor of **Carl Laemmle,** dean of motion picture producers.

An elaborate pageant presented by **Peggy Hamilton** was generously applauded. **Miss Hamilton,** as Martha Washington, introduced **Patsy Ruth Miller, Hedda Hopper, Pauline Starke, June Marlow, Leatrice Joy, Priscilla Dean, Jane Winton, Claire Windsor** and **Joy Auburn,** all attractively garbed as famous women of history.

National costumes added a note of color as worn by **Louise Fazenda, Madge Bellamy, Lois Moran, Mary Brian, Laura La Plante, Norma Shearer, Dolores Del Rio** and **Lupe Velez.**

A bit of interesting news was confided by **Mr. Laemmle** who announced the appointment of **Paul Kohner** as ambassador to Europe for Universal. **Mr. Kohner** leaves immediately and will be followed in three months by his fiancee, **Mary Philbin,** who with her mother will join him in Germany, where the marriage ceremony will be performed.

THE new Jack Warner home, nestling on its hilltop near the homes of Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton, is a luxurious place with its ball rooms, card rooms and little theatre, its tennis courts, swimming pools, patios and sunken gardens. At a house-warming early in the month about two hundred of the film colony were invited to a nine o'clock dinner, cooked an dserved on the loggia overlooking the city. Dancing and bridge followed and at midnight a supper was served for those who lingered late.

Monte Blue and his lovely wife, **Hal Willis** and **Louise Fazenda, Mervyn LeRoy** and **Edna Murphy, Robert Leonard** and **Gertrude Olmstead, Mrs. Costello** with **Dolores** and **Helene, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, Bess Meredith** and **Michael Curtiz** were numbered among the guests.

The Chinese Theatre reopened its doors with a dazzling premiere of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *White Shadows of the South Seas.* There was no presentation of celebrities inside the theatre, but **Fred Niblo** was master of ceremonies before the microphone outside, and the large throng in the streets as well as those "listening in" at home enjoyed the snappy introductions.

Among those who entertained coteries of friends at the opening were **Monte Blue,** star of the picture, who had fourteen guests; **Carl Laemmle, Sr.,** with a party of ten; **Mrs. D. G. Grauman,** hostess to eight; **Jack Warner, Louis B. Mayer, W. S. Van Dyke,** director of the production, **Ernest Torrence** and **Jackie Coogan.** Smaller groups included the **Irving Thalbergs (Norma Shearer), Raquel Torres, Renee Adoree, Irene Rich, Fanny Brice, Sue Carol** and **Nick Stuart, Virginia Valli** and **Charlie Farrell, Arthur Lubin** and **Helene Costello.**

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That Shy Lover Barrymore

John Barrymore says that Camilla Horn, with whom he played in "The Tempest," has a great sense of humor. She proved it on location by stretching the telling of one funny story over a non-stop period of twenty-four hours.

The Adonis of the screen, having made love to women of every nationality except the Eskimo, tells here just what he thinks about them.

By CHARLES DARNTON

WOMEN will be the last to believe it, particularly those women who know his way with women on the screen and stage. Yet the simple truth is that John Barrymore is shy, just as James M. Barrie is shy, and Charlie Chaplin is shy, and David Belasco is shy.

I suspected as much some years ago. As I was leaving a midnight performance of laughing, singing and dancing darkies at the Sixty-third Street Theatre in New York, I felt a hand on my shoulder. Turning, I was surprised to see John Barrymore, his face half-hidden behind the upturned collar of an old brown ulster. Surprised for more than one reason. First of all, his Hamlet had just then swept the town and made him the idol of New York. Another thing, this was a holiday eve on which, doubtless, many a festive board fairly cracked to draw him to its side. Yet here he was—and alone—at a black-and-tan show in an obscure little theatre. But a still more incredible surprise was to come.

"If you don't mind," he began, "I'd be awfully grateful for the right steer about something. But if you feel I'm making an insufferable ass of myself choke me off right at the start."

Naturally, I hadn't the faintest idea what he was at until we squeezed out of the jostling aisle and backed up against a wall. Then:

"You boys have been so damned fine to me that I'd like to tell all of you how I feel about it. So this is what I

want to ask: Do you think the other dramatic critics would misunderstand—that they'd resent it—if I wrote them letters thanking them for all they ve done?"

There's scarcely need to say, in spite of everything I could and did say at the time, that those letters were never written, that before they could be written John Barrymore's writing arm was paralyzed by shyness.

I tell this incident now for the first time simply because a lot of fool people have a lot of fool notions about John Barrymore, the most foolish of which is that he is upstage. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is true there are in Hollywood stars as self-important as the renter of a lockbox in a small-town postoffice. But Barrymore is not one of them. Indeed, I know of no one in his home of swollen bank accounts who is quite so unassuming as this self-same Barrymore unless it be his distinguished antithesis, Bull Montana.

In case you still have any suspicion of Barrymore's high-hatting Hollywood, let this further proof dispel it: When I ran across him the first time in these parts, he asked:

"How do you like it here?"

"I like the sunshine," I told him.

"I like the whole works," he told me.

He likes it all so much, in fact, that he has bought himself an estate high up in Beverly Hills, on the dizzy rim of Benedict Canyon. He couldn't have gone much higher without bumping his head against the sky. I wondered whether shyness hadn't had something to do with his choice of a home. It was there I went to have a talk with him. Knowing that publicity means no more to John Barrymore than a banquet does to Lindbergh, I couldn't help saying:

"I hope you don't mind too much these awful things called 'interviews.' "

"Hell, no!" he protested. "Ashton Stevens and I used to write 'em on the tops of beer barrels."

Then he went gaily on to relate a more recent experience.

"It was during my last visit to New York," he said. "I was taken there in the custody of a fearsome individual officially designated as my manager. I did everything in my power to keep him from taking that long, tiring journey from Hollywood, even to feeding him ground glass, but nothing could alter his determination. Arriving in New York, this managing gentleman entered briskly and heartily upon his chosen duties. He led me around like a performing bear, and I did everything he told me to do until one day when I balked at his plan to have me meet all the motion picture critics and fan magazine writers. To my affrighted fancy it was like asking me to be interviewed by the assembled populace of Newark, New Jersey.

" 'You've nothing to worry about,' he assured me, in his maddeningly complacent manner.

"He said this as though he expected me to move beamingly among the guests and hand out personally-taken photographs of Niagara Falls, Grant's Tomb and the Aquarium by Moonlight.

" 'But I haven't any views,' I told him.

"He merely smiled his managing smile and left me—left me to face that dreaded day. My waiting hours were filled with distorted visions. I saw, for one, a filmy fan magazine writer swimming up to me in a sea of faces, her gold pencil delicately poised, and writing:

" 'When asked to name his favorite color, Mr. Barrymore turned his well-known profile to the north, gazed dreamily into space for a palpitating moment, then soulfully murmured, 'Pink.' "

"But it really wasn't like that at all. Although at first I was scared stiff, I got over it the moment I found myself among 'regular people.' I liked them all. The men didn't drink anything, but the young ladies did, and we had a fine time.

Barrymore is showing Marceline Day what love is like in this scene from "The Beloved Rogue." How could a story about this Don Juan be complete without at least one picture showing the famous Barrymore figure?

John Barrymore with Dolores Costello, whom he says is the greatest leading woman he has ever had. The scene is a tender moment from the powerful dramatic spectacle, "The Sea Beast."

This sincere tribute to feminine grace and charm led me to remark:

"You've played, haven't you, with every kind of leading woman but an Esquimau?"

"Possibly," reflected Mr. Barrymore, knitting his brows, "I have been remiss in what may be termed Arctic affiliations."

After all, he could afford to miss something. For sometimes the gods have a perplexing and most inconsiderate way of spreading all the butter on one piece of bread. And so it is that John Barrymore happens to be a member of the greatest family of actors in what is flatteringly called the English-speaking world.

"But having played with leading women of practically all nations," I pursued, "in what way would you say they differed?"

"Emotionally," he said—and he was serious now—"all women are alike, 'sisters under the skin.' Their nationalities don't matter. They have, of course, nuances of temperament, but these traits are not so much parts of themselves as peculiarities of the soil. Fundamentally, they're the same the world over, just as Cleopatra's barge on the Nile was no different from a punt on the Thames today or a rowboat on the lake in Central Park."

"Granting that," I agreed, "what do you consider the most valuable quality in an actress?"

"A sense of humor," declared Mr. Barrymore. "It is equally valuable to her both in dramatic and in comedy roles, for it insures her against stupidity, and there is no better insurance for any actress."

"Do you often find it in actresses?"

"Always—in good actresses," he was quick to reply. "Camilla Horn has it. I was aware of that the moment she began playing with me in *The Tempest*. But I didn't fully realize it until we went to Truckee in northern California to make some scenes. We were three days getting there. Miss Horn enlivened the trip by telling a funny story, an excellent story concerned with the human side of the canning industry. I should, perhaps, explain that Miss Horn told the story in English, a language with which she is somewhat unfamiliar by reason of her comparatively recent arrival from Germany. Acordingly, she was obliged now and then and here and there to ask us for a word. By this patient method she managed to get along wonderfully, beginning the story when we left Hollywood and finishing it just as we arrived at Truckee on the third day. And so I maintain that, having devoted three whole days to the telling of one funny story, Miss Horn has not only a great but a persistent sense of humor."

That being settled, Mr. Barrymore ranged back to his stage days, giving praise:

"Thank God, I never played with an artist, but always with an actress! And always she had a sense of humor. If there is no humor there is no sense of proportion. I shall always be grateful to Sally Fisher. She was my mainstay in *The Stubborn Cinderella*, so much more than a reed upon which to lean that an extraordinary change in her took place. One of her arms developed enormously in size and strength as the result of her holding me up in a minuet to keep me from falling into the bass drum. To do that she had to have a sense of humor. Fay Compton was marvelous, too, when she played with me in *Hamlet* in London. Does an actress need a sense of humor to play Ophelia? Oh, yes! Without it she would be lost."

Barrymore at his ease in his simple, yet sumptuous bungalow on the United Artists lot, enjoying a moment of meditation. Perhaps he is meditating on the women he has loved—on the screen.

To get back to American actresses, I asked John Barrymore what he thought of Miss Ethel Barrymore.

"Of course," he considered, "I may be prejudiced, but I think she's pretty good. Ethel has not only an unfailing

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Cupid's Bulletin BOARD

JOHN BARRYMORE

John Barrymore Does a Gene Tunney

RUMOR has it in Hollywood that John Barrymore will divorce Michael Strange and soon marry a New York society girl whom he met in the East last winter.

Dolores Costello is evidentally out of the picture.

All's Well That Ends Well

GAYLORD LLOYD, brother of Harold Lloyd, has become reconciled to his wife, Barbara Starr. Not so long ago under the legal notices, the following item appeared:

"My wife, Barbara Starr Lloyd, having left my bed and board, I will no longer be responsible for her debts. Gaylord Lloyd."

A few days later under the Personals, this appeared:

"Barbara, lonely without you. Please write or phone. Gaylord."

And then the following answer:

"Gaylord, sorry. Come to see me. All is forgiven. Barbara."

Perhaps other film folk could obtain satisfactory results by discussing their domestic problems in the Personals column of the press.

Carewe-Del Rio Duel Off

EDWIN CAREWE, the director, and Jaimee Martinez Del Rio, ex-husband of Dolores Del Rio, were to fight a duel abroad over Dolores, according to Hollywood rumor. Carewe denied the report claiming that he and Del Rio are the best of friends.

DOLORES DEL RIO

Priscilla Bonner Weds

PRISCILLA BONNER was wed recently to Dr. Bert Woolfan, of Los Angeles. After a few days honeymooning, the couple returned to their respective professions.

Richard Dix' Girl Friend Engaged

ALICE MILLS who used to go a great deal with Richard Dix and played leads opposite him, has announced her engagement to William Davis, a Los Angeles real estate man.

No Sky Romance For Ann Christy

A PLANE of the Standard Aero Corporation dropped from the skies the other day and Ann Christy, one of the year's Wampas stars, emerged, accompanied by L. C. "Lefty" Williams, scion of a wealthy Pennsylvania family. Naturally this occasion started stories of an engagement, but Ann says there is nothing to it and they are merely friends who have known each other long enough to have a cross country flight acquaintance.

SUE CAROL

Sue Carol Romances in Europe

AT LAST Sue Carol is in Europe and spending much time with young Nick Stuart. That is when he is not busy on the Fox picture, *Chasing Through Europe,* in which Sue is now playing the leading feminine role opposite her boy friend.

As soon as Sue finished her recent screen opus for Fox, she hurried to the other side for a vacation with Nick.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Connie Congratulates Newlywed Ex-husband

CONNIE TALMADGE arrived in Europe just in time to congratulate her ex-husband, Captain Alstair McIntosh, on his new marriage. Connie was invited to Nice by the Captain to take part in Rex Ingram's production, *Three Passions.* He is a studio executive of the foreign company that is producing Ingram's forthcoming picture.

DUANE THOMPSON

Duane Thompson's Betrothal Revealed

DUANE THOMPSON, Universal leading lady, wanted to keep her engagement to Buddy Wattles a secret, but the news leaked out, and so finally Duane had to "fess up." Buddy made a name for himself in the stage production, *Hit the Deck* and it was while he was playing at a Los Angeles theatre that he visited Universal City and met Duane.

Imagine my Embarrassment

Evelyn Brent's ten-dollar gold piece that turned out to be a penny—and other bad moments of the stars.

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

IT WAS Leila Hyams who started it. Of all her embarrassing moments, Leila had never had one like this.

Leila had been speeding merrily along on her way to work when a mean old motorcop took her in and presented her before Judge Reed.

All Leila's smiles were unavailing.

"Ten dollars!" said Judge Reed.

But Leila didn't have ten dollars with her and she asked the judge if she couldn't call up the studio from his chambers. Judge Reed complied.

"Send me some money," said Leila, when a voice answered the phone, "Judge Reed, the old crab, just fined me ten dollars for speeding."

"This is Judge Reed speaking," came the reply. "You are on my two-phone line."

Was ever anyone in so embarrassing a predicament? "The old crab!" Leila thought. "That's what I called him. I've got to sit here till some money comes, then go in and hand it to him. What *can* I do?"

Did "the old crab" take it good-naturedly? Decidedly so. Did Miss Hyams stop to chat when she went in with the money? Well, not exactly. She needed air.

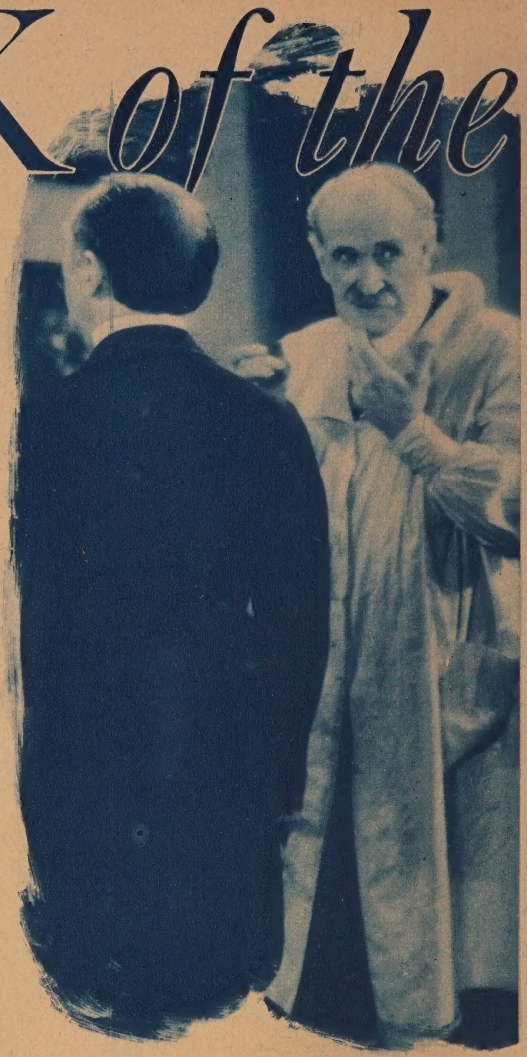
Imagine Leila Hyams' embarrassment when she called Judge Reed an old crab over the phone and found it was Judge Reed at the other end of the line.
—Courtesy, Los Angeles Evening Herald

Nick Stuart asked Duke Green, the boxer, to give him a good stiff wallop to excite Sue Carol's sympathy. Picture Nick's chagrin when Duke landed a haymaker on the button that stretched Nick out cold.

Of course, the incident got into the newspapers and the "I-remember-when" brigade of the film colony began telling experiences. For the last few weeks about all I've heard were tales of discomfiture. It seems that dancers now in pictures have suffered most. Pretty little Sue Carol,

(*Continued on page* 96)

MASK *of the*



He hid the soul of a devil beneath an angel's face. Women for him were to be loved lightly and tossed away. But when he fell in love with the sweetheart of his best friend—what did he do? Begin now this throbbing serial story of the great motion picture, *Mask of the Devil*, starring JOHN GILBERT. Read the story before you see the picture!

CAST

Baron Irwin Reiner.....*John Gilbert*
Virginia Gessner.....*Eva Von Berne*
Countess Helene.....*Alma Rubens*
Count Zurmuhlen.....*Frank Reicher*
Count Palester.....*Theodore Roberts*
Manfred Dalcroze.....*Ralph Forbes*
The Little Dancer.....*Polly Ann Young*
Madame Gessner.....*Ethel Wales*

WHEN Count Palester was chosen to paint the archangel Michael for the Saint Frances Cloister, he searched all Vienna for the perfect model. He found him at last in Baron Irwin Reiner, one of the richest young aristocrats in the country. In this man's face were blended the courage and strength of a warrior with the simplicity and purity of a child. His was a face of compelling beauty, spiritual and chaste. But his soul was the soul of the Devil.

Nobody knew the number of his discarded loves. He himself forgot them even before the last lingering breath of their perfume had died away. Love to Irwin Reiner was quick possession, easy satiation—then a newer, fresher love. And there were many; for Vienna, alone, is a city of beautiful women; and he had the world to roam at will. Each new lovely face conjured new pictures in his imagination; each new beautiful body set him on fire. Always there must be another to replace each quickly discarded flame. Young Baron Reiner never dreamed of the one perfect love that would last—as poets sing—forever. He would have laughed loudly at the very thought. All loves to him were the one perfect—while they lasted. But they were as fleeting as snow beneath a summer sun.

Women loved him intensely; for he was a handsome young devil, clever, passionate, and generous. He possessed unlimited charm, too, and kaleidoscopic variety. A Don Juan skilled in every trick that captivates women, he was in rare moments as simple and helpless as a child. Thus women loved him passionately, even though they knew he wielded over them the inevitable power of destruction.

On a platform where from the great window in the sloping roof the light slanted into the luxurious studio, sat the young baron. Golden armor encased the upper part of his body. A glittering halo poised above his finely modeled head; wings sprang crisply from his broad shoulders. In his right hand was a flaming sword, upraised in the name of Righteousness; in his left was a brimming glass of champagne. In his face shown the light of renunciation of the pleasures of the flesh—while at his feet, watching his slightest movement adoringly, was a girl—hardly more than a child, and very lovely—his latest conquest.

Count Palester, a man of middle age, who had lived completely and observed well, worked absorbedly. Deft strokes took shape beneath his brush; wondrous colors blended into living beauty on the dead canvas. Occasionally, he glanced toward the figure on the dias. Sometimes he paused to study carefully the beautiful face of his model; and it was then that a cynical smile replaced his frown of concentration. For on that saintly face he had sometimes surprised the mask of the Devil.

A groan escaped from Irwin Reiner. Palester looked up.

"I say, may I rest now? I'm tired," complained the

DEVIL

Adapted for SCREEN SECRETS by DOROTHY H. CARTWRIGHT

"Come back to me," murmured Reiner passionately, as he raised her hand to his lips. "Never!" said Helene, "I loathe you!" "You are afraid of me!" he replied accusingly.

young man, throwing the sword aside and draining his glass. The girl at his feet stirred happily, lifted a decanter from a low table beside her, and refilled the glass.

"Of course, rest," exclaimed Palester, apologetically. "I'm sorry."

LOOSENING the golden armor, Reiner drew his dressing gown about his shoulders and rose to stretch with a great yawn. The halo and wings remained fastened to the chair, and with them the last trace of the holy Saint Michael. It was Irwin Reiner, the handsome young libertine, who stepped from the platform and gathered the girl to him with his free arm.

Lazily he sipped from the glass. Now he offered it to his companion, who drank from it laughing. They finished it together.

"Stupid—posing for one's portrait," growled Reiner, from the midst of another mighty yawn. "This is more to my taste!" He drew the girl more tightly to him and covered her upturned face with kisses, tracing the curve of her youthful throat and breast with his lips.

"You are beautiful—your loveliness maddens me!" he whispered tensely. He felt in that moment that he was uttering words that had never before been spoken, feeling emotions that none other had ever known.

The little dancer clung to him in an ecstasy of passion. Suddenly Count Palester's old man servant entered the room.

"Count and Countess Zurmuhlen are calling," he said.

Reiner turned nervously to the girl.

"You must go," he said, quietly.

The girl protested.

"Quick," he cried nervously, "Go to the modiste's if you like, buy yourself a new frock, two, three, five of them, charge them to my name—and tonight I will see you."

The dancer released him with shining eyes and slipped quietly out the door.

REINER quickly sprang back to the platform, fastened on his golden armor, and adjusted the wings and halo. His face, but a moment before a mask of unbridled passion, was again the face of Saint Michael, spiritual and chaste. It was thus that the visitors discovered him on entering.

Helene Zurmuhlen was a beautiful woman, unyielding, virtuous, entirely lacking in warmth. In describing her to the little dancer, Reiner had exaggerated, of course; but she was indeed coldly aloof from the worldliness of those about her. Tall, regal in bearing, her dark hair framing a face of strange whiteness, her eyes cold yet luminous, she was a vision to stir men's souls. In her deep passions slumbered, unaware. Her husband, a punctilious man many years her senior, hovered about her continuously, painfully attentive to her slightest wish.

That the countess and Irwin Reiner were not entirely strangers was evident in the manner in which she moved toward him when her husband and Palester were exchanging pleasantries. Reiner touched her hand with his lips and turned his eyes eloquently upon her. She returned

his look gravely; but a strange uneasiness possessed her. That he might not notice her confusion, she rebuked him gently, "What a quiet life you are leading of late. No one ever sees you."

Through his mind there swiftly passed the memory of a dozen orgies. Only last night his villa rang with sounds of revelry. Men and a score of beautiful girls from the Comedie Viennese swarmed about the wine-laden banquet board, on which his lovely little dancer spun like a top until, with a happy laugh, she dropped into his waiting arms and lifted her lips to his . . . . .

Even as he remembered, Irwin Reiner turned to the Countess Helene, eyes filled with melancholy — eyes as guileless as those of a child. Tragically, he replied, "Madame, I am the loneliest man in the world!"

He knew that this must move her; for what woman lives who does not respond to an attractive man's need for her? She was touched; but Helene Zurmuhlen was not one to betray her emotions. Unwilling to trust herself to reply, she half turned toward her husband and Palester, who were talking, unaware of the others.

"I have come to discuss your painting my wife's portrait," the count was saying.

Palester smiled, and was about to offer him a seat, when a glance toward Irwin Reiner caused him to reconsider. A man of the world himself, Count Palester was quick to sense a budding affair. And knowing his young friend, the baron, he had only to perceive him with any beautiful woman to know that it was time to withdraw discreetly.

"Come, then," he suggested cordially, opening the door. "Let us discuss it in the study."

"You don't mind, do you, dear?" asked Zurmuhlen anxiously, turning to Helene. "We won't be long—only a few minutes!"

She dismissed his apologies with a smile, and watched him leave with the artist.

"What a devil you are!" said Count Palester, standing back to survey the you have the face on an angel." Irwin Reiner said nothing as he stood there

IRWIN REINER relaxed visibly. At last he was alone with her! Madame Zurmuhlen remained regally erect. A less beautiful woman than she would have been called prim.

Amused at her coldness, Reiner stepped nearer and studied her fine features closely. Was this a pose? Or was she sincere? Perhaps she was a bit afraid of him! He forced her to meet his gaze, and smiled into her eyes disarmingly.

"It was good of you to come to me today!" he began, tenderly. "You have saved me from unbearable boredom, and have given me an undeserved vision of rare beauty."

"I came with my husband," she returned, in an unmistakable tone of reproof, completely ignoring his extravagant compliments. He would not influence her.

"It is enough that you deigned to come at all!" he declared, trying again to fascinate her with his eyes; but she turned indifferently from him and began to examine the canvasses about the room.

Unabashed by her coldness, Reiner placed himself at her side again—not to view the paintings, but the more to stare at her ardently, mockingly.

"You *are* afraid of me!" he accused her at last.

Helene cast a quick appealing glance toward the study door, as if mutely calling her husband to her protection.

Irwin Reiner moved a step closer. He had pierced for a moment the veil of her soul. Feeling more certain of himself, he fixed his eyes caressingly on her, silent passion reflected in his face.

Quickly she lowered her eyes, unable to meet his. She opened her lips as if to protest; but words would not come. He knew!

archangel which was taking form on the canvas, "and yet in the painting in his black dressing gown, the little dancer clinging to his side.

Suddenly Irwin Reiner swept her into his arms and covered her face with kisses. For a moment she lay helpless against him, filled with throbbing emotions she had never known before. His lips burned cruelly against her own; hovered lightly on her eyes like the petals of a flower; pressed the marble of her beautiful throat in an ecstasy of passion. And then he set her free from his fierce embrace.

The moment of madness was over. Recovering herself with great effort, Helene faced him, white and trembling. "I will tell my husband!" she panted furiously.

"Of course you will!" agreed Reiner, mockingly. "Then he will probably kill me—and I shall die happily for your dear sake." He flashed her a quick look of penitence; but the countess ignored it.

"You—you—!" she cried, searching helplessly for words.

But Irwin Reiner only answered her challenge by folding her again in his arms. "You are charming in your anger," he whispered, passionately. "I love women with spirit! You have never been awakened. I could make you feel as you have never felt before! Let me teach you the meaning of love! I could adore you forever!"

Tender, romantic, splendidly importunate, he swept her into his arms once more. He was again in love! Again he had discovered "the only" woman in the world—and he was determined to possess her.

Palester and Zurmuhlen re-entered the room. The lovers tore themselves apart at the sound of approaching footsteps.

Zurmuhlen signalled that it was time to go.

"You must come and have tea with us tomorrow, my dear fellow," he said, turning to Reiner.

"I'll be delighted," replied the young baron.

While Count Palester boomed a hearty goodbye to Zurmuhlen, to mask the farewell of the lovers, Reiner held Helene's hands tightly between his own.

"Come back to me!" he pleaded softly.

"Never!" she murmured, passionately, "I—I loathe you!"

Turning to her husband, she took his arm and left the studio with Reiner and Count Palester bowing from the doorway.

The artist remained standing there until they had gone. When he returned to the room he discovered the young baron once more on the platform—again the very good Saint Michael.

Palester laughed. "What a devil you are!"

With exaggerated piety, Reiner raised his eyes toward heaven and clasped his hands in a prayerful attitude. Then, as his glance fell for a moment on the door, his face lighted suddenly; for there stood Helene Zurmuhlen, gracious, yielding, eager, her face glowing with new tenderness and passion. She had indeed returned to him!

Palester, already recommencing to paint, threw up his hands in dismay. "Work is over for the day," he announced, resignedly; and putting his tools aside, he hurried off, leaving them alone together.

For a breathless moment the young lovers regarded each other silently; then Reiner went to her quickly and gathered her again to his breast in a tempestuous embrace.

"I love you—I adore you!" he cried. And Helene, listening rapturously, half swooning with the ecstasy of complete renunciation, no longer struggled against his passion . . . . .

IT WAS ten days later that Irwin Reiner entered a jeweler's shop with his friend, Count Palester, and indifferently asked to be shown some trinkets. That his mind was not on his errand was evident from the manner in which he sometimes stared into space, lost in some silent dream. Always before him now was the memory of Helene—Helene cold and indifferent; Helene suddenly melting into his arms in breathless passion; Helene in a thousand moods, each more charming than the last.

The jeweler was patiently showing him a tray of ornaments. Still in a reverie, Irwin picked up a pair of diamond earrings. There! They would do well enough.

"Send these to Fraulein Eltz, of the Comedie Viennese,"

(*Continued on page* 74)

My Buddy

Just for old times' sake Buddy Rogers gives his mother a big hand with the dishes when she comes out to Hollywood to let Buddy have a taste of real home cooking again.

IN THE midst of luxurious easy living, easy spending Hollywood, with a salary that could bring him every comfort, Buddy Rogers, unlike many other film actors and actresses, prefers the simple life.

He shares a sixteen-dollar-a-month apartment with another youth. He drives an ancient and battered flivver down the boulevards. He lives like any eighteen-dollar-a-week bank clerk.

But Buddy is a changed boy when his mother comes to visit him. Nothing Hollywood has to offer is too good for her.

Then Buddy leaves the little hole-in-the-wall for a beautiful Moorish apartment. The flivver gathers dust in the garage. The old dirty comfortable sweaters are discarded for snappy tweeds. Buddy blossoms

The only time Buddy "puts on the dog" is when his mother Moorish apartment shown above to give his

"There it is, Mom!" Buddy is pointing with pride from the roof of his apartment, to the wonder city, stretched out before them, which brought him fame and fortune over night.

comes to visit him. Then he rents the luxurious five-room mother a taste of real Hollywood high life.

out. He appears to be an entirely different person when his mother visits him.

Buddy and his mother go everywhere together. They dine at the most exclusive restaurants. They never miss a preview.

Success is still a wonderful, unbelievable dream to Buddy Rogers. He can't comprehend that this is happening to him. Every time his fan mail jumps he calls his home in Kansas on long distance to tell his mother and dad about it, that is, when his mother isn't with him.

And his daddy answers with a drawl:

"Too bad, son, they all wrote you this month. Next month you won't get any."

Of course Buddy's mother has to go back to Kansas eventually to keep the home running. And then Buddy goes back to the simple life, to save his money for the next splurge when his mother comes to see him again.

HARRY

Ed Du Parr of Warner Bros. is explaining principles of the Vitaphone to May McAvoy before starting work on another one of those talking pictures which are causing such a panic in Hollywood.

Harry Carr has an intimate knowledge of film affairs gained over years of intimate association with the leaders in the industry which is unequalled among writers for screen magazines. He has also written for the screen as well as about it, and many big pictures such as *Old Ironsides*, *The Wedding March* and *The Divine Lady* have had the benefit of his craftsmanship.

"We are lost," the Captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs . . . . .

I AM not absolutely sure who wrote this immortal ballad; but it must have been one of the Hollywood movie producers. Anyhow, they are all staggering down the stairs with loud and wild cries of raucous panic.

Through the years I have become a little blasé to Hollywood panics. They are always having a panic over one thing or another. But this is really a first-class one. It's about the talking pictures.

Full of Grief

HERE then is the cause of the hysteria.

A combination of the following stage producers have announced that they are going into talkies: W. A. Brady, Al Woods, and the Schuberts.

Their idea is to film and "phonograph" all their big stage hits. If they do, it will set up a terrific competition against the regular movies.

The cost to them will be very small. The best guesser I know on production costs agrees with me that a stage play can be turned into a talkie for a sum never to exceed $50,000. This is about the price of the "general overhead" of an ordinary picture—a good picture.

"General overhead" is the general cost of the studio and has nothing to do with the actual cost of the picture. It is the salary of the high executives, interest, insurance, etc., assessed in proportion against each picture.

Can't Go Back

"ALL we are doing in going into talking pictures," said a big producer to me, gloomily, "is to act as jackals to chase up the prey to the lions. We never can go back to silent pictures now: that phase is over forever. So, like a lot of boobs, we are engaged in elaborate preparations to ruin our industry to create a new fortune for the stage producers."

Find a Way

PERSONALLY, I think the gent is talking through his hat.

I have never known any set of men with so little forethought; yet who knew so well how to wriggle around the

CARR SAYS:

situation when a crisis arises—as these same film producers. Like Sentimental Tommy, they will "find a way."

Big Money

MEANWHILE, their panic state of mind has made the going pretty tough in Hollywood. Hundreds of people are out of employment—especially writers. The "big money" has been lingcheed—suffered the Chinese death of the thousand cuts.

Lupe Vélez is destined to be a great emotional actress because she has no inhibitions. She is no more conscious of her emotions than a child, Harry Carr says. Above, a scene from "The Love Song."

I know of one prominent writer who is glad to title pictures at $350 a picture: to offer one less than $1,000 was considered a rank insult. Two other practiced screen writers have been heaved out of jobs that paid $1,500, and are eagerly grabbing work at $400 per week.

Griffith's New Star

D. W. GRIFFITH thinks he has found the star for whom he has been looking all the years since he lost Lillian Gish. Lupe Velez.

I am inclined to agree with him. The other day I sat all day long through one of his rehearsals which are unlike those of any other movie director. He goes through the entire picture just as it will appear.

Lupe was wonderful. She played the part of a little tough cabaret girl who is tricked into a marriage with an aristocrat. She made the "business" of the part as she went along. It was slightly Rabelaisian; but astonishing.

Lupe Grows Tender

WHAT knocked me over, however, was Lupe going through scenes of bitter tragedy. She showed a depth of tenderness and feeling that was almost overwhelming.

Yum, Yum

LUPE cried until they had to hold up with the rehearsal because she couldn't stop. All the rest of us cried; which so delighted Lupe that she kissed me twice.

At my age, this is something I never thought to try before. From now on, picture me as going round and round Hollywood, crying on all the sets. My next lachrymous adventure I think will be on Clara Bow's set. But of course. one can never be sure.

Swore Something Awful

LUPE, however, is somewhat worried as to whether I understand Spanish or not.

In one part of the play, she has to swear at a haughty and very Ritzy young lady. "Oh, Meester Griffees," she said, "I get me so embarrassment."

"Well, swear in Spanish," said Griffith. Lupe tore loose. Not understanding any Spanish except "Adios, Senor" and "Tamale" I don't know what she said, but it must have been plenty.

In the middle of it, she suddenly stopped. "Harree Carr-r-r," she said, pointing an indignant finger at me, "I bet you, you onderstan' Spanish."

"Sure, I understand Spanish," I said in an easy careless manner . . . "every word."

Lupe wrung her hands. "Oh, Meester Griffees," she wailed. "He onderstan' Spanish—and what I have said—oh, my gosh, what I have said!"

All these little Mexican girls take to acting like a duck to water. The reason is that they have no inhibitions. They have no more of self-consciousness than a child.

(*Continued on page 99*)

Colleen Moore
BECOMES A STAR

After struggling for months to gain a foothold on the movie ladder, the small town girl, who came to Hollywood unknown, tells how it felt to attain success. This is the final installment of Colleen's life story, as told to HELEN STARR.

Colleen rehearsing some of her emotional scenes under the guidance of William Seiter, the director.

By Colleen Moore

AND so John McCormick and I were married one sunny California day at a little church in Los Angeles. Carmelita Geraghty was the bridesmaid and Earl Hudson, an official at the First National Studio, was best man. The happiness which that day promised has been more than fulfilled.

After the wedding ceremony we went back to work. Unfortunately picture production does not take into consideration such things as honeymoons. I still had several weeks of work on *Flaming Youth* before I could get away But at last we were able to take a vacation and went on a wonderful trip to the Grand Canyon, later taking a two-months' trip to New York.

Then we returned and threw ourselves whole-heartedly into the fascinating business of picture-making again.

Flapper pictures were still in vogue, so we went on and made two more of them, *Painted People* and *The Perfect Flapper*.

But I never wanted to become so closely associated in the public mind with one type of role that I couldn't break

Colleen, with Gary Cooper in one of the romantic scenes from "Lilac Time," which she considers one of the most beautiful love stories ever written, and in which she played one of her favorite roles as Jeannine, the little French girl.

away, so we decided on a radical change from the fluffy flapper pictures. So we bought the rights to *So Big,* Edna Ferber's thrilling story of a woman's struggle.

THE picture required a very difficult bit of characterization in the final scenes, where I was to play the part of the remarkable old lady, who still retained her zest for life in spite of all the sorrows and disappointments she had suffered.

Around the studio they were not backwards in expressing their doubts as to my fitness for this characterization. Only my husband, and Charles Brabin, the director, had complete faith in me. I said nothing, but I had a quiet little plan for making this marvelous old lady come to life on the screen.

First of all, I created the atmosphere of the period by having the orchestra play "A Bicycle Built For Two," and other old favorites on the set, while I was working, instead of the jazz music which they had played for my flapper pictures.

I went to work to study my own grandmother and to place her on the screen as true to life as possible. It was then that I remembered Charlie Ray's advice to remember real people and to try to be like them in every movement and gesture when portraying them on the screen. The picture was one of my greatest successes.

I HAVE been more fortunate than most screen stars, for in all my career I have had only two serious accidents.

One of these occurred in *Flaming Youth* while I was doing a swimming scene and I came near being drowned in the studio tank while dozens of persons looked on.

I had never been an accomplished swimmer, but I managed to paddle around enough to get through the scenes. When the scene was shot for the first time I played the

part where I was supposed to be drowning with great enthusiasm, screaming and spouting water. But everyone thought I was really drowning and they stopped shooting and came to my assistance.

"Oh, you've gone and spoiled it all by stopping the camera," I cried, "I was doing fine."

So they began all over again. But this time I became really frightened and panicky, and I went under first once and then twice, all the while screaming madly for help.

"That's great!" they called, "You're doing fine! Keep it up!" And they went right on grinding the camera and made no move to come to my assistance.

I had just gone under for the third time when Bob Perry, one of the actors who was standing on the sidelines suddenly realized my predicament. Disregarding his new dress suit and fresh makeup which he had just put on for the scene, he took one long leap which landed him at my side, and then brought me safely back to land.

The other one occurred while I was doing *The Desert Flower*. There was one scene where we went riding over the desert in a handcar. In my enthusiasm for the picture I forgot my precarious position and as we were whizzing along at top speed, the camera grinding away in front of us, I suddenly missed my footing and plunged from the car, striking the iron rails with my head. I lay there unconscious and knew nothing until I awakened in a hospital in a little town nearby. For six weeks I lay helpless in a plaster cast, but at last we were able to go on and finish the picture.

I did not fully recover for some time, however, and in order to restore me to health more quickly, John took me on a trip to Europe.

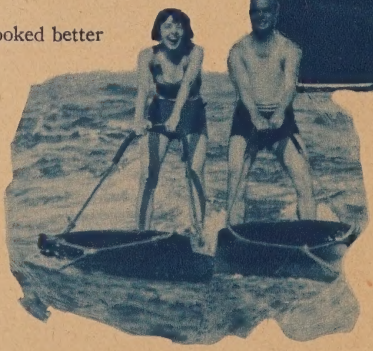
While I was there I bought my big St. Bernard dog that I have thought the world of. When we were leaving the ship I couldn't persuade Max to walk down the gangplank and had to carry the sixty-pound pup in my arms.

Upon our return to America, we were honored by being invited to the White House to call upon President and Mrs. Coolidge. First we went on board the President's private yacht, the *Mayflower*, then we had a nice visit at the White House. They had recently seen *Sally* and told us how much they had been delighted with the picture. Both President and Mrs. Coolidge were so charming and natural. We will always look back on that visit with pleasure.

BUT my home in Hollywood looked better than ever to me when I returned. I want to tell you a little about this house. At the back is a lovely velvety stretch of lawn sweeping down to a high Spanish wall at the back with a sunken garden and a rectangular pool filled with goldfish in the center. Along the walls are majestic Italian cypress trees and tall, waving banyans.

My favorite room in the house is my boudoir which I call my "bag o' tricks." The rugs and woodwork and furniture are tinted a soft gray, the window hangings are of violet silk, and there is a saucy little green desk which is my pride and joy.

Around the walls are beautiful hand-painted oils, telling the pictured story of Cinderella. These paintings have always given me great delight.



Colleen as a chorus cutie in "Sally," a picture which gave her a chance to wear lovely clothes after playing many drab roles. Below, taking a turn on the aquaplane with her brother, Cleve.

Again we set to work, this time doing *We Moderns*, a picture in which I played the part of a capable modern girl. I was greatly intrigued with the idea. This time I played opposite Jack Mulhall, who is a peach to work with, and has the most carefree, happy-go-lucky disposition you can imagine.

We had a lot of fun in this picture going through the clever gags, or bits of technical business which had been worked out by Mervyn LeRoy.

When we had finished *We Moderns*, which was one long riot of fun, we went into the mountains where we forgot that there were such things as motion pictures.

Then we came back again and went to work on *Irene*.

For once I had a chance to revel in beautiful clothes, which I appreciated even more because I had had to wear such plain things in so many of my pictures. Like any other girl I love to wear attractive clothes.

Then came *Ella Cinders*, the romantic story of the little slavey who came to Hollywood and at last made her mark in pictures. I felt a great sympathy towards this part, because the experiences of Ella Cinders in her struggles to get into motion pictures with all the heartbreaks and disappointments so closely paralleled the early days of my own screen career. All I had to do was live over again, before the camera, my early days in Hollywood.

At the piano in her Hollywood home, where happy hours are spent.

When *Ella Cinders* was finished I went at once into a very different part, that of a little German girl, the daughter of a delicatessen keeper. Jean Hersholt played the part of my father and I have never seen better acting on the screen than he did in that picture.

Twinkletoes, Orchids and Ermine, and *Naughty, But Nice* all followed in quick succession. *Naughty, But Nice* was especially interesting to me because it launched three people on their careers. They were Donald Reed, whom John started on the road to success by giving him the male lead in the picture, Loretta Young, who was working as an extra when she attracted our attention, and Mervyn LeRoy, our gag-man. Loretta now has a long-term contract and I am sure she will be a star some day, while Mervyn is the youngest full-fledged director in Hollywood.

After we had finished with *Naughty, But Nice,* I was able to take my first vacation in two years of uninterrupted work before the camera. That wonderful trip stands out as one of the happiest memories of my life.

JOHN and I first hurried off to New York where we got all our business transactions out of the way. Then we bought a beautiful yacht, and relaxed and happy, without a care in the world, we set sail for southern seas.

We named the yacht the *Co-Jo,* for Colleen and John, and loaded it to gunwhales with deep-sea fishing tackle and deck games. We had three staterooms, a dining salon, a galley and a crew of four hands.

We sailed along at our leisure. Every evening we would drop anchor in some quiet little cove and go for a swim before dinner.

Those were long lazy days with nothing to do but lean back in a deck chair watching the sea gulls swooping and fluttering above the churning foam in the wake of the vessel.

What a relief the constant worry and hurry of an actress' busy life!

On our way down the coast we paused long enough to enter Chesapeake Bay and go up between the green banks of the Potomac to visit Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington and other places of historic interest.

Then came the biggest "kick" of all. We decided to revisit Tampa where I had spent some of the happiest days of my childhood.

When we were travelling abroad, great crowds of picture fans had turned out to greet us, but there was no thrill equal to returning to the town where I had lived, with the opportunity of renewing old acquaintances again.

The people of Tampa gave me a royal reception. They met me at the station and drove me through the city with a big parade, right past the house where I used to live.

Then I looked up all my old school friends and we went and sat on their porches in the evenings just as we used to do, and talked of the old days when I used to make them giggle by saying that some time I was going to be a screen star. They had a thousand questions to ask me about Hollywood and the movies.

I went out to the Sacred Heart Convent and had a long lovely visit with the dear sisters who used to teach me when I was in my teens.

They gave parties for me at the Country Club which brought back memories of the days when I used to peek in the club windows at night, with the other kids, and look at the wonderful parties going on there and wonder if we would ever attend any like them.

(*Continued on page* 101)

SCREEN SECRETS

THE NIGHT WATCH
As
The Best Drama of the Month

Billie Dove, Paul Lukas, Nicholas Soussanin, Donald Reed.
Directed by Alexander Korda.

HERE is the picture you have been waiting for. It is a drama so well told, so well directed, so well acted that you want to cheer lustily the people who achieved such perfection. The action of the story takes place aboard the French battleship, Lafayette, on that momentous night in 1914 when war was declared. The drama of that occasion serves as the background for an intriguing murder mystery involving the captain of the Lafayette and his beautiful and indiscreet wife. Billie Dove plays the captain's wife with a fine understanding of the character. Paul Lukas, the Hungarian, is ideal as the captain.—*First National.*

THE CAMERAMAN
As
The Best Comedy of the Month

Buster Keaton, Marceline Day, Harry Gribbon.
Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

THIS comedy will tax your laugh muscles to the limit. It's the funniest film that's been unreeled in months. Buster Keaton is a tintype photographer with ambitions to become a news-reel cameraman. The dreams of delirium tremens are tame compared with the movies he makes. Ocean liners glide down Fifth Avenue, and horses plunge backwards over buildings. There's a girl, of course, the pretty stenographer in the news-reel office. Buster takes her for a swim in the public plunge, and here's where most of the fun takes place. These scenes are guaranteed to expose your tonsils, if any. Edward Sedgwick, the director, Buster, Marceline Day, Harry Gribbon and a clever monkey make this picture the big laugh of the year. —*M-G-M.*

SCREEN SECRETS' monthly review department constitutes a comprehensive

SELECTS

The best photoplay offerings of the month, classified for the convenience of readers.

Reviews by AGNES O'MALLEY

THE GODLESS GIRL

As

The Best Human Interest Film of the Month

Lina Basquette, George Duryea, Marie Prevost, Noah Berry, Eddie Quillan.
Directed by Cecil B. De Mille.

IT SEEMS that the Reverend De Mille is still reforming. In this one he started out single-handed to put down the menace of atheism, which is said to be corrupting our youth, but after he got started he apparently found better movie material in reforming the reform schools and started out to do so. Lina Basquette is the Godless girl who gets religion in the end, and George Duryea is the Godly boy. They are separated by their beliefs and a barbed-wire fence, but eventually escape from the reform school and go idyllic in a peach orchard just before the big dramatic climax. Excellent acting saves it.—*Pathe.*

WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

As

The Best Spectacle of the Month

Monte Blue, Raquel Torres.
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

DON'T let anybody tell you this is another "scenic." It is a great human drama, thrilling and beautiful. The picture describes the fate of the primitive peoples of the South Seas when the white shadow of "civilization" falls upon their happiness. How the white man lays waste their paradise and exploits the natives for his own greedy ends. The leading character in the tale is a white doctor who renounces civilization in disgust to live the simple life of the islanders. A native girl brings him a beautiful romance, but he is destined to suffer and die for his ideals. Monte Blue, and Raquel Torres, as the native girl, give powerful characterizations.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

guide to current films. Additional reviews will be found on pages 58 and 59.

The Screen

Alias Jimmy Valentine

William Haines, Leila Hyams, Karl Dane, Lionel Barrymore.

With a new paint job and most of the body squeaks removed, this dear old favorite of the stage is on display once more. William Haines is the lovable crook who sandpapers his fingertips to open safes by the touch system. He makes the character very real. Leila Hyams is just right as the sweet girl who turns him from his wicked ways. Karl Dane, as Jimmy Valentine's dumb but devoted pal, is awfully funny. Don't miss it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

The Fleet's In

Clara Bow, James Hall, Jack Oakie.

This would have been a topnotch comedy if somebody hadn't gone dramatic in a weak moment. But the humor is so rich, the spirit so gay, Clara Bow and James Hall so delightful in the lighter episodes, that the serious reel is hardly painful. And George Marion's titles outsmart any that have been written to date. Clara Bow is a taxi dancer in the Roseland Pavilion in San Francisco—and the Fleet's in! Gobs of fun in this picture.—*Paramount.*

While The City Sleeps

Lon Chaney, Anita Page, Polly Moran, Wheeler Oakman.

Lon Chaney as a plain clothes cop who gets his man, but not his girl. Will they never give poor Lon a break? And he's all in one piece in this picture, too. But, as usual, he hands the girl over to a younger and prettier guy, after saving her life and her virtue from a dirty crook. The crooks in this one hide their evil doings in an undertaking parlor. Machine guns and murder make it exciting, and Polly Moran lends that comical touch.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Out Of The Ruins

Richard Barthelmess, Marian Nixon, Robert Frazer.

If you think you can stand another war picture, see Richard Barthelmess as a dashing Blue Devil of France. It is the story of a love that was stronger than a soldier's sense of honor. Barthelmess is good as the lieutenant whose love for his sweetheart makes him leave his post on the eve of a great battle. But Marian Nixon steals all the acting honors with a performance packed with emotion and appeal. It is a good picture.—*First National.*

A Classified

ROMANCE

Lilac Time—Gary Cooper drops out of the sky into a French girl's life, the French girl being Colleen Moore. There really are lilacs—a background for the love scenes —*First National.*

The Barker—Life and love among the big-hearted carnival folk who'll let you try and win a kewpie doll for a dime. Milton Sills is the leather-lunged barker; Betty Compson a hula girl with hoopla hips—*First National.*

Fazil—Rhymes with Brazil, because it's just as hot. Burning sands, burning love, with Charlie Farrell and Greta Nissen gone native—*Fox.*

Four Walls—Someone has discovered that people live

in Review

Celebrity
Robert Armstrong, Lina Basquette, Clyde Cook.

This picture takes a dirty dig at Gentleman Gene Tunney. It's about a prize fighter who gets his name in the public prints as a highbrow, addresses women's clubs and quotes Shakespeare. All goes well, until he falls in love and actually pens a few poems. Some old meanie prints them, and you can imagine his embarassment. Robert Armstrong's lovable personality jacks up the picture when it sags, and Lina Basquette is piquant and pretty. —*Pathe.*

Her Cardboard Lover
Marion Davies, Nils Asther, Jetta Goudal.

Marion Davies as a flapper autograph snatcher in Paris. The main autograph she's after belongs to the big racquet man of France, played by Nils Asther. When Nilsy isn't batting the ball on the court, he's batting around Monte Carlo with a scented siren who has him in her toils. This is Jetta Goudal, very, very Jetta. Wouldn't you know Marion busts up the romance, and gets the man's autograph on a marriage license? If you're the kind of fella that eats the icing and leaves the cake, see this.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

The Woman From Moscow
Pola Negri, Norman Kerry, Otto Meticsen.

Pola Negri as a Russian princess goes to Paris to seek out the murderer of her cousin, and wreak the family vengeance upon his head. But the head belongs to Norman Kerry, and Pola would rather kiss him than kill him. But an oath of vengeance means business to a Russian gal, so there you are. What to do? What to do? It's just a fair picture. Pola's mind is not on her work, but everyone else is good.—*Paramount.*

Oh Kay!
Colleen Moore, Lawrence Gray, Ford Sterling.

A titled English girl gets lost at sea, is picked up by a rum-runner, chased by a hi-jacker, hidden in the home of an American bachelor, disguised as his maid, his bride and the butler's wife. You don't have to believe it. You don't even have to see it. Let's not even talk about it, for Colleen's a dandy girl, and maybe it isn't her fault. Oh, well, there's one funny scene where she carries on as the cuckoo maid.—*First National.*

Picture Guide

in four walls and they're making a picture about it with Joan Crawford and John Gilbert. But no one else ever lived within walls like these—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Power—Bill Boyd is a fast dam worker and a dam fast worker in this high-powered picture. A heart of gold beats beneath the Bull Durham sack in his shirt pocket, but skips a beat when Jacqueline Logan enters the scene —*Pathe.*

Loves of An Actress—Intimate glimpses of the love life of an actress about as thrilling as a lollypop. Pola Negri imitates the actress in question and leaves her more in question than when she started—*Paramount.*

(*Continued on page* 87)

A Little Girl to Be Cared For

That's how Paul Kohner felt about Mary Philbin. Now he's going to care for her for life.

Mary Philbin and Paul Kohner, her fiance, look as though they hadn't a care in the world. But that was before Universal officials parted the lovers, sending Kohner to Europe as their representative.

Mary is giving the turtle dove lessons in billing and cooing, in this scene from her newest picture, "Erik the Great," which she is making with Conrad Veidt.

By MARCIA MANNERS

THESE hard-hearted producers! How can they let dull prosaic business stand before the rapture of young love?

Yet that's what they have done to lovely Mary Philbin. Mary recently announced her engagement to Paul Kohner, a handsome young man who has been forging ahead in executive positions at the Universal studio.

No sooner had Mary told the world, than Universal officials decided that Paul, who was born in Europe and has a fluent command of German and French, was just the young man to represent them abroad as official chaos settler. So Paul has sailed, while Mary must stay in Hollywood where she has two pictures to complete before Christmas.

Later Mary's fiance will have headquarters in Berlin in connection with the office that Universal will maintain there to make pictures in Germany in compliance with the new German quota law.

"If I were not sure that Mary would come over in January or February, I just couldn't go," says Paul.

A PACKAGE of love letters. Bound in turquoise blue, of course.

"You might as well keep them," laughed Mary. You wouldn't think a little girl who has to be sad and forlorn on the screen could bring fireflies into large gray eyes and

Mary might have worn such an old world wedding dress as she wears in "The Drums of Love," if she had carried out her original plan to be married to Paul Kohner in his home town in Europe. But now she has changed her mind and will be married in Hollywood next June.

own a voice so musically mischievous, would you, now?

"But, we're engaged now, Mary," exclaimed Paul, as if she did not yet gather the new status.

"Oh, you go on keeping them," laughed Mary, understandingly. They are the very private property of these two—those valentines. Evidently where Paul keeps them, they are perfectly safe.

Two years ago, when Paul went to Europe, Mary hid his love letters until he returned and then gave them to him for further safe keeping.

Mary's fiancé got his start carrying cans of film, cigarettes, waste baskets, anything else around the New York offices of Universal at $20 a week, after Carl Laemmle had brought him from Carlsbad in 1920. The young foreigner could not speak English then, but he was clever enough to figure that every handicap has its advantages.

Who else could write publicity in foreign languages but himself? And so he formed the first foreign publicity department of any film company and wrote just loads of articles about Carl Laemmle, president of Universal films,

for foreign publications. The department was such a success that he soon had six assistants.

His friend Edward Laemmle, Jr., wanted him to go to the western studio. And he went. But as fifth, fourth and third assistant director, he did not greatly impress father Philbin as a possibly responsible custodian of a precious daughter.

"And so father said we must always be in by ten," laughs Mary. "One night we were at the Montmartre and at ten I looked up and saw father at the door with his watch in his hand!"

"Sometimes we were more lucky," relates Paul. "There was an earthquake once when we were out. We were half an hour late anyhow, so the earthquake made a good excuse."

In New York, Paul Kohner had first seen slender, dainty Mary on the screen in that dark, gold-leaf projection room at the Universal office. She was an appealing figure in a western, *The Blazing Trail,* and from that day on he captured most of the photographs of her that came from the coast and cut out her pictures to paste in books.

HIS greatest concern when he came west was to meet the lady of his dreams. But the first day he had lunch in Foster's Cafeteria, he was disgusted to discover that among all the studio employes, he couldn't find anyone to introduce him to Mary. Others were more in awe of the star than the infatuated newcomer.

When he did meet her—May 16, 1923—the date stands out in his memory—he learned she had met some other chap just three days before. And the rival was doing his best to impress her!

"I had already been at Universal two years at that time," Mary told me as they brought luncheon into her dressing room. "In Hyde Park, a Chicago suburb, I had done some amateur dancing at church and school entertainments. Then the Elks had a beauty contest and I won a trip to Universal City.

"I did extra work at first. My first part was that of a crippled girl in *Foolish Wives.* Why even when Eric Von Stroheim chose me for the lead in *Merry Go Round* I was only earning $100 a week. I had no auto and did not own my home. Paul was making $40 as an assistant director and when we went out in the evening, we rode on street cars. And father thought he was extravagant to give me presents! Later, Paul was promoted to casting director and then to supervisor of feature pictures."

Just before he left for Europe in August, Paul Kohner gave a dinner party to which he invited Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, Mr. and Mrs. Sven Gade and Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Moos. At this event, Mary and her fiancé announced their engagement.

"I feel terribly to go abroad and leave Mary," sighed Paul, "I will be crazy and cable a lot because I can't wait for letters." Miniature merry-go-rounds in Mary's eyes. Even when you love him dearly, you can't overlook the high entertainment an ardent fiancé affords!

"And my friends tell me I am foolish to go off and leave her—that someone else may win her away from me. But I don't think so. We've had spats when she has gone out with others to make me jealous. But we have always made up. We love each other, you see. I am sure of that and I have full confidence in Mary."

(*Continued on page* 104)

Mary shows her charm and grace to advantage when she appears as a ballet dancer in her next picture, "Erik the Great."

A childhood picture of Mary taken at the age of four. The same childish appeal which made her so attractive here remains with her today.

Count on Betty Compson

By MARNA TULLY

Morning dips in the family pool keep Betty in good shape.

For a diverting cinema portrayal—even in the "talkies"—or an enjoyable evening get-together here's a girl who satisfies.

"YOU must come over!"

If you are ever in Hollywood on a Sunday evening about seven, be sure to drop over to Betty Compson's beautiful home at Flintridge.

That is, if you have, by chance, an entree to the film colony.

There you will find, especially if you are inclined to partake of savory sustenance, one of the most appetising supper tables in all Beverly Hills.

This is not to say that the numerous other stars and luminaries of Beverly Hills do not eat on Sunday evenings, but to make clear that anyone who is anyone about Hollywood usually drops in on Betty for that Sunday evening "feed" and the good time that goes with it.

Betty Compson's Sunday evening suppers are famous throughout Celluloid Land.

At that time an exquisite banquet cloth covers the dining table at the Cruze home—you know Betty Compson is Mrs. James Cruze at home—and a lavish assortment of tasty foods is set forth.

The guests serve themselves and scatter in groups through the living room, music room and patio. You may even find two people so engrossed in conversation that they have seated themselves on the stairs that lead to the garden.

Among them might be Fanny Brice, the wit Wilson Mizner, H. L. Mencken . . . . All notables who come to Hollywood eventually find their way to the Cruze table and mingle with the picture players, directors, sculptors, painters, musicians—many of them famous in the colony—many of them unknown—but all, *friends.*

Music, cards and brilliant conversation hold sway for the evening with Betty at all times being a most gracious and interesting hostess.

One can scarcely realize that here is not only the voluptuous hula girl, who is associated with Milton Sills in *The Barker,* but a heroine of the days of film infancy.

BETTY COMPSON is one of the few film actresses who has kept abreast with the steady influx of youthful cinema talent, and today, after more than ten years of featured screen roles, is still conceded one of the most beautiful and talented stars of the film firmament.

And yet the most amazing thing about Betty Compson is not her ability to survive the ordeal of years of screen stardom but a glance at her sensational screen career itself.

Betty Compson was born in Beaver, Utah, and the early part of her life was spent in mining camp towns—her

father being a well known mining engineer.

When his health failed the family migrated to Salt Lake City, where Betty attended high school and studied the violin till her father died several years later.

Through her father's death she was forced to seek a livelihood for herself and mother.

Her music teacher aided Betty in obtaining a position as violinist in a small motion picture theatre.

Little did she realize then, as she watched the fascinating shadows on the screen, that some day she yould be numbered among the stars . . . . and little girls the country over would watch her as eagerly as she watched her favorites.

The theatrical life appealed to Betty and soon she joined a vaudeville troupe and reached Los Angeles.

The night she opened there, Al Christie, the comedy producer, who was looking for a leading lady for his comedy team composed of Eddie Lyon and Lee Moran, saw her and induced her to submit to a screen test.

Betty went the very next day for the test. But she heard no more of it until the day her vaudeville contract was to expire.

Then she received a telegram from Al Christie telling her to come on to Hollywood.

SO BETTY COMPSON went into pictures at the salary of forty dollars per week. During her three-year stay with Christie, she made one comedy a week.

Finally she got a part in a Western. Then the late George Loane Tucker cast her in the leading role of *The Miracle Man,* the picture which also made Thomas Meighan and Lon Chaney famous stars.

As a star in her own right, Betty Compson enjoyed unlimited success till 1924, when she married James Cruze, the director, and retired from the screen.

But even the interest in her home could not keep Betty from her screen art. The Kleigs were calling and she must answer.

Betty is often seen on the bridle-paths above the San Fernando valley, with her mount.

A dog's life is not so bad, says Betty's Scotch Highland terrier.

Soon she packed her make-up box and started to free lance with great success.

Needless to say, that she was an instantaneous success, received as enthusiastically by her admirers as in the days of old.

One has but to see Betty's recent portrayals in *The Barker* and *The Docks of New York,* to realize that she is just as vivacious, bewitching and capable as ever. And despite her lengthy film experience, is still a young woman at the hey-day of her career.

To see Betty in a fluttering chiffon and lace dress at her Flintridge home on a Sunday evening, one cannot help but admire her originality and unaffected manner. It is evinced in everything that is affiliated with her charming personality.

As you observe her playing hostess to a cosmopolitan group of her friends, all engaged in various leisure diversions most suitable to the occasion, the thought occurs that on or off the screen, you can COUNT ON BETTY COMPSON.

Dancing Daughters

Twinkling toes and laughing eyes hide an aching heart in Joan Crawford's newest picture. Here is the story of *Dancing Daughters*.

BEN BLACK (John Mack Brown) falls in love with the gay Diana (Joan Crawford), from her giddy head to her twinkling toes, when he meets her for the first time in a night club.

Diana is a modern girl, with a modern girl's frankness and unaffected abandon. Although Ben loses his heart he keeps his head, fearing that Diana may be just shallow and frivolous after all.

Then comes Ann (Anita Page) who sees Ben with Diana and is determined to take her away from him. Ann is Diana's opposite, hiding a world of guile and cunning beneath an innocent exterior.

Joan Crawford and John Mack Brown are faithful lovers until Anita Page throws a monkey wrench into the machinery of romance.

A house party at the beach follows and Ann, after carrying on a campaign of slander against Diana, convinces Ben that she herself is the type of girl to make him happy and they run away and are married.

But Ann soon tires of married life and renews her old flirtations. Disillusioned, Ben finds out too late that it is Diana he has always loved. He tries to seek her out but she flees from him. Ann's excesses increase, however, and one night she falls over a balcony in a drunken brawl and is killed.

Later Ben and Diana find each other again, this time with all doubts swept away, and are reunited in the happiness of a new and lasting love.

Why Not Get Married?

"Dear, there will be three friends dropping in for supper," Neil Hamilton is telling his charming wife. And that's one reason for getting married, says Neil.

By JACK WOOLDRIDGE

Hollywood's happiest husbands rise to give answer to the ten famous bachelors who told why they intended to forswear married bliss in the October issue of SCREEN SECRETS

"Marriage won't make people love each other any more," says King Vidor, above, with his wife, Eleanor Boardman, "but as to bringing happiness, our marriage speaks for itself."

THOSE gay bachelors who jeered loudly at the state of married bliss when they told plainly just why they intended to stay single—and how—in the October issue of SCREEN SECRETS, have stirred things up in those strongholds of domesticity among the hills of Hollywood.

So loud have been the outcries of the happily married that the bachelors "don't know the half of it," that nothing remained but to let them tell their side of the story.

Those who were bachelors not so long ago themselves shake their heads with understanding tolerance at the diatribes of the bachelors and murmur:

"They simply don't know what they are missing. Why listen—" And they launch forthwith into an eloquent recital of reasons why these bachelors would be better off if they were married.

And in spite of all you hear about Hollywood there is an impressive array of contented benedicts.

Lew Cody, Rod La Rocque, Reginald Denny, Milton Sills, King Vidor, Jean Hersholt, Emil Jannings, Clive Brook and Lon Chaney, are among the first to take up the cudgels in defense of married life. And they are quick to let it be known that they wouldn't trade with the bachelors for anything.

As an example of the opinions held by the heads of houses, the case of Lew Cody is illuminating. Lew married Mabel Normand in the fall of 1926, after years as a *bon vivant*.

He had maintained a home in Beverly Hills, the doors of which seldom were closed. The most popular "stag," perhaps, in the entire film colony, he lived a gay and glamorous existence. Now, after two years, he says:

"Before I played that dirty trick on Mabel by marrying her, my home was little more than a roadhouse. I seldom knew more than half of the people who called. My privacy was that of a goldfish on the center table at an afternoon tea. I wasn't even sure I could take a bath without some one of the gang bustin' in.

Rod La Rocque lived a gay bachelor life for years in New York and Hollywood, but now he says he never knew what he had been missing until he married Vilma Banky.

"Give us our own baby and all the bachelors can have their jazz babies," says Milton Sills, whose happy home life with Doris Kenyon proves that the bachelors are not always right. The young man's name is Clarence Kenyon Sills.

"Being married has given me what I wanted most—a real home with a welcome inside from someone who cares. I'd rather have a pair of old carpet slippers than all the patent leather pumps ever made. I'd rather park myself at the breakfast table with the 'better half' before me and have a good appetite than to have a hazy memory, a headache and a taste in my mouth suggestive of a leak in an acetylene tank. And if no more wild parties drop in on me in the middle of the night, it will be perfectly all right with me. And—I might add—Mabel."

To which he added, naively:

"And as soon as Mabel learns not to clean the crusted ashes out of my pipe bowl, my contentment will then be complete."

Then there is Rod La Rocque, another whose metamorphosis has become complete. Rod lived for a year at the Lambs Club in New York. He lived for a lesser time at the Athletic Club in Hollywood and spent seasons on the road. Then he married Vilma Banky. Now, he says, he did not know what he was missing when he was a bachelor or he would have been more anxious to find a wife.

"I served by allottment in the barracks where only men gather," Rod declared, in his beautiful Lanewood avenue home. "We didn't give a darn whether we ever washed or not. I put in time on a ranch in Dakota among horses and cows. I joined the expedition which went into Mexico after Villa and we all lived dirty. That is the natural barbaric instinct in man.

"But when I cut out the rough stuff and took up my present work in earnest, met, loved and married Vilma, well—

"Women are responsible for the present degree of civilization we enjoy. They just naturally bring out the latent goodness and ambition in a man. They make him bigger and better—more human, less selfish. They make him more tender and more compassionate toward his fellowmen.

"These bachelor fellows can't understand such things. I used to feel the way they do but I've learned better. I call to mind that line by Camuel Johnson: 'A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building to which it clings; winding its tendrils more lovingly as time converts the ancient edifice into a ruin.' There's a whole sermon in that."

Reginald Denny is another who many times gazed at a great white moon to advise it, alongside of his mates, that "Mah B-o-n-n-i-e Lies Over the Oashun," and then found himself singing the next moment, "I Wish't I Wuz in Dixie, Hooray, Hooray!"

"I was mighty good in that 'Hooray, Hooray!' part, even if I do say it myself," insists Reginald. "At least, I thought I was."

But he, too, flouts the idea of man living alone. Reginald was all excited over his prospective marriage to little "Bubbles" Steiffel, a pint-sized girl whom he delighted in lugging about under his arm until she scratched or peremptorily ordered him to set her down.

"I'm crazy about her—plum crazy!" enthused Reginald. "I've lived alone this past year—a divorce, you know—and it was terrible. Living alone makes a man feel like a drifter. A man glories in a feeling of possession, the thought that he has at least one in the world who cares—one who is his very own. It is vanity, I know, but it's laudable. I can't tell just how long I've loved 'Bubbles' but when she was playing just bits in my pictures I found myself taking a protective interest in her. Many times I said to a man on the set, 'Please see that Miss Steiffel gets home, safely.' And I'd add, ominously, '*Safely*, I said.'

"My wife still laughs at all my jokes after all these years, and that alone is reason enough for being married," says Emil Jannings. Besides that, he insists that his wife is his best critic.

Milton Sills takes a slightly different attitude toward bachelors marrying.

"There are some, I suppose, who would be happier single," he said. "All right, let 'em be single. My idea of justice is to 'Live and let live.' Some men just naturally never could be good husbands. You can't lay down a hard and fast rule for mankind to follow. It would not

always work. Since the cave days, however, it has been the natural thing for man to mate. Existence otherwise is unnatural."

"In your own case?" I asked.

"I could not be happy alone."

As he spoke, sitting at a breakfast table on the veranda of his beautiful Beverly Hills home, a pair of chubby hands reached for a bite of the bacon the butler had brought. Kenyon, his fifteen-months-old son, was in his lap trying to nibble the butter off a piece of bread.

"Baa!" he said.

"He means 'Please!'" interpreted Milton. "When he wishes to emphasize it he says 'Baa-baa!'"

"There's nothing like that important feeling that you get from being head of a house," says Clive Brook.

I admitted I did not understand the language. But "Daddy" Sills looked at me and remarked meaningly: "I think you can see why I would be unhappy alone."

From the balcony overhead, Doris Kenyon, the beautiful wife and mother looked down and smiled. It was a picture worthy of the brush of a Rembrandt.

King Vidor, whose marriage to Eleanor Boardman was the result of a slowly mounting love, is inclined to let every man choose his connubial status as he sees fit, without interference or suggestion.

"Getting married will not make persons love each other any more," he believes. "It won't make them more honest toward each other. About the only difference is that they won't let you sit together when you go out to a dinner. It saves apartment costs on a train and reduces hotel bills. Eleanor and I are very happy but I don't feel like recommending that others do as we did. That's their affairs; not ours."

Just the same, King has been married twice, and the example he has set should mean something to bachelors.

It is apparent that the married clan feels no enmity toward the unmarried and that the so-called freedom of bachelors is in no-wise coveted.

There is a pity for them in their wandering state and sometimes a tendency to poke a bit of fun at their plight. Said Neil Hamilton, for instance:

"One of the great advantages in being married is that the married man no longer is called upon to fill in on week-end parties, bridge teas, dinners and the like. Occasionally, a single man may put himself beyond the reach of clutching hostesses by taking the dinner clothes and burying them behind the woodshed. A married man doesn't have to go to such extremes. He doesn't have to fill in on anything except something his wife gives, and that isn't very often."

Jean Hersholt says that after being married nearly sixteen years, he has come to the conclusion that Mrs. Hersholt as well as his s. c. (severest critic, of course) is his best friend and has done more than anyone else to aid him in his rise to stardom.

"She, it was," said Jean, "who told me how good I was when I had done something worth while, *Also,* she had no hesitancy in telling me once in a while I was 'rotten.' Which only made me try harder next time.

No self-respecting man wants to appear 'rotten' in the estimation of his wife. She has watched over me, guided me and (God bless her!) has been an inspiration. I hope all the stags in christendom read this."

Emil Jannings insists that he has a patient, long-suffering, marvelous wife.

"She is something to inspire me, something to work for," he says. "Why, she hasn't tired yet of the same stories I've been telling at dinner tables all these years. That is, she doesn't seem to have tired. She still laughs at the proper moment. Which, I assure you, takes strength of character."

Clive Brook gets a heap of assistance from Mrs. Brook which she

(*Continued on page* 103)

Letters *of a movie extra*

Hollywood, California.

Dear Dolly:

I have just been out working again, which is lucky, because there is another installment due on the rent. At last I've found a director who has a heart, even though he doesn't wear it on his coat lapel.

His name is Jack Ford. It used to be Shaun O'Fearna, and why he ever changed it to represent a lizzie is more than I can understand, but that's what he calls himself now.

He comes on the set about eleven o'clock and starts chewing up handkerchiefs. Then when he runs out of handkerchiefs along about three or four in the afternoon, he quits work.

J. Farrell McDonald is the star, and he is the funniest, sweetest old dear that ever lived. He rides to work in a big car driven by a liveried chauffeur and stops at a corner drugstore for a breakfast of coffee and doughnuts. Success may have gone to his head, but it sure didn't affect his stomach.

Little Molly Malone, once a comedy star, was on the set working with me. Things like that sure make me glad I'm just an extra, because there are certainly more comedowns than comebacks in pictures.

Some of these foolish assistant directors don't seem to know when they are getting a break. A pretty little girl walked up to one of them the other day on the set where I was working and said, "Gee, mister, I'd give anything to work on your set tomorrow."

The assistant just looked at her and said, "Give it to the director. I'm married."

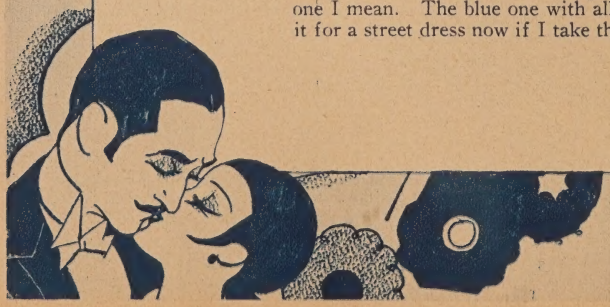
George O'Brien has an eye for color. He has a yellow car and for decoration he uses Olive Borden's dusky loveliness and do they look contented? Dunt esk! They are so absorbed in each other that Georgie forgets that green is the go sign and calmly waits for the signals to change again—a block of honking horns behind him doesn't ruffle him a bit.

All of which reminds me that my own private little yes man leaves tomorrow for Salt Lake to work on location. I don't quite know what to do about it and I'm worried. Because look what happened to Brigham Young when he went there on location.

Have Ma send out that bathing suit I used to have. You know the one I mean. The blue one with all the braid on the skirt. I can use it for a street dress now if I take the sleeves out of it.

Love,

Francois Fern.



Recipe for Manhattan Cocktail

A little bit of ginger
A little dash of sex
A little aggravation
But not enough to vex.
There's Nancy Carroll
To furnish the kick
She'll go to your head
And go their quick,
Shake while it's hot
You'll spoil it with ice,
She's a naughty little nifty
But oh! how nice.

Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor, are being cautioned against necking in the clinches.

Jack Dempsey COMES BACK

Harry Thaw would be a picture producer—movies Manhattan-bound—seeing celebrities—and other bits from Broadway.

By ARTHUR W. EDDY

JACK DEMPSEY has come back. Believe it or not, you will see him at last in *The Big Fight*. There it is. The sign says so. Jack Dempsey in *The Big Fight*. But like everything else on Broadway, it's only a show. Jack has come back to the Main Stem where he was always a popular figure, but not to the squared ring.

The Big Fight is a stage play put on by David Belasco and Crosby Gaige recently. And Jack, naturally enough, is the big fighter. Furthermore, his wife, known to a large film following as Estelle Taylor, holds the towel

instead of listening to her Jack fight over the radio as usual.

Jack did not do most of his rehearsing in the theatre as many would expect. He spent most of his time in Stillman's gymnasium where his faithful trainer, Jerry, the Greek, rubbed him down, removed the wrappings from those powerful hands and gave him an all-round once over before he stepped into his street clothes. Just as he used to do just before a big championship fight.

And, don't think that Jack does not fight in this big play of fisticuffs. There are two strong sparring partners in the production who take turns in the ring with Jack.

The opening night things did happen. For one of the boys insisted in making a fight of the affair to the extent of dealing punishment to Jack.

Jack asked him to ease up some but he paid no heed to the warning. So Jack let a couple of his hefty wallops slip with the result that three stitches had to be taken over one of the young man's eyes.

"The hardest thing about acting," says Jack, "is not to forget that you are only a character in the play. I have to watch myself. When that guy proposes that I throw the fight, I feel sometimes, as if I am not the actor but the fighter, Jack Dempsey, and I feel like taking a poke at him."

If realism has anything to do with it, *The Big Fight* will continue being a Broadway hit for sometimes. Jack is making every earnest effort to make it succeed as well as Estelle Taylor who plays the heroine and David Belasco who staged it.

"Hope Broadway gives it a long count," said Jack, with the Dempsey grin, lapsing into the lingo, "I'm doing my best to make it a knockout."

Uncanny

H. H. VAN LOAN, author of *The Noose* and a flock of screen stories as well as nearly half a dozen plays, isn't exactly superstitious but—

The walls of Van's living room at the Hotel Astor support approximately 100 autographed celebrity photographs. There you'll see Priscilla Dean and a younger version of Norma Talmadge.

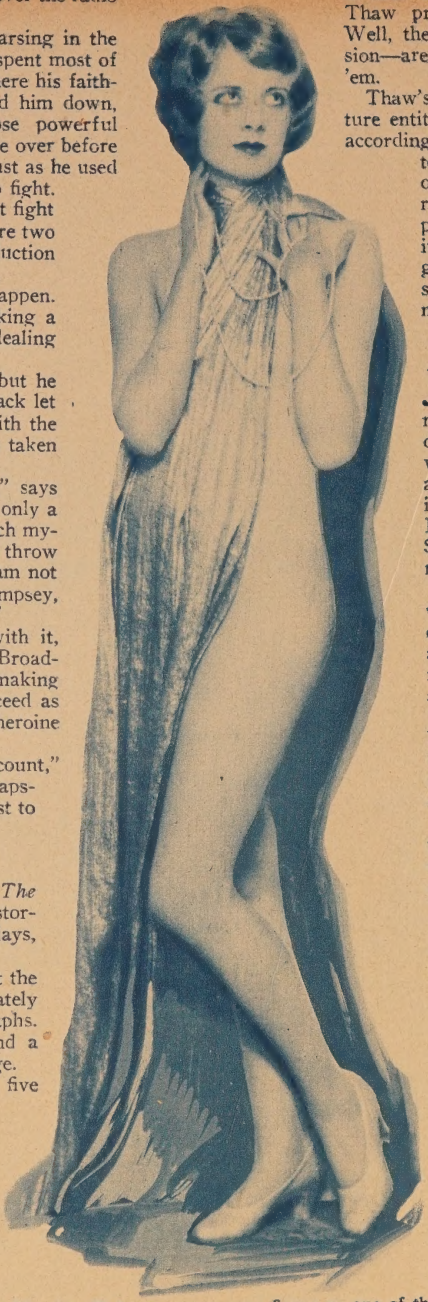
Of the photographs on the wall, five are of persons now dead. And these five pictures consistently get askew. The others remain in their position month after month. It's uncanny, Van admits.

Here Comes Harry

HARRY K. THAW is probably best known as the man who shot the wrong architect—according to persons who make nasty wisecracks at the Paramount and Ziegfeld theatres.

Despite his sad experience in that field, it appears that the highly-publicized playboy of Broadway is still suffering from the bite of the movie bug. Thaw leaped into picture production with both feet about a year ago and made a series of films chiefly notable for the beauties in their casts. The productions completed, Thaw proceeded to edit and title them. Well, the pictures—to use a trade expression—are still "in the can." Nobody wants 'em.

Thaw's big ambition is to produce a picture entitled *The Traitor*. It would relate, according to his version, how a former attorney of his double-crossed him in one of his front-page exploits. Naturally Harry K. Thaw would be a principal figure in the opus. When it comes to whether or not he will get the project beyond the paper stage, your guess is as good as mine.



Maurine Holmes cuts a mean figure as one of the attractions of Ziegfeld's "Showboat" at the Ziegfeld Theatre.

Manhattan Bound

JUST about two years ago, it was—that time when the movie makers consigned their Eastern studios to mothballs and bought one-way tickets to California. As far as they were concerned the little island which got in Dutch when the Indians sold it for the equivalent of $24 was erased from the production map.

They were off to Hollywood, where exteriors are made with the co-operation of California's much-advertised sunlight, and not so much in studios. New York was all wet—weather 'n' everything. Out in the West, which was highly recommended by Mr. Greeley, labor troubles didn't flourish to help inflate production costs.

Then came the talkies and with their advent, the movie makers, like the proverbial prodigal son, have come trooping back to Manhattan. Their principal reason for their Eastern trek is the wealth of voice-trained stage and operatic talent which only New York affords.

Simultaneously Movieland's deserted village has awakened.

Paramount has wiped the cobwebs out of its plant at Astoria, Long Island; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has leased the Cosmopolitan studio, which William Randolph Hearst built to make his Marion Davies pictures; Universal is resurrecting its old-fashioned studio across the Hudson at Fort Lee, New Jersey; Warner Brothers have spent some dough in building sound stages at the old-time Vitagraph factory in Brooklyn; over on Tenth Avenue, Fox is using its film works for the production of short Movietone numbers. Yes, the old town shows signs of regaining its lost cinematic youth.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Mask of the Devil

(Continued from page 47)

he instructed him casually—"and close her account here," he added.

Palester looked at him in surprise. "What?" he asked. "Has another chapter of your heart's history come suddenly to the end?"

Irwin Reiner shrugged. "She was not even a chapter—only, perhaps a small preface to the book itself."

The artist shook his head reflectively. How many times had he already heard this from his young friend's lips? Always there was someone who had at last taught him the "real meaning of love!" Always someone whom he had just cast aside, a forgotten page from the book of passion.

A car was passing slowly in traffic outside the shop. Palester touched Irwin's arm to call attention to it. In an open Rolls-Royce sat Helene Zurmuhlen, cold, erect, and very beautiful, beside her husband. In a moment they had passed.

Irwin Reiner was visibly moved by the sight of the countess. But as he turned his eyes from the street he assumed an ironical expression.

"Pearls suggest a very chaste woman," he remarked to Palester. "I shall buy pearls for the Countess Zurmuhlen!"

He could even now, in his imagination, see himself clasping them around her throat in a stolen hour together. They would lie warm and luminous on her white breast above the silken folds of her negligee . . .

"What a devil you are!" laughed Palester indulgently.

As Irwin Reiner kissed the hand of Virginia Gessner he thought she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

THE pearls were soon chosen and the two friends started toward the door.

As they stepped out onto the street, an earnest and eager young man approached and with a joyous cry seized Reiner's hand. It was Manfred Dalcroze.

"My dear friend!" he cried, "I have so much to tell you! I am in love!"

The two had been old school friends and had no secrets from each other.

"Is she married?" smiled Reiner.

"Married! Of course not. We are engaged."

Reiner smiled at him pityingly. If one must love let there at least be excitement and delicious stolen thrills along with passion. A respectable little courtship, a modest engagement—ugh! He had no further interest in his friend's affair.

"She is simply exquisite! The most beautiful girl you have ever seen!" Manfred babbled on in an excited manner.

Reiner was bored and disappointed. Nevertheless he felt that he owed something to friendship.

"Well I must see her," he said as though repeating a formula. "Do bring her to dinner this evening."

Manfred was delighted and thanked Reiner gratefully. Then Dalcroze with eagerness and Reiner with indifference turned to the selection of the engagement ring.

THE lights of Irwin Reiner's drawing room were soft; the fire on the hearth burned high. The young baron watched the flames reflectively, now and then smiling reminiscently: he was thinking of Helene. Tonight they would be together—after Manfred and his confounded country pumpkin left. Helene! He was very sure that this love was the sweetest he had ever known; indeed, he had very conveniently ceased to remember that there had ever been others . . .

Tonight he would clasp the pearls about her lovely throat, and kiss her breast as tenderly as he knew how. Then, relaxing happily in his arms, she would love him as she had never loved before . . .

Count Palester, seated in a low armchair before the fire, was sketching rapidly on a pad. He paused once or twice to scrutinize his work. Now he chuckled.

Recalled from his dreams, Reiner looked over his shoulder curiously. Palester, with a deft stroke, had produced a clever and unmistakable likeness of Manfred Dalcroze—sturdy, simple, with something of the peasant about him. Beside him was his imagined sweetheart—a typical country girl, shy, stupid, altogether unattractive.

Reiner laughed ruefully. "By Jove, Palester! I may be a devil with the women—but you are the Old One himself with a crayon! She will be like that—no doubt of it. Queer, the tastes some folks encourage. He could do better if he'd use a little judgment."

The butler entered. "Frau Gessner, Frauline Gessner, and Herr Dalcroze."

Irwin shot a look of resignation toward Palester as he stepped forward to meet his guests.

Frau Gessner entered. Had Palester sketched her caricature, he would have drawn a pudgy bourgeoise, frumpishly overdressed and garrulous. With the air of a grand duchess she swept impressively into the drawing room, hand extended imperially. Irwin Reiner, his eyes twinkling in spite of his annoyance, bent over it with an exaggerated courtesy that caused Frau Gessner to shake herself in unconcealed delight. Irwin even managed to exchange a knowing glance with Palester, who watched cynically as he awaited his turn to pay his reluctant compliments to this remarkable guest.

The curtains parted slowly again. Irwin Reiner looked up with a half-hearted expression of pleasure, resolved for Manfred's sake to make the best of a bad evening.

Suddenly he stared like one in a dream: for into the room stepped a young girl. He could not have described her had he tried. Perhaps he could have said her eyes were as blue as the sea on a cloudless day; perhaps he could have said that the hair that framed her beautiful features was golden brown and curly. He knew that she was dressed with charming simplicity.

She was the loveliest creature Irwin Reiner had ever seen.

But Virginia Gessner was betrothed to his dearest friend!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Don't miss the next installment of this smashing serial in the December issue of *Screen Secrets*, on sale November 20.

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How? See below about the wonderful, new, simple, easy way—the money-saving, health-saving, labor-saving way! The way recommended by food scientists and physicians everywhere.

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Safeguard Health!

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The Postal Pouch

What do you want to know about your favorite movie star? Your questions will be answered on this page.

Write Postal Pouch editor, SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Box 1757, Robbinsdale, Minn., enclosing 2c stamp.

FLO: Never, never argue with a girl friend—you're sure to lose. Dick Barthelmess was born on May 9, 1895, which makes him over thirty—and that's your hard luck. Write to him for a photograph at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Have this in an early issue? Expect your answers about four months after you've sent in your questions, and you can't go so far wrong. We're most eager to oblige a lady, and even those that aren't, but after all we're not magicians!

F. Y.: Colleen Moore is by no means the youngest star in pictures. She was born August 19, 1902—which makes her 26. But she is one of those rare souls who seems blessed with perennial youth. Maybe if I learned her secret I'd find myself answering your questions in babytalk instead of my nice, learned, dignified manner. Since making *Her Wild Oat* she has played in *Lilac Time, Happiness Ahead,* and *Oh, Kay.* Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope whenever you crave a personal reply.

DOLORES: How does Gary Cooper look to me? Mighty good, sez I. Six feet, two inches tall, one hundred and eighty pounds, aged twenty-seven, red-brown hair, blue eyes—result, answer to a maiden's prayer, and not maybe. He was born in Helena, Montana, where he lived for seven years before going to grammar school in England. He attended Grinnel College, Iowa. Next he became a cartoonist on a Helena paper, then came to Hollywood to break into the movies. He did. He has been in pictures, playing extra, bits, parts, and then started playing leads for about four years.

REBA: How us girls do like Hoot Gibson! Wish I'd been born in a two-gallon Stetson! He is 36 years old. His wife was a former vaudeville player, but I don't know her professional name. No, he hasn't a ranch, to my knowledge, though he does own a comfortably large Hollywood estate. Popular? Sure he is! Write to Billie Dove at First National, Burbank, and to Clara Bow, at Paramount. No, I can not get you a job in the movies if you come to Hollywood. It's all I can do to hang onto my own by my eyelashes. Stay home and marry the boy friend.

HAZEL: Gary Cooper is not married. He is reported engaged to Evelyn Brent, but as the Scotch say, I hae my doots. See answer to Dolores. Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Canada, September 15, 1907; Ralph Forbes, in London, in 1901; Bebe Daniels in Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1901; and James Hall in the same city, about four months earlier. Why, bless your heart, come as often as you like and stay as long as you please! A first visit to the Postal Pouch should be just the beginning of a long friendship.

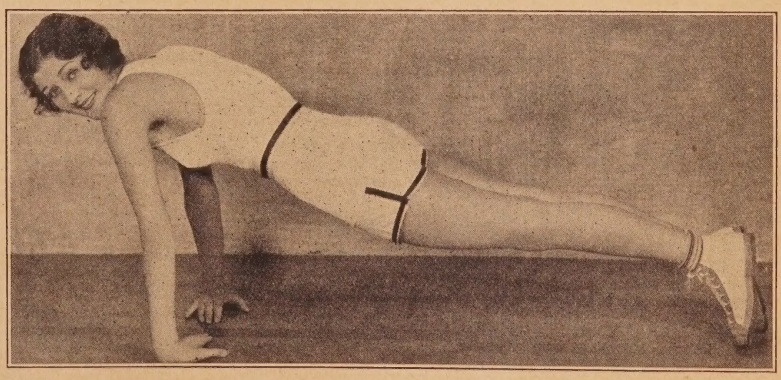
MILDRED: Patsy Ruth Miller was born in St. Louis, Mo., on June 22, 1905. Her father was Oscar Miller, dramatic editor of a St. Louis paper. Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny, and she is 25 years old. She has been in pictures about six years. Lloyd Hughes is 31. So far as I know, that's his real name.

HELEN J.: Desert scenes, and South American countries are usually filmed near Hollywood. Fortunately, we have every kind of scenery out here—sand, snow, hills, plains, tropical shrubs, and northern trees of every variety. Occasionally a very ambitious studio actually films a picture in its locale; but this is a needless expenditure in most cases. The inside of a studio? It would be easier to describe the inside of a thrashing machine. There's everything in a studio from a hot dog stand to a diamond tiara. A motion picture generally averages six weeks in production. Some pictures have taken two or three years, while independent companies have been known to turn them out in a week. Now run along, child, and take a couple of snapshots of the dog. Clara Bow's salary? They say it is $4,700 a week—which would keep this old man in toupees for a lifetime.

ANNA M. Clara Bow's address is the Paramount Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, and Joan Crawford's is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City. Clara was born July 29, 1905. I don't happen to know Joan's birthdate—she has been very silent on the subject, but I'd guess she's about the same age as Clara. Bebe Daniels and Marian Nixon use their own names. Janet Gaynor is the little lady's own name, though she adopted the name "Jones" because of her deep love for her stepfather. Colleen Moore's original signature was Kathleen Morrison. Both names wave the Irish shamrock proudly.

BETTY L.: So you're from Wales! And how's the Prince? Lawrence Gray was the boy in *Padlocked.* John Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman, and Roy D'Arcy were the principal characters in *Bardelys the Magnificent.* What a hit that picture made—fans are still writing us about it. Theda Bara has led an entirely domestic life for some years. I don't know if she will ever return to the screen. Come again, Betty.

BERNICE A.: Greta Garbo is not married, never has been, and she says she never will be. But after all, she isn't a fortune teller . . . .



Marceline Day, charming exponent of the daily dozen and M-G-M screen favorite, is extremely popular with fans of THE POSTAL POUCH.

We've heard that story too often —with another ending.

MARY D.: Your note was short and sweet. Raymond Keane has recently made a picture for Tiffany-Stahl, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Try Huntley Gordon at Universal, which is the last place he seems to have worked. Bobby Doyle made a picture for First National some time ago. Ken Maynard is also at this studio. Monte Blue is under contract to Warner Brothers.

STELLA S.: You must have written that letter on your month's vacation! I'd have to be twins to answer all your questions, and SCREEN SECRETS would have to appear in six volumes. Jackie Coogan was 14 years old in October. Ken Maynard was born in 1895, and Ben Lyon in 1901. Gilda Gray is Polish. All the rest are American-born. They say Tim McCoy and Tom Mix are part Indian—and they are surely whooping it up with the fans. Joan Crawford is of French extraction. I don't know the religions of the stars—this is too personal a matter for me to investigate. Write to Ben Alexander at F. B. O.; Robert Armstrong and Fred Humes at M-G-M; Jack Perrin at Universal; Fay Wray at Paramount, and Kathleen Collins at Action Pictures, 861 Seward St., Hollywood. William Haines is not married.

PHYLLIS K.: No, Charles Farrell didn't play in *Bringing Up Father*. You're thinking of Grant Withers, aren't you? Charles was born in 1902, at Cape Cod, Mass. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-five, and has brown hair and eyes. He is still heart free. Madge Bellamy is about twenty-four. Donald Reed played in *The Mad Hour*. He is twenty-six. Yes, married.

M. L. B.: Jacqueline Gadston played in *The Thirteenth Hour*. Clara Bow married to Conrad Nagel? Heaven perish the thought! Richard Talmadge is his own producer, so works whenever he feels inspired. Have you seen *The Fighting Don* and *The Poor Millionaire*, his latest operas? We don't send out fan photos. Write to Phillipe de Lacy at Fox, where he recently worked in *Four Devils*. Dolores Del Rio can be reached at the Tec-Art Studios.

POLLY S.: If you had two crackers you'd have a sandwich, if you had something to put inside. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., on May 3, 1906. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, weighs one hundred and fifteen, and is five feet, five inches tall. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke. She was married to Howard Hawkes, director at the Fox Studios, where she is now under contract. Gilbert Roland was born about twenty-four years ago in Chihuahua (that's two sneezes)—Mexico. He is five feet, ten inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-six, has black hair, and brown eyes.

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I pay my agents $90 a week just to wear and show beautiful New FreeRaincoat and give away Free Hats. Write for yours. R. H. King, 230 So. Wells, Chicago.

Hotels Need Trained Executives. Nation-wide demand for trained men and women; past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Write at once for particulars. Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Station BC-W661, Washington, D. C.

Large shirt company wants men to qualify as wholesalers. Exclusive territory. If you are reliable and well-known in your town, write Ralston Hall, Inc., 156 Fifth Avenue, Desk A, New York, N. Y.

Agents $240 month. Sell Silk Hosiery. Guaranteed 7 months. We furnish auto. Samples furnished. Free silk hosiery for your own use. Write today, state size hose worn. Betterknit Hosiery Co. Silk 2235, Greenfield, Ohio.

Agents wanted to advertise our goods and distribute free samples to consumers. 90c an hour; write for full particulars. American Products Co., 1926 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

Agents—Just Out! $8.88 for Men's Suits! Anyone can sell! Big commission in advance! Free Sales Kit! The 888 Company, Dept. CL15, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Get Our Free Sample Case—Toilet Articles, Perfumes and Specialties. Wonderfully profitable. La Derma Co., Dept. RC, St. Louis, Mo.

A Paying Position Open to representative of character. Take orders shoes—hosiery direct to wearer. Good income. Permanent. Write for free book "Getting Ahead." Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., 10010 C St., Boston, Mass.

Make $90 a week, $3 an hour, with famous World's Star Hosiery, Lingerie, Underwear for men, women, children. Amazing values. Big profits, repeat business, cash bonus. Free selling equipment. Write quick for territory. World's Star Knitting Co., 162 Lake St., Bay City, Mich.

Sell beautiful "Style Tailored" shirts and neckties direct to wearer at money-saving factory prices. Many beginners earn $50 first week in spare time. $100 weekly full time easy. Selling outfit free. Howard Shirts, 1213 Van Buren, Fac. 27, Chicago.

Federal Distributors Get Big Pay! No capital or exper. needed. Terr. being assigned. Write for application blank. Federal Pure Food Co., W 2311 Archer, Chicago.

It's Legal. New and Twenty Different "Gypsy." It's whirling wheels fascinate everybody. Merchants buy eagerly. Clean up $100-$150 weekly. Cigar Stores, Dept. P, Peoria, Ill.

Money-Making Opportunities for Men and Women

Great neckwear line now free! Features finest quality neckwear at factory prices. Big commissions daily. Write for FREE tie offer and FREE outfit. Nawco Neckwear, N-125, Covington, Ky.

Bang-Up Good New Sideline! Sells Everywhere all Merchants, Banks, Mfrs. Big Comms. advanced daily. Pocket Outfit free. Carroll, 319 N. Albany, Dept. VA, Chicago.

Permanent Business Your Own: Men and Women, $49 to $100 weekly operating "Specialty Candy Factory." We instruct and furnish everything; few dollars starts you home spare time. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 40, East Orange, N. J.

AC Radio sets, tubes, supplies wholesale to Agents. Elections, televisions, Bonfires, boost sales. Get Radio Guide free. 201A tubes 39c. Barawik, 5 Canal Sta. Chicago.

Make $1000 before Xmas selling exclusive personal Xmas cards to friends. Beautiful steel-engraved designs. Expensive sample book free. Wetmore, Jane & Sugden, Dept. P. C. S., Rochester, N. Y.

Selling Like Blazes! 11-piece Toilet Goods Assortment at $2.25, with 2-piece carving set free to your customers. 100% profit. E. M. Davis, Dept. 512, 234 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Men, Enter U.S. Mail Service; $142-$225 month; steady; paid vacations; experience unnecessary. For details, write Norton Inst., 1523 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

Fifth Avenue Manufacturer Sells Direct—Suits, Topcoats, Overcoats $13.75, commission $3.50. Guaranteed All Wool and Worsted Suits, Overcoats $19.75, commission $4.00. Satisfaction or money back guar. Free outfit. Dept. PCN, Avenue Tailors, 140 Fifth Ave., New York.

Make $500 before Xmas selling personal Xmas Cards and Box Assortments. Unequaled Values. Highest Commissions. Samples Free. Dochia Co., Fitchburg, Mass.

Amazing Money-maker—$21.00 daily. Men's suits, overcoats only $12.50. Your commission $3.00. Biggest values ever shown. Wonderful value Fall Winter patterns. Worthmore Tailors, 195 Greene St., N. Y.

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America's Greatest Tailoring Line Free: 175 big samples—guaranteed Pure Virgin Wool—tailored to order—sensational low prices. Big commissions daily. Also cash bonus. Get outfit at once. Address Dept. 724, Goodwear, 844 Adams, Chicago.

Show wonderful new Comfort Foot-Mat to housewives and make $90 a week. Soft, sponge rubber rests feet, relieves aches and strains while cooking, washing, ironing, etc. Also 47 other fast-selling household specialties. Free Outfit. Write quick. Kristee Mfg. Co., 1412 Bar St., Akron, Ohio.

I'll Start You Quick! Be my active agent selling amazing "Hook-Fast" belts to men. Many unique features. Liberal commission. Get facts and Free Belt Offer. Write National Co., Dept. L-23, 41 John St., N.Y.

Make $12 a day and liberal bonus selling Pioneer $23.50 and $33.50 all-wool tailoring. Commissions paid daily. 100 large cloth samples furnished. We train the inexperienced. Write Pioneer Tailoring Co., Congress & Throop, Dept. Y1272, Chi.

I'll start you without a dollar. You'll make $85 weekly, taking orders for finest-tailored shirts and ties. Free Outfit. Dan Reilly, 1237M Broadway, N. Y.

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We Start You Without A Dollar, Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods, experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 593, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—big Money Selling Model Hats for men. Guaranteed quality; low prices. 20 numbers; smartest styles. Free Outfit. Model Hat Co., Dept. M-27, East Orange, N. J.

New Invention! Keep phone and iron cord from tangling and kinking. Prevent iron scorching. Save electricity. $25 daily. Sample free. Neverknot, Dept. 11-Z, 4503 Ravenswood, Chicago, Ill.

Men who like to travel. Work romantic South America. American firms pay fare, expenses. Free list. South American Service Bureau, 14600 Alma, Detroit, Mich.

Boys and Girls—Earn Xmas Money. Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Xmas Seals. Sell for 10c. a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 385 P.C.S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Earn—$15.00 daily selling personal Christmas cards made to order. Line most beautiful and complete line, selling at exceptionally low prices. High commissions paid daily; experience unnecessary; full or spare time. Write today for sample book; Big season on. Klein Co., 242 North Water, Rochester, N. Y.

Sell New Alligator and Tu-Color Leatherette Coats. Big Variety. $2.65 up. Hat Free. $15 daily sure. New Fall outfit Free. Silvertone, 2035 Charleston, Chicago.

Partners workers wanted. A limited number of positions open for direct salesmen. Next 3 big issues of my book containing valuable opportunities on spare-time money making sent for only 10c. Albert Bernard, 22 E. 12th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sell Candy Specialties to Stores. big profits. Go into wholesale business and make $18 every day. Plans free. Lawrence Marable, Richmond, Va.

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If you need money and want to make it at home in spare time get my big illustrated book of 67 tested plans that show you how to start earning a profitable business without investment. Mail only half dollar (stamps or coin) to V. O. Fisher, 795 Kearney Ave., Arlington, N. J.

Become Successful and Independent. Complete National Success Course in business and personal efficiency trains you for Big Money jobs. Offered to you at the amazingly low special price of $1.98. Originally $24.00. Only few courses left. Order today. Pay postman $1.98 plus few cents post. Consrad Co., 230-E 5th Ave., N. Y.

$50 daily being made by our Neckwear jobbers. I will send you four plans to build a wholesale business of your own absolutely Free. Write Alfred Ralston, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Make $10-$25 daily showing finest guaranteed All Wool Tailored to Individual Measure Suits—Overcoats, $23.50—$29.50. Sample Outfit Free. General Tailoring Co., Dept. PC11, 529 S. Franklin, Chicago.

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$85.00 weekly—Dresses Free! Associate company of famous Real Silk Hosiery offers you remarkable opportunity to earn money. Paris styles. Below-store prices. Free equipment. Harford Frocks. 915 Walnut St., Indianapolis.

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$90. Weekly Selling nationally known, tailored-to-measure $23.50 suits, overcoats. Quality unexcelled. Commission $4.00, plus Profit Sharing. Powerful sales producing outfit furnished. Style-Center, Dept. FCS, Cincinnati, O.

Wavy Hair in 10 minutes. "Waveen" new wonder preparation changes straightest hair into lustrous, soft wavy tresses. Sensation of New York. Be your own hairdresser. Absolutely greaseless and harmless. Large bottle sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Beauty Co., 365 H Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$60 a week easy introducing beautiful line of women's dresses. Smartest styles. Amazingly low price gets orders immediately. Free selling outfit. Free Dresses. Fashion Frocks, Dept. X-11, Cincinnati, O.

Don't Sell for Others. Employ Agents yourself. Make your own products. Toilet Articles, Household Specialties, etc. 500% profit. Valuable booklet Free. National Scientific Labs., 1929 W. Broad, Richmond, Va.

Big Pay Jobs in Automotive field. Become expert, using real equipment with real shop tools in eight weeks. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write quick for special tuition offer. McSweeny Auto Schools, Dept. 21-H, Cleveland, O. and Cincinnati, O.

Learn drugless healing at home. Interesting, very profitable profession quickly learned by spare time home study. Millions of patients waiting. Practise in your own or patient's home. Earn while you learn. Quick new method of curing by use of motion pictures. Send 4c postage for Free Introductory course. American University, 500 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

Want U. S. Gov't Position; Commence $115-$250 month. Men-women, 18-55, trained at home in three weeks. Write Ozment's Instruction Bureau, 137, St. Louis, Mo.

Men, get Forest Rangers job; $125-$200 month and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Institute, 1523 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

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Candies Home Made. Make big money. Few dollars starts you. We teach making and selling. Capitol Candy School, Dept. AG-8545, Washington, D. C.

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TEN YEARS AGO

Backward glimpse into the cradle days of the motion picture industry when those who have since disappeared were stars, and those who are now stars were playing extra roles.

First Story Picture Revives Films

TWENTY-THREE years ago Vitagraph, well ahead of the present craze for mystery melodramas, produced *Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman,* a picture of the almost-unheard-of length of one thousand feet—the equivalent of one reel today. This was one of the first three story-pictures, and was produced at the time that the popularity of motion pictures was at low ebb. Novelty movies had ceased to attract, and the public was tired of seeing disconnected episodes flashed on the screen. Then Edison made a five hundred-footer, *The Life of an American Fireman,* which started the story picture on its way. *The Great Train Robbery* followed. *Raffles* had the longest run of the three, which proves much for its popularity. It was produced in the old Vitagraph Studios, atop the Morse Building, in New York City, back in 1905. The title role was ably essayed by J. Barney Sherry.

When *Forgotten Faces,* a modern mystery melodrama, was filmed at the huge Paramount Studios in Hollywood, Sherry was given an important role. Much water has passed under the bridge since the good old Vitagraph one-reeler was produced.

D. W. Griffith Introduces First "Talkie"

EVEN "talkies" are not so new as they are supposed to be. In the crush of those getting on the sound band-wagon, sight is lost of the fact that D. W. Griffith was the first to introduce synchronized sound effects in motion pictures. Ten years ago Griffith produced *Dream Street,* and showed it at the Town Hall in New York City, with the Kellem process—a method of sound synchronization similar in all major respects to the present Vitaphone. The picture at that time was a sensational hit, and scores of editorials prophesied a great career for it. Griffith attempted at the time to influence capital in backing the process, but Wall Street appeared skeptical, and the precursor of sound effects died away through lack of support and appreciation. Now, ten years later, the entire motion picture world is being revolutionized by the synchronization of sound and vision. *The Love Song,* Griffith's most recent opus for the screen, is to have movietone effects—we hope with greater appreciation than fell to the lot of *Dream Street.*

Billy Quirk, popular silversheet comedian of pioneer days surprises Mary Pickford (right), Mack Sennett (the clown) and James Kirkwood (seen making love to him) when he reveals his female impersonation, in a film of the early days.

Five Years Since Valentino Fracas

GETTING down to our own times a bit, it was just about five years ago that Rudolph Valentino had his famous altercation with producers, which resulted in his return to exhibition dancing with his wife. The popularity of the film idol with the public during this time is related by S. George Ullman, his former manager, who brought about Rudy's return to the screen. Ullman met Valentino during the latter's dancing tour of the big cities, and Valentino persuaded him to become the director of his activities. Ullman sent the star off to Europe, and in the meanwhile ironed out the differences between the *sheik* and his producers.

J. F. Dillon Slapstick Director

TODAY we think of John Francis Dillon as First National's very clever young director, responsible for such productions as *The Noose, The Crystal Cup,* and *The Heart of a Follies Girl.* But fifteen years ago he was Christie's little gift to comedy. Back in the days when Christie was directing Nestor Comedies, J. Francis put over some fast ones with Billy Rhodes, the pretty and popular comedienne of those gay young days.

During this same period Victoria Forde was helping put laughs into Nestor Comedies with Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons. Victoria graduated from comedies to westerns, and then to being just Mrs. Tom Mix.

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips

~two to four inches in TEN DAYS

HERE'S a wonderful new *ventilated* girdle that makes you appear inches thinner the very moment you put it on—that gives you straight, slender, *youthful* lines, *instantly!*

The bulky, unsightly fat on waist and hips seems to vanish before your very eyes—your waistline lengthens—your figure becomes erect and graceful—and you look and feel years younger!

Nothing like this *ventilated* reducing girdle has ever been known before! Just slip into a Perfolastic and you can wear modish, becoming, straight-line clothes *at once!*

Reduces by Massage

Perfolastic reduces through massage—*automatic massage.*

It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs. The live rubber holds the flesh firm in a sort of suction, massaging away the disfiguring, useless fat with every breath, every step, every little motion.

By its gentle pressure, exerted unconsciously as you breathe and move, the tiny fat cells—which are 85 per cent water—are broken up and naturally carried off by the circulation.

No Dieting—No Exercises

Think what that means! No dieting, no self-denial, no strenuous exercises or dangerous drugs. Yet with every breath you draw, with every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that *takes off fat.*

Perfolastic does not bind or constrict the figure in any way. Bend, twist, turn, exercise as vigorously as you choose, you will find that this *ventilated* girdle "gives" with every movement of your body.

Made of the finest quality pure plantation rubber, it combines wonderful elasticity with extraordinary strength.

Cool—Comfortable—Slenderizing

Don't confuse Perfolastic with the old style, heavy rubber garments that were so uncomfortable. It is a featherweight, *ventilated* girdle that comes in models that weigh as little as nine and a half ounces (garters included), and is full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function as they should.

Perfolastic is so cool, so comfortable, that you hardly know you have it on!

No matter how much overweight you are, no matter what other methods of reducing you have tried, no matter what other girdles you have worn without result—*give Perfolastic a trial!* Many women have found, to their astonishment and delight, that waist and hips reduced two to four inches in *ten days.*

This *ventilated* reducing girdle is made of the finest quality pure plantation rubber, live and fresh, by the famous Goodrich Rubber Company.

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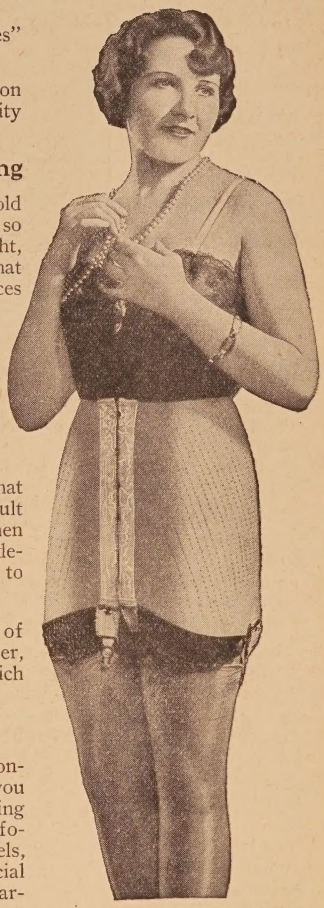
You simply cannot realize what this wonderful girdle can mean to you until you try it! Write today for the interesting FREE BOOK telling more about Perfolastic, picturing many delightful models, and giving full details about the special five-day trial offer and money-back guarantee. No obligation. Don't delay. Mail coupon below, *now.* Address Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 711, 79 Madison Avenue, New York City.



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Fan Club's Bulletin Board

Do you belong to a fan club? Would you like to join one?

Read all about them in SCREEN SECRETS new exclusive department.

Sue Carol is busily engaged autographing photographs for members of the fan club organized in her honor.

All secretaries wishing to send in news, or fans wishing to join clubs, may correspond with Grace Simpson Bulletin Board conductor, SCREEN SECRETS magazine, Box 1757, Minneapolis, Minn.

Sue Carol Club Edits "We."

WE HAVE just received our copy of *We*, the new official news sheet of the Sue Carol Fan Club. *We* is a splendid club paper—one of the most interesting we've yet seen—and it has our hearty endorsement. It is edited by Maree Berry, who is also President of the Club. Dues to Sue's one and only official club are fifty cents yearly and each member receives a large, beautiful photo from her, personally autographed to the member, a membership card and list and the club news each month.

Just now there are two contests going—one is a membership contest, ending November first, and Sue is giving the girl winner a lovely vanity case and the boy winner a fountain pen (one that doesn't leak!). There are also two other prizes and then there will be some special photos of Sue given to each member bringing in five members.

The other contest is open to all—members, honoraries and non-members. Prizes will be given to those bringing in the most subscriptions to SCREEN SECRETS. The first prize will be a one year's subscription to any movie magazine of the winner's choice; second prize, a six month's subscription to any magazine; and the third prize, autographed photos of six of the club's honorary members including one large one of Sue. To the next five highest, Sue will send specially posed and personally autographed photos. The contest ends December 31, 1928.

"SCREEN SECRETS is a wonderful magazine and will make an ideal gift for birthdays and Christmas," says Miss Berry, "and I hope everyone enters this contest."

Thanks muchly, Maree, we think it's a pretty good magazine, too. And here's a secret—we're all trying hard to make it even more interesting for you blessed fans. And incidentally, Maree, we think your club is a wonderful one, too—so that makes us even all around!

Renee Adoree Club Paper Back

THE Renee Adoree Circle has a very interesting club paper, which, by the way, was discontinued during the summer months, but will be in full swing again by the time you read this. Usually the paper consists of a clever editorial, the life story of one of the club's Honoraries, a review of the best films, a "Did You Know?" department, and various articles by the members concerning their popular star. Dues in the Renee Adoree Circle are twenty-five cents per year and that includes all the usual privileges. The motto of this club is "Let's hand in hand cheer up the world." Miss Elaine Iverson is the founder and active President.

Novarro Becomes Honorary President

RAMON NOVARRO, Lina Basquette, Barry Norton, Holmes Herbert, Alice Calhoun and Martha Sleeper have been added to the list of Honorary Presidents of the Movie Fans' Friendship Club, and the "Lest We Forget" department of the club has added the names of Charles Emmett Mack, Wallace Reid and Barbara La Marr, and would like to hear from all their fans who loved them. A new membership contest is now on and there are five big prizes, personally donated by stars, and just waiting to be won. Ruth Roland gave two of the prizes, which are beautiful bronze plaques of herself.

Chaw Mank, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer of this enterprising club, says, why not make a present of a MFFC membership to some shut-in you know of? Send him fifty cents and the name and address of a shut-in and they will be promptly enrolled as full-fledged members. And to the first fifty who do this a nice souvenir book about the movies will be sent.

Information for Fan Club Members

THE Hollywood Movie Fans Club, of which Stanwood N. Rogers is President, has asked us to announce the features offered to all their members. They are as follows: 1. Free year's subscription to *Hollywood Close-ups*, the club's monthly fan paper. 2. Free 5x7 photo of your favorite star sent postpaid with your first issue of club paper. 3. A free membership card. 4. Free mail service. All mail directed to any of the Hollywood stars will be forwarded when addressed in care of the club. 5. Any member may organize a local chapter of the club in his or her city with a minimum of ten paid-up or new club members, and hold regular meetings, attend theatres, etc. 6. Ten per cent premium in trade on all orders of $1.00 or more for motion picture novelties, stars' photos, etc., advertised in club paper and purchased by any member through club. 7. Ten per cent discount on all advertising in club paper of members who have goods to sell, services to offer, etc. 8. Free information and directions regarding Hollywood

(*Continued on page* 84)

Laugh If You Like—!

—But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT was at a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a sort of "sit in the corner." I had never been able either to sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played. First, some ballads, then beautiful classical numbers, and now I was closing with rollicking tunes from all the musical shows—anything they asked for.

For the first time in my life I knew the thrill of real pride. How many nights I had sat in my room—alone! And yet here I was now the very center of this gay party! I would not have traded my place with anyone.

They had listened—dumbfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained motionless—silent. And then the storm broke! Thunderous applause! Joyful congratulations! A veritable triumph! Then they bombarded me with questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And we thought you didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

The questions came fast. For a moment they overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned all by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered—"but I did learn music without a teacher. Yet there's nothing remarkable about it.

"I have always loved music—everybody does. But I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous scales and tedious exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have special talent to become a musician.

"You all know how I've just sat around and watched the rest of you entertain. How I used to envy Laura playing beautifully mellow notes on her sax—or Billy jazzing up a party with his peppy banjo! Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"And then one night I was sitting at home alone, as usual, reading a magazine. Suddenly my eye caught a startling announcement. Could it be true? It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me wonder. After all, about all the colleges have home study courses for most every subject, so I decided it was certainly worth investigation—as long as it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, dropped the letter in the box, and—well, you know the rest."

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazing in its simplicity—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing—not wearisome scales but real notes, catchy tunes—just like a regular musician! And it was all tremendous fun—just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play almost anything—jazz or classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. Wherever there's a jolly party you're sure to find me. Wherever there's life and fun and music—I'll be there! No more melancholy nights alone. No more dreary hours of solitude. And I even play in an orchestra on the side and make a lot of money having a wonderful time!

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable, easy "at home" method that has helped almost a half-million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand. Just pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And the cost averages just a few cents a day!

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Last Minute News of Film Affairs from All Corners of the Globe as We Go to Press

LONDON—Dorothy Cummings slipped over here from the States quietly and has a prominent role in the picture *Kitty*, a film version of the Warwick Deeping story.

NEW YORK — The amateur cameraman, F. A. D. Hancock of New York, has scored the biggest news-reel scoop of the year when he shot the rescue of aviator Frank Courtney in mid-ocean from the deck of the Minnewaska. Hancock filmed the rescue scenes with his 16-millimeter camera and took the film to Pathe upon arriving in New York who released it to theatres throughout the country.

HOLLYWOOD—Despite desperate efforts by M-G-M to prevent John Gilbert from signing up with United Artists, after his present contract with them expires in March, it is reported that he will join the U. S. studios at a guarantee of $125,000 per picture.

LONDON—James A. Fitzpatrick, pioneer producer of synchronized music films, is making the first subjects in a Music Travelogue Series in sound for Paramount here. He is also contemplating production of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* as a super-sound feature for a British film company.

HOLLYWOOD—A novelty "*talkie*" has been completed at the Universal studios featuring Bill Bailey of the vaudeville team of Bailey and Barnum. It is in the form of a vaudeville act.

PARIS—Jackie Coogan will make personal appearances at the Empire theatre here for a month starting October 14.

STOCKHOLM—Lars Hansen, who gained an enviable reputation in this country as a screen actor, will have a featured role in the Swedish film, *Ecstasy*, opposite Elissa Landi, the foreign star.

LONDON—Anna May Wong, has become a familiar figure on the bench at Maidenhead. She

Myrna Loy, Warner Brothers favorite, who will be seen to unusual advantage in productions of the forthcoming season.

is here with her sister and will soon play a part in the British International Picture *Piccadilly*. She recently finished making the German picture *Dirty Money* in Berlin.

PARIS—Marion Davies' sister, Rose Douras Van Cleve, is reported about to marry a French count. The Davies sisters arrived in the States several weeks ago.

LOS ANGELES—Judge Edmonds sentenced Lloyd I. Barnard, blackmailer, to six months in jail as the result of his attempt to extort $2,000 from Fay Wray, picture star, by threatening her mother.

HOLLYWOOD—D. W. Griffith's hectic ordeal of attempting to pacify Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez, who have been scrapping continually while working on *The Love Song*, came to an end when the director insisted that each star stay in her dressing room, or off the set when not engaged.

NEW YORK—Al Jolson returns to the New York Winter Garden September 19, in his first talking picture since *The Jazz Singer*, which is titled, *The Singing Fool*. Heretofore Al has always opened at the Winter Garden in lavish Shubert stage extravaganzas.

PARIS—Pola Negri is convalescing from her fall while horseback riding with her titled husband, Prince David Mdivani in the Bois de Boulogne.

HOLLYWOOD—Having gone under the knife to attempt to regain her screen contract which she lost due to being too plump, Molly O'Day will spend several weeks in the infirmary and then go on a strict diet to regain her slender figure.

Amazing Love Advice Given By a Man

IT TAKES a man to know a man. Sana Swain is a man who knows how men think and act in the fascinating game of love. Knows what makes men happy—what makes them sad. Knows what pleases men and what displeases them. And Sana Swain gives you this information straight from the shoulder.

To win and hold any man's love is not easy and never was. There are millions of women who have had more than their share of good looks, but they did not get a man. Are *you* going to be left on the shelf simply because of your failure to grasp a glorious opportunity?

If you have reached your twenties and do not definitely know the man you are going to marry—something may be wrong with your technique. You may not know as much about love as you think you do. Remember, years fly, and marriage opportunity goes with them.

Don't fool yourself. Find out all about men from a man who knows. You hear people say, "She is homely as sin and yet men always fall for her." Why? Because she has found out how to fascinate men.

If you are married and your husbands seems to have lost his passionate love for you, beware! Watch out that you have not lost your power to hold him. If you have let the spark of love grow cold—act before it is too late—before some other woman steals his love—a love that belongs to you.

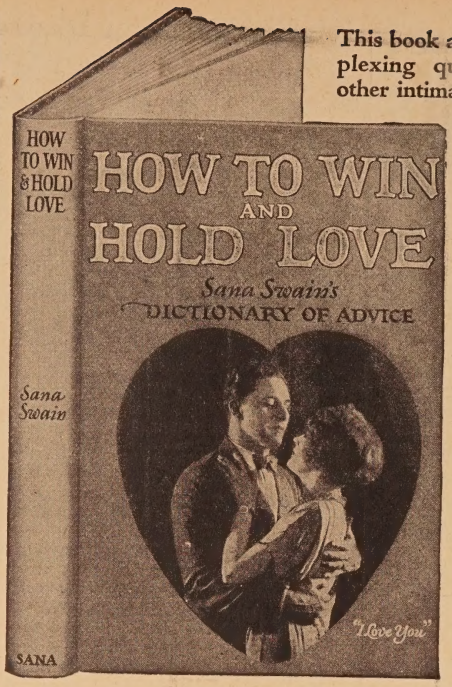
Sana Swain tells you the warning signals and shows you how to be more skillful in maintaining your charm and holding your husband's love. Get this valuable information now—before it is too late.

There is an art in winning and holding love and you must know it to be successful. Sana Swain tells you all about it in his amazing book, "How to Win and Hold Love." Read the unusual offer on this page. The book is written for women and men over sixteen years of age.

We are taking full page space because we want every reader of this magazine to send for our marvelous book—even those not in the habit of buying by mail. A money back guarantee goes with every book. You can't lose and you will be astounded at the value. And we only get $1 for it—not a penny more. Read the details and you will mail the coupon now.

—Advt.

This book answers the following perplexing questions and a thousand other intimate questions:



- How lonesome men and women can meet their mates?
- How to develop an attractive personality?
- When does unrestrained spooning kill love?
- Should the secrets of the past be told before marriage?
- When is kissing dangerous?
- How to control an ardent spooner?
- How to hold love at 17, 28, 35, 45?
- How to recognize and win your love mate?
- How to encourage steady company and a proposal?
- How, when and where a man should propose?
- Proper etiquette at the table, the theatre and the dance?
- How to write love letters?
- How to win back a lost love?
- The secret of a happy honeymoon?
- Is sexual coldness a virtue?
- The guide to married happiness?
- How to save a man from flapper love?
- When does jealousy destroy love?
- Divorce, and how to prevent it?
- How to hold the charm of youth?

Intimate Book on Love

that handles a delicate, mysterious subject with startling frankness

YOU can win in the game of love. You can have a complete understanding of the innermost thoughts of lovers. Sana Swain gives this information to you in the most valuable book on love. The intimate problems that confront you are answered frankly and completely in the latest sensational book, *"How to Win and Hold Love"* ("Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice").

This wonderful book tells you how to fascinate the opposite sex. It is written for both men and women. It clearly tells you what to do and say on all occasions in love.

It answers hundreds of intimate questions that you wouldn't dare ask your closest friend. It tells you how to change mere interest into love; how to avoid long-drawn-out courtships; how to quickly read a person's intentions. A letter from M. E. B. of New York, says:

"'Just a pal,' but never a sweetheart, was my trouble. Men played around with me until the girl they eventually married came along. Gradually I realized that I was playing a losing game so I got your book. It made me see how poorly I had played the game of love—and I thought I knew it all. I followed your good advice and now I'm a happy bride."

This book is not a "story book"—it is a valuable reference book listing almost a thousand questions—giving the answer to each frankly and completely.

Spooning of Lovers

Some girls may kiss before engagement—others can't. Sana Swain carefully analyzes your emotions. Every girl and man of spooning age should read this intimate book. Married men and women should read this book, too, for it tells how to hold the cherished love they have won. It is after marriage that jealousy and temptation start their bitter work.

Mrs. L. J. O. of Conn., says, "Your splendid answer to one question was worth a thousand times the cost of your book."

You need this book

Sana Swain gives you information that will make you more fascinating, more charming, more alluring.

If you hope to win love or hold love you must know how. If *you* know the rules you will win, if you don't you are doomed to fail. This book gives you all the rules—not a lot of "don'ts" or prudish advice handed down from grandmother's time, but in frank, simple language answers your problem—*how to win and hold love.*

The great demand makes it possible to offer this valuable and interesting book at a low price. Send only $1.00 [dollar bill, stamps, check or money order] and book will be mailed *in a plain wrapper.* If not satisfied, return book within 5 days and money will be refunded. *Tear out this coupon and mail it at once—it may mean your future happiness.*

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☐ Send C. O. D. I will pay the postman only 89c plus 11c postage.
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Print name and address on margin of this ad and mail with dollar bill—or we will send C. O. D. plus postage. Perfume delivered in beautiful box of imported French paper. La Pompadour, Inc. 602 N. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

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BLONDE hair darkens and fades unless given special care. That's why nearly a million blondes now use Blondex, the new special shampoo for light hair only. Keeps blonde hair from darkening—brings back true golden beauty to even dullest hair. No dyes. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Leaves hair soft and silky. Get Blondex at any drug or department store today.

Fan Club's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 80)

and the studios to out-of-state members visiting in California. 9. Privilege of earning photos of stars for obtaining new members to club. For each new member sent in you will be sent a 5x7 photo of your own selection—any star in Hollywood. 10. Free information regarding the stars and studios—all except about stars' salaries, obtaining work or selling stories. Dues to this club are fifty cents in advance, which includes all above privileges. Foreign rates are seventy-five cents.

Prizes Offered

THE Claire Windsor fan club is offering two beautiful and expensive prizes in their current contest for new members. A leather handbag with the name Claire Windsor embossed on it is one of the prizes. The other is a pair of slipper buckles that were worn by the exquisite Claire in one of her pictures. The bag has never been used. Miss Helen Bennett is the president of this club and the headquarters are in Cleveland, Ohio. Another Claire Windsor Club has been started here in Los Angeles—we'll tell you about that one in the near future when we know more about it.

Lina Basquette Fans Organized

MRS. Pearl Tice, president of the Lina Basquette Fan Club, now has some 2,000 members listed. Mrs. Tice is starting a big organization for Lina in New York City, and she intends later to have a branch of the Lina Basquette club in every large city in the U. S. A.

Audrey Ferris Club Announced

AN Audrey Ferris fan club wishes to be announced. Miss Ferris' fans will like her better than ever when they see her and hear her in the late Vitaphone pictures that she has made for Warner Brothers. This little baby star should go very far, we believe, and all fans who would like to join her club will be assured Audrey will personally answer her fan mail. As a registered "talkie screen actress," Audrey will have many interesting things to tell her fan friends from time to time. Dues to this club are twenty-five cents yearly.

Paddy O'Flynn Club Started

THE Paddy O'Flynn Club, with Miss Pearl H. McLaughlin as Secretary, makes its appearance. You may not know Paddy, now, but you will sooner or later—he isn't a newcomer by any means, but he's been unfortunate enough to have landed some of the most insignificant and unworthy pictures in Hollywood, and for that reason, he is little known now, except to his devoted fans and I can vouch that there are many.

The club is under the personal super-

(*Continued on page* 86)

Wear the Paris Ankle Wrap for beautifying, strengthening and reducing ankles, legs or arms.

Worn by the Movie Stars

Inconspicuous, no rubber, binding or slipping. **$1** per pair postpaid, or sent C.O.D.—Address Box 808.

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PERSONAL Appearance

is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business life. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 7 years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

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BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN in 3 Days

AMAZING NEW TREATISE NOW MAILED TO YOU FREE

—so, worry no more over your 'terrible' skin and complexion! Because here's where you get a new, true skin! Your pimples and blackheads, large pores, freckles, sallow skin surface wrinkles and signs of old age go for good!

The most astonishing discovery in history of beauty culture all explained free in new illustrated treatise called "A Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days." You learn how to do yourself what beauty doctors charge big prices for. Send only your name and address—no money! Write now—get one while they last—FREE. Address Marvo Beauty Lab., Dept. 29-E, 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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to perfect shape while you sleep. Anita Nose Adjuster guarantees SAFE, rapid, permanent results. Age doesn't matter. Painless. 60,000 doctors, users praise it. Gold Medal Winner. Booklet Free.

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Where do YOU *want to Grow New Hair?*

Decide NOW! Let me cover that spot with new hair in 30 days, or I'll mail you a check—I'll be the LOSER, not you!

WHEN approaching baldness threatens—when hair gets thinner and thinner on the temples, the forehead, the top of your head—*that's* the time to accept this no risk offer. I positively grow new hair—or you pay NOTHING!

New Hair in 30 Days—Or No Cost!

Thinning hair, falling hair, dandruff, dry scaly scalp—DANGER SIGNALS ALL! Stop delaying. Stop wasting time and money on ordinary salves, massages, tonics and oils, which you *know from experience* cannot possibly bring worth-while results! Save yourself from baldness this quick, easy way—through my iron-clad contract—*without risk!* For I GUARANTEE to end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new healthy hair in 30 days—or *I don't want a penny of your money!*

Why does baldness begin to appear? Why do ordinary tonics fail to help? In most cases of baldness the hair roots are dormant—*sleeping* through lack of nourishment. And tonics fail to help simply because they treat only the *surface* skin. To make a tree grow you don't rub "growing fluid" on the bark. You get to the roots. That's the simple secret of my scientific treatment. It goes *beneath* the surface—nourishes dormant roots directly—stimulates them to new activity — encourages quick and healthy growth of new, vigorous hair.

At the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York, many people have paid as high as $100 for results secured. Now you can secure equally beneficial results at home for only a few cents a day—AT MY RISK. You *grow* new hair where you *need* new hair—or I pay, not you!

Coupon Brings FREE BOOK Explaining Treatment Fully!

Some cases of baldness are hopeless. I admit it. But so many thousands have benefited through my remarkable treatment that the facts are certainly worth knowing. Mail coupon for vitally interesting FREE booklet, giving the complete story—and, in addition, telling all about my iron-clad contract, which enables you to take the treatment without a penny's risk. No obligation. Sign and mail the coupon NOW! Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 4811 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Please send me—without cost or obligation—in plain wrapper, a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

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They Jeered at Me—
But I Made Them Applaud Me Three Weeks Later!

I HAD never been called on to speak before. But the chairman had said: "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally." The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to slink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier." Everyone laughed. I stammered a few words and sat down!

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life, in club work—and always failing miserably. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like other men talked? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

In 20 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost over night. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. At the next meeting, just three weeks later, I got up and made the same speech I had tried to make before—but presented so forcefully, so convincingly that when I had finished they actually applauded me!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

* * * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish.

WHAT 20 MINUTES A DAY WILL SHOW YOU

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to address board meetings
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very informative, free booklet called *How to Work Wonders With Words.* You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless natural gift—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. Absolutely free. Mail this coupon.

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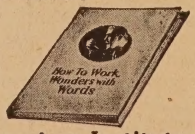

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Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words,* and full information regarding your course in Effective Speaking.

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Fan Club's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 84)

vision of Paddy himself, and he writes to each of the members. Nothing goes on that he doesn't approve and sanction, and there is a fine spirit of good-fellowship between all. Every two months a membership contest is on, in which subscriptions and autographed photos are given away. Paddy edits a club paper, called *The Ballyhoo,* which is free to every member. Club fee is fifty cents a year, and with each membership goes a membership card, list of other members, subscription to the club paper—and, of course, a personally autographed picture of Paddy.

About Richard Dix's Big Club

ON RICHARD DIX'S birthday, July 18, his fan club celebrated its third anniversary and the completion of another year of successful progress. Rich is very interested in his club and no star could do more than he in the matter of co-operation. He writes personal letters to most members and is always glad to receive their mail. The club publishes a large journal which is full of news about Richard, the club and its members. Club dues are fifty cents a year and each member receives a copy of the magazine, large photo of Richard, membership card and club list. Attractive purple and silver club pins and special club stationery cain be bought extra.

In many cities there are local chapters of the Dix club and the members are organized in friendly groups. The largest chapter of all is the Nophaie Chapter, named in honor of Dix's portrayal in *The Vanishing American.* This chapter has its headquarters in Los Angeles, where there are more than two hundred members. The Nophaie clan gets together for many good times, such as theatre parties and the like. The Manhattan Chapter of New York has the second largest membership and the Larry Darrant Chapter of England, is third. There are also chapters in Canada, South Africa and Australia. Harold Revine, President of this club, invites all Dix fans to join in boosting Richard.

The Del Rio Clan

THE Dolores Del Rio fan club recently celebrated the anniversary of its founding six months ago. The club has the full co-operation of their honored star and also the backing of Harry Wilson, Miss Del Rio's clever publicity director. Dues to the D. D. R. C. are fifty cents a year, and this includes an autographed photo, club paper and all other privileges. In six months, fifteen prominent stars have been enrolled on the "Honor Roll." Miss Del Rio says she hopes none of her fans will feel hesitant about joining her club, of which Miss Rose Badali is President.

Classified Picture Guide

(*Continued from page* 59)

MELODRAMA

The Racket—A picture as is a picture about what a poor beer baron goes through in making deliveries to your back door. Tommy Meighan is still incorruptible but you can believe it in this one.—*Caddo.*

The Mysterious Lady—Greta Garbo has a new boy friend, Conrad Nagel, in this one. She does some expert safe-cracking, stealing "the papers" first for him, and then from him. All okay in the end.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Lights of New York—Just about bad enough to be good. All about New York speakeasies. Everybody speaks, but they don't say anything. However you can stop your ears and look at Helene Costello.—*Warner Bros.*

The Perfect Crime—Clive Brook is a super-Sherlock who could solve any crime. So he commits one himself just to see if he can beat the game. He can but he doesn't. And there is Irene Rich.—*F. B. O.*

COMEDY

Heart Trouble—Harry Langdon is still being good comedy in bad pictures. Of course there's a girl and a lot of misunderstanding, in fact it's just like all his other pictures all over again.—*First National.*

Excess Baggage—A laugh, a tear and a kick in the pants, all about life backstage, as it might be lived. William Haines is great as a small-time vaudevillian.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Give and Take—Lots of good clean fun from beginning to end with Jean Hersholt and George Sydney juggling a canning factory and broken English. Younger generation stuff supplied by George Lewis.—*Universal.*

WESTERN

The Fighting Redhead—Buzz Barton is a high-stepping cowboy kid who outsmarts all the wise guys in this rough riding romance of the plains.—*FBO.*

Law of the Range—Tim McCoy races, rides and defies death in forest fires, stage coach holdup and duels, as he pursues bandits and wins the girl.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Fangs of Fate—Klondike, a rising young dog star with a bright future, is the star of this one. More than earns his salary in the last reel by dashing into the courtroom with the stolen plans in the nick of time.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

Wild West Romance—Marks the appearance of the new western star, Rex Bell, who bids fair to become a popular cowboy actor. Picture about a range rider who exposes a big stage coach holdup with plenty of fast action.—*Fox.*

THEN CHOOSE AVIATION!

ARE you a red-blooded, daring he-man? Are you eager for a life of constant thrills, constant excitement and fascinating events? Do you crave adventure, popularity, admiration, and the applause of great crowds? Then why not get into the Aviation Industry—the greatest adventure since time began—the greatest thrill ever offered to man.

Think what Aviation offers you. Thrills such as you never had before! The praise and plaudits of the multitude. And a chance to get in on the ground floor where rewards will be unlimited!

Aviation is growing so swiftly that one can hardly keep track of all the astonishing new developments. Air-mail routes have just been extended to form a vast aerial network over the entire U. S. Airlines and airplane factories are springing up all over the country. Men like Henry Ford are investing millions in the future of commercial Aeronautics in America! The possibilities are so tremendous that they stagger imagination.

Everything is set for the greatest boom in history. The fortunes that came out of the automobile industry and out of motion pictures will be nothing compared to the fortunes that will come out of Aviation! There is just one thing holding it up:—lack of trained men! Even in the beginning thousands will be needed—and generously paid. The opportunities open to them cannot be over-estimated. Those who qualify quickly will find themselves on the road to undreamed of money—success — popularity — and prominence!

PICK YOUR JOB!

Flying
Airplane Instructor
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Airplane Mechanician
Airplane Inspector
Airplane Builder
Airplane Salesman
Exhibition Manager
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Easy to Get Into Aviation By This Home Study Method

Get into this thrilling profession at once while the field is new and uncrowded. Now—by a unique new plan you can quickly secure the basic training for one of these wonderful high-salaried jobs, at home, in spare time. Experts will teach you the secrets—give you all the inside facts that are essential to your success. And, the study of Aviation is almost as fascinating as the actual work itself. Every lesson is chockful of interest—and so absorbing that you actually forget you are studying. Best of all are the ultimate rewards you are fitting yourself to gain!

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Send the coupon for our new, free book, just out—*Opportunities in the Airplane Industry.* It is vitally interesting, reads like a romance and tells you things about this astonishing profession you never even dreamed of. We offer a limited number of copies FREE. Write for yours today.

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Falling Hair Dandruff Itching Scalp

are Signs of Approaching

BALDNESS

The Result of Neglect

NATURE HAS WAYS of warning us when certain parts of our body are sick or under-nourished. In the case of our hair the danger signals are itching scalp—dandruff—and falling hair. If neglected, these conditions will result in thin, lifeless hair—and eventual baldness.

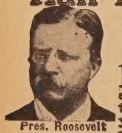
Curable *through* HOME TREATMENT

PROFESSOR MAURICE SCHOLDER, the internationally renowned specialist on ailments of hair and scalp, who has heretofore treated patients only at his Clinic, now offers a course of Home Treatment to any sufferer who is unable to come to his Clinic. Professor Scholder's Home Treatment System is based on the principle of individual analysis, diagnosis and prescription. In other words, each case is individually treated and analyzed. This diagnosis and prescription, together with his secret formulas and individual treatment, account for his uniform success in stopping loss of hair, and actually growing strong, new hair, in cases where less gifted and less experienced practitioners have failed completely.

Professor Maurice Scholder

The newspapers in this country and abroad have proclaimed Professor Scholder as the marvel of his profession. Now, in his advancing years, Professor Scholder is not content to call a halt to the accomplishments of a long and honorable career. He is retiring gradually from treating patients at his Clinic and is devoting three days a week to treating patients by his Home Treatment System. His successful cures are numbered in the thousands and among his grateful patients are men and women of highest prominence.

Send a Sample of Your Hair for Analysis FREE



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Joan Crawford clearly demonstrates in her latest picture, "Our Dancing Daughters," just how she danced her way from Broadway to stardom on the screen.

Joan's In Love

(*Continued from page* 30)

Louis B. Mayer, Harry Rapf, Irving Thalberg, the officials of the company, and to directors who didn't even know the man, and ordered them all to "Empty your pockets." This they did, because Joan asked it, and the farm was saved!

But even when the hooey of the lot springs from big heartedness it has only helped to stamp Joan. The hail-fellow business has almost ruined her career for the more serious parts. Only lately in *Dancing Daughters* and *Four Walls* has she proved she could be serious and put it over in a big dramatic way!

In the past three years she has developed a different personality and great acting ability and it won't be long before the public will forget past roles overshadowed by a type. She lives each part vividly and if the mornings work has been serious, she cannot snap out of a despondent blue for many hours.

"I want to be sad now," she often says to her friends at the studio. And the next day, she is a kid again, alternating intense moods with child's play and love.

With Joan and Douglas there is rapt adoration on both sides—just one of those surprisingly deep loves as rare in the film colony as they are anywhere else.

Contrary to popular opinion in such matters, Hollywood and the movies have lifted Joan Crawford. She is

Does a petting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel," Page 199

Are You Afraid To Love?

Has true love come into your life — or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

Life's Secrets

At last a book has been published that digs into sex matters without fear or beating around the bush. This startling 512-page book, "Safe Counsel," written by Prof. B. G. Jefferies, M. D., Ph. D., contains just the information you want. You will be amazed at its frankness. Words are not minced. "Polite" phrases are forgotten—the right word is used in the right place. "Safe Counsel" contains nine startling sections: I. The Science of Eugenics; II. Love; III. Marriage; IV. Childbirth; V. Family Life; VI. Sexual Science; VII. Diseases and Disorders; VIII. Principles of Health and Hygiene; IX. The Story of Life. Here are a few of the subjects discussed: Love, Secrets of Marriage, Anatomy of Reproductive Organs, Mistakes of Bridegroom, Advice to Newly Married, Results of Excesses, Spooning, Private Words to Maidens, Rejuvenation, The Social Evil, Sex Magnetism, Answers to Sex Questions, and scores of other intimate subjects. Nothing withheld. Frank and fearless. In all, 512 pages, 104 chapters, 121 illustrations. You owe it to yourself, to your health and happiness to read this wonderful book.

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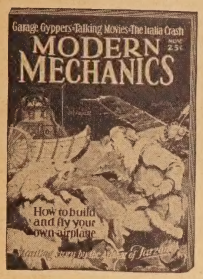

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sensibly and frankly aware that she had a simple beginning. No grandiose fibs about wealth and aristocracy for Joan. She says very little about her family except that her father was a theater owner in San Antonio, where she was born, and that because she dreamed of success, she ran away to Chicago where she was given her first work in a revue about six years ago. Her brother Robert Crawford played in pictures at the Metropolitan Studio last year but has gone east and Joan rather wistfully and sadly, says, "He doesn't write much." Joan has made her fight for success quite alone.

She has just engaged her first chauffeur and bought her first big car. She still makes many of her own gowns, sometimes during the day on the set. "A throwback," she says, "to chorus days when I had to!"

"But dresses are so easy now," says Joan. "No sleeves, and so short. A strip of lace, some crepe de chine, and some drapery and bows. I can sew one up in a day."

Prudent and economical Joan. Since she discarded the flaming red hair dyes of last year, she looks like an athletic suburban daughter of prestige, for her features are fine, her build strong and sound and her unpowdered freckles indicate her sound common sense.

The Fairbanks influence Sr. and Jr. plus Mary's hospitality has been good for her.

And now after many months of companionship, during which they intrigued Hollywood with their mysterious silence, Joan and Doug, Jr. have at last announced their engagement.

But the matter of the wedding ring, which Joan wears on her finger, remains unexplained Joan won't talk about that.

On the ring, and on an anklet which Joan wears as well, are the inscriptions, "To My Darling Wife."

In no small measure has Douglas, Jr., inspired lively Joan to more serious things. Douglas, Jr., has always had excellent tutors. He is a good student. Well read. And he brings his books to Joan.

That is the most interesting thing about Joan—that she could so raise herself in her profession as to be given such parts as a lead with Lon Chaney in *The Unknown*, with William Haines in *West Point*, the title role in *Rose Marie*, opposite Ramon Novarro in *Across to Singapore*, the lead in *Dancing Daughters* and with John Gilbert in *Four Walls* and another opposite Gilbert soon to come.

From a jolly hoyden of the eastern choruses she has also been able to raise herself to an assurance of "belonging" in a film colony that boasts its aristocrats as surely as Fifth Avenue.

It is said that Joan has broken a lot of hearts—floundered around a bit recklessly in a vast romantic sea—but now she has found herself and is a different Joan. Not only is she a superfine actress, and forging ahead in her profession, but she knows how to love and be loved—a distinctive art all its own.

Learn how to remove cold cream

as famous beauties do, in this marvelous new way

AMONG women in the professional world, a new beauty method has replaced old makeshift ways of removing cold cream. No more soiled, germ-laden "cold cream cloths." No more high laundry bills.

Now most theatrical stars use Kleenex—(delicate, snow-white tissues)—made just for the purpose of removing cream, dirt, make-up. It is amazingly absorbent. It does what towels can't do. And—once used—it is thrown away just like paper.

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Pola Negri in an emotional scene from her recent picture, "Loves of an Actress" with Nils Asther, in which she reveals the various kinds of temperament for which she is known on the studio lot.

Stars on the Rampage

(*Continued from page* 35)

and shuddered way down in the cellars.

You never could tell where Mae was going to break out next. It might be that the orchestra played the wrong tune while she emoted; it might be the lights; it might be the publicity man.

She rose to her grandest heights when she and Von Stroheim worked in *The Merry Widow*. It was over the famous Merry Widow Waltz.

Mae had been a stage dancer; and she insisted that she should make a grand entrance over a polished floor; and dance what amounted to a solo with the admiring crowd standing back and looking on.

Von insisted that ball rooms filled with people did not stop dancing to look at other people. If Mae wanted to dance, she would dance around in the crowd like everybody else. Mae majestically sent a maid for a copy of her contract and invited him to look it over; and the battle was on.

As I have written elsewhere, Mae complained that, while she got her way, Von turned his back to the camera while she danced and said in a loud stage whisper: "Somebody please tell me when the damn thing is over."

AS IN the case of De Putti, it ruined her career as a screen actress. Production has become too expensive to waste time quarreling with temperamental young ladies.

Although I think that Von Stroheim is one of the greatest of all directors, I wouldn't accuse him of calmness on the sets. The actresses are in hysterics about two-thirds of the time; and Von is screaming and throwing the megaphone around the other third.

One of the hardest men to direct is Rod La Rocque. He wants to direct the picture himself. I saw one picture in which the director, a fighting man who was a veteran of several wars, threatened to go out in front of the camera and knock his head off if he gave one more peep.

JOHN GILBERT has times when he is very temperamental and hard to handle; but these fits do not come often.

Mabel Normand used to get temperamental during the taking of her pictures in a very funny way. She seldom got ugly or bad tempered; but she was about as reliable as the March wind.

One day in the old Sennett studio, Mabel was doing a big scene when a friend came along in an automobile. He asked her to get in for a moment; the auto rolled along down the street. Mabel wasn't seen again for a week.

Mabel, however, had the warmest, most generous, unselfish heart, I have ever seen in a studio—or outside. The stories I could tell of her generosity and self-sacrifice . . .

The girls of whom you would expect the worst displays of temperament haven't any.

Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Renee Adoree are as easy to drive as a bunch of good old livery stable horses. They are patient and compliant.

I think, on the whole, there is less temperament than there used to be.

Too many actresses have been ruined. In earlier days, actresses used to feel their dignity and genius more.

I recall Doris Keene who tried to make *Romance*, the old stage play into a picture. When the director would try to tell her what to do, she would fix him with a terrible look and say: "Young man, do you know that I starred in this play for five years in London—and after that three years in New York? Kindly do not try to tell me how to act."

The result came pretty near to being the world's worst.

Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page* 38)

It seems only the other day that **Jane Winton** sailed for Europe in a blaze of farewell parties and here she is being welcomed home again. Jane invited many of her friends to meet her for luncheon at the Montmartre, after which they all adjourned to her charming home for an afternoon of bridge.

Table decorations were of blue and gold flowers while clever hand-painted place cards portrayed pretty girls in Parisian gowns carrying heavy suitcases plastered with foreign stickers. **Louise Fazenda, Peggy Hamilton, Kathlyn Williams, Billie Dove, Joy Auburn, Kathryn McGuire, Doris Arbuckle, Ona Brown, Helen Ferguson, Alma Rubens, Ann Cornwall, Sylvia Breamer** and **Priscilla Dean** all helped to make the occasion a memorable one.

Jane insisted that the title of her party was "Back Home and Broke."

Just as **Miss Winton** returns, **Dolores Del Rio** prepares to leave for foreign shores. One of the most elaborate affairs of the season was given at Miss Del Rio's Mexican home in the Outpost Estates. The warm weather permitted the use of her patio where Goofy and Bozo, her two tame bears, made merry with the guests.

More than a hundred friends drifted in during the evening to wish the beautiful Mexican *bon voyage,* There was a flutter when **Leatrice Joy** appeared with **Tom Mix** whose wife is "off again, on again" with the divorce question in Paris at the moment. **Leatrice** told us that her small daughter had fallen head over heels in love with the western star and demanded that he stay with her while Leatrice went to the party.

Another stir occurred at the arrival of the lovely blonde **Agnes Ayres** with **Ralph Forbes.** This had barely died down when **Molly O'Day** came in with **Carl Laemmle, Jr.** Alas, it seems that the pretty romance between young **Laemmle** and **Alice Day** has definitely waned!

Among the many farewell parties for **Miss Del Rio** was a shower at the Hotel Roosevelt sponsored by **Billie Dove, Peggy Hamilton, Loris Fox, Molly O'Day, Claire Windsor, Rita Carewe, Doris Arbuckle, Leatrice Joy, Ann Alvarado, Ona Brown** and **Mrs. Gunther Lessing.**

Mary Pickford slipped in toward the end of the afternoon. "This is only the second shower I have ever attended," she confessed. "The one for **Marion Davies** was my initial effort." Mary's gift was a soft leather-bound travel diary.

"I am so excite'!" cried Dolores as the girls crowded around to help open the fascinating packages. Evening cape of black and silver designed and presented by **Peggy Hamilton,** Hungarian doll from **Mrs. Victor Varconi,** perfumes galore, traveling accessories, dainty lingerie and books . . . .

Feminine Hygiene is Now Convenient Anywhere

THE modern American woman is envied by the women of all other countries in the world today because of her independence. She knows how to take care of herself. And she has learned that the secret of a woman's charm depends upon personal hygiene.

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Heretofore feminine hygiene has been maintained at great discomfort. Seldom convenient, under some conditions it was impossible.

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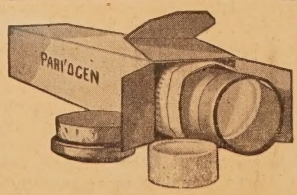

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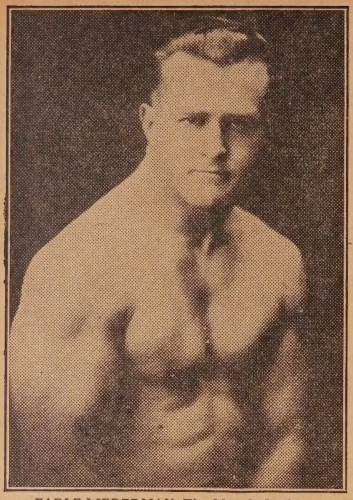

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The Man I Pity Most

POOR OLD JONES. No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—FAILURE. He just lived on. A poor worn out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands and thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon STRENGTH—upon live, red-blooded, he-man muscle.

Everything you do depends upon strength. No matter what your occupation, you need the health, vitality and clear thinking only big, strong virile muscles can give you. When you are ill the strength in those big muscles pulls you through. At the office, in the farm fields, or on the tennis courts, you'll find your success generally depends upon your muscular development.

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But I'm not through with you. I want ninety days in all to do the job right, and then all I ask is that you stand in front of your mirror and look yourself over.

What a marvelous change! Those great squared shoulders! That pair of huge, lithe arms! Those firm, shapely legs! Yes, sir. They are yours, and they are there to stay. You'll be just as fit inside as you are out, too, because I work on your heart, your liver—all of your inner organs, strengthening and exercising them. Yes indeed, life can give you a greater thrill than you ever dreamed. But, remember, the only sure road to health, strength and happiness **always demands action.**

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Celebrating his eleventh birthday, **Phillipe De Lacy** entertained eleven of his young friends at a theatre party for *Windowpanes,* in which play Phillipe is appearing. A real birthday feast was enjoyed between acts. The eleven fortunate youngsters were **Junior Coghlan, Mickey Bennett, Monty O'Grady, Maurice Murphy, Mickey McBan, Buck Black, Leon Ramon, Edwin Mills, Dick Winslow, Austin Jewel** and **Stanley Haggart.**

Little **Loris Niblo,** eight-year-old daughter of the **Fred Niblos,** also had a birthday this month. Her mother and daddy arranged a delightful party in her honor. Motion pictures were made of the small guests while later in the afternoon they all adjourned to the Niblo projection room for the showing of juvenile comedies.

Young Hollywood was well represented by **Gloria Swanson, Ruth Nagel, Leatrice Joy, Betty Holt, Nancy Hope Wilson, Dorothy Leonard, Madeline Hart, Tim Holt, Sidney Franklin, Joseph Franklin, Tony Wilson, Judith** and **Peter Niblo.**

Included among the guests were **Vilma Banky, Mae Busch, Kathlyn Williams, Marceline** and **Alice Day, Sally O'Neil, Constance Talmadge, Lina Basquette, Dorothy Dwan** and **Ruth Clifford.**

The Montmartre Girls' Club meets once a month for luncheon at this popular cafe. At the latest gathering, **Dorothy Dwan** was the subject of congratulation because of her debut on the stage with the Duffy Players.

A pleasant afternoon at the home of **Miss Edith Ryan** was spent by a small group of writers augmented by the presence of the **George Fawcetts,** their charming daughter, **Margaret** (whose play will soon be produced by the Pasadena Community Players), **Louise Fazenda, Robert N. Lee** with his pretty mother, the **Rob Wagners** and **Walter Lang.**

Miss Fazenda had brought a surprise for her hostess in the shape of delicious spice cakes made by her own fair hands.

Jack Dempsey Comes Back

(*Continued from page* 73)

Seeing Celebrities

TOMMY MEIGHAN standing in the doorway of the Lambs' Club and telling how he made a hole in one . . . Betty Compton, a reason why men pay $5.50 per orchestra seat at musical shows, hurrying to a performance of *Hold Everything,* . . . Marguerite Clayton, who used to be leading lady for stars wearing Western derbies, eulogizing American Hotels in contrast to European hostelries . . . Natacha Rambova entering her studio on West 55th Street, where she is designing gowns to fit your personality. Once she was known as Rudolph Valentino's wife . . . Jane Jennings, who has screen mothered plenty of fillum youth, chatting with Secretary of Labor Davis . . . Riza Royce, formerly of Broadway but more recently of Hollywood, landing from a liner, happy to be back. Not so long ago, her mail was addressed to Mrs. Josef von Sternberg, but not now . . . Marilyn Miller entering the Ziegfeld offices on Forty-Second Street. She's not going to be Mrs. Ben Lyon, positively . . . George Walsh and P. A. Powers, the liberal gentleman who produced Eric von Stroheim's *The Wedding March,* coming out of Mae West's show emporium. Pat's hobby at present is talkies . . . Fanchon Royer, the reformed Hollywood publicist who turned producer with *Life's Like That,* displaying a pair of sparkling eyes during luncheon at the Algonquin.

"COMING to Hollywood," says **Ben Hecht,** "is like coming to Santa Claus town. There is nothing like it in any book ever written. Here you see where the funny toys and the sad toys for the grown-ups of the nation are manufactured." For everyone that succeeds a thousand fail. And those that succeed aren't happy. What a life!

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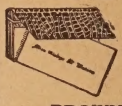

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John Barrymore's musical voice promises to make him even a greater drawing card, now that talking pictures are coming into vogue.

That Shy Lover John Barrymore

(*Continued from page* 41)

sense of humor but she has an amazing audience sense, playing on an audience as she would on a piano. She has, too, a remarkable power of holding an audience with nothing more, seemingly than a glance of her eye. I don't know how she does it, and I doubt whether she herself is quite sure. But I've seen her get merely the corner of her eye on a man starting to leave his seat 'way up in the balcony and bring him back to it before he could realize what had happened to him. You *have* to be pretty good to do that.

"The only trouble Ethel ever had on the stage was with me," he recalled. "You know, Ethel put me on the stage, but she had a hard job keeping me there. I wanted to be a newspaper man, and I must say the people on the newspaper for which I was supposed to be working were very philanthropic, for they kept me for a year before they fired me. I was waiting around for another job when my sister said, 'You can't live on nothing.' 'Why not,' I asked, 'with all the saloons serving free lunches?' But in spite of this sound judgment, Ethel took me in hand, determined to make an actor of me. I was nearly the death of her in *Sunday* when we went on the road during the second year of this play. I played—that is, I was supposed to be playing—a fine, upstanding young miner who shot an Englishman for getting fresh with Sunday. And then when people rushed in to inquire, 'How come?' or words to that effect, all I had to say was, 'He had to die.' But the way I said it always got a laugh. This was very dismaying, for when one is standing over a per-

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fectly fresh corpse and explaining the sudden tragedy one is not supposed to be funny. Ethel used to sit up nights with me and struggle with my jolly reading of that sinister line, but those were wasted hours. When we reached Denver, however, we thought we had hit upon a plan that would work. Ethel was a friend of Otto Floto, the circus man, and she got him to introduce me to Chief of Police Delaney, who gave me a big gun. That gun had a good deal of local standing because of the fact that a prominent colored gentleman had murdered his wife with it. Ethel thought, and I thought so, too, that what I needed to make "he had to die" sound serious, was a bigger gun. So that night I played the old scene with a new gun. It was a great success except for the mere detail that when I pulled the trigger the gun didn't go off. That poor Englishman staggered around as though he were slowly dying of kidney trouble until a merciful "prop man" shot him from the other side of the stage."

The noiseless arrival at this trying moment of Mr. Barrymore's oriental butler helped to revive us, and in due time the discussion of actresses was resumed.

"American actresses," Mr. Barrymore pointed out, "are essentially direct, dramatic, human. The English always know what they are doing. They have the technic of arousing emotion without necessarily having the emotional brain. The French have extraordinary vitality and a remarkable sense of the theatre. The Italians are tremendously histrionic. And Dusé was, of course, the greatest actress of our time. One night in Venice, after dining—and dining very well—at a hotel with a most stupid collection of counts and whatnots, I walked out into the lobby and saw sitting there, as though waiting for someone, a rather old, rather shabby, but supremely distinguished looking woman. It was Eleonora Dusé. I had never met her, but I went up to her and asked, 'Madame Dusé, will you let a humble stranger say to you that you are the most wonderful and the most beautiful woman in all the world?' 'Ah, my dear friend,' she replied, looking up with an amused yet glorious smile, 'you are not still at dinner!' To be so gracious and to smile, the great Dusé must have had a sense of humor."

For a moment both of us were silent. Then Barrymore roused himself from that memory and went on:

"Irish actresses are, like the Russian, highly emotional. But the Russians are potentially the greatest actors in the world. With them it is not like acting, but being. I realized this while playing with Russians in *Redemption*. They are realistic to a degree that is actually uncanny. I'd be willing to carry on a tray in a Russian company."

The oriental butler having now carried out a tray, Mr. Barrymore found his way back to picture actresses.

"Dolores Costello," he assured me, "was the best thing in *The Sea Beast*, and she is the best leading woman I've

had by far. She is intensely practical—and kids the life out of herself—rare qualities that would make her great in any country. She looks as Ellen Terry looked in her young days, like that picture of Miss Terry that Watts painted. And she has just the same quality. Her sister, Helene, too, has a brilliant sense of comedy and will make a great name for herself if given the opportunity."

In my guileless way, I asked whether an actor played love scenes with beauteous leading women feeling anything like personal interest or whether he played them quite impersonally.

"Impersonally, of course," explained Mr. Barrymore, his darting glance plainly showing he was now fully convinced I wasn't quite bright. "Lovemaking is done with only half the brain on the stage and the other half out there in the audience noting the effect. This is true of all the love scenes ever played. If they were played in any other way they would be dull and uninteresting—just as real lovers are dull and uninteresting to everyone but themselves. Here again it is necessary to have a sense of humor.

"Without such a sense," he asserted, "I believe it is impossible to attain any eminence. People who have humor think straight. If you don't believe me, ask George Meredith. Of course, by bringing Meredith into a movie discussion we run the danger of having him confused with the third baseman of the Detroits or the radio announcer on the nine o'clock shift."

"What would you say," I ventured, "as to men having a sense of humor about women?"

"I would say," gravely answered Mr. Barrymore, "we never should allow ourselves to forget that first and great law—the law of self-preservation."

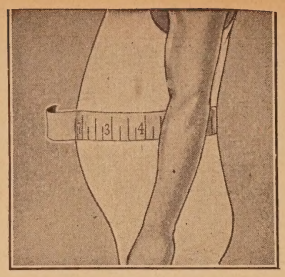
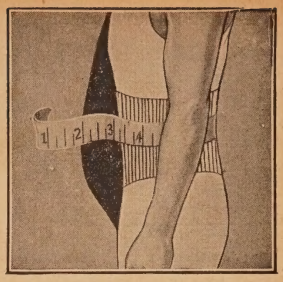
—o—

Not Regular

SALT LAKE CITY youths are doing their best to entertain Marie Prevost much to her annoyance. One evening a couple of these well-meaning well-inebriated young men called her apartment to invite her on a party and when she declined the invitation they were surprised into saying, "Gee, we thought you was a regular fellow." Miss Prevost had to call the manager to prove to them that she was not exactly that type of a regular fellow.

Face His Fortune

FANS get to thinking of pulchritude as the test of success on the screen, with men as well as women. But this isn't always true. Louis Wolheim recently complained because in one scene shot with a soft focus camera, he looked too handsome. His picturesque pan has been his fortune ever since fate dealt him a broken nose in a football game.

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Imagine My Embarrassment

(Continued from page 43)

the present sensation of Hollywood, went back to her old home in Chicago, some months ago, and in the Drake Hotel, Sue was singled out and introduced as "Chicago's Own."

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"I think every eye in the place was turned upon me," says Sue, "as we stepped forward. Just one turn—one little old measly turn when my feet slipped and both of us hit the floor. 'Chicago's Own' was down—and out, so far as I was concerned. Oh, if someone had only whisked me out to Lincoln Park and carefully, adroitly, systematically dropped me into the lake!"

Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's red-haired meteorette, was a dancer in the Winter Garden in New York just before she crashed into the "movies" in Hollywood. When she arrived to play a role in *Sally, Irene and Mary* and it became noised about the lot that the new Winter Garden girl would dance that afternoon, everyone wanted to see her. The wings and corners about the set were crowded with studio employes, actors and actresses when the time came.

"I wanted to make a good impression," says Joan. "I knew the studio officials would be out to watch me. I was determined to make them believe here was one Winter Garden dancer who could dance and I decided to give them a good show.

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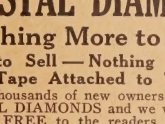

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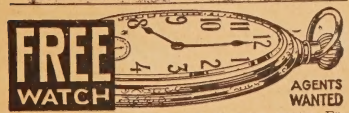

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"The music started. I glided out onto the set. I bowed and smiled, then whirled into action. The floor was slick. Suddenly—

"But, oh, why bring it up? It isn't true that they had to put in new boards where I struck. And it isn't true that 'That girl from the Winter Garden' shook Culver City with her elfin figure. Culver City is too big. I did the dance —next day, a little bit sadder and wiser."

No one misses embarrassing moments. They seem to hunt out the motion picture actresses relentlessly and insert their sting. Take the case of Gwen Lee. The first time she worked before a camera she tried to make out that she was an old hand at make-up. She watched the other girls from the corners of her eyes but they worked so rapidly she got little help.

"I had bought about everything there is," says Gwen. "I put on about three different colors of grease paint a quarter of an inch thick. I beaded my lashes until you scarcely could tell I had any eyes and I applied a bit of green and some blue on the lids. I was just a bit proud of my achievement when I appeared on the set. That is, I was proud until the director said:

"'Tell that girl with the plaid face to put on a make-up which doesn't make her look like she's doubling for the American flag.'"

RENEE ADOREE harked back to her circus days in France to find her most dismal moment. She was billed as "The Mysterious Madame X, The Masked Wonder Who Puts Her Head into a Lion's Mouth at Each and Every Performance." Flaming posters showed her dramatically engaging a ferocious man-eater, king of the jungle beasts.

"When I floated in wearing the black mask," says Renee, "the lion, (a decrepit old bird almost blind with age and toothless) would open its mouth and snarl but he wouldn't have harmed a fly. One night, I made my entry into the cage as usual, bowed, smiled and advanced upon old Leo. He was sound asleep. I kicked him gently but nothing happened. I kicked again. It took six men to awaken that old bum and make him get up and get out. 'Madame X' retired amid howls from the audience."

One day last January, Evelyn Brent was making her way carefully across the muddy Paramount lot to the set of *The Showdown.* Fumbling in her purse for her handkerchief, a $10 gold piece dropped into a puddle where the ooze was a half-foot deep.

"Oh, my gold coin!" wailed Evelyn just as Clive Brook, perfectly attired in cutaway, high hat, chamois gloves, etc., came along.

"I'll get it," Mr. Brook gallantly volunteered.

Into the mud he dug and presently arose triumphantly, wiping the mud-smeared coin with his linen handkerchief. And then, to Evelyn's dismay, a penny gleamed against the cloth.

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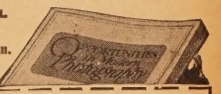

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By
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"Your $10 gold-piece, Miss Brent," said Mr. Brook.

Investigation revealed the "lost" coin safe in the depths of the purse. Another one of "those things."

While on location recently making *The Sunset Legion,* starring Fred Thomson, Mack Stengler, chief cameraman, took a short cut through some underbrush instead of following a path with other members of the company. He stepped on some loose stones. He stopped thirty feet below. Certain parts of his clothing hung in shreds along the route of descent.

"Come on!" Thompson called.

"Huh-uh!"

"Come ahead! Let's get to work."

"Huh-uh!"

"What's the matter with you? Come on back."

"Huh-uh! Not till you throw me a blanket or a barrel, or somethin'. Too much of my pants is scattered along yon bank. Here I stay till help arrives."

He was loaned an overcoat.

When Buster Keaton was about six years old and traveling with his parents in a specialty act, the Keatons happened to be on a bill one night with *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Buster was accustomed to make up as a small replica of his father—red whiskers, huge feet, Irish hat and so on. In the "Tom" show, Little Eva became ill and the management grabbed Buster to play the part. They slapped on some make-up, put him into bed, placed a blonde wig on him and rang up the curtain. Because he had to double for his dad during intermission, they left the big, flapping shoes on. The mother of "Little Eva" flung herself rather violently across the small form in the bed and reflex action did the rest.

"To the amazement of the small-town audience," said Buster, in recounting the experience, "the fairy child dying before their eyes suddenly lifted tremendous shoes to view—and if the audience cried over Little Eva's death, they must have been tears of mirth."

Of course, Buster, even though a kid, was nonplussed. Which word brings recollections of the experience of Nick Stuart undergone during the filming of *The News Parade* a few months ago. The script called for Nick to fight Duke Green, a lithe, beautifully-muscled athlete and the afternoon the scene was "shot," Nick's best girl came on the set to watch the mill.

"I tell you what you do," Nick said to Duke, "you hand me a pretty stiff wallop and we'll make Sue think I'm knocked out. Just want to see what she thinks of 'movie' fights."

Did Duke hand him a pretty stiff wallop? Well, rather! Nick sagged to his knees and his lights went out. The birdies sang momentarily in his ears and when he came to, they were throwing water in his face. And the girl? She was ready to murder a lad named Green.

These moments of annoyance come to all. In the persons of the "movie" folk, they find enticing targets.

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Harry Carr Says:

(*Continued from page* 51)

Lupe has more pep and more vitality than Dolores Del Rio; and I think more originality; but what she lacks that Dolores has—is that sense of smoldering danger. You always feel that just underneath that soft satin skin is a wild tiger.

Rough Stuff

IF YOU could only bring about combinations of directors, the result would be some wonderful pictures.

If you could have Raoul Walsh put on the heavy drama; and Frank Borzage do the tender and romantic love scenes! I was thinking of this when I saw *The Red Dancer.*

Give Walsh something rough and virile—something of the quality of *Rain*—and he simply stands alone. But his romantic love scenes suggest a country boy calling on the school teacher and not knowing how to leave after he hears Pa kicking things up stairs and loudly wondering if the young man is going to rent a room and live there.

Rex Ingram

ON THE other hand, Borzage is just not there on wild thrills. He is like Rex Ingram. Rex is one of the greatest directors who ever lived—until he tries to stage a run-to-the-rescue. Then he becomes hilarious instead of thrilling. Neither Rex nor Borzage have an instinct for mass effects. Their stuff is delicate, insinuating, whimsical and tender. Borzage more tender than Rex; but not perhaps having the brilliant—poignant—the beauty that actually hurts it is so beautiful.

Pooh For The Boss!

THE future of Rex in the movies, seems problematic.

He is a strange character. Of the aristocratic Irish, I forget his name; but it isn't anything like "Rex Ingram." He has grown rich in the movies and is somewhat more independent than the traditional hog on ice.

I recall one blistering incident when M-G-M cabled him sternly that one of his pictures was in danger of ruining their entire foreign market. According to gossip, Rex cabled back (at their expense) "Good; glad to hear it."

Desk Telephone Drama

REX has one peculiarity—in addition to a lot of other peculiarities.

He absolutely refuses to make a modern American picture. He says that modern life is neither picturesque nor romantic. As he expresses it: "I can't make pictures out of desk telephones."

Freaks

I DON'T imagine that he will make any more pictures. He has a lot of money; likes to live in Europe. He has a house on the north coast of Africa

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Despondent sufferers from asthma or bronchial troubles will be glad to read how health was quickly restored to Mr. Clayborne Bolar, 2603 Elliott Ave., St. Louis, Mo. He writes:

"I had asthma so bad and had lost sleep, choked and coughed so hard that I felt I couldn't last much longer. After two doses of Nacor, I had a change for the better, and by the time I had taken one bottle, my asthma was entirely gone. That was four months ago. I'm still free from asthma, and feel perfectly well again."

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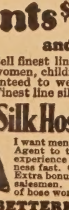

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Starting with the letter "C"

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above. See if you can find 5 that start with the letter "C." When you do this, write them on a piece of paper together with your name and address and send it to me right away.

$550.00 for Promptness

I am also giving away a Chevrolet Sedan; Victrola; Shetland Pony; Seven Tube Radio; Gold Watches and many other valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, including $550.00 for promptness. First prize winner will receive the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 cash, or $2,800.00 cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Find 5 objects in the picture above starting with the letter "C" and send them to me right away with your name and address plainly written. $5,000.00 worth of prizes. Everybody rewarded.

to which he is always threatening to retire.

North Africa would just be freakish enough to please him. I have never seen one of his pictures in which there was not a dwarf with a face like an early spring thaw—or some other queer thing.

And for all of that, Rex is one of the most charming and lovable companions I have ever known. He is an artist and a sculptor; and whenever you go to dinner with him, he sits during the whole meal drawing sketches of people in the dining room—usually drawing on the napkins or table cloth. There are some stray napkins scattered around that ought to be worth a good deal of money.

How I Broke Into the Movies

(*Continued from page* 31)

incoherent and stared. All of the fine stories I had made up went out of my mind in a flash.

He asked me to stand in one corner of the room and then to walk to and fro across the floor which I did.

With a puzzled look he said:

"H'm, I thought you were much younger, Miss Daniels."

All of my hopes went out of the window. Here I had tried to look older and that was the very thing he didn't want.

I could say nothing for a moment but realizing that something must be done I started to take down my hair and dress it as I had been in the habit of doing. I can see the expression on that man's face even to this day. He was absolutely dumfounded.

When I had finished and given him an opportunity of seeing how I looked he smiled.

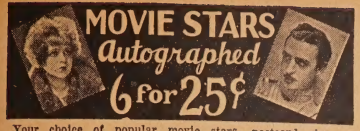
After a bit of questioning he appeared satisfied and offered me a contract as leading lady to Harold Lloyd.

The dress and the slippers helped out, I think, although I had to do some quick thinking in a pinch.

That is how I broke into the movies. Yes, mother and my aunt forgave me.

HOLLYWOOD film stars have gone in for some very nutty looking furniture of late—tables so low that they are almost on a level with the floor, tiny "cocktail" chairs with sawed-off legs—divans so deep and low that the guest reclines rather than sits in them.

One movie star ordered a regal bed from a furniture factory the other day along the lines of the new mode. It was to be only four inches from the ground, eight feet long and six feet wide. The dealer who took the order asked curiously if the bed was for "Tony" or for "Silver King."



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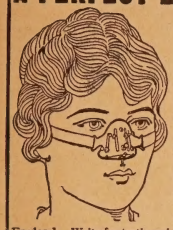

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Colleen Moore Becomes A Star

(*Continued from page* 55)

At last we returned again to Hollywood, and as usual I was glad to get back to my home and to my work which I entered with renewed enthusiasm, after my prolonged rest.

The first picture I made was *Her Wild Oat* in which I played the part of a girl who ran an all-night lunch wagon near Times Square. Larry Kent, the medical student who became an actor, played the lead.

The most beautiful love story I have ever read or seen played on the stage is *Lilac Time*. This was the first stage romance of the World War played in America. Jane Cowl starred in the stage production which was written by herself and Jane Murfin. Ever since I had seen the play, I had hoped to secure the rights for pictures, so finally this was made possible, and I played the role originated by Miss Cowl.

A SURPRISE occurred during the making of *Lilac Time*. When I had played in *Little Orphan Annie* at the beginning of my screen career, that charming character actress, Eugenie Besserer had played one of the parts. At that time, I had only reached to her shoulder. But when we stood together on a set in *Lilac Time*, she only reached to *my* shoulder!

With just one day's rest I started *Happiness Ahead*, a tale of domestic life with a fascinating plot. Edmund Lowe played opposite me and William Seiter, the husband of Laura La Plante, directed the picture.

Then off to Honolulu for a vacation with mother and father. What an ideal rest I had! I am just plotting and planning to snatch a few weeks whenever possible between pictures to go back again to that heavenly spot.

We visited Hilo and the volcano Kilaueau and one of the Kanakas taught me to ride a surf board standing up. When I came back to Southern California carrying a new uklele and flower leis, I bragged about my ability with the surf board. My husband challenged me to prove it to him, so we went down to Balboa Beach one day. And I couldn't handle a surf board at all! I had not forgotten the lessons the Kanaka taught me, and could not figure it out. One of my friends told me our surf here at home just isn't the right kind for surf board riding. Anyhow, that's my excuse, and I still insist I can ride a surf board!

Upon my return from Honolulu we began *Oh Kay*, my most recent picture. During the making of this film, *Lilac Time* had its premiere at the beautiful Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles, and John told me I was to make a little speech to the first night visitors.

I was scared to death. There were thousands of people outside the theater the night of the opening, to say nothing

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of a house full of famous stars and directors inside. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks came, Gloria Swanson and the Marquis de la Falaise, Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin and dozens of other famous folk. Many of my friends among the stars sent me beautiful baskets of flowers and among these was a gorgeous piece from John which was a solid bank of red rose buds five feet high bearing a white ribbon diagonally across its face which read "Jamais Amour ne Meurt"—"Love Never Dies."

We were fortunate to have Mayor "Jimmy" Walker of New York City present for the opening of *Lilac Time* and he gave a clever speech. Gary Cooper, my leading man, was introduced to the audience and also my director, George Fitzmaurice. I made a little short speech, a very trembly speech, I am afraid, but my friends gave me an enthusiastic response, and it was a very glorious occasion indeed.

As I finish my story, I have completed *Oh Kay* and just returned from a two months vacation on our yacht, the *Aimee*. My husband John, my brother Cleve, my cousin Jack Stone and a few others went along and we sailed south down the coast of Mexico, and visited all the interesting ports.

I still believe in a world of beautiful surprises and am enthusiastic and happy in my work. I hope I am really giving something to the millions who see my pictures. For, in this work, one does give a great deal. I always try to live the characters I portray, to absorb their qualities, to experience their joys and sorrows, as if they were really mine. And this is an exacting task.

I have much to be grateful for, for I have found my life work and am happy in it. I believe I will continue in this busy picture-making world for just a few years more. Then John and I will travel some, and I want to write, for I believe that the interesting life I have lived will afford me a great deal of story material.

And then there's my home and my family, my friends and John. My career has been wonderful, but, after all, my happiness lies in my home and my husband.

The fairyland life at the studios will always flicker across the silver sheet of my memory, when I can look back upon it all as a most fascinating experience.

THE END

—o—

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WHO would suspect big, lumbering Karl Dane of being cagey? But Karl put over a fast one on Hollywood. Just when they had him pegged for one of the screen's most steadfast bachelors, Karl informs the world that he has been married, lo, these four months to Thais Valdemar. Russian screen actress.

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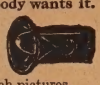

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Write for full information, testimonials, etc., without any obligation on your part.

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Why Not Get Married?

(*Continued from page 69*)

possibly doesn't know about. "No bachelor," he explains, "can appreciate the real pleasure of being important—which goes with being the head of a house. At home, at least, the husband is or should be a person of some consequence. His ideas and wishes must receive serious consideration. Oftentimes, even though a man's secret estimation of his own ability is far below the opinion held by his wife, he dares not let her know it. To keep her from finding out he sometimes goes forth and actually achieves successes just to keep up the bluff."

But of all the tributes paid to wives by married men of the screen, the most beautiful comes from Lon Chaney. He who has avoided publicity, who has endeavored to maintain his station in pictures as the most mysterious of all players, speaks up openly and proudly:

"When I look at what Fate has given me," said Lon," "I realize more and more what I owe to Mrs. Chaney. She was my companion in the early struggling days with pictures, when her steadfast faith kept me many times from abandoning the screen in discouragement. It was she who saw ahead, what the future might hold for me. It was her inspiration and her guiding hand that did more, I honestly believe, to mould my destiny than any one thing in my life. It is something almost too big to describe and I cannot, save to say that Mrs. Chaney has been more to me than anything else. She is at least one who understands me.

"We have had some hard times together—but then we have had some awfully good times, too. I guess Hollywood sometimes says I must be aloof or lonely. However, that doesn't follow, for a man with a family and friends is far from being lonely.

"I guess I'm talking more like an enthusiastic schoolboy than a grown man, but when I think of what a pal she has been to me I can't help it.

"When I want to go fishing in the mountains, it's all right with her. We pack the camping outfit into the car and get into the woods—to a place I know, where no one else goes and where the fishing is great. She is just the kind that makes going anywhere worth while."

And that's the way the married men enthuse. They're sorry for the bachelors, the "drifters," and they don't envy one little bit the existence they live.

—o—

IF YOU want to get Joan Crawford started on a conversational marathon, just ask her what she thinks of Isadora Duncan, the famous dancer. Joan, who is also a famous dancer, is a great admirer of Isadora's. She says that Isadora's autobiography is the only real story ever written by a woman about her own life. The story of Isadora Duncan's amazing career is now running in *True Confessions* Magazine.

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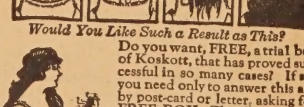

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A Little Girl To Be Cared For

(*Continued from page 62*)

Mary would like to be married in Newport where her grandmother used to live. She has certain sentimental childhood memories concerning an old church in Newport.

Paul also has had his sentimental notions about where he and Mary were to be married. He had a quaint little church in Teplitz, Czecho-Slovakia, where he wanted to get married. He loved to go there as a boy and watch other weddings.

Then Paul's father and mother are there, his father running a motion picture theater in Teplitz. There are also two brothers of Paul's there.

When picture upheavals in pictures had placed him in Europe, he and Mary at first decided to get married there this January. Mary will still go to Europe with her parents at the scheduled time, but she and Paul will not get married till next June and then the wedding will take place in Hollywood.

In Hollywood, the friends of Mary and Paul are almost wholly confined to the Europeans who are playing in or directing pictures. On Sundays, they go to the Ernst Lubitsch home in Beverly to swim in the pool or have tea in their beautiful gardens. And there they meet Emil Jannings and his wife, the Victor Varconis, Sven Gade, Albert Conti, Paul Leni, the Veidts and others of the foreign colony in Hollywood.

Mary Philbin has always lived at home with her parents and been most carefully guarded. Her mother for years has driven to the studio with her every morning and stayed on the sets with her all day. Now she still goes as far as the gates, and sends a home-cooked lunch to Mary at noon. An elderly lady, both companion and maid, now spends the days with Mary while she is at work on studio sets.

Just as good-natured and sweet as she is in pictures, Mary Philbin can never be accused of having temper or temperament like so many of the other stars of cinemaland have.

"Or brains," Mary adds. "I haven't any unusual ones, so people don't expect me to exhibit any. If you claim brains, you see, others make you prove it and that's hard!" And she laughs merrily.

"Brains in a girl are not important to me," philosophizes Paul, "The soul and the heart are the important things. So many times people who are clever try to get ahead by cunning. I like people better who have heart—like my Mary—who are imbued with a spirit of usefulness and enthusiasm. If their actions spring from the heart instead of the head, they will, intuitively, do the right thing!"

A CAREER after marriage?

Mary's contract with Universal has two years to run. "I will probably

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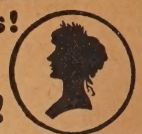

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1968 Broadway New York City

do some pictures abroad with Paul, then come back to Hollywood for more. But after my contract runs out, I will do one or two pictures a year, if we can find unusual stories we like."

"But I am old fashioned," confides Paul, a bit pensive over the possibility of a continuation of this career business. "I want her to stay at home, especially if there are children." Tiny chirps of amusement from Mary, but no argument! She is fascinatingly evasive about discussions.

"Even if she is a great star, after all, she is just a little girl to be cared for and have things done for," speaks Paul, the romanticist. "My protective instinct has been touched ever since I first saw Mary on the screen."

Still, there is all the evidence to prove that this couple might be another of those rarely successful manager-actress teams.

Even now, Paul has very positive ideas about things relating to Mary's career. She has created enthusiastic comment over her appearance in blonde wigs. She wore one first in *Stella Maris* then in *The Man Who Laughs* and next in the Griffith picture, *Drums of Love.* Now she is wearing a short blonde bob in *Erik the Great.* And many of those on the set at the studio want her to have her own long, dark, wavy hair cut off in a bob and bleached! Paul forbids shears or peroxide!

"I'm very quiet, you see," digresses Mary, even if she does giggle with happiness and amusement over the serious philosophies of her Paul. "He does most of the talking, so we get along beautifully."

This handsome youth of alert mind and lovable heart was puzzled for the first time during our chat.

"Why is it," he asked me confidentially, "that women store up memories? That is the only thing that makes me angry. For Mary to say, months afterwards, 'Why did you do *that* that day or say this?' How do I know? I've forgotten all about it! That's one thing I can't understand about women—the way they bring up bygones."

So Paul has acquired just one marital worry in advance. Those human things will get in Cupid's path! But, like other men, how can he hope to understand a wife or just why he loves her so much anyhow?

———o———

JACK McDERMOTT, scenario writer, is always doing something different. So he had a bridge party recently and gave live stock for prizes. Bebe Daniels drew a pig, and while the other stars could carry chickens and rabbits home under their arms, Bebe couldn't ever lift her pig. So it was crated and sent to her dressing room at the studio. On a mad rampage after its long automobile ride, the pig tore loose from its pen and if not for Fred Thomson's trusty lasso, might have broken up a few sets.

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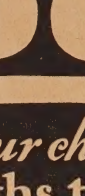

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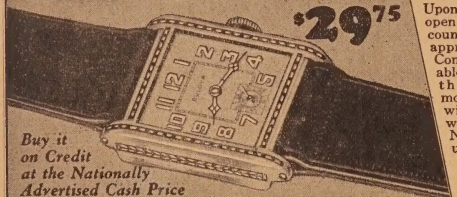

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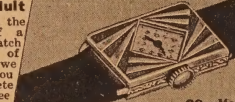

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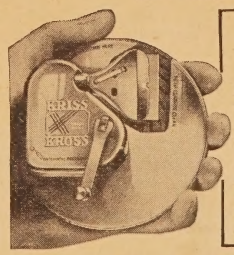

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SCREEN SECRETS

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Why does Greta Garbo live her life alone?

The Most Mysterious Woman in Hollywood

She is rarely seen at parties,—she avoids crowds, she walks alone at midnight—why?

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SCREEN SECRETS
on Sale December 15

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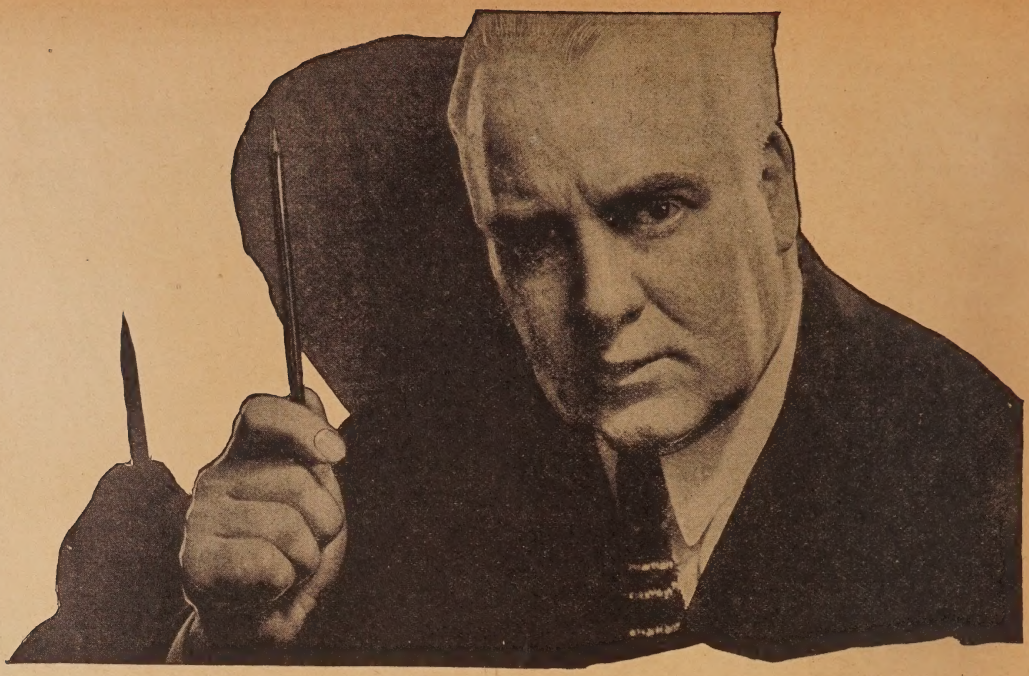

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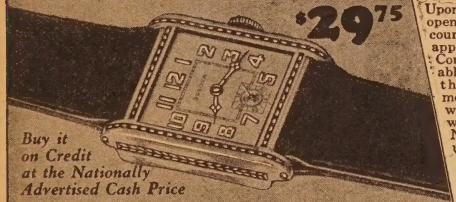

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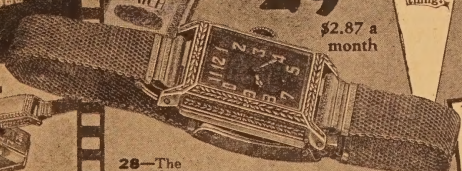

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L.W. SWEET INCORPORATED

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Last Minute News of Film Affairs from All Corners of the Globe as We Go to Press

Marion Davies overlooking London on her recent trip to Europe, although London didn't overlook Marion. In the distance is the House of Parliament which Marion says is the greatest "talkie" factory in the world.

HOLLYWOOD—C. B. De Mille is about to start his first picture under his new contract with Metro - Goldwyn-Mayer, to be known as *Dynamite.* Orville Waldbridge recently discovered by De Mille working in a filling station, will play the lead.

CLEVELAND—Two enterprising young men who promised film-struck folk a part in a picture which they were about to produce and a block of stock in return for cash considerations have been sentenced to 60 days in the workhouse here.

LOS ANGELES—Extras who depend on the movies for their meal ticket have suffered severe competition at the hands of visiting extras who try to get jobs in pictures just for the lark. Steps have been taken to keep the amateurs out.

BERLIN—Plans are being completed for Mary Philbin's first starring picture to be made in Europe. It is to be taken from one of Ouida's novels. Mary will arrive here shortly after the first of the year.

NEW YORK—John Gilbert arrived here quietly for a short visit recently. He is said to be negotiating for a new contract with another organization.

PARIS—Al Jolson, who arrived here recently on his third honeymoon with his bride, Ruby Keeler, is urging the French to make their own dialogue films because he does not believe that as yet American talking pictures will be a success in foreign tongues.

ROME—Louise Dresser, who has played character roles in American pictures for many years will make a picture in Italy for Fox very soon under the direction of John Blystone.

LOS ANGELES—Robert Benchley, well known columnist and humorist, recently arrived on the coast to make short subjects for the Fox Studios.

AMSTERDAM—Dolores Del Rio was so impressed by the picturesqueness of the quaint country and people here that she has announced that her next characterization will be that of a Dutch girl. Perhaps she will have to reverse the usual diet procedure to prepare for the part.

MADRID—Following the successful appearance of the King of Spain in a Fox Movietone Newsreel, many members of the European nobility have come forward with a request for a tryout for the newsreels. The Prince of Wales has already appeared in the picture news and the Queen of Rumania is to be seen shortly.

MOSCOW—A new film to be made here shortly reflects the cheery disposition of the Russian people. It is to be called, *The Living Corpse.* Film production in Russia is moving forward at a rapid pace.

NEW YORK—Mae Murray is being sued by Mme. Frances, local modiste, for the sum of $1,065 which she claims the bizarre Mae forgot to pay for gowns purchased more than a year ago.

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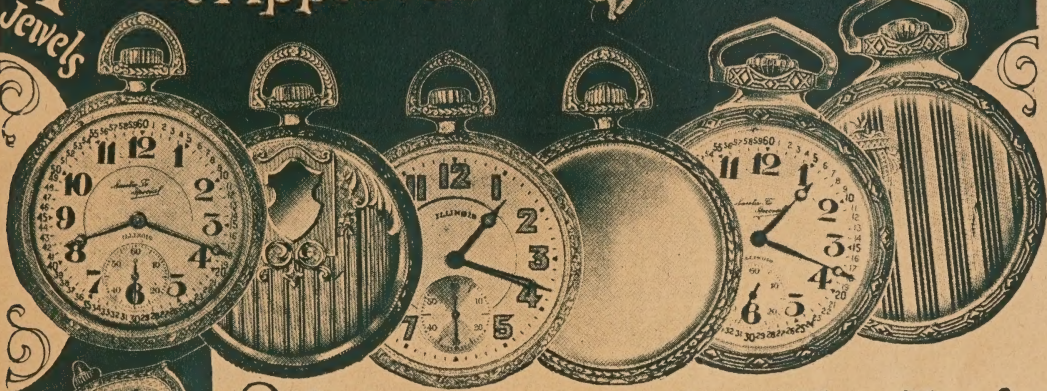

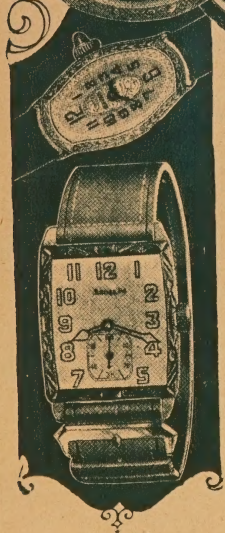

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EDITORIAL

As Hollywood Looks to the Editor

DO YOU associate the names of movie stars with their faces? If you saw pictures of well-known movie stars without their names, how many could you identify?

Elsewhere in this issue will be found six pictures of well-known stars, all of whom you have doubtless seen on the screen many times. You would know their names if you heard them, too. But can you associate the right names with the right faces? Try it and see. You'll be surprised. You may win a cash prize.

SCREEN SECRETS is offering $1,500 in cash for the best solutions to this contest, for the purpose of promoting greater interest in the personalities of the screen.

Movie fans are enthusiastic about the work of their favorites. But do they remember their names after they leave the theater? What do they know about their lives, their personalities and achievements? That is what we want to find out.

Complete rules of the contest and full information as to how you may win one of these big cash prizes will be found on page thirty-eight. You will find this a fascinating pastime and if you are an ardent picture fan, you, too, may win one of the big cash prizes.

Joan Takes a Jump

WITH her current picture, *Dancing Daughters*, Joan Crawford takes a flying leap into the front ranks of stardom. *Dancing Daughters*, which deals with the antics of the younger generation, is one of the best pictures of the year. Joan plays one of those bad-girls-with-a-good-heart that everyone just can't help loving. But we may have reason to wish that *Dancing Daughters* had never seen the inside of a theatre before the year is out, because it will very likely be followed by a deluge of younger generation plays with giddy youngsters playfully drinking cocktails all over the place.

Like "Underworld"

IT WAS the same way with *Underworld*. Here was a splendid crook picture giving an accurate

Roscoe Fawcett

presentation of an exciting phase of life. It met with tremendous success and thereafter for several months no hero was worthy of the name unless he had at least seven notches on his automatic. But the crook pictures that followed forgot all about life and returned to the old movie formula, as in *Me, Gangster*, where the gangster is reformed at the last possible moment by his noble love for the pure-hearted girl of the tenements. The movie public has been educated by the movies. They don't believe in that kind of stuff any more.

Her Fight For Fame

GETTING back to Joan Crawford. Her remarkable career is an example of what can be accomplished by sheer will power. Starting life in poverty, with every handicap, she worked her way to a position of prominence on Broadway as a Follies dancer, then left it all behind to start the struggle all over again in Hollywood. She stands now at the threshold of one of the most brilliant careers in screen history.

Happiness, Too

BUT she has won more than fame. She has succeeded in wresting from the jealous gods that much rarer quality in Hollywood, happiness. Her romance with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is one of the most interesting in Hollywood. They are either to be married soon or already are married. They are remaining coyly silent on the subject, although Joan wears a wedding ring. Their alliance will bring a brilliant array of talent into the already talented Fairbanks family.

By Captain Roscoe Fawcett

A Different Doug

CLARENCE BROWN who has been directing Doug, Jr. says he is due to become the next John Barrymore. I believe he is right. I have seen Doug, Jr. several times on the stage and he is great. Not only is he an excellent actor, but there is something very wistful and appealing about his personality.

Douglas, the papa, isn't an actor in the sense of drawing photographs of literal and realistic emotions. There never were such people in the world as Don Q or the Thief of Bagdad.

He creates a world of his own fancy and peoples it with fascinating make-believes—dashing young men who go about leaping over walls and sliding down ropes with one hand while holding a squealing young lady in the other.

His Angle

DOUG, as usual, has a new angle on the use of the talkies. Although he doesn't speak himself in his new picture which is a sequel to *The Three Musketeers*, he uses the talkie device as a sort of Greek chorus effect with the voices telling what the story is all about.

Shy at Talkies

BOTH Douglas and Mary Pickford are dubious about the talkies. Mary is especially doubtful, in spite of the fact that hers is the best single test that has ever been made with the machinery. Long before she ever heard of a motion picture Mary was on the stage under the direction of David Belasco.

Welcome!

AND that's about all for this month. In closing, just a word of welcome to the thousands of new readers of SCREEN SECRETS, the fastest growing movie magazine. Here you will find, so our readers tell us, more snappy, authentic and entertaining information about the fascinating movie industry for twenty cents than can be found elsewhere for twenty-five.

Au revolver, as they say in Chicago, until next month.

Portraits of the Month

JOSEPHINE DUNN is waiting for someone. Maybe it's Santa Claus—but look at that sprig of mistletoe over her head. And who would want to kiss all those whiskers? Josephine, who has been playing light sparkling roles for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was recently loaned to Warner Brothers for the leading role in "The Singing Fool."

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

GLORIA SWANSON hopes to play the finest part of her career in the title role of "Queen Kelly," which is now in production under the direction of Eric von Stroheim. For the first time in her varied career, in which she portrayed characters ranging from regal beauties to the hoydenish "Sadie Thompson," Gloria is to appear as an Irish girl.

—Ernest A. Bachrach.

GARY COOPER, who has established a firm position for himself as one of the romantic young lovers of the screen, is following his success in "The First Kiss," with a dynamic role in "The Wolf Song" opposite the fiery Lupe Velez who has been borrowed by Paramount from United Artists for this lavish production.

—Hommel.

NORMA SHEARER is at work again on her first picture after her return from her honeymoon trip through Europe with her husband, Irving Thalberg, youthful executive of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. She is starring in "The Little Angel" with Gwen Lee, who recently signed a long term contract, in the supporting role. —Ruth Harriet Louise.

DORIS DAWSON is one of those captivating ingenues that make any picture worth seeing. She also proved that she is a comedienne who adds the gift of provoking mirth to her appeal in her recent picture "Heart Trouble," in which she appeared opposite Harry Langdon. She will be seen soon with Alice White in "Ritzie Rosie."

—Harold Dean Carsey.

A Hollywood Seer Startles the Stars with Secret

Will Mary Pickford live longer than Douglas Fairbanks? When will Buddy Rogers marry? Read what the future holds for Hollywood's great, as disclosed by Dareos, the mystic, to

HAL HALL

SCREEN SECRETS *disclaims any responsibility for these predictions, but is presenting them here because of the tremendous interest they have created in Hollywood.*

BUDDY ROGERS

IF RICHARD DIX ever marries he will be murdered. Yes, Sir! He will be shot down in cold, or hot blood, by a woman!

And—Roy D'Arcy and Lita Grey, the former Mrs. Chaplin, are to be married.

And—Charlie Chaplin is in danger of facing a great love problem next year.

And—Clara Bow will never live to be an old woman. She will exhaust her energy while she is still young and will probably die early in life.

The devoted film fan may rightly gasp at all these predictions for they are made by a man in whom many of the film stars have implicit confidence. They are made by a man to whom many of the biggest and most influential men of films go for advice before they take on a new business deal or make an important move in the screen world.

This man is George Dareos who holds forth in a beautiful suite of offices in Santa Monica, California.

On the outside of Mr. Dareos' outer door is a tiny inscription which reads: "Psychoanalyst." And there is the answer.

Dareos long ago outgrew the ordinary feats of psychoanalysis and has graduated into a position where he now not only psychoanalyzes the subjects and tells them what they can or can not do, but looks far into the future and tells thousands of men and women yearly what is going to happen to them in the years to come.

CLARA BOW

DOLORES DEL RIO

"I see the shadows of impending tragedy and the glitter of undreamed successes crowding into the lives of the great movie stars," says Dareos, the soothsayer, as he gazes into the crystal ball.

And he does it so well that hundreds of the greatest stars in the motion picture profession swear by him and refuse to even sign a contract for work in a picture without first consulting him.

ONE never knows who will be found in the Dareos offices. You are just as likely to meet Charlie Chaplin or Gloria Swanson or Clara Bow rubbing elbows

Predictions

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

RUTH TAYLOR

NORMA TALMADGE

ALICE WHITE

with some society woman who wants to know whether or not she should hire a lawyer and sue for a divorce. Across the room may be a big business man waiting to ask Dareos whether or not he should invest $50,000 in this stock or that company.

So I asked Mr. Dareos to tell me a few things about the future of some of our picture stars who are on the crest of screen fame at the present writing. His predictions were more than startling. But he gave them with all the assurance of a stock broker reciting current quotations on U. S. Steel.

When I arrived Mr. Dareos was fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm about Mary Pickford. She had been for a "reading" the day before and the thrill of talking with her still lingered with the soothsayer.

"Mary Pickford," he declared, "has the greatest mind of any woman in pictures today. To my way of thinking she is the master mind of film women. She is psychic, too. Decidedly so. In fact her dreams are predictions of what is actually going to happen.

"For her I see much happiness ahead. She will make one or two more pictures and will then retire. Her whole future life will be devoted to work in uplifting humanity, and when she dies she will leave her fortune to carry on the same work of uplift. She will also write a remarkably brilliant book before she dies. It will go down in literary history as a great masterpiece.

"And—Mary Pickford will live to bury Douglas Fairbanks." Dareos would not venture to say when Doug will die.

"Now, as for Norma Talmadge," he continued, "all this talk about Norma and Mr. Schenck, her husband, separating and all over a young man in pictures is purely "the bunk." Norma and her husband will live as man and wife for many years to come. But she will only make about three more pictures."

Dareos was silent for a moment. Then—

"Clara Bow is an interesting woman—but her tremendous energy will exhaust her very early in life. Her life will be just one romance after another and she will never be happy if she marries. Her life is to be a short one, I am positive.

"Clara and Gilbert Roland should be starred together in a picture. Preferably a South Sea Island picture. What a wonderful pair of screen lovers they would make. Some film producer should get them together.

"Alice White is like Clara in many ways. To her, life means a series of romances. She should never marry, but I see a marriage ahead for her during the next year. Alice will have to watch out or her love affairs will bring her many troubles and heartaches. She will never find herself in a scandal however. If she marries at all she should marry a man born in July or March."

SUE CAROL, that cute little girl from Chicago, comes in for a remarkable prediction. Dareos has studied her closely and he makes a prediction that will make Nick Stuart fairly want to jump off a bridge. Every one in

Mary Pickford will write a book and make two more pictures—that's what Dareos sees in his crystal ball. And she will outlive Douglas Fairbanks!

Hollywood knows how Nick worships Sue. But Dareos says:

"Sue Carol will never marry Nick Stuart. However, Sue will marry twice before she dies. And she is going to be one of the biggest figures in pictures."

Bebe Daniels, according to Dareos is "all through in pictures."

"Bebe," he declares, "will probably retire after her present contract expires with Paramount."

MR. DAREOS' prediction for Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio, the beautiful Mexican actress, whose names are linked together, should furnish some food for thought for this pair.

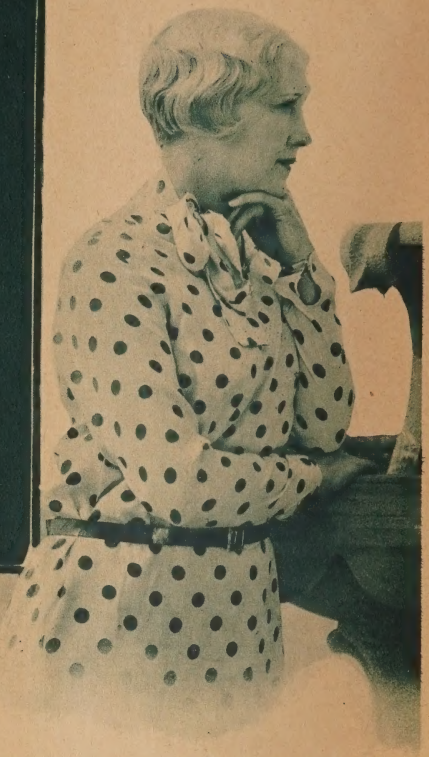
"Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio will meet disaster if they ever marry," he declared. "Their marriage would be a tragedy. They will be much happier if they leave things just as they are."

"Richard Dix is in love with Lois Wilson and she returns his love, but they will never marry. The love between them however, will be the one great love in both their lives," Dareos declared.

"I see a peculiar future for Buddy Rodgers," continued Dareos. "He is going on and on and up and up in the picture world but he is going to finish life as a newspaper man. Probably will own one. When he marries he will stay married to the same woman." Now watch Buddy's mail increase!

"May McAvoy will never reach the greatest heights in the picture world until she marries," according to Dareos. "Miss McAvoy should marry a writer or a creator or her marriage may be a failure. Also, she should marry a man born in December or January."

The word "finis" is not far distant for Gloria Swanson, if this weird prognostigator is correct, for he predicts



Edna May's bright future on the screen is reflected in the crystal ball, Dareos declares. "But there is trouble ahead as far as matrimony is concerned," he warns.

that she will be all through with picture work in two and a half years. "I give her no longer than that," he declared. "And in that time she will make three excellent pictures. One of these will be directed by Von Stroheim. According to the stars Gloria should have had a child this year by the Marquis. She will have one, however, before long."

"John Gilbert has many years of success ahead of him," says Dareos. "And some day he will be seen in his greatest success which will be in Shakespearean pictures. He will also do considerable stage work, too."

"Ronald Colman's picture star is rapidly setting," Dareos declared. "And all because Colman is 'afraid to be himself.' "

And now comes Ben Lyon. Dareos has made quite a study of the future of this "youthful romancer," as he calls him.

"Ben will be a romancer for a long time," predicts Dareos, "provided he succeeds in jumping the hurdle that is none other than little Marian Nixon. I hate to think of Ben's marrying Marian, for I believe their temperaments are unsuited to each other. But I am afraid he will marry her within a year. If he doesn't marry her this coming year he will go on having many romances, but will eventually end with a happy marriage."

"Ben should marry Joan Bennett," continued Dareos. "She has had an unfortunate marriage but if she and Ben marry it would be ideal and they would be very happy to-

Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Katherine Carver, left, are in danger of marital unhappiness, Dareos predicts. Will this scene from "His Private Life," in which another woman comes between them, be re-enacted in real life?

gether. Ben has not been handled right. If some company takes him and stars him with Vilma Banky or Greta Garbo, he will be a screen sensation. But he should avoid marriage with Miss Nixon, it will bring only unhappiness."

Another marriage which Dareos predicts is the wedding of Roy D'Arcy and Lita Grey. He says they will surely marry and be very happy. This marriage is coming in the not distant future.

THERE seems to be stormy weather ahead for the ship of matrimony in which Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Katherine Carver, so recently embarked.

"They will be happy for a time," Dareos predicts, "but eventually I seem to see a shadow cast across the bright path of the future. It is the shadow of another woman. It may cause separation or even divorce."

Charlie Chaplin is another star for whom the future holds borebodings if Dareos is looking at the right star.

"Next year will be the danger year for Chaplin," says Dareos. "He will face the greatest crisis of his career. I see a love problem looming for him which may blight his whole future happiness and may bring an end to his career as an actor. He should draw a wall around himself and shut out the world."

And, we almost forgot this. Barbara Bennett is going to end her days in a convent.

Bill Haines, like Chaplin, has a bad year ahead of him. Just about everything from being hit in the head with a rock to perhaps tripping over a broomstick and breaking his neck is in store. "Haines next year will be a drastic one," says Dareos. "He must watch his step very carefully. I see him involved in law and litigation. I see trouble ahead for him during all of 1929. He will have a difficult time avoiding it."

Anna Q. Nilsson is going to be married in 1929. This will be a happy and lasting marriage. Anna, according to Dareos, will do a lot of good work in pictures and will also go on the stage where she will be a big success, and when she can no longer play straight roles she will go into character parts and will continue until she can play no more.

"She will die a character actress, for she will never quit pictures until she does die," Dareos declared.

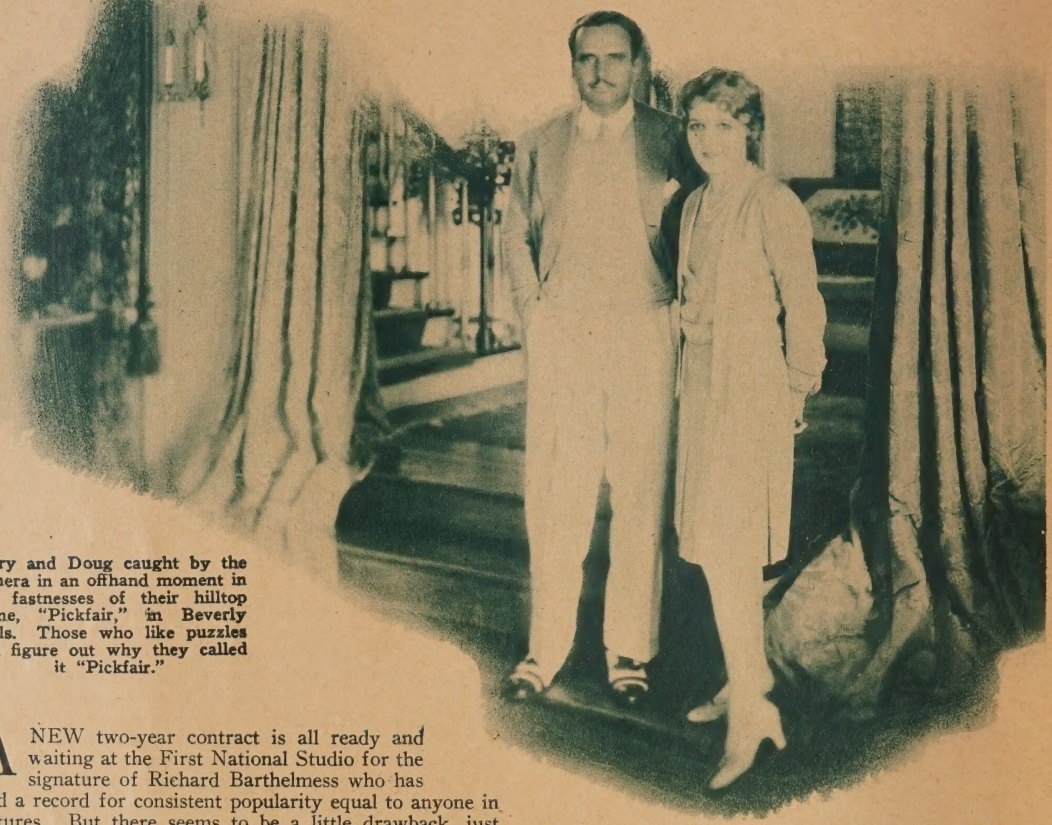
"Pola Negri may separate from her husband, the prince. The reason is that the spirit of Valentino still haunts her. Valentino was Pola's great love. That love still persists in her heart. She cannot put it away. Valentino's spirit is with her every day. And the result is that she cannot continue to live with the prince and be happy. She married the prince when her sorrow was too great to bear alone. She married him, I believe, not because of a great love for him, but because in him she could find the comforting friendship that she needed to carry her through her grief. But she will find another real love after she divorces the prince, and she will make a marriage with foreign nobility which will be lasting. The prince, too, will marry a foreign member of nobility and will find happiness there."

"In Edna May's future I see much screen success, but not so much happiness in a marital way. There seems to be a troubled path ahead as far as matrimony is concerned with Edna. She has a remarkably brilliant future

(*Continued on page* 90)

By ANNE HOWE

So This



Mary and Doug caught by the camera in an offhand moment in the fastnesses of their hilltop home, "Pickfair," in Beverly Hills. Those who like puzzles can figure out why they called it "Pickfair."

A NEW two-year contract is all ready and waiting at the First National Studio for the signature of Richard Barthelmess who has held a record for consistent popularity equal to anyone in pictures. But there seems to be a little drawback, just one little reason why the star is withholding his signature.

They say that he insists upon having a portable dressing room, one of those houses on wheels that are hauled around wherever the star happens to be working. Which proves that temperament isn't confined to women stars.

Dick and his bride are planning on a second honeymoon as soon as he finishes his next picture, *We, We River*. They will go to Cuba by way of New York and Florida. Dick and his bride must like islands because they spent their first honeymoon in Cuba.

Bigger and Better

COLLEEN MOORE has discarded her beautiful doll house which she described in her life story which ran in recent issues of SCREEN SECRETS. It doesn't satisfy her any more, so she's going to build one that's bigger and better. There will be fourteen rooms, all equipped with running water, lighted by real miniature electric lamps, and surmounted by a tower containing tiny chimes. There will even be a frigidaire in her tiny icebox. Several rooms will represent different nationalities and the Russian room will be carved in wood and then will be sent to Moscow to be cast in silver.

To A Man's Heart

THE romance between Lina Basquette and "Pev" Marley, ace cameraman for De Mille, has reached the stage where an announcement of the wedding date may be expected at any moment. Lina has dismissed her cook and is preparing all her own meals. "Pev" drops over every night for a delicious home-cooked meal prepared by Lina's own hands.

Gondolas Did It

SUE CAROL returns from Europe more in love than ever with Nick Stuart. In fact an announcement of their engagement is expected soon after Nick Stuart returns to this country. Sue says the canals and the gondolas and the big moon in Venice did it.

Moral for Greta and John, Olive Borden and George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, and, in fact, all of Hollywood's love struck couples, make a picture in Europe if you want to bring that romance to a head.

is Hollywood

June Collyer was the object of considerable attention on the part of Prince George of England, younger brother of the Prince of Wales, when the royal offspring slipped away from his ship for a visit to Hollywood. —*International Newsreel*

Bachelors Wanted

ALICE WHITE was driving down a Hollywood street. "Furnished apartments" read the sign, "attractive singles, doubles and bachelors."

"Let me see one of your attractive bachelors," said Alice sweetly, after punching the bell marked "Manager."

A Prince of a Chap

THE recent visit of Prince George of England, younger brother of the Prince of Wales, was really more of a disappointment to Hollywood than anything else because the engaging young man had come and gone before anyone, with the exception of a fortunate few, had had a chance to meet him.

He was most attentive to Lili Damita, the vivacious French star with whom he had danced many times in the cafes of Paris—until he met June Collyer. From then on the fair June, who deserted a social career in New York for motion pictures, was the principal object of his interest.

After watching the work of picture making, the Prince was escorted to "Pickfair" where he was the guest of Mary and Doug at a dinner party which is described in detail in "Society in Cinemaland."

It is said that he was severely reprimanded for his brief holiday when he returned to his ship and placed on rations of bread and water or whatever they do to princes who visit Hollywood without permission.

Album Craze

GRETA GARBO is a picture fan these days and that doesn't mean moving pictures either. Greta is often seen wandering around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot with a little black box when she isn't working, making her friends pose for pictures. Greta says she is collecting them for her album so she will always have reminders of her happy days at the studio.

Incidentally Greta and John Gilbert will be seen soon together in the first picture in which their names are not mentioned. They will impersonate themselves at a big theatre premiere, appearing on the screen for a few moments in *A Man's Man*, starring William Haines.

Still Attentive

ALTHOUGH Doris Kenyon has relinquished her domestic duties for a time to return to talking pictures, her husband, Milton Sills is more devoted than ever. He called for his wife every evening at the Paramount studio where she worked on *Interference*, although he often had to wait several hours for her to finish with her scenes. He lunches with her every noon that he can break away from his own work at First National. And recently he brought their baby to watch mamma at work.

Fall Down

EVA VON BERNE, fresh from Vienna, who is playing opposite John Gilbert in *The Mask of the Devil*, was recently taken by the sturdy Karl Dane to see her first football game.

"Well, how did you like it, Eva?" asked Karl on the way home.

"Ach," returned the fair Eva, "it would be all right if they did not all fall down so much."

Red-Headed Women

KEN MAYNARD, the big horse and gun man, has a complex. It's red-headed women. Whenever he sees a red-headed woman he'll stop right in the middle of his work to get an introduction to her. Therefore, they post a double guard around the set when Ken Maynard is working to see that no red-headed women come within range. All we can say is, it's a good thing Clara Bow doesn't go in for westerns.

Bill Haines, Marion Davies and George K. Arthur are basking in the California sun at Marion's beach home while the rest of the world is getting furs out of storage and dusting off overshoes.

Corinne Griffith takes her recreation at her own swimming pool on her Hollywood estate.

No Glycerine for Lon

HAVE you ever seen Lon Chaney cry on the screen? Well, they're real honest-to-goodness tears. No glycerine for Lon. But crying is not as easy a job for Lon as for some of the emotional ladies of the screen. So whenever he wants to cry he bites his tongue until the tears come. Which seems like going to considerable lengths to get the desired effect. They say that after *The Unknown* Lon's tongue was as well chewed as a bull terrier's ear.

Buddy's New Flame

WHEN Mary Brian was seen wearing Buddy Rogers' fraternity ring on the set while making *Varsity*, Buddy's latest picture, everyone started talking. But Mary and Buddy laughed it off. It was just a "prop" for the picture they said, and it really didn't mean anything. But now Buddy and Mary are often seen together and it is said that Buddy's intentions are serious.

To the Tall Timber

RAMON NOVARRO is going to turn lumberman. When he gets his next vacation, which will be soon, Novarro isn't going to Europe or to any popular vacation resort. He is going to pack up and go to a logging camp in Washington or Oregon and work among the loggers for recreation.

"On my last vacation, I went abroad and even though I wore a disguise it certainly wasn't much of a rest," Novarro said. "I was on the go all of the time. I think a month or so in the woods is just the thing I need."

And now Hollywood is planning a Naked Truth dinner with Mack Sennett as master of ceremonies.

Among the Missing

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, the Hollywood matinee girls' idol, with his own little theatre on Vine Street which he leaves deserted in the daytime to appear in the Vitaphone pictures, has his problems, even as you and I.

His publicity representative tried pasting delightful eight-by-ten photographs on the street car posters that ad-

vertise his plays. But his fans discovered they were easily removed, with the result that the end of the day's run found each car minus the famous Norton grin.

Imagine Her Surprise!

DID you see *The Magnificent Flirt?* We just learned of a scene which was not printed in the final picture. Florence Vidor was in bed. The cameras were grinding when three men jumped up from under the bed. They were Emil Jannings, Lon Chaney and Adolphe Menjou. They were visitors. A shame to cut so much talent from even impromptu film making!

Janet Gaynor and her fiance Lydell Peck, photographed together for the first time. Peck has taken a serious interest in aviation lately since it serves to shorten the distance between his San Francisco law law office and Hollywood.

—*International Newsreel.*

Snappy Comeback

A BIT of smart repartee from a girl who knows her patter. Louise Brooks was approached by a press minion, bearing photograph and pen: "You're just the woman I want!"

Languidly, Louise looked at him, and drawled: "And do you want my body or my soul?"

Oil for Polly

LADY LUCK just won't be good to Polly Moran. A year or so ago while she was on a vaudeville tour, Polly and her mother purchased two lots on the outskirts of Tulsa, Okla., after listening to a silver-tongued realtor. It was just sickening keeping up the taxes but the salesman told them that oil might be discovered on them soon.

Just the other day Polly got a very official looking letter from Tulsa.

"Oil! Oil!" she cried.

She ran wild around the M-G-M Studio shouting her good fortune.

Then somebody reminded her she had better open the letter. She did. Imagine her embarrassment.

The city wanted to purchase the lots as part of a garbage dump. Polly sold out.

Enter Lupe

LUPE VELEZ knows the value of advance publicity. Entering the wardrobe department at Lasky's, where she will be for the making of *The Wolf Song,* she gave everyone forewarning.

"I am ver-ry temperamental," she said amiably, "and please do not get me peeved."

Doesn't Like It

AND Dorothy Mackaill doesn't like Honolulu!

Tom Mix making up on the set of his latest picture, "The Drifter," during the filming of which he broke a blood vessel in his leg as the result of a stunt. Now he must stay off his horse for a time.

She's one star who has just returned from Hollywood's most popular suburb with not a good word to say for it. "Why, even Malibou Beach has more wonderful scenery and it's really quite a bit closer," she tells us.

Oh, yes, Dorothy owns a home at Malibou but she's *not* in the real estate business.

Disappeared

NORMA TALMADGE has disappeared from Hollywood. Also Mr. Gilbert Roland. It caused a sensation. Reno was rumored. But a little birdie whispers that Oregon was their destination. What an unromantic *location*.

Horses!

EMIL JANNINGS knows his horseflesh and makes use of his knowledge occasionally. While working on *Sins of the Fathers* he drove Miss Chatterton to lunch daily in the old-fashioned buggy which is used in the picture. His steed proved not so old-fashioned and tried hard to improve upon his technique in passing the soundproof building which is in course of construction and not yet soundless. Emil "strutted his stuff" and brought the recalcitrant animal out from under without damage to either Miss Chatterton or the vehicle.

Kind to Dumb Animals

CECIL DE MILLE has a ranch high in the Sierra Madre mountains. For ten years he has forbidden shooting on his premises.

This year he decided to plant apples. Five thousand dollars worth of baby trees laboriously placed along the steep mountain sides.

The other day, when he went up to inspect them he found only the root stubs remaining.

The deer—trained for ten years to seek refuge in this locality—had enjoyed an unprecedented feast.

But De Mille has been in Hollywood long enough to know he should not expect dividend returns from kindness to dumb creatures.

HOLLYWOOD is over-run with dwarfs. A whole colony has sprung up overnight. Many have come from Boston and New York, some even from Europe, to appear in the color fantasy *The Mysterious Island*. Over eight hundred are cast for this one picture.

Madge Goes Domestic

MADGE BELLAMY has built a new home in the Los Feliz hills not far from the house of Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey. She is spending all of her spare hours proving she is domesticated even though she did remain married only four days to her stockbroker husband.

Wedding Bells Again

JAMES MURRAY, the young man with the curly hair who was catapulted into fame when he was discovered by King Vidor and given a leading role in *The Crowd*, over night, is the latest to spring a surprise on Hollywood.

He recently announced his marriage to Lucille McNames, an extra girl. The two slipped away to Tia Juana, Hollywood's Gretna Green, and were married secretly. But the secret came out when Murray asked for a vacation for a belated honeymoon.

Joan's A Star

JOAN CRAWFORD has signed a new contract with M-G-M.

Colleen Moore has solved the transportation problem. Here she is with her new electric speed wagon which she uses to reach the distant corners of the First National studio. And when pressed for parking space she stands it up on end.

Her first starring picture will be *Brass Band*, a story of the younger generation. Sort of a sequel to *Dancing Daughters*, we take it—said to be her best picture. But the question is: Can the movies ever make a sequel which is successful?

Goats Get Lubitsch's Goat

GOATS were needed for atmosphere in the production which Ernest Lubitsch is directing at United Artists with John Barrymore, so every available goat in Hollywood was rounded up for the occasion.

They provided the necessary atmosphere for the long shots but when Lubitsch wanted to take some extremely dramatic close-up shots with John Barrymore and Camilla Horn the goats started to "baa-baa" all over the place.

Finally they drove Lubitsch frantic and he ordered them to be removed to a remote corner of the huge set in the hills back of Hollywood. From there the goats had to be finally herded and chased into the hills, for they started to eat the scenery.

Beth Laemmle, who is a niece of Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures, is famed throughout Hollywood as an Oriental dancer. Can't you just hear those tom toms?

When Girls Get Together

LUPE VELEZ and Camilla Horn were chatting together.

"Oh, I lof him," Camilla explained in raptures.

"Camilla, how long you been in this country?" Lupe demanded.

"Almost one year. Vy?"

"And you don't know how to talk any better! I've been here only a little more longer but I know you don't say 'I *lof him*.' You say 'I *lub* him,' Camilla."

Toughest Break

WALLACE McDONALD'S definition of the toughest break in pictures is "the ex-actor who was called for a talking picture and found he had been cast in the role of a deaf and dumb beggar!"

A Date With Nils

NILS ASTHER is causing much heart palpitation in the film colony these days. Every girl in the city seems to be yearning for just one date with this gentleman. But he goes on serenely making pictures. And during his off time Nils goes into the mountain fastness and communes with Mother Nature. He claims that he is going to get out of pictures and start an antique shop of his own.

Would you recognize the dapper Ramon Novarro on his day off? He gets tired of being constantly refined on the screen so he puts on an old sweater and goes native.

Getting *the*

Does luck or genius count most in Hollywood? Read the strange tricks played by fate in making and unmaking stars.

By HARRY CARR

HOLLYWOOD is often compared to the Klondike—where you find the gold; or you don't, without rhyme or reason—either way.

I think it is more like the royal court of Cleopatra—the Egyptian gal. If you come back with bad news, they cut off your head on general principles. In Hollywood, every one connected with a failure is made to bite the dust—just to satisfy the producer's feelings. On the other hand, every one remotely connected with a big knock-out is "made." I can't imagine any one in Hollywood protesting his unworthiness; but if any one ever did, they would hold his nose; and pour the gold down his throat.

It is partly a matter of gambler's superstition with them. Producing movies is a gambler's job. As in most gambling games, the eccentricities of Fate are very wild and weird.

One of the most interesting cases of "getting the breaks" I have ever known is the career of Ramon Novarro.

Ramon tried for years to get into pictures—without a shred of success. I remember that he finally induced Griffith to give him a trial. The test that he had worked out was funny. He acted all the different parts in a little play he had made up. It ended with Ramon stabbing himself with an enormous dagger. He died all over the place; then, after the last gasp, leaped up and asked "Do I get the job?"

He didn't. All he got was a free passage through the front gate. He tried appealing to Mary Garden who was in Los Angeles on a concert tour. As she was coming out of a theatre, Ramon ran through the crowd and fairly prostrated himself before her. "Oh, Miss Garden," he implored. "Will you listen to me? I can sing, dance and act."

Mary gave him a withering look and said icily: "How very remarkable;" and passed on—over him—so to speak.

After all these discouragements, Ramon finally got his break because Rex Ingram got "a mad" at Rudolph Valentino.

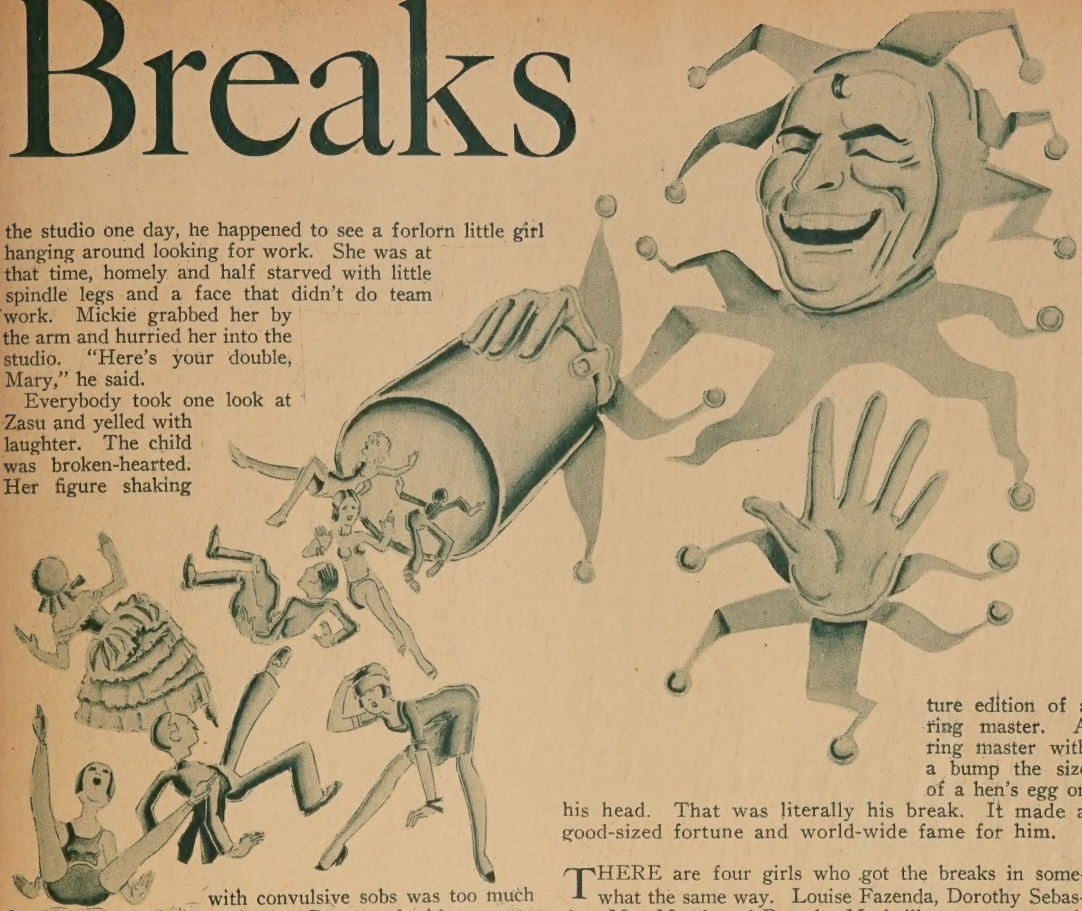
He happened to run across Ramon and decided to make him more famous than the Italian boy just to show Valentino. Ramon happened to have the goods.

ZASU PITTS got the breaks because Mickie Neilan made a cruel little joke; and then was sorry for it.

He was directing a picture for Mary Pickford and she had to have a double. I think it was *Stella Maris.*

To find a double for Mary Pickford is about like trying to find a double for Yosemite Valley. As Mickie was going into

Breaks



the studio one day, he happened to see a forlorn little girl hanging around looking for work. She was at that time, homely and half starved with little spindle legs and a face that didn't do team work. Mickie grabbed her by the arm and hurried her into the studio. "Here's your double, Mary," he said.

Everybody took one look at Zasu and yelled with laughter. The child was broken-hearted. Her figure shaking with convulsive sobs was too much for Mickie's tender Irish heart. Prostrated with remorse, he proceeded to make up a part for her in the picture; and Zasu got the breaks.

She afterward, by some miracle, became a very handsome girl; and one of the finest and most intelligent actresses in Hollywood. They call her the picture stealer because she can capture any picture into which she can get a foot of film.

Wesley Barry got the breaks in almost the same way Mickie Neilan was making a picture with Frances Marion; and happened to need a boy with freckles. He couldn't find one. During the days of the search, Mickie's company happened to be working on location near a rural grocery store. Among the group of rubber necks who strolled in to look on was a little boy whose face would have made a turkey egg blush for shame.

While they were making the picture—with Wesley Barry now in it—they did a juvenile circus scene. Mickie doped out a scene where the boy with the freckles did the famous circus loop-the-loop in a toy wagon. It was a grand idea; but it didn't work. Wesley came down on his head; and there was woe, blood, doctors, nurses and tears.

Quick-witted Mickie didn't try the usual means of consolation. "Here," he said to a prop man. "Get me the smallest plug hat you can find; a whip; some small top boots and a red vest."

In about ten minutes, Wesley found himself a miniature edition of a ring master. A ring master with a bump the size of a hen's egg on his head. That was literally his break. It made a good-sized fortune and world-wide fame for him.

THERE are four girls who got the breaks in somewhat the same way. Louise Fazenda, Dorothy Sebastian, Mae Marsh and Dorothy Mackaill . . . a very curious experience in each case.

Louise Fazenda while still a little girl, went out to see one of her mother's friends—an actress on the Universal lot. She was sitting meekly on the set one day, watching her mommy's talented friend at work when the director suddenly said to her: "Little girl, do you want to act in the movies?" Well; and what little girl would have answered "No?" He made her up with her hair plastered down the sides of her head and some spit curls scattered around; and she acted all that day; and during all the years that have followed—until she has become one of the richest and most famous women of the films.

Dorothy Sebastian came to Hollywood after some experience in New York girl shows. She spent some weary days wondering how she might find the breaks. A Hollywood studio seemed about as easy to break in as the United States mint.

With a faint heart, she approached the studio door keeper—which, by the way shows how little she knew about studios. "Good afternoon," he said opening the magic door for her to pass in. She was quick-witted enough to pass in. When she got to the sets, a large profuse, perspiring gentleman said savagely to her and to another scattered contingent of girls: "Now don't stand stalling around here; go to your dressing rooms and make up."

She went and made up; and has been in pictures ever since.

Louise Fazenda went to a studio to watch a friend of her mother's act. A director saw her, dressed her up in funny hats and plastered curls, and she has been in pictures since.

Sometimes, in her leisure hours, Dorothy wonders who it was that the ogre doorkeeper mistook her for.

Dorothy Mackaill got a break much like that. It was in London however.

She had come down from Scotland hoping to find some way to get onto the stage. Like the lonely immigrant who strolls down to the shore to look across the sea, she strolled down to a theatre. A lot of girls were walking in through the stage door. She was fairly whisked in with them. Once in—and scared to death—somebody grabbed her by the arm and said: "Well, well, get in line there." When the other girls danced, she tried to dance with them. Wh's a matter?" demanded the stage manager. "Got bricks in your shoes?" But nobody ever thought to ask her who she was; or how she got there. And she was "made."

Mae Marsh got the breaks in almost the identical way that made Louise Fazenda a film star.

Her sister was "Lovely" Marsh, at that time an actress of small parts with the old Griffith company.

Mae went adoringly to see her sister act. She sat on a fallen tree stump while Lovely play-acted. Griffith kept watching her out of the corner of his eye.

At length he came over to where she sat. "Smile," he said. She smiled. "Get up and turn around two or three times—as though you had just heard something that made you crazy with joy." She did. "Now pretend that a boy you very much admire is coming to meet you. You are just tickled to death, but you are not going to let him know it." She did that, too.

For the next ten years, she did various things, becoming one of the most famous actresses of the screen—until domesticity overtook her and she transferred her interest to her babies.

Dorothy Sebastian, who danced her way to Hollywood hung around the lot until a disgusted director told her to go and get her makeup on.

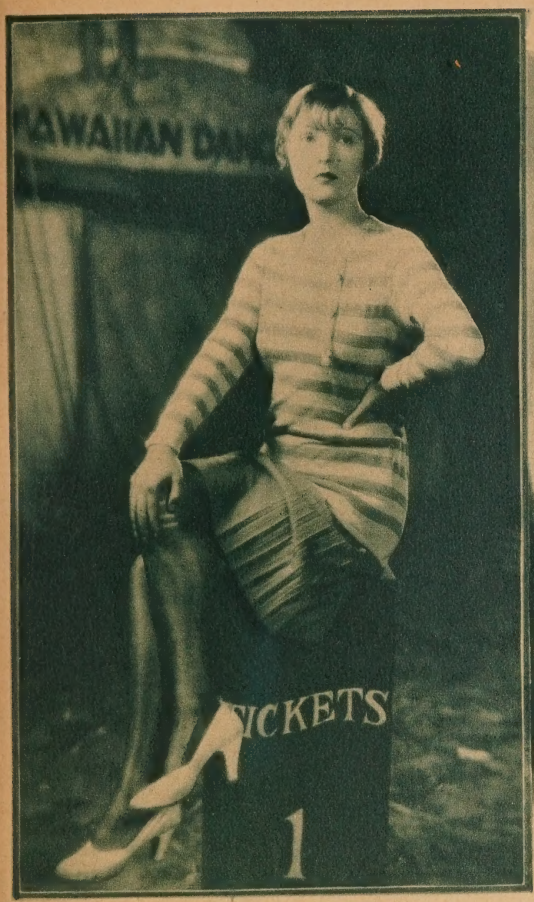
THERE is such a thing as getting the breaks that break you.

Two girls did; both Betty Bronson and Lila Lee.

Betty's rise was meteoric. She had studied to be a dancer; but her fancy was caught by the films. By some miracle the casting director took one peek at her through his savage window and told her to come on in. Hardly was she inside when Mr. Lasky picked her out for Peter Pan. It was one of her first pictures. Overnight, she was one of the most famous women in the world. Then Lady Luck, having chucked her under the chin, just as abruptly deserted her. Betty has a remarkable personality and will get to the top again in time; but she has had a bad break by reason of getting too good a break.

The case of Lila Lee was even more cruel. Paramount, at the time, was enjoying itself—hating Mary Pickford.

Mary, always a shrewd and ruthless business woman, had left Paramount to be one of the organizers of United Artists. I happened to be around at the time, with a good listening ear. Wherefore Mr. Zukor confided in me that he intended to show Mary Pickford that hers was a case



Dorothy Mackaill was watching some girls standing in front of a London Theater when an irate manager hustled her into line and unwittingly started her on the road to fame and fortune.

No one would think that Renee Adoree, who won the hearts of picture-goers in "The Big Parade" and other successes "never got a break." But because of natural timidity in business matters she has never been able to capitalize on her success.

of advertising. He would show her b' gosh and b' gum. He picked out little Lila Lee and told her she would now be the next Mary Pickford—the original Mary being presumably condemned to starvation and want.

Lila was a cute little girl who had been in vaudeville as a child actress. At that time she was known as "Cuddles" Edwards. She had beauty and high promise; but it was like taking a colt out of a pasture and telling him that the horse he was to beat was Man 'O War. It was too good a break. Incidentally, according to the best information and statistics Mary Pickford did not starve.

The most interesting case of a girl getting the breaks I have known in recent years is the case of Fay Wray.

She was acting horse operas out at the Universal lot when Von Stroheim was picking out the actors for *The Wedding March*. He wanted Mary Philbin for the leading part; but there were complications in the way of getting her. He put out feelers for this actress and that; but there just wasn't anybody available. At length a woman agent happened to come into the studio in behalf of another actor. The studio manager asked her, if by any chance, she knew of a girl. It happened that Miss Wray had boarded with the family of this woman agent for a time; so her name rose readily. Von Stroheim picked her out from her photograph. You will see that she got one of the most wonderful breaks that ever came to a girl.

On the other hand, there are girls who never seem to get them. Not the real kind.

Bessie Love has been one of the unlucky ones. She is one of the finest actresses in Hollywood. To my mind nothing finer has ever been done on the screen than her work in Mickie Neilan's picture; I think the name of it was *The Eternal Three*. But the picture failed. That has been Bessie's fate; to do gorgeous and remarkable work in pictures that fail. She shares the fate of the women who do wonderful embroidery for underclothes.

Some girls appear to get wonderful breaks; but really don't. Among these are Renee Adoree and Clara Bow.

To see Clara in some of her pictures and to remember Renee in *The Big Parade*, you wouldn't feel like sitting down and crying with sympathy for these two box office knock-outs because they never got the breaks. But they never have. Neither one has ever broken into the big money; Renee because of a congenital timidity in business matters; Clara owing to an unfortunate contract made in her young and foolish days. In her heart, she is said

(*Continued on page* 87)

BILLIE DOVE claims there is no such thing as love at first sight. How many screen enthusiasts will agree with her after glimpsing the above photograph?

What I Think about Love

Billie Dove writes a story about her leading men as lovers and reveals the only true romance of her life.

By Billie Dove

"I'd rather act this story than write it!" exclaims Billie Dove as she takes her pencil in hand to begin her story for SCREEN SECRETS Magazine. Above, Billie in her garb as a Follies dancer which made her famous on Broadway before she ever came to Hollywood.

WHAT is love, that all the world talks so much about?
What is love, that neither you nor I can do without?
Love's a tyrant and a slave, a torment and a treasure.
Having it, we know no peace; without it, no pleasure.
Would we shun it if we could? Faith, I almost doubt it!
Sooth, I'd rather bear its pain than live my life without it.

PRETTY good, don't you think? Now, I'm wondering what I should say next. I'm good at wondering. I'm about the best little wonderer on the Pacific coast. (Say, what did SCREEN SECRETS ask me to write this for, I'd like to know! I'd rather act it.)

"Love is like the gentle mist of the morning," I'll continue. "It steals upon you, soothing, caressing. It lulls the pain in a hungry heart and paradoxically, kindles fires in the blood which no physical power on earth can extinguish."

Going pretty good don't you think? O. O. McIntyre says he can "write fancy" if he wants to. So can I. (Flowers outside, please!)

Now I've stopped and am chewing my pencil. And wondering. I wonder what I should say next? Why not go back in memory and tell my experiences when I was leading lady for Tom Mix? No, that wouldn't do. There wasn't much acting in that. More hoss-ridin'.

Oh, now I've got it—"My husband!" Why not write about "my husband?" I've found something interesting.

My husband is Irvin Willat, you know, I met him when I was playing with Lon Chaney and Malcolm MacGregor, in

Irvin Willat and Billie Dove are one of the happiest of Hollywood's married couples. But when they first met neither one would have anything to do with the other.

"Now what shall I say next?" Billie Dove is pondering over her literary effort for SCREEN SECRETS. In fact she says she is the best little ponderer on the Pacific Coast.

All the Brothers Were Valient. Irvin was directing. Let me tell you that I don't believe in that thing called "love at first sight."

One person may have an attraction for another, but it isn't love. Irvin Willat attracted me curiously, the first time I laid eyes upon him. Something about him—his manner, his gentleness, his domination over most everyone about him—drew my interest. And the funny thing about it is that he paid absolutely no attention to me. I went home one night and cried because I thought he didn't like me. Shed real crocodile tears, as they say.

He wouldn't have anything to do with me until we went up to San Francisco "on location" for several scenes. Then we had some glorious, long, long talks, and for a year thereafter went together. Then we were married. And we've been very, very happy.

I don't plan my life very far ahead. Each day brings its own pleasures. Life, at best, is short and happiness comes from one's state of mind. Irvin and I both love home, we love to travel together, read together and make our lives conform to ideals.

He has directed me in four pictures—*All the Brothers Were Valient,* with Lon Chaney; *The Wanderer of the Wasteand,* with Jack Holt; *The Air Mail,* with Warner Baxter, and *The Ancient Highway,* again with Jack Holt.

There were love scenes in all these pictures, of course. But my adorable husband knew that the love-making was just professional and they brought him no qualms of jealousy. In fact, the more realistic they were, the better he liked them. That's part of the game in picture-making.

I have studied psycho-analysis closely and sometimes I wonder if, when I was a child in New York, before entering the Follies. I did not visualize Irvin Willat as the ideal of my dreams? And I have wondered (I'm a great wonderer, as I told you) if, when I met him, I saw suddenly confronting me the individual whom subconsciously I so long had pictured? Every girl, I believe, has some idea of the man she eventually expects to marry. And when that time comes, it seems only the natural thing for them to mate and go along life's pathway together. What is that old quotation (I love it) from *Fate?*

Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being; and have no heed;
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act to this one end:
That one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

That is what happened when Irvin and I met. (He didn't tell me so then, but he does now.)

MARRIAGE is the greatest thing in life for a young woman; and it is the greatest gamble. It is the most important step she ever will take because her future happiness depends upon it. Therefore, every girl should carefully weigh it—should know her man. Once the decision is made, she should "cleave only to him" as they say at the altar, "for better or for worse until death do ye part."

Each day brings its own pleasure, according to Billie Dove. Riding, tennis and a hundred other pastimes. But this particular day it was a dip off the beach at Santa Monica, and Billie posed for the occasion.

Donald Reed is an aggressive lover—on the screen—says Billie Dove. Here he is demonstrating his prowess in one of the scenes from "The Night Watch."

There starts the great romance, the great adventure, the most interesting chapter in her life. And there the value of character begins asserting itself. I've got a darling scrapbook in which I put things which strike my fancy, and here's something I copied last night after SCREEN SECRETS told me I had to write this article:

"Oh, there is a golden gleam from heaven that shines sometimes on those in the way. When God sees a true man and a real woman walking together, his hand clasping hers over the rough places—her's caressing his over the smooth; his free arm bearing the burdens—her free arm carrying the flowers; and the faces of the two as one lifted longingly toward the mount—oh, then, God smiles.

Henceforth shall the lovelight lead them. And if the flowers are too sweet to the man—as flowers are too sweet to a man; or, if the thorns are too cruel to the woman—as thorns are too cruel to a woman; why, then, she gently takes away the flowers, he bravely crushes down the thorns. And they pass, unhindered, unscarred, unregretting, out upon the love-lit summit of the promised land."

If I ever get this thing finished, I'll be glad. Now I've stopped and am chewing my pencil once more. And wondering what I should say next. There is love-in-a-cottage, puppy love, eternal love, mother love, and oh, yes! lovers' love.

I have just finished talking about lovers' love. Though I might add a quotation from George Bernard Shaw. (A few quotations always help a story.)

"When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and the stars to play with. I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your soul. A moment only; but was it not enough? Were you not paid then for all the rest of your struggle on earth?"

Hot ziggety! Bernard is a good writer, too. He isn't a member of the Hollywood Writers' Club though; so we've never met. But I'm giving him full credit for his lines in this article. I wouldn't steal his stuff.

Now then, what next? *Love-in-a-cottage.* Shucks, everybody has read about that; so I won't discuss it further. *Eternal love, Mother-love, Puppy love.* Say, what's the idea of my taking up all those things? They've been done to death. Every time a writer gets to feeling dyspeptic or some little chorus girl winks at him or something, he goes away and begins writing about love—love-in-a-cottage, or eternal love, or something like that. I *must* be different.

Tony Moreno said for me to write about leading men. That's a darn good idea. (Really, I think Tony was trying to horn in on this story. We all have to have publicity, you know. Bless his heart.) I wonder if the fans would like to know how I would describe these adorable leading men I've played with in pictures?

Well, here goes:

(*Continued on page* 87)

HIDDEN

What is the bar to Joan Crawford's happiness? Why does Corinne Griffith look back on her life with regret? Untold heartbreaks that lurk behind cinema smiles told for the first time

By RUTH BIERY

Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston are one of Hollywood's happiest couples, yet their joy in each other is constantly marred by gossips.

THE stars of Hollywood are the envy of the earth. They have what most people crave, or think they crave—fame, wealth, adulation.

But all the thunder of applause and glory cannot still the smallest human heartache.

There is something of the Pagliacci in them all, these stars who must be happy on the screen in order to make others forget their own sorrows. For they, too, are susceptible to the trials and tribulations to which human flesh is heir.

These sorrows often exist where they would be least suspected.

Charlie Chaplin, Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Corinne Griffith, and many others. They all have their sorrows which keep them from achieving the happiness attained by others not so lavishly favored by fortune.

Consider the case of Charlie Chaplin, the comedian who has made more people laugh than any other man in the world. At heart, Charlie has been sad for a long time. He has been a living Punchinello who has tickled the world with his laugh while his heart has been bleeding.

And all because of a sweet little old lady who in the days gone by was known as Lily Harley, celebrated English music hall songster, but who in late years was just Charlie Chaplin's mother.

It wasn't so long ago that Lily Harley was riding on the crest of popularity, but then came the hand of fate—her husband died and she was left to struggle with her two young sons.

The strain was too much for her nerves and she finally broke under it and was taken to a hospital where she lay for days in a state of coma.

Meantime her two boys were sent to a poor house.

It took years for Lily Harley to recuperate and even when she did her illness left its ravaging effects on her mind.

She managed to realize things well enough to know that her son Charlie had become a popular music hall comic, and her whole interest in life was in his future. There was no performer like her Charlie!

Imagine the pangs of torment when Charlie Chaplin realized that he had met with fame and fortune as a screen comic. Applause was reaching him from the whole world.

Yet, the one person whom Charlie really wanted to hear nice things from was his mother.

And Lily Harley was still living in the world of long ago, and she was still thinking of Charlie as a stage comic who was doing his seven or eight turns a day for mercenary managers.

It is said that Lily Harley, even up till her death a few weeks past in a California hospital never fully realized that the sorrow-stricken man seated at her bed-side was other than her Charlie of the "eight-a-day."

I SHALL never forget the first time I met Clara Bow. She was all that I had expected—the personification of "It," the glorification of *flaming youth*—as she dashed, bare headed, eyes sparkling with the mere nerve of living, into the office where I was waiting.

A woman introduced us and she departed. *Clara slumped into a chair and burst out crying!*

"Why, Clara, what is it?" The thought of "Miss Bow" never entered my head. To me she was no longer the

SORROWS OF THE STARS

Al Jolson is making a desperate attempt to achieve the happiness which escaped him through all his years of fame and success. His marriage with Ruby Keeler, Broadway dancer, is his third marital venture. *International Newsreel.*

famous actress but just a little girl in trouble.

"Oh, I'm so lonesome. I'm so unhappy. It's mother—she died on this date. I've kept up all day but I just couldn't hold out any longer. We didn't have anything, scarcely enough to bury her. And here I am with all this—" her right hand swept out in an all-inclusive gesture, "and I can't do anything for her. She didn't want me to go into pictures. Why couldn't she have lived to have seen, to have shared in what they have done for me? Why do I have to be so lonesome?"

Which was my first hint that the golden clouds which hover over these famous screen people might not be lined throughout with silver. My first intimation that they might have real sorrows as well as tiled swimming pools, Rolls Royces and liveried chauffeurs.

And there is no doubt that Clara Bow is lonesome. She has her father, her two *Marions* who care for her clothes and her kitchen. But she longs—with that depth of feeling which comes only to highly emotional people—for an honest-to-goodness, old fashioned American family.

"Why couldn't I have at least *one* brother and sister? Why can't I find the right man for a husband?"

Yet her very lonesomeness is one reason why Clara hasn't married. It isn't only because she fears to give only half-a-life, like any screen actress, to a man. It is because she has not found the one who has convinced her that he can be a mother, a sister, a brother as well as a lover and protector.

"I am afraid," we sat on the beach before her Malibou home one afternoon as she talked about it. "I am afraid he might not measure up and then I'd only be *more* lonesome. For I know you can be *more* lonesome with the wrong sort of person than you can without anybody!"

Clara's story is symbolic of many. Beneath their glamorous, flamboyant, scintillating exteriors, the stars are just everyday human beings with the same regrets, yearnings, ambitions and sorrows.

JOAN CRAWFORD has moments when she is as unhappy as Clara Bow is lonesome. With Joan it's either exaggerated publicity or the thoughts of misunderstandings with her mother, which brings her sorrow.

Joan can't be seen with a man unless the papers herald her engagement. She met one of the college boys brought to Hollywood by First National *once* but the newspapers said they were to be married. If Joan had a quarrel with Mike Cudahy the whole country knew about it. One of the popular bets in Hollywood today is: Are Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks Junior mar-

(*Continued on page* 81)

Ronald Colman has never emerged from the cloud of sorrow which was cast over his life when his one great romance ended in the divorce courts.

Clues to Their Identity

ONE of these stars started her career as a bathing beauty and has just appeared in her greatest dramatic role.

What star recently has been reported engaged to a young lawyer? She's in this group.

Who is the little sad girl, whose fame and fortune cannot make her forget those early days of hardship? Find her!

Who *are*

$1500.00

In Cash

Given by

SCREEN SECRETS

To identify these six stars and write from fifty to one hundred words telling which one is your favorite—and why.

WIN *One of these* BIG PRIZES

Grand First Prize, ...	$750.00
Second Prize, ...	300.00
Third Prize, ...	200.00
Fourth Prize, ...	50.00

Also Twenty Prizes of Ten Dollars ($10.00) Each

START right now! It's just as easy as it looks. Give the stars on these pages the "once over" and see how many of them you can recognize at a glance. Then see how many of them you can recall to mind with a little concentration. None of them are difficult to name, as they are all prominently featured in current screen productions and have been written about in SCREEN SECRETS many times during the past year.

When you identify all of them take your pencil and paper in hand and write fifty to one hundred words—not more than a hundred—telling which one of these stars is your favorite—and why.

That's all that's to it! . . . And you have a chance to win one of the *big cash prizes.*

They?

Rules of the Contest

1. Twenty-four cash prizes will be paid by SCREEN SECRETS MAGAZINE for the nearest correct identification list of players pictured and the most interesting letter (not more than 100 words) telling which one of these players is your favorite—and why.

2. It is not necessary to buy any magazine or article to compete in this contest, but as reference, issue of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine may be consulted. Copies may be inspected at libraries. Contest is open to everyone except staff members of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine and their families.

Contest closes January 10, 1929 at midnight. Prizes will be awarded as soon after the contest closes as possible. You may send as many answers as you wish.

4. In case of ties, tying contributors will be awarded duplicate prizes. Send your lists and letters to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Box 1757, Minneapolis, Minn., any time before closing date. The editorial department of SCREEN SECRETS will be sole and final judges.

IN SUBMITTING your letter telling who is your favorite movie star and why, be brief. Originality and novelty will count heavily in deciding the winners, but brevity is essential. Write your answer clearly with a typewriter or in ink, on one side of the paper only. Print your name and address.

All answers must be sent to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Box 1757, Minneapolis, Minn. Write or print the address clearly on the envelope so that there will be no danger of your contribution being lost.

No contributions will be returned. Watch for announcement of the winners in a future issue of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine.

WATCH the January issue of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine for more information on this $1,500.00 cash prize contest. It will have something new to tell—something new to reveal—something you won't want to miss.

And that's not all! In the January issue of SCREEN SECRETS you will find some of the most diverting, thrilling, amazing narratives of screen players and their lives and loves that have ever been published.

Buddy Rogers' mother tells an appealing story about her famous son . . . the actor aviators of the film capital are vividly described in "Flying High in Hollywood" . . "Making Talking Movies" throws a clear light on the latest screen invention.

All these exclusive stories, and many more, will be seen in the January issue of SCREEN SECRETS which will be for sale on all stands December 14. Watch for the January issue—and remember it will appear next month ONE WEEK EARLIER than usual.

Clues to Their Identity

DO YOU recall the New York society girl who gave up her role of debutante for a Hollywood career?

A certain young lady in this group for sometime past has been rumored as engaged to Richard Dix. There's an easy one!

Who is the star in this group who lives in an eighteen dollar a month apartment and drives a Ford roadster?

Making *Lupe*

Lupe Velez is a tempest from tamale land who is remembering to be refined, except on occasions, like the time she made faces at Jetta Goudal.

SA-AY, leesten," said Lupe, lower lip thrust forward like a pugnacious rose petal, "nobody can high hat me!"

Anything, oh, anything but that. They can cover those slim, rounded South of Sonora legs with sheerest chiffon from France in an effort to make a lady of Senorita Velez. Bob the vowels and polish the consonants and forcibly eject obnoxious words. Mr. Schenck can say "Lupe, Lupe, we all love you but you must not swear." She can be manicured and massaged and clipped and trimmed, but nobody can high hat Lupe.

"Like that time once," said Lupe, pulling the white quilted coat tighter about her hips, "eet was long ago, and thees actress she ask the property boy to get her a glass of water. And he come back carrying eet—so" arm akimbo—"and when he come near thees actress, somebody knock his arm and the water goes on her dress.

"She say 'You clumsy fool! I don' want that water now. Away!' " With a flourish of the same arm, "and I sa-ay, 'Hey, boy! I drink that water. Geeve eet to me!" and then I take eet and poot my arm aroun' his neck, he feel so bad, and I sa-ay, "Leesten, keedo, you're all right. I drink thees water.' Sa-ay, no one can do that even to my brudder. I would knock her een the bean."

This is the Mexican du Barry they all adore. A primitive, emotional, tempestuous darling. A sun-browned babe full of lithesome, luscious curves, who thinks inhibitions are something you take before retiring. With lambent, luring, loving brown eyes.

This is the queen of temperament who had the run-in with that other queen of temperament, that "cocktail of emotion," Jetta Goudal.

"But you moost not sa-ay anytheeng about eet," cautioned Lupe, remembering that she was now a lady.

We haven't had any temperamental pyrotechnics since the good old days before Pola and Gloria and Mae got titles and saved their emotional scenes for the camera. Even Greta, the fair Norse maiden, furnishes nothing spectacular. When things go wrong she sits by the sad sea waves and watches them wave. And that's all.

Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez in a lovebird pose which might be entitled "Just Before the Battle, Mother." Shortly after it was taken they entertained Hollywood with a classical clash of temperament.

But Mr. David Wark Griffith had to dispatch his two lovely stars to their respective portable dressing rooms between scenes, it is said. And the picture, mind you, was called *The Love Song.* There were several flats in it that even Mr. Irving Berlin, composing the melody to accompany it by synchronization, couldn't eliminate.

IT STARTED, so authority has it, during one of Mlle. Goudal's solo scenes. Mr. Griffith noticed a constraint, never before detectable, in the mademoiselle's excellent work. And there seemed to be no good reason for it.

Closer investigation revealed an impish face peering between two screens over at one side of the set. It was Lupe looking on. She was gazing full on the face of Mlle. Goudal.

A Lady

By
DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Lupe attracted attention when she appeared with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho," in her first big dramatic role. "Mees Mary she write the part and Meester Fairbanks say I am eet," says Lupe.

Here is lovely Lupe as she first burst upon Hollywood in the days when she danced in prologues for pictures as a prologue to her own picture career.

Nothing wrong about that. Whenever anyone looked at Lupe she was just staring. But in between times, so the story goes, Lupe was making faces.

Thus Lupe's playful revenge for being high-hatted. And the feud was under way in earnest. It lasted, it is said, until Mr. Griffith's edict confining the two tempestuous temperaments to their dressing rooms between scenes.

But the masterly diplomacy of Mr. Griffith evidently effected at least a superficial reconciliation, for *The Love Song* progressed without further mishap.

They have apparently forgiven and forgotten.

"O-oh, she ees ver-ry charming," says Lupe, in honeyed tones. And it is reported that Jetta thinks Lupe a "sweet child."

(*Continued on page* 90)

Cupid's Bulletin BOARD

LOVELY LILI

LILI DAMITA

LILI DAMITA, the charming Parisian imported by Samuel Goldwyn, was the recipient of considerable attention from Prince George of England when the latter paid Hollywood a flying visit recently. The lovely Lili is engaged to Count Jean De Limur of Paris.

A LOVING CUP

ALMA RUBENS and Ricardo Cortez had been living apart for some months. Recently they went to a dance together in the manner of Hollywood's companionately separated couples, where they won a loving cup by their terpsichorean talents. The loving cup lived up to its name apparently, for shortly afterwards they patched up their domestic difficulties.

BYRONESQUE BYRON

WALTER BYRON, handsome young actor, recently arrived from England, is living up to his romantic name by falling head over heels in love all in a few short months after his arrival in this country. He is said to be engaged to a prominent Los Angeles society girl.

TOGETHER AGAIN?

NOW Gilda Gray, the world's wiggle queen, and her husband and prime minister Gil Boag, who helped her up the road to fame, after preparing to bring suits and counter suits against each other for divorce, are now making overtures to patch up their differences. Gilda is in London and Gil is on his way there in hopes of bringing about a reconciliation.

PARTED

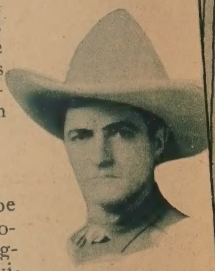
LEWIS STONE, silver-haired veteran of the stage and screen, and his wife, Florence Oakley, stage actress, have decided they can be happy though separated. They have decided to live under separate roofs, although both deny that a divorce is in the offing.

ROMANCE ENDED

THE romance of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo is said to be on the rocks. Gilbert is now in New York where he plans to remain for some time, and Greta plans to make a trip to her home in Sweden.

HEARTS ACROSS THE SEA

IF TOM MIX wants his wife, Victoria Forde Mix, to return to his home and fireside, he will have to come and get her, Mrs. Mix is said to have declared recently to her friends. This will involve considerable Cook's touring on Tom's part, as his wife is over in Paris, half way across the globe, with their little daughter, Thomasina. Looks like an ocean voyage for Tom.



TOM MIX

BEN FLIES HIGH

BEN LYON, who can always be relied upon to provide a few romantic rumors for Hollywood, judging from his previous affairs, is at it again. This time he's all up in the air over Ruth Elder, the aviatin' actress. Ruth is teaching Ben to fly, which is about all there is left to teach him. And in moments when they come to earth, they are often seen lunching at the Montmarte. Ruth is getting a divorce from her husband, Lyle Womack, who has left for the South Pole with Captain Byrd aboard the "Larsen."

RUTH ELDER

FOOTLIGHT ROMANCE

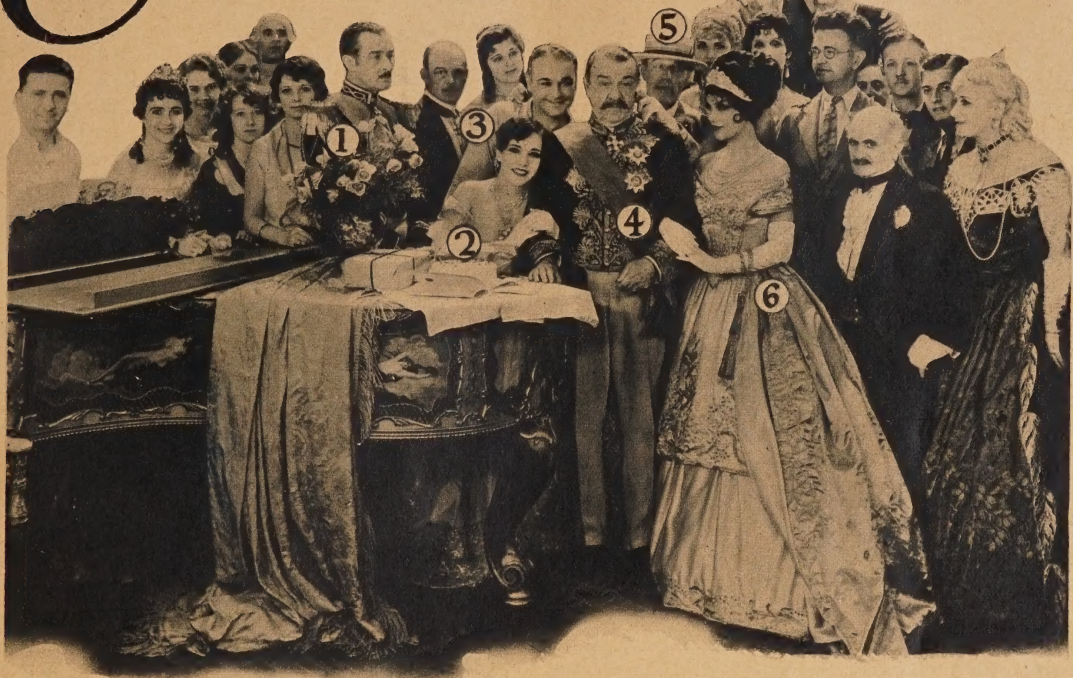
LOIS WILSON had been wooed ardently by Edward Everett Horton, now a Warner Bros. star, in a recent stage production in Hollywood. But now the fact that they are often seen together at dances leads their friends to believe that their romance may have been carried beyond the footlights.

LOIS WILSON

UNDAUNTED

FRANK KEENAN, seventy-eight years of age, veteran of countless romances on stage and screen, not to mention marital ventures in real life, thinks that marriage is all right. He is soon to take unto himself a third wife.

SOCIETY IN *Cinemaland*



A surprise party for George Fawcett was given recently in celebration of his birthday while working on the set of "The Love Song." Among those in attendance, shown above are: (1) Albert Conti, (2) Lupe Velez, (3) William Boyd, (4) George Fawcett, (5) D. W. Griffith, (6) Jetta Goudal.

Prince George of England Visits Doug and Mary—Birthday Parties on the Sets—Girl Guests Go Stockingless—Tex Guinan Hits Hollywood White Way—and Other Social Doings in Film Capital.

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY
SCREEN SECRETS' SOCIETY EDITOR

MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—"Doug and Mary"—stole a march on filmdom's society by entertaining a certain mysterious young man introduced as Lieutenant Windsor. He was none other than **Prince George** of England, youngest son of Britain's King.

The whole thing was planned with the utmost secrecy since the royal visitor was not supposed to leave his ship at Santa Barbara. Between "shots" at the studio, Doug prepared an exciting rodeo as entertainment while at "Pickfair," Mary planned an elaborate dinner and reception.

His youthful Highness arrived at the United Artists Studio escorted by **Robert Fairbanks** and accompanied by two friends, **William Slater** and **Elliot Rogers. Doug**, in costume for his current picture, *The Iron Mask,* greeted them and led the way to a royal box on the bridge across the moat.

After the rodeo, the star did a leap through a high window on the set and performed other stunts for his distinguished guest. Followed five o'clock tea in **Mary Pickford's** studio bungalow where **Charlie Chaplin** joined them.

ALL the dinner guests had been sworn to secrecy and, oh, what heart burnings when the list was made public after the event! One of the baby stars remarked that

Several of the younger actresses on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot recently gave a tea in honor of Eva Von Berne, the newcomer from Vienna. Among those in attendance are, from left to right, Raquel Torres, Eva Von Berne, Fay Webb and Blanche Le Clair.

Doug and Mary had better retire to the safety of their 1,000-acre ranch and ask the Marines for protection.

Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson, Claire Windsor, Jetta Goudal, Lily Damita, Jack Gilbert, and **Charlie Chaplin** sat at the table with the prince while those invited to the reception afterwards were **Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Willat (Billie Dove), Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hawkes (Mary Astor), Ronald Colman, Ramon Novarro, Lupe Velez, Bessie Love, Ralph Forbes, June Collyer, Marie Gray, Walter Byron, Tom Mix, Dorothy Gulliver, John Loder** and **Lawrence Irving.**

Sparkling Lily Damita had met his Highness in Paris last year, renewing his acquaintance in Monterey a week before the Fairbanks' party.

Birthday anniversaries of more than one cinemalite occurred this past month. There was a dinner-dance at the Biltmore for **Matty Kemp** arranged by his mother to which the younger set were all invited. **Sally Eilers** was conspicuous by her absence—you know she and Matty decided not to go through with their engagement and a week later Sally announced her bethrothal to **William Hawkes.**

June Collyer, Carmelita Geraghty, Mary Brian, Loretta Young, Merna Kennedy, Florence Lake, James Hall, Emilio Gonzales, Albert Geraghty, Eddie Gleason and **Charles Bohny** helped make the anniversary a memorable one for Matty.

Another birthday celebration given in honor of **Alfred Santell** was cleverly planned as a surprise. Mr. Santell had no intimation of the arrangements until he reached home and found a group of friends, including his parents, brother and sister-in-law, the **James Gleasons, Donald Reeds, Robert Armstrongs, Rollin Ashers, Esther Gran** and **Gaston Glass** and many others.

Ruth Roland celebrated her natal day at home. Her house guest, **Mrs. Gertrude Douglas,** arranged a gathering as a surprise for her hostess and among those who appeared—bearing gifts—were **Mr. and Mrs. John Miljan,** the **Misses Virginia Carlisle, Helen DeLaine** and **Gladys Sorenson, Roy D'Arcy, Andrew Waldron** and **Ben Bard,** Miss Roland's fiance.

Shirley Dorman was the honoree at a birthday party given at a popular cafe. Sixteen candles decorated the cake—Shirley declared that any movie actress was foolish to admit to more than sixteen years. **Thelma Todd, Martha Sleeper, Joan Crawford, Sally Eilers, Alice Mills, Virginia Browne Faire** and several othr well-known cinemalites participated in the festivities.

BIRTHDAY parties on the set are getting to be quite the thing around the studios. **D. W. Griffith** halted work on *The Love Song* long enough to order a cake and candles and write a poem to *The Gentleman from Virginia* —**George Fawcett**—who has a prominent role in the picture.

"Here's a special shot I want to take," said Griffith and the surprised actor was led to a table bearing the hastily-garnered cake, Joseph Conrad's *Life and Letters* from **Jetta Goudal,** a dainty box of handkerchiefs from the volcanic **Lupe Velez** and a box of 500 cigarettes from **Bill Boyd.**

One of the most feted brides of the month was **Priscilla Bonner** whose marriage to **Dr. E. B. Woolfan** was

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Captivating Clothes

Olive Borden, F. B. O. star, is leading the rebellion against modern dress. Here she is shown in a return to the flowing lines of the ancient Greek garb. But it's no costume to wear in a snowstorm.

Marie's

Marie Prevost traces her career in pictures by the letters she has received from her masculine admirers.

What Kind of Men Write to Movie Stars?

Gay young men with unconventional ideas write to saucy ladies in bedroom farces—

Bald-headed men with rotund tummies correspond with bathing beauties—

Wisecracking collegians pen nifty notes to pretty girls in slapstick comedies—

Sophisticated gentlemen write subtle innuendos to leading ladies of the comedy dramas—

Marie Prevost used to get spicy letters from naughty young men in the days when she played in such bedroom farces as "Getting Gertie's Garter." But now it's her acting instead of her ankles that draws comment from her fans.

By **HELEN STARR**

WHAT kind of men write to film stars?

Ask Marie Prevost. She knows.

Marie has had letters from all types of men. She has played in all kinds of pictures. And she pays close attention to her fan letters, for she knows they are the barometer of her popularity.

"The letters from the older men who wrote me during the Mack Sennett bathing suit days revealed that a glimpse of the feminine form divine on the screen was to them like a dip into the fountain of youth," says Marie.

"You see many of these older men can remember when ladies were considered very daring and bold to even go into the ocean at all. Why, the other day I came across an item printed just fifty years ago—July 7, 1878 in the *New York Times* which was supposed to be a common sense article in that day and age. It read:

" 'Women suffer more than men from the tyranny of this atrocious custom of surf bathing. For a woman to enter the surf involves a long process of undressing and redressing, which is a terrible strain upon her strength and temper. Moreover, the art of bathing makes pitiless revelations concerning the female form. As a rule woman becomes not merely impossible, but absolutely unthinkable when the sea has remorselessly analyzed her.' "

"Now, you can see what amusement the older men find in comparing the customs of fifty years ago with the healthy freedom the modern bathing girl finds in ocean swimming."

"Even today," sighs Marie, "I rather long for those gorgeous suits we used to wear in the early Mack Sennett comedies. Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Mabel Normand, Mary Thurman, Bebe Daniels and myself used to design our bathing suits ourselves. We used loads of red wiggly braid, colored piping and enough heavy buttons to drown us all."

"But beautiful swimming suits—or rather bloomer dresses—are a lost art," says the girl who has made the shoreline of California to America what the Lorelei Rock is to the River Rhine. "No one ever looks at the abbreviated suits of today!"

Marie Prevost is one of the surviving stars of the old Sennett fold. The creation of bathing suit comedies did one wonderful thing for the girls who played in them. These athletic reels gave them the physical vitality necessary to carrying on in a difficult career. Marie will accept a swimming or tennis date any day now in preference to bridge or tea.

Male Bag

"How did you answer your letters from the grammar school boys who used to laugh at the slapstick comedies?" I asked.

"I found out that a picture pleases them more than anything else," answers Marie. "I have always made it a point to send pictures of myself to anyone who asks for them."

"How do you answer the dashing young men who thinks Hollywood is just full of wicked actresses?"

"Well," admitted Marie, "I got letters from plenty of them after I played in the bedroom farces such as *Getting Gertie's Garter.* They seemed to think nothing in life would give them such a thrill as finding me at home under a twin bed. I wasn't happy over some of the insulting propositions that came in those letters. But, I began to think about it philosophically and realized they just did not understand Hollywood or the screen stars.

"So, for every bad letter I received, I wrote a nice and formal one in reply and sent a picture, and you would be surprised how those very same young men wrote me a polite letter in the next mail and said they were very sorry they had made a mistake."

In the past few weeks, the type of fan letters coming to Marie Prevost has entirely changed. Letters are coming on paper with lovely letter heads and from important people in the business and professional world—all because Marie has recently won her first two big dramatic parts, one with Thomas Meighan in *The Racket* and the other in Cecil De Mille's *Godless Girl* in which she is an inmate of a reform school—a girl with terrific temper and a fighting disposition.

Here's Marie in the good old days when bathing beauties hung brocaded suits all over their limbs, but never went near the water.

Marie's high spirits which are such an essential part of her character are clearly shown in this picture. She is always up to mischief of one kind or another.

Her first direct appeal to women is made in *The Godless Girl* and her letters are full of expressions of sympathy for the hard-boiled, good-hearted reformatory inmate. In this picture Marie has attained a supreme characterization, and her letters contain only the highest type of admiration, and are free from the improper implications following the lighter farces of her previous career.

What kind of men does Marie like?

To bring it right down to cases, she is crazy over her husband, Kenneth Harlan. They were married in October 1925 and by November 1927 had decided they couldn't get along at all, and so they were granted the first decree of divorce.

But by the time summer came around, Marie and Kenneth decided they couldn't get along without each other and so they have had the decree annulled or whatever they do to such things, and were reconciled again.

Marie and her husband, Kenneth Harlan find it difficult to live together because of their temperaments, but they find it even harder to live apart because they are so much in love. They recently annulled their divorce proceedings for another fling at married life, but a slight spat has ruffled their domestic calm. Below, Marie, in a scene from one of her early farces.

The two have mutual likes and hobbies—they are fun loving and enjoy good times and good living. They like outdoor sports and driving at a fast clip in an open car. During the heat of August, they started east on a cross country automobile trip, as Kenneth opens in New York shortly in a new stage play, *Jurgen*.

"They're either crazy or in love to cross the desert in August," was the opinion of Hollywood.

Marie only went half way after all, for she had to return to Utah to go on location in *The Exodus*, a great Mormon picture epic being financed by Utah Chambers of Commerce.

Marie and Ken spat like two kids, and make up as quickly again. She pouts prettily in the near location of those famous dimples of hers. Kenneth babies her to bring a smile back into her blue eyes and he works earnestly to fix up the quarrels in short order. And so their differences, even to the point of divorce, were patched up, but another disagreement has separated them again.

"Sounds ridiculous for me to advise that a husband and wife should know each other,' said Marie, "but I believe it's a fact that in two thirds of marriages the men and woman are practical strangers to each other, never truly knowing the real personalities of the one they've married. It seems to take some bitter experience or a separation such as Kenneth's and mine to bring out an understanding of each other.

"There never should be illusions between husband and wife because some day the bubble is sure to burst. And don't be too dominating, too nagging, too jealous. Can a career and marriage mix? Of course they can. Personally I recommend as the best cure for ailing marriage one perfectly good vacation apart from each other."

Marie is what is known in Hollywood as a regular trouper. She is always on the set on time. She does not complain of Sunday or night work. If the director puts her through the scene six or seven times she is the most patient worker on the set. For *The Racket* and *The Godless Girl* she bleached her hair light without a murmur and is only now getting her natural dark hair back again.

She loves her work and accepts everything that comes along in the line of the job each day as the most interesting and thrilling experience she has yet had. Marie is no meditator. She lives life instead of thinking about it.

She may like to spend money, but she is also shrewd in her business contracts and has written her own figure on her late releases. So prosperous has she been of late that she has bought three homes—two mansions in Beverly Hills, a beach house at Malibu and a very valuable block of store buildings.

Peggy Prevost, Marie's sister, is an interior decorator in Los Angeles and Peggy helped make her first old fashioned Beverly home into a charming Italian place. This one is now leased to Ruth Chatterton, and Marie's newest up-to-date Spanish house is leased in her absence to Texas Guinan, famous New York night club hostess who is now making a picture at the Warner Bros. studio. Texas is caring for Marie's four dogs, two cats and riding horse and canaries in her absence.

Sarnia, Ontario, can boast one practical joker, for that town was Marie Prevost's birthplace. It takes quite a while to know Marie in the beginning. She isn't upstage or snobbish, but she doesn't believe in forced conversations and she doesn't say much until there is a definite something in common to talk about. Then she is charming, and fun loving. When she knows you very well, her sense of mischief may include you in one of her practical jokes.

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Was it a Hoodoo?

Was it a hoodoo that dogged Barry Norton's steps and kept him from crashing the gates in Hollywood? Barry began to think so until his luck changed

By WILLIAM H. McKEGG

EVERY cloud must have a silver lining—even in Hollywood.

Barry Norton, the dashing young Latin, learned as much since winning a lucrative contract on the Fox lot.

Having arrived in Hollywood three years ago with a light heart and plenty of ambition, Barry aspired to make his niche in pictures.

Even the long line of disillusioned extras could not daunt his youthful aspirations. For Barry had never known want. He had been raised in the lap of luxury. Tough breaks were unknown to him.

Barry was going to make good in pictures!

But Fate wouldn't have it so—yet. And the youth wandered from one studio to another fully confident that he would be singled out and given an acting part in some production.

But no one noticed him. He was just one of the mob. This was the first time in his life that Barry had experienced any reverses.

As the weeks rolled by, the bright Hollywood that Barry found when he first set foot there appeared to him blue and dismal.

It began to seem to Barry that some sort of a Hoodoo was dogging his footsteps.

Three years previous Barry Norton, whose real name is Alfredo de Biraben, set out from his sumptious home in

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Barry Norton is showing one of his fan letters to Janet Gaynor and Nancy Drexel with whom he plays in "Four Devils." Below, with Madge Bellamy, in "Mother Knows Best."

You, Too, Can Be a Social Success!

They laughed when I sat down to eat pea soup with a knife—but read how Prof. Conklin electrified his guests!

This is not a boxing pose that Carol Hamerton is assuming. She is simply presenting Professor Conklin, social leader of Chicago's underworld, to a waiting public.

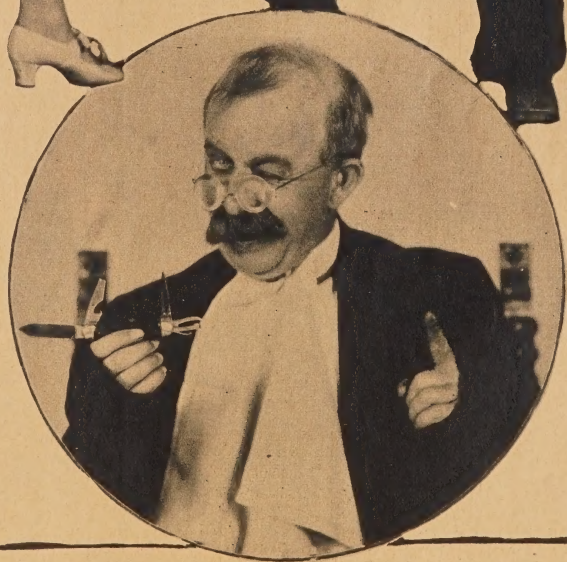
Folks meet Prof. Chester Conklin, the world's greatest untamed social lion. Prof. Conklin will reveal to you the secret of his social success which has made him the pal of head waiters everywhere.

"It seems that ~~there were two~~ travelling salesmen stopped at a farmhouse overnight—" There's nothing like a snappy story to break the social ice. But Doris Hill seems to have heard this one before. She looks as though she knew what's coming.

ARE you a social liability instead of an asset? Do you always tee off with the wrong fork at a dinner party? Do you feel foolish when you play croquet in evening clothes? Stop that tired feeling! Take Professor Chester Conklin's course in ten easy lessons.

A musical instrument is practically a necessity for impromptu entertaining. The neighbors are wild about Professor Conklin's accomplishments. So are the police. His future is assured.

Above, Professor Conklin demonstrates the first of his parlor acrobatic stunts with Viola Allen as his partner.



Prof. Conklin has never cut a friend. Here he is shown demonstrating the collapsible table knife which made him the "wow" of Mrs. Astorbilt's dinner party.

HARRY CARR

Harry Carr's intimate association with the movie industry through its formative years has given him an unequalled position as a commentator on pictures and personalities. For years he was the right hand man to D. W. Griffith, and later publicity man at the old Sennett Studio where many of the stars got their start. He is author of the screen masterpiece *Old Ironsides*, collaborated with Von Stroheim on *The Wedding March*.

ONE burning question is agitating the beating hearts of the Hollywood producers. It has to do with swear words.

All the recent New York stage successes are so filled with bad language that they sound like a fight in a fo'-castle of an old-fashioned windjammer. Words that refined people were not supposed to know were in the langauge are flung about in every other line of most of the stage successes. When these stage hits come into the talkies, to what extent will they have to fumigate the conversation? That's what they want to know. Oh, pshaw—or anything like—makes Will Hays blanch and shudder as it is. What he would do were he to hear some of the other words makes me feel faint at the mere suggestion.

John Gilbert is afflicted with a desire to become his own boss. That's why he's thinking of changing studios, according to Harry Carr. Colleen Moore has no fans among the fish. She says they don't fall for her line

Colleen Fished

COLLEEN MOORE complains bitterly. She says she may be a box office star all right enough; but as fisherman she is a wash-out.

Colleen recently went on a yatching party with her husband off the coast of Mexcio. I had a letter from her in which she said that she got up at three o'clock in the morning and let her fish line over the side. The net result of her efforts was a piece of sea weed, an elderly wooden box and a shoe from which the fires of youth had departed.

Just Folks

EVEN if she isn't any great shakes as a fisherman, Colleen is a peach of a girl. The more money she makes—and she could buy a couple of banks right now—the more does Colleen become "just folks." She is just about as up-stage as the man who mows her lawn. If you want to find her when she is not working, your best cue is to find out where the prop boys eat ice cream. She is probably perched up on a stool matching to see who pays.

Lillian Is Regular

BUT for that matter, most of these girls who have had to fight their way up to success are that way. I have never seen Lillian Gish leave a motion picture set that she didn't go round to the electricians and thank them for the trouble they had taken in her behalf. She calls them Bill and Mike and Joe; and they don't have to stop and debate if you ask them who is the paragon of all feminine virtues.

Lillian thinks of

Comments

Swatting swear words for the talkies —Colleen Moore thinks fish are all wet—John Gilbert yearns to be boss.

herself as one of a gang of workers making pictures. Some of the gang grind cameras; and some act in front of the cameras.

The Champion Mother

LILLIAN has written me a joyous letter to say that the German physicians give her every hope of her mother's complete recovery.

This will be great news for Hollywood. Mrs. Gish is the most loved of all movie mothers.

On very rare occasions—when I was in the Griffith studio—Mrs. Gish used to pay a visit. The visit of the average movie star's mother is an event to be dreaded.

But Mrs. Gish could mind her own business in every known language and dialect. She never went on the sets; never watched her daughters acting.

Mr. Griffith, valuing her long experience and her keen, incisive mind, would often ask her opinion on this and that, in reference to the picture. But she had nothing to say. If she had any opinions, nobody ever found out what they were. Like the girl in the English music hall ballad, she didn't know nothin' about nothin'.

John Gilbert

JOHN GILBERT has been edging out of the M-G-M studio for some time; and now it looks as though he were headed for United Artists. What is biting the distinguished Gilbert seems to be a desire to be his own boss; to produce his own pictures and get a percentage of profit from the same. I have never yet known an actor whose judgment wasn't rotten on his own stories; but maybe John will be different. As a box office attraction, he has held up better than any of the other men.

"Tex" Was Cold

TEXAS GUINAN got a cold reception in Los Angeles which was gleefully announced by her energetic press agent as her home town.

"The Breakfast Club" which entertains cabinet officers and other dignitaries declined to receive her; the mayor declined to go down to meet her; and the whole affair grew limp and sad. Tex is reported to be furious.

Hollywood really isn't her home town. She came here about 1912 with a girl show which lingered on in stock for

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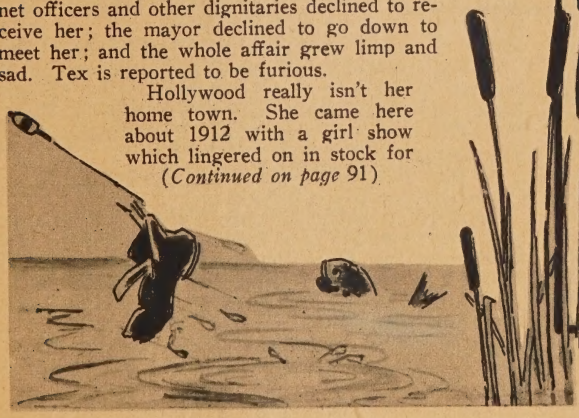

Lillian Gish never thinks of herself as a star. She's just one of the gang when she's on the set and calls all the electricians by their first names. This winter she is going to star in "The Miracle," under the direction of Max Reinhardt, the great German director.

Clara Bow Bares Her HEART

To LINA BASQUETTE

When girl friends get together there's always plenty to tell and Clara Bow tells plenty in this amazingly frank revelation to her best chum in Hollywood.

"Tell me now, Clara, what kind of a man could you love?" Lina Basquette, on the right, is asking Clara Bow, her best girl friend, on the left, in this unusual interview for SCREEN SECRETS. "You would have to bring that up!" answers Clara.

CLARA BOW is one of the best friends I have in Hollywood.

On those rare occasions when we aren't both working we are always calling each other up on the phone and having luncheon together or running off to the beach for a happy, stolen holiday.

I think I know Clara as few people know her—as a natural, generous, warm-hearted impulsive little girl with a bit of yearning wistfulness about her.

Clara and I share many secrets, but when we are together we talk of the personal every day things in our own lives and there are many things of a general nature which we have never discussed. That is one reason why I welcomed the opportunity to interview her in the role of correspondent for SCREEN SECRETS.

I found Clara a picture of joy and radiance in her big Hollywood home. I couldn't help thinking how many things she has that most girls want—beauty, wealth, popularity.

"I suppose, Clara," I said, "that life has given you everything you want."

Clara laughed.

"Yes, darling, it has *not!*" she replied. "No. Nothing in the world could accomplish that. Wouldn't it be just too dreadful anyway to reach the place where you had absolutely everything you desired? Why there would be nothing left to live for!"

"But if you had your life to live over again, Clara, would you want it the same as it has been?" I asked her.

"Every minute of it," answered Clara emphatically. "I have had my troubles, my disappointments and my sorrows, I had a great deal of unhappiness in my childhood. But I think every life needs those sad experiences. I do not regret any of them."

"Is fame what you thought it was going to be?"

Clara was silent for a minute.

"In some respects, yes—in others, no. I know it is the usual pose for an actress to deplore the fruits of so-called fame, but I want to be truthful. I really enjoy everything that my work in motion pictures has brought me.

"But fame has its drawbacks, too. I love to dance. But I can't dance much in public. Someone is sure to start some wild story about me. If I am seen with a man, then everybody immediately says that I am engaged to marry him."

"They tell me, Clara, I said, "That you're quite a vamp."

Clara Bow Says—

Fame hasn't given me everything,
I hope to marry some day,
I would rather marry a man with a good disposition than a man who is good looking,
I seldom dance in public for fear of causing comment,
Picture people should keep their married lives private,
Some day I want to direct my own pictures,
I am afraid of love.

"Gee, Lina, you're funny," Clara giggled. "I'm not really a vamp. At least I'm not any more of a vamp than many others. You know, almost any girl can vamp a man if she sets her mind on it. All men are more or less easy to vamp. Except the bashful ones. They are the hardest to vamp. You know when a girl is vamping a man in a picture—or in real life—she has to chase him all over the place and that isn't right. He should do some of the chasing himself after a while."

"Absolutely!" I agreed.

As I looked into those bewitching eyes that have thrilled millions of fans from the screen I couldn't feel that Clara would ever have to do much of the chasing.

"Do you think that sex appeal helps in vamping?" I asked.

"Of course it helps," Clara answered promptly, "but sex appeal isn't love. It is rather the beginning of love. When we see someone who attracts us, thoughts of them keep recurring of beautiful eyes, or broad shoulders or shapely limbs. But we do not stop to analyze it.

"A woman doesn't necessarily have to be beautiful to have sex appeal. You have probably often noticed, Lina, how some woman will come quietly into a room, a woman who isn't beautiful or gorgeously dressed, but has something about her that attracts attention and pretty soon she will be the center of an admiring group."

"Don't faint now, dear," I said, "but I want to know exactly the kind of a man you could love."

"You would have to bring that up!" sighed Clara. "Well—here goes. His appearance would have little to do with the matter. But he would have to have a sense of humor, a love of the outdoors, instinctive honesty, and—he would have to be able to whistle before breakfast."

"And do you think you will ever marry?" I continued, urging her on.

"Positively!" said Clara, "I've made up my mind that I am certainly going to marry some day, but who, or when or where, I really haven't the slightest idea, Lina, dear!"

"I think every woman should marry. It is her natural status in life, and no maybe or perhaps about it!"

"But I think that the marriage of a person who is in motion pictures should be kept absolutely private and should never be connected in anyway with her work at the studio. Don't you agree with me, Lina?"

"My idea exactly," I replied. Then steering the interview into another course I asked:

"What is your chief ambition, Clara?"

"To make the best pictures I can, of course. But I have another, a secret one way down in my heart. Some day I would like to direct my own pictures, choose the stories and decide the way they will be worked out. That's straight, too. I'd love it,"—her

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Here's Clara Bow at home. Clara admits that she not only likes to cook, but even eats the product of her own handiwork.

A Preview of Show Boat

"THE show boat is coming!"

This cry heralded a great event in the lives of those people who lived along the river, and it will be an event in your life when it comes to your theatre.

The picture which Carl Laemmle made from the story that was first a best seller, written by Edna Ferber, and later transformed into a musical comedy by the practised hand of Flo Ziegfeld, promises to be one of the spectacles of the year.

The story deals with those picturesque people who wandered up and down the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, bringing light into the lives of people in the country districts before the coming of the movie houses.

Laura La Plante plays the role of Magnolia, brought up on the Show Boat, who learns the lines of Little Eva as soon as she can talk. She falls in love with Ravenal, the gambler, played by Joseph Schildkraut, who runs away with her to Chicago.—*Universal.*

A Preview of Noah's Ark

C. B. DE MILLE is no longer the only producer to go in for lavish Biblical spectacles. Now Warner Brothers have done it in *Noah's Ark*.

The picture runs true to form for such spectacles, opening with a modern sequence laid in Central Europe. There seems to be a war, and a lot of people are at death's door.

Then comes a sudden flashback to Biblical days, brought on by the words of the Chaplain in addressing a group of prisoners who are facing a firing squad.

All the era of sin which preceded the flood is pictured in lavish detail with the aid of thousands of extras. Dolores Costello, who appeared in the modern sequence as a beautiful German girl is a slave who is about to be sacrificed before the king (Noah Beery) while Japhet, who is George O'Brien, endeavors to save her. Lavish drama is piled on lavish drama, ending with the dramatic debacle of the flood, after which the story, having pointed its moral at painstaking length, returns to the modern setting for its conclusion.—*Warner Bros.*

THE RUM RACKET

Things began to happen when the young bootlegger took* Ned McCobb's Daughter *into partnership.

RUM, rascals and racketeers continue to provide juicy material for those fast-moving plays that are full of gin and gunfire. One of the best of these is *Ned McCobb's Daughter,* which won a Pulitzer Prize when it was a play on Broadway.

Irene Rich, who is the daughter, is too real for comfort. And you wonder what's going to happen to her when a young bootlegger takes her into partnership. The young bootlegger is Robert Armstrong who is following a series of stage successes with brilliant work in pictures. He seems fated so far to play characters that talk out of the corner of their mouths, whether prize fighters, bootleggers or plain gunmen.

He's a bad egg in this one, but you can't help liking him in spite of it all. Then just to prove there are bad men and bad men, there's Dan Wolheim, brother of the beautiful Louis Wolheim, who can look just as tough. Theodore Roberts appears now and then but not often enough. There is also Carol Lombard, a newcomer with a bright future.

The high spot of the picture is the murder, a murder done with neatness and dispatch, but who would be mean enough to tell you about it?—*Pathe.*

RACY ROMANCE

***Proving that no man is deaf when he hears* The Mating Call.**

THEY say that they never come back. Someone ought to tell that to Tommy Meighan just to hear him titter in his sleeve. In *The Racket* he snapped out of those roles in which he was just too good to be true and became a human being. Now, in *The Mating Call,* he has made a story book hero, a Rex Beach hero, to be exact, come to life. Tommy Meighan is doing the best work of his career.

Evelyn Brent does a beautiful job as a society girl who is sullen, sophisticated and smouldering. She has sex appeal plus and it is hard to understand how the redoubtable Meighan can resist her charms. Renee Adoree is wistful as the little immigrant girl.

The story is all about love below the Mason-Dixon line, in one of those spots where gentlemen who have plenty of skeletons rattling in their own closets go out in masked bands to look after other people's morals.

Meighan comes back from the war to find his former wife married again to a cad. But she won't leave him alone and uses all her wiles to win him back without avail. Then the Hooded Order takes a hand and things happen.

Howard Hughes, youthful producer of the picture, has discovered a valuable secret, namely, that when you make a picture out of a play or a book you really don't need to throw the original story out of the window and write one about two other fellows.—*Caddo.*

in selecting their cinema fare together with newsy notes about the stars. By Agnes O'Malley

YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' YET!

Al Jolson is a shufflin' dancin' waiter and a* Singing Fool *in the best talking movie we have seen and heard.

AT THE Winter Garden theatre where he made his first big hit, Al Jolson is bringing down the house night after night with his ebony and ivory act. Yet the papers say that Al is honeymooning in Europe with Ruby Keeler, the little tap dancer who is Mrs. Jolson No. 3. Now figure that one out. It's easy when you know how. He's on the Vitaphone. Alfred—or is it Albert?—is himself again. He gives you all those dripping juicy melodies that used to make you laugh and cry when you took the Missis to Chicago to see a show. Besides that, he lets you in on what a singer thinks about when he isn't singing.

Al is a singing waiter in a night club with a yen to write better songs than the ones they give him to sing. He loves Josephine Dunn, an entertainer, and finally marries her, but finds she ain't done right by him. Betty Bronson, who has gone from Peter Pan to Tin Pan Alley, loves him but loses him. But not for long. Then what happens? Now, now, that's enough. See him and weep.—*Warner Bros.*

RUNAWAYS

***See the world through a sidedoor Pullman with those lucky hoboes, the* Beggars of Life.**

ONCE upon a time three kids ran away from home to see the world. And what they saw was plenty. One of them went to Hollywood and got to be a movie director. That was Billie Wellman. Another one became a bum and finally settled down to write stories about it. That was Jim Tully. The third was a girl. She went to New York and danced her way into the Follies. That was Louise Brooks.

In a hot little town down by the Mexican border they all got together to make a picture about runaways. It is a story of tramp life taken from Jim Tully's autobiography, *Beggars of Life,* and if you ever wondered how tramps got that way, you'll have a chance to find out at your theatre pretty soon. Louise Brooks hides her Follies figure under overalls and masquerades as a boy to join the gang. All goes well until she meets Dick Arlen, whom you'll scarcely recognize with all those whiskers, and Oklahoma Red, who is Wally Beery looking tougher than a boardinghouse steak. And if you don't like tramps, the picture is worth attending just to hear Wally sing those lusty lyrics around the campfire. In case you don't know it, Wally has a voice. —*Paramount.*

DIRTY WORK AT THE DOCKS

George Bancroft is a roustabout along The Docks of New York.

THERE'S something about docks. Something about the water lapping against the moss-covered piles all day without going home for lunch. Especially *The Docks of New York.* Slinking shadows. Maybe they're rum runners. Maybe they're only fish peddlers. But let's think they are rum runners.

They make a good background for a picture of the lives of low characters. And they're such a relief from tenements. George Bancroft is one of these low characters, as usual. He must be getting so he swears at home after being tough so long. Only in this picture he seems to suffer slightly from locomotor ataxia. There's something wrong with his blood pressure. He ought to have a lot of blood pressure with two loose ladies like those played by Betty Compson and Baclanova around. Betty shows that she hasn't forgotten how to act these years when she has been home keeping house for James Cruze. And Baclanova! She's a human dynamo. If nothing else but Baclanova, except perhaps old Samovars, came out of Russia, that it would be enough for any country. They're both after George Bancroft. The picture gives the impression of brute strength very much restrained. Sometimes it's so restrained it's just slow.—*Paramount.*

TRAIL BLAZERS

Frenzy followed when The Tide of Empire *swept over California.*

IF YOU'VE read the book by Peter B. Kyne, from which the picture was taken, you'll know just what to expect from this one. And then you'll be surprised.

The trouble with most of these early California pictures is that the people in them are so busy being picturesque that they forget to be human. But not so in this one. Here is drama on a grand scale.

There's nothing especially new about the plot. Of course it all starts with a fine old Spanish family, holding grimly to their land grant, when the roughneck forty-niners, all greedy for gold, swoop down on them.

Renee Adoree wears a fine assortment of lace mantillas as the daughter of the picturesque family. And who should fall in love with her but George Duryea, who is one of the gold rushers.

George proves that all the great riders aren't in westerns when he performs some rare feats to save the Spanish cattle in the big dramatic scene of the picture. There's lots of the old hokum, but there's also plenty of beautiful scenery and picturesque characters to relieve the eye in case you get tired of the plot.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

entertainment. Brief additional reviews will be found on Page 88.

SPOTLIGHT!

Curtains are drawn aside to give you a peep at Show Folks *at home.*

ANOTHER picture in response to the current craving on the part of the public to see what becomes of actors after the curtain goes down. And if there is anything the public doesn't know after this season about the private life of everyone beyond the footlights, from the sword swallower to the trained seals, it won't be the fault of the movie producers.

Lina Basquette and Eddie Quillan are the show folks, both on and off, in this one. And all they need to do is act natural because they were both cradled on wardrobe trunks and grew up in the wings.

Eddie, the boy with the panicking pan, a recent graduate from the two-reelers, plays the part of a young vaudeville hoofer who thinks he is God's gift to the tired business woman. His act always gets a big hand, and Eddie never tumbles to the fact that it is his little dancing partner, Lina Basquette who is really drawing all the thunder. And Lina loves him too much to tell him the painful truth. This gives an opening for lots of heart throbs.—*Pathe.*

WATER, WATER

Another picture about the Waterfront, *but, oh, how different.*

DO YOU think girls who wear sailor pants are cute? If you do, you'll enjoy this picture. From the title you would think you were going to see a lot of high-powered skullduggery among the wharf rats, but not so, Wilmerding, not so.

This is just a good clean boarding school comedy with lots of healthy horseplay along the waterfront. It proves that sailors will be boys or something like that.

Dorothy Mackaill is the lass who not only loved a sailor, but dressed like one. And Jack Mulhall is the sailor.

Dorothy has a father. He's a sea captain. He's been one all his life and if there's anything he hates it's a sailor. He has two hobbies in life. One is Dorothy and the other is hating sailors. He would like to see her married to some red-blooded ribbon clerk. So when Jack Mulhall happens along the story begins, such as it is. Somebody always seems to be hitting some one else.

But you can't keep good actors down and Jack and Dorothy have that gift for comedy that shines out through everything else and sends you home happy. But everybody would have liked it just as well if Dorothy hadn't had to wear a sailor suit.—*First National.*

MASK *of the*

He loved as he lived without counting the cost. But when the woman of his desires was sweetheart of his best friend—did he choose loyalty or lust? Begin now the stirring story of the young Baron, the talk of all Vienna, who hid beneath an angelic face, the soul of a demon. A serialized version of John Gilbert's latest vehicle, *Mask of the Devil*. Read the story, then see the picture.

"It is a glorious day for a drive in the country," suggested lingered over the tea cups, with a glance that included the Gessner understood. "You go alone," she said, "just the two

PART I.

IRWIN REINER had no conscience. He lived for the love of women, taking them as he found them, without counting the cost. Handsome, wealthy and talented, he found no obstacles to his conquests, which were the talk of all Vienna.

Yet when Count Palester began his famous painting of an archangel, he chose Irwin Reiner for his model, for Reiner concealed his evil desires beneath a countenance of rare purity and beauty, a veritable Mask of the Devil.

Irwin breathed a sigh of relief when the servant announced the arrival of Count and Countess Zurmuhlen, for it meant relief from the tiresome task of posing for the portrait.

From the look that passed between Irwin and Countess Helene Zurmuhlen as she entered the room, one could tell at once that they were lovers.

Presently Count Palester and Count Zurmuhlen departed to examine some of the former's paintings, and the two lovers were left alone.

Quietly, softly Irwin gathered Helene into his arms and crushed her against his breast.

The sound of returning footsteps interrupted their embrace.

"You must come back to me—alone!" murmured Irwin.

"Never!" she replied, "I loathe you!"

Her husband entered the room, and a little later they left together. Half an hour after the door opened softly. Helene had returned.

It was some ten days after that Irwin, shopping in a jewelry store for a gift for Helene, his latest love, encountered his old friend Manfred Dalcroze.

Manfred confided that he was about to be married to the most wonderful girl in the world and besought Irwin's assistance in selecting the ring. As they left the store he insisted that Irwin come to dinner and meet his fiancee.

THE CAST

Baron Irwin Reiner	*John Gilbert*
Virginia Gessner	*Eva Von Berne*
Countess Helene	*Alma Rubens*
Count Zurmuhlen	*Frank Reicher*
Count Palester	*Theodore Roberts*
Manfred Dalcroze	*Ralph Forbes*
The Little Dancer	*Polly Ann Young*
Madame Gessner	*Ethel Wales*

Irwin tried to beg off but without avail. Marriage held no interest for him. He pictured Manfred's fiancee as a stupid, uninteresting little country girl. He was sure the evening would prove to be a bore.

The night of the dinner arrived. Irwin greeted Manfred Dalcroze with forced gaiety, determined to make the best of a bad evening. As he entered the drawing room with Manfred he stopped and stared like one in a dream. Before him stood a young girl, her eyes as blue as the sea on a cloudless day, her delicate features framed by hair that was soft and brown and curly. Poised and infinitely sweet, she was still a child untouched by the coarser things of life.

She was the loveliest creature that Irwin Reiner had ever seen. But Virginia Gessner was betrothed to his best friend!

DEVIL

Adapted for SCREEN SECRETS by DOROTHY H. CARTWRIGHT

the young Baron as they three of them. But Frau of you. I have a headache."

PART II.

FOR a moment Irwin Reiner stared at the apparition before him, drinking in her simplicity and charm. Recovering himself with an effort, he stepped forward and lifted her hand gallantly to his lips, his eyes looking steadily into her beautiful face as if afraid to lose one moment of its loveliness.

"What a lucky brute you are, Manfred!" he exclaimed sincerely. "In all Vienna there is none who can hold a candle to your little Virginia!"

The girl looked shyly, tenderly, at her sweetheart. And Manfred was happy . . . Proud, too, that his experienced and cynical friend should have so quickly and completely succumbed to the charms of the "poor little girl from the country."

Frau Gessner, feeling herself out of the limelight, fastened herself like a leech on Count Palester. "So you're an artist!" she simpered. "Oh, you wicked, wicked Bohemian!"

Palester, who had unhappily long since departed from even the indescretions of middle age, bowed politely. "Madame, you flatter me!"

His irony, however, was quite lost on Frau Gessner, who accepted his bow as a flattering little attention. Coquettishly she tapped his arm with her fan, and went on clacking noisily, unaware that it was only the exigencies of politeness and his duties as Reiner's guest that kept him from cheerfully strangling her.

Fortunately Palester was relieved before his nerves were entirely frazzled, by the announcement of dinner.

Never had Irwin Reiner been so sincere as when he raised his glass, later in the evening, to propose a toast to Virginia and Manfred. From the first word he struck a note of eloquence that had never before been rivaled.

"My friends, tonight we are celebrating the happiness of two of us—of all of us! For happiness, like a ripple in a mighty lake, spreads even unto the farthest edges . . . For many long years Manfred has been my most valued friend. We have shared each other's fortune. In school we did our lessons together. In college we shared our secrets, our friends, our hopes for the future. Even when Manfred's career took him afar, distance failed to separate us; for the bond of dear friendship is beyond the limits of time or space.

"Always his good fortune was mine—mine, his; sorrows, too, were ours together. For we were more than friends—we were brothers at heart. And now to Manfred has come a divine happiness . . ."

Irwin Reiner paused for a moment. Manfred's hand felt gently for Virginia's beneath the table. Eloquently they gazed into each other's eyes.

Irwin Reiner, smiling into the depths of the champagne glass spoke like an oracle. "I see my two friends—for Virginia is now my friend—as bride and groom, facing the future together with faith and love . . . I see Virginia with a child at her breast, and Manfred smiling tenderly upon her; for they have found their oneness complete in the trinity of the home . . . I see them growing old together, sharing always a life full of beauty, success, and undreamed-of happiness throughout the long years that stretch blessedly ahead of them."

Irwin Reiner had finished. For a moment there was only silence, so deeply touched were his listeners. Virginia turned her gaze from Reiner to Manfred; and her eyes spoke for her heart. Then the spell was broken. Frau Gessner, excited by the occasion and, perhaps, a little too much champagne, started a clamorous applause that was laughingly taken up by the others. Reiner, conscious that his eloquence and charming manner had moved them, was well pleased with himself.

Now Virginia and Manfred exchanged the betrothal rings—tenderly, happily, looking deeply into each other's eyes.

The good old Frau Gessner was completely overcome by this touching scene, and began to sniff loudly, searching

ineffectually for her handkerchief. When it was not to be found, she prevailed upon the reluctant Palester to lend her his. At the sound of her trumpet snort into its immaculate folds, the count started violently, and gave her a savage glare. She might be a social lioness in the country, but she was only a bullfrog to him!

Irwin Reiner was rather amused by the exchange of betrothal rings. Like marriage itself, it was a quaint and childish custom, not to be regarded seriously by persons of mature experience. He was glad for Manfred, of course—but what extraordinary things brought happiness to some persons! Indulgently he watched them lean toward each other to seal their troth with a kiss. He watched Virginia lift her lips to Manfred's, her eyes tender, adoring, reflecting love as simple and sincere as a flower opening in the dawn. He watched Manfred take her in his arms—a bit self-conscious and awkward in the presence of the others, but earnest, nevertheless. He saw their lips meet—Manfred's arm tighten about her young body—her finger tips caress tenderly her lover's cheek . . .

And suddenly through Irwin Reiner there surged an unconquerable desire to possess this lovely creature, regardless of the sacrifice. Even now as he watched their unaffected embrace, he was living in his mind the picture of Virginia in *his* arms—Virginia turning her lovely lips toward *his* lips—caressing *his* cheek with her finger tips. Through him, too, there surged a bitter hatred of Manfred. What right had he to such a girl? What had he to offer her? By the very fact of his willing it, Virginia suddenly ceased to belong to Manfred and now belonged to him—Irwin Reiner! He would stop at nothing to possess her. Again, as often before, he would ruthlessly take what he desired, sacrificing friendship, self-respect, their happiness—even Virginia herself if he must!

Virginia gently freed herself from her lover and turned toward Irwin. Her shy smile suddenly changed to an expression of bewilderment and horror—for on the face of Irwin Reiner she surprised a distorted expression of cruel desire, savage hatred, unbridled passions—the Mask of the Devil.

Virginia stared at Irwin as if she saw him for the first time. That evil face leering at her through the dim lights of the flickering candles—could that be Manfred's beloved friend?

Unconscious of her staring, Irwin Reiner was still lost in his evil dreams. He could see himself furiously tearing Virginia from Manfred's arms and covering her eyes, her lips, her throat, her breasts with passionate kisses. At first she would be frightened and try to struggle from his embrace; but soon she would cease to fight against him and, overcome with a rush of new emotions, lie swooning in his arms . . .

Reality pierced the madness of Irwin Reiner's thoughts.

He was suddenly conscious of Virginia's terrified eyes. She knew what he was thinking—planning . . .

Quickly he took command of himself again. In his face were once more reflected the strength and courage of a warrior with the simplicity and purity of a child.

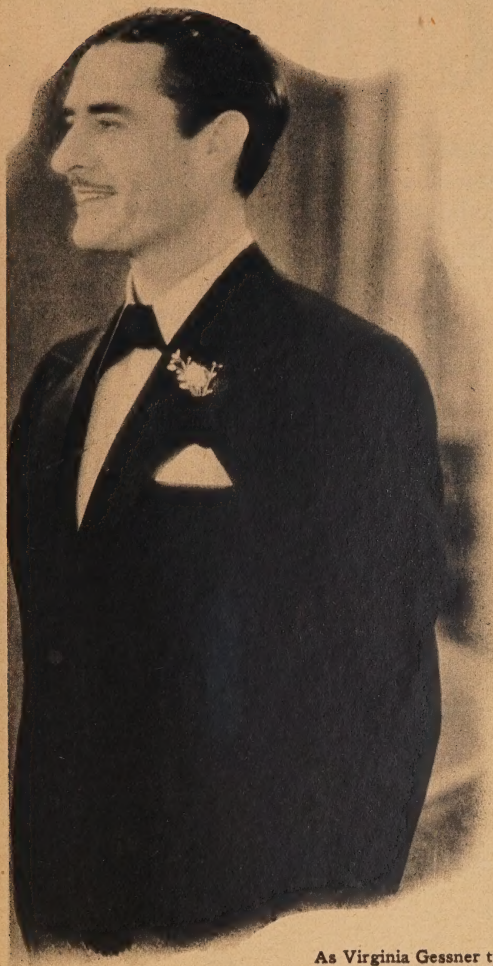
Virginia watched him, fascinated. Embarrassed, too, by what she had seen in his face only a moment before . . . Or *had* she seen anything extraordinary? As she looked now into his frankly smiling, friendly face, she wondered if it were not the lighting that had brought about the curious and horrible change.

She was still puzzling about it and trying to quell the misgivings in her heart when they rose from the table and moved toward the drawing room.

Irwin Reiner caught up with her in the doorway and detained her for a moment, a little apart from the others. His hand groped in his pocket and closed on the pearls he had bought only a few hours before—for Helene Zurmuhlen. Carefully he slipped them from their case. He had his own reasons for not wanting her to know the name of the jeweler!

Gently, now, he lifted them from his pocket and held

Don't miss this thrilling story of a man who loved not wisely but too well. You can begin the serial with this issue.



As Virginia Gessner turned from her lover's embrace, Irwin Reiner was filled with an unconquerable desire to possess her. "I will stop at nothing until she is mine," he thought. But he masked his desires behind a careless smile.

them before the girl's marvelling eyes.

"Oh, aren't they beautiful!" she cried, fingering them timidly. "These are the first real pearls I have ever touched!"

"Lay your cheek against them," Reiner bade her. "See how cool they are."

As she brushed them against her fresh young skin, he told her in a voice low and sorrowful, "These were my mother's—so they mean more to me than all my possessions."

He had touched some hidden responsive chord in her. No longer did she fear him. He was Manfred's friend—her friend—and he had suffered deeply . . .

Manfred, looking on this little tableau, smiled comfortably, more pleased than ever with himself and his good fortune. Irwin Reiner, that cynical man of the world, was his very God; and he had unreservedly approved Manfred's choice of a wife!

Irwin was speaking again, a note of pleading in his voice. "If you will accept these pearls as my wedding gift to you and Manfred, you will bring me happiness."

Virginia looked at him breathlessly; but she was disturbed by the enormity of the gift. After a troubled hesitation she replied stumblingly, "You—you are very kind—most generous. But it is too great a gift. I cannot accept it."

Frau Gessner let out a little shreik and elbowed herself forward. Her ignorant child refusing pearls—real pearls! Unthinkable! Outrageous! Even as Virginia insisted that she could not accept them, Frau Gessner put her arm about her and interposed feverishly, "Darling, under the circumstances I am sure it would be all right! Don't disappoint the Baron! By all means take the pearls!"

Virginia hung her head in embarrassment. Thus encouraged, Irwin Reiner gently clasped them about the girl's beautiful young throat. Had her eyes not been turned from him, he would surely have seen their martyred expression. As he bent over to fasten the necklace, he was intoxicated by the perfume of her hair and the smoothness of her throat beneath his fingers. For a moment he stared at her with eyes that ravished her; but when she looked up with faint words of gratitude, he was smiling again—once more Manfred's brother—once more her good, true friend, of whom she had no right to be afraid . . .

Madame Zurmuhlen had arrived, eager for her rendezvous with her lover. The servant, who knew her well by now, advised her, "Baron Reiner is still in conference with—the President of the Academy of Fine Arts."

As she was a married woman who must be very discreet about her indescretions, Helene was quite content to wait in the library. It was a rather gloomy room, filled with antiques, dimly lighted by candles, and slightly warmed by a low fire on the hearth. She did not notice its sombreness, however, so filled was she with thoughts of Reiner. She had stolen away to meet him for a few precious hours; and he had mentioned something about a string of pearls . . . Now she removed her wraps and sank comfortably into a chair before the fire. The servant, who thoroughly understood her little preferences, put a footstool under her feet and waited for further orders.

"Bring me coffee, Mark, and a Benedictine," she said, lighting a cigarette, and sinking back to lose herself in her thoughts while waiting for the President of the Academy of Fine Arts to take his departure.

Count Palester, gratefully freed from Frau Gessner, who was napping in her chair after the betrothal feast, was talking with Manfred.

"As I was telling Irwin," the boy confided frankly, "Virginia and I cannot be married until I have achieved some success as an explorer."

Palester did not speak for a moment. His eyes traveled to Virginia and Irwin.

The girl was seated at the piano playing softly, while he leaned over her, watching her intently. Irwin's gaze was so steadfast and arresting that she could not tear her eyes away from him.

A feeling of fear suddenly took possession of her. Involuntarily her hand went to the strand of pearls—the gift she had not wanted to accept. She wondered if it

(*Continued on page* 100)

From *Usher*

Raquel Torres got that thrill of a lifetime when she saw herself on the screen in the theater where she had been an usher.

By CHARLES DARNTON

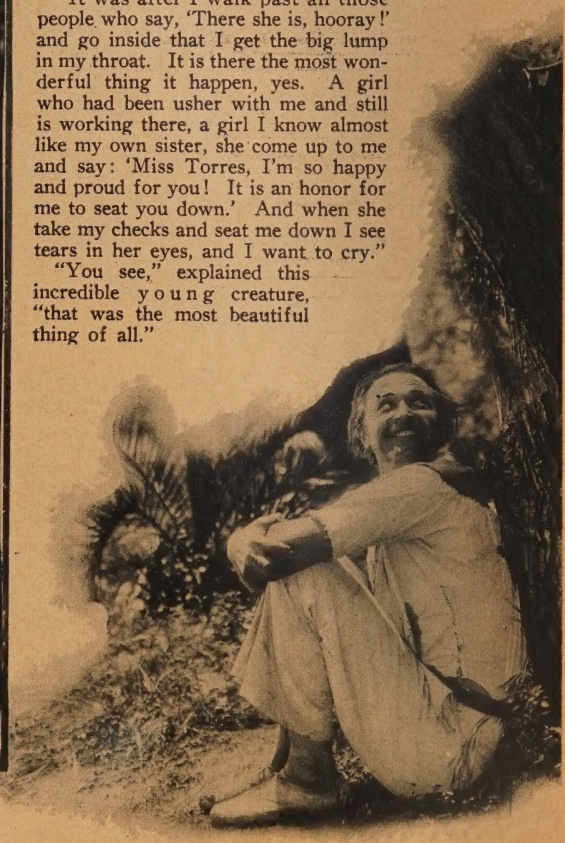
Raquel Torres learned to dance like a native in "White Shadows of the South Seas," but she didn't like it because it involved too many wiggles.

IT WAS a dream which could have come true only in fabulous Hollywood, that dazzling night on which Raquel Torres pinched herself to make sure she was really awake, then stepped from the limousine which rolled up to the Chinese Theatre, where she had been an usher but yesterday as it seemed, and walked proudly through a lane of admiring, applauding humanity as the bright new star about to flash on the screen in *White Shadows in the South Seas.*

But here is the human note in all that flare of glory as I caught it from the lips of this eighteen-year-old daughter of fortune:

"It was after I walk past all those people who say, 'There she is, hooray!' and go inside that I get the big lump in my throat. It is there the most wonderful thing it happen, yes. A girl who had been usher with me and still is working there, a girl I know almost like my own sister, she come up to me and say: 'Miss Torres, I'm so happy and proud for you! It is an honor for me to seat you down.' And when she take my checks and seat me down I see tears in her eyes, and I want to cry."

"You see," explained this incredible young creature, "that was the most beautiful thing of all."



to Star

I COULD quite see that, but I saw also it was my job to find out how this picture star got her job as usher. In fact, ushers have long been to me the great mystery of the theatre. How do they get that way? It is because they are natural leaders, or have a head for numbers, or know how to walk without falling over their feet? Here was my chance to get inside information on this fascinating phenomenon and I made the most of it.

"Well," gravely considered this most interesting ex-usher, "I tell you now. The manager of the Chinese Theatre I know him, not so much, but enough. All right. I take my sister and we go to him and say will he give us job to be ushers. He think it over and look us over. Then he say, 'Come here 'leven 'clock tomorrow morning.' Oh, gee, I'm all rattled! We have job and see all the stars come in! I tell my sister maybe a movie star he fall in love with us and then we don't have to work no more. She say maybe not because a movie actor he is so busy all the time falling in love with movie actresses. But anyhow we come home so happy we sing

Raquel was born in Mexico of a German father and French-Spanish mother. Now figure out if you can what nationality she is. Below, with Monte Blue in one of the scenes from "White Shadows of the South Seas," which she saw for the first time in the theater where she was once an usher.

in the house. Next morning we go down to theatre at 'leven 'clock and the manager he show us how an usher she should walk and everything. Then he say to me:

" 'When you see the people come in the theatre you don't jump at them and say "Checks!" like you are mad. You glide up and say soft-like, "Checks, please." Then you glide down the aisle.'

"Right away I must make an answer—my sister she don't talk much—and I say to the manager:

" 'Not for anything would I say "Checks!" I can never be hard-boiled and talk to the public like that.'

"All right. We get job. And what you think? The first night we usher we see Dooglas Fairbank and Charlie Chaplink!"

Managing to control my excitement over this thrilling revelation, I learned that the sisters gave up their jobs after

(*Continued on page* 96)

Roughing it *with*

How the star fought a fire with one glass of water—and other exciting experiences on location in Arizona.

By
RUTH M. TILDESLEY

FOR one hundred miles I had rocked over the desert in the Cadillac like a derelict on a raft in a stormy sea. The road that runs through the Navajo Reservation of New Mexico and Arizona is hardly more than a track in the wilderness. The last twenty-five miles before reaching Chin Lee camp where Paramount's production of *Redskin* was on location consisted of natural table rock that ascended and descended through scrub forests of pine and juniper like a staircase.

I had about decided that this was going on forever and that the camp was an hallucination of my pleasant Harvey driver when we suddenly drove into a beautiful grove of cottonwood trees and lights sprang up out of the darkness.

"There's a fallen arch for every heel on Broadway!" A gay chorus sounded through the night, accompanied by the banging of tins and rattle of spoons on glassware. Leading the band was Richard Dix garbed in an overcoat and straw hat. The lights from the kerosene lamps flickered from the jolly round face of Victor Schertzinger, director, to the dark locks of Gladys Belmont, little extra girl who was sky-rocketed to the proud position of leading lady; thence to the fair beauty of Jane Novak gallantly attended by all the eligibles in camp. Elizabeth Pickett, author of *Redskin*, and Tully Marshall interrupted their glassware duo to chant to me "Cut yourself a piece of cake and make yourself at home!"

It was the birthday of Sid Street, the business manager, and the chef had contributed a cake decorated with large white candles. The whole camp was engaged in persuading the genial Mr. Street they were glad he was born. The mess tent boys dragged in a huge packing box and everybody cheered while Sid perspiringly pulled out masses of tin cans, cold cream receptacles and vaseline jars. Way in the bottom of the box was a can of Arbuckle's coffee containing a valuable Indian necklace . . .

LIFE on location is not all birthday parties. From the shriek of the siren at 5:30 in the morning until the last of the rushes are shown at ten that night, a camp day is full of hard work for everybody from star to smallest Indian. At mid-

Richard Dix found all the comforts of home had been left at home, when he went with his company into the wilds of Arizona to film his newest picture, "Redskin" in natural colors. Above, an improvised studio on the Painted Desert, which Richard believes is worse than it is painted.

Richard Dix

Miss Tildesley, author of this article, with Richard Dix, trying their luck on the punch boards which provided amusement for the camp. Richard left no hole unpunched until he had won every rifle on the board. "It would have been cheaper to have bought them in the first place," says Richard.

day, the heat from the Arizona sun is almost insupportable, sand storms add to the general discomfort and sudden high winds bear icy breaths of coming winter while the nights are bitter enough to freeze make-up and leave a thin film of ice on uncovered water pails.

Everything possible was done for the comfort of those in Chin Lee. Tents for the principals were de luxe affairs of two rooms and shower with hot and cold water. Besides the sleeping quarters, there was the crowded little commissary, hospital tent and huge mess tent with kitchen and dining room wherein delicious meals were served to those engaged in making the picture.

When camp was broken at Chin Lee to move on to the Enchanted Mesa, two hundred miles away in New Mexico, the chef proved himself God's gift to locationers by cooking a superfine dinner for one hundred and ten people on a two-by-four sheet of iron—the enormous cooking stove having been shipped out of camp on the earliest truck.

On arrival at the new location, we found the dear old stove going full blast but the truck containing dishes and cutlery was still plowing through the desert many miles away. Undaunted, the chef and his helpers cut bread and cooked juicy steaks which we all ate with our fingers standing up before a board on improvised trestles since the chairs and tables were also listed among the missing.

Then there was the little item of strayed baggage. Jane Novak and Miss Pickett confidingly committed all their trunks and bags to the hard-pressed truck drivers who promptly trundled off to the Enchanted Mesa. On reaching Gallup where the company spent what was left of the night (they arrived in relays from midnight until five in the morning when the last dilapidated Dodge came chugging in), Jane and Elizabeth discovered their loss.

"Not a nighty between us!" the lovely blonde wrung her hands.

"No cold cream!" moaned her room-mate, rubbing her cracked lips and peeling nose.

"I've got a swell pair of pajamas that I carry around for looks that Jane can have!" cried Henry Hathaway, first assistant director, while kind Victor Schertzinger proffered his to Elizabeth and Mrs. Street supplied necessary toilet articles. Thus another near-tragedy was averted . . .

THE *Redskin* company will not soon forget the hospitable people of New Mexico. On their first arrival in Gallup, Governor Dillon met them at the station with a band of one hundred Indians in full regalia. Inter-

tribal ceremonial dances were arranged to amuse the Hollywood actors, and the governor and his lady bravely set out in a car with Elizabeth Pickett and Richard Dix to cross the trackless desert to Chin Lee. A cloudburst the day before had played havoc with plank bridges over the arroyos, and the company cars made heavy going in the clinging adobe mud. Twice in the first ten miles they were ditched, and star and governor worked valiantly side by side. Next day, Governor Dillon sent a gang of road men to improve the way to the camp as far as New Mexico jurisdiction extended.

The American Legion of Gallup planned a dance in honor of the Paramount players, but alas! for "best laid plans,"—Mr. Schertzinger finished a day ahead of schedule at Chin Lee and the move to the new camp was accomplished in record time. Stopping in Gallup for the dance would have meant a loss of $17,000 to Paramount-Famous-Lasky, so the company was forced to send regrets.

Peeping out of the tent I shared with Elizabeth and Jane that first bitter morning in the new camp, I caught a glimpse of Richard swathed to the neck in bath towels, huddled into a winter overcoat but wearing the familiar straw hat, lugging a small heating stove through the deep sand to his tent.

"Line forms to the right for warmth!" he called, gaily.

These same small heaters, though blessed night and morning for the comfort they afforded, were a constant source of danger. One evening after our return from the twenty-mile jaunt to the pueblo city location and just before the dinner siren shrieked, our stove became overheated and set fire to our tent. Elizabeth was just out of the shower and Jane in it so I dashed out crying: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" and threw sand on the blazing timber and canvas until one of the commissary men came panting with pails of water.

"I was in my shower just as God made me when mine caught fire," lamented Mr. Schertzinger at the breakfast table, "Rich heard me shout and came barging forth in his b. v. d.'s with a glass of water."

Another time, when we were all comfortably wrapped squaw-wise in blankets sitting outdoors watching the "rushes" of the day's work, a burst of flames shot up from the back row of tents. With Richard leading, the men tore to the rescue. Inside the tent, Dolores, the violinist, lay sweetly sleeping. Unaware of her slumbering presence, Richard snatched blankets from her bed to beat out the blaze until a protesting shriek from the denuded damsel sent him into retreat.

Above, shooting action scenes against the sheer walls of a cliff. Note the reflectors to catch the sun. In the insert, Gladys Belmont, who jumped from an extra girl to leading woman by winning out in a screen test in which 463 girls took part.

TRADING with the Indians was the chief sport between shots. Turquoise rings, necklaces, bracelets and ear rings, rugs, moccasins and pottery. "We'll need three extra baggage cars to pack the junk home!" grumbled a property man, at the same time dangling a bright red ribbon before an eager Navajo.

An old-time trader namer Cotton had rented the company a gorgeous chief blanket, valued at $2,500, the wedding garments for Cornblossom (Gladys Belmont), a

(*Continued on page 92*)

Jarnegan *hits* Broadway

Jim Tully's SCREEN SECRETS serial is made into a play—new life comes to Fort Lee—a story of Broadway—making comedies turns 'em gray—and other film news from New York.

Richard Bennett gives a convincing performance as Jarnegan, the hard-boiled movie director in the play of the same name, made from Jim Tully's story of Hollywood. The play is now running in New York.

By
ARTHUR W. EDDY

JARNEGAN, that amazing swashbuckling human character who created a sensation in Hollywood when he first appeared in Jim Tully's story of the same name which ran serially in SCREEN SECRETS Magazine some time ago, has hit Broadway.

Jarnegan is being brought to life on the New York stage in one of the big productions of the year. Richard Bennett, who has himself returned recently from Hollywood, where he made *The Home Towners,* a Vitaphone production, plays the title role.

Jarnegan, as created by Jim Tully, is an adventurer who works himself up to the position of one of the foremost directors in Hollywood, beating down his enemies who place obstacles in his path by sheer force of will.

When the story first appeared film folk eagerly sought to identify the pen portraits in the story. It is one of the tales of Hollywood that Mickey Neilan and James Cruze, both famous film directors had a heated argument over the story, both insisting that they were the originals of Jarnegan.

All the caustic virility of the original play has been preserved, for it reached Broadway after having weathered a terrific censorship storm in Brooklyn.

Other members of the cast include Joan Bennett, Richard Bennett's daughter who has also done considerable work in films. She recently played with William Boyd in his latest picture, *Power.* Robert Cain known for his portrayal of menacing villains on the screen also has a principal role in the play.

Film Rejuvenation

MORE than a decade ago the little town of Fort Lee, New Jersey, became the cradle of the motion picture industry. A site opposite 125th Street, Manhattan, was chosen for the first picture studio and film productions were turned out by actors and technical staffs who have long since gone into oblivion. Hollywood at that time was not even dreamed of as the ideal spot for picture studios.

Then evil days fell on Fort Lee when the film producers moved their studios across the Hudson River to Manhattan then eventually to the West Coast.

But now with the coming of talking pictures, Fort Lee is making a desperate effort to regain its avidity and youth of a decade ago.

Universal Pictures is reopening its old studio there for the producing of talking pictures. The old Paragon studio has been leased by Fotovox Pictures firm and negotiations are under way for other film companies to establish themselves there.

It Turns 'Em Gray

IF YOU admire gray hair and wish to develop such a crop of hirsute decorations, try producing comedies. This piece of advice emanates from a man who ought to know from one Sam Taylor, who for five years helped Harold Lloyd inject laughs into his productions. Sam, as you'll probably remember, more recently megaphoned the artistically-profiled Barrymore in *Tempest*, and is now directing Mary Pickford in *Coquette*.

"There's no harder work in the world than making comedies," Sam told me from the comfort of an Ambassador chair. "Drama is much easier to put into a screen production. The players take to it naturally. But when it comes to building laughs, well—look at the color of my hair. It wasn't gray before I started directing comedies."

Oddly enough, the hair of perhaps the most famous comedy-producer of them all is gray. In case you haven't guessed, the reference is to Mack Sennett.

Disillusioned

BROADWAY has been called many names—some complimentary, but most of them defamatory. It depends upon the individual slant, whether the Big Stem brings you success and happiness or disillusionment.

To Clarence Sully, 27-year-old theatrical newspaperman, it was the *Street of Disillusionment* that led him to suicide.

While the kitchen, adjoining the room in which he sat, filled with gas, transforming it into a death chamber, Sully drank gin and ginger ale. On a piece of reporter's copy paper he jotted down fragments of cynical philosophy, much like characters in some of the plays he had reviewed. He was on the threshold of "a swell adventure," as he termed it.

His motive was a girl who had "died" for him four years ago by "growing hard." "Farewell, thou perfect creature, until . . . . Christ, how a boy loved you then," Sully scribbled. And, he wrote life bored him—he was fed up with it.

"After this drink I go into the kitchen and close the door. Then I'll contiune to drink until . . . ."

And so Sully's life ended.

Donna Lee is not only a model but also an artist in her specialty, which is being a soubrette in the "Frivolities."

Sally O'Neil was a recent visitor in New York following a trip upstate in which she played in "The Girl on the Barge."

Seeing Celebrities

DOROTHY GISH and friend husband, i. e., James Rennie, heading down Broadway after a performance of *Young Love*, the stage vehicle which brings Lillian's sister back to the legit . . . William S. Hart, who used to shoot his way through Western flickers to save fair damsels, chatting to an unknown gentleman in front of the Astor. He's come East to make phonograph records of his three favorite poems . . . Easy-to-look-at Mary Williams of *The Grand Street Follies* stepping in a taxi en route to Paramount's Astoria film plant, where lucky cameras are aiming at her . . . Bebe Daniels, who says she's not engaged to anybody, driving a roadster through Longacre Square with no serious mishaps . . . Walter Hampden, who serves heavy drammer at his playhouse north of Columbus Circle, apparently going to a performance of *The Light of Asia*, his current production . . . Lore Leni

(*Continued on page* 85)

He's a Hard Boiled Lover

Edmund Lowe is one of those big-hearted bad men whom women would rather kiss than kill.

By GRACE SIMPSON

A NICE quiet lad!

He packs a rod; shoots up banks just for fun and funds, and treats his women rough.

That's Edmund Lowe, erstwhile suave Romeo of the screen, who has lost his religion and his spats to become a captivating king of crooks.

It was Lowe's portrayal of Sergeant Quirt in *What Price Glory* that started his using deadly weapons and speaking in uncensored subtitles.

But it took his recent film venture, *Dressed to Kill*—which can be taken literally—to inspire Lowe to discard his gentility on the screen for the more aggressive Chicagoan mannerisms.

Imagine how his countless admirers took to this metamorphosis from a debonaire Beau Brummel to a czar of gangland.

They actually liked it, especially the women.

Edmund Lowe is showing Colleen Moore that he doesn't depend on alluring glances for the "come-hither" act. Below, he is treating Dolores Del Rio rough in a scene from "What Price Glory."

Edmund Lowe's fan mail actually doubled since *Dressed to Kill* has been released.

It seems that Lowe has emanated a sort of sympathetic admiration in his yeggman role—the sort of admiration that was inspired by those ruthless scamps, Robin Hood and Francois de Villon.

And we girls, you know, have always fallen for these good bad men types.

No wonder that Edmund Lowe has caused the hearts of feminine film fans to flutter anew by his depiction of a well-meaning thug.

"How in the world did you ever think of playing a gunman?" I asked Edmund Lowe, as we were lunching several days ago at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

"Just happened," he replied, "as everything else here in Hollywood does, when you least expect it."

The truth of the matter is, however, that Lowe was chosen for the Prince of Yeggs in *Dressed to Kill* by his ability and his robust physique.

He is one of the best trained athletes in the film colony.

When he is not working before the camera, Lowe can usually be found either at the club or at home playing handball or tennis, his two favorite sports.

IT IS not a generally known fact that Lowe in his college days at Santa Clara, was quite an athlete, distinguishing himself both on the gridiron and on the diamond. So

brilliant was he in baseball that he received three major league offers during his senior year and for a time he hesitated between signing the tendered contracts and a career behind the footlights.

Edmund Lowe played first base and managed the Santa Clara University baseball team, and that team is still a hallowed memory among the students of the college. Every team on the Pacifice coast was a victim of its prowess and for three years it proved unbeatable.

Such famous players as Art Schafer, who won undying fame as third-baseman for McGraw's New York Giants; Harry Walters, outfielder for the Yankees and Cubs; and Bennie Kauff, one of the greatest of outfield stars, were team mates of Lowe.

During 1908, Lowe took his unbeaten team to Honolulu where it won twenty out of twenty-one games played with powerful college teams of Japan, Cuba and the United States.

For many years, Lowe's greatest ambition was to play Shakespeare. Even now he hopes to achieve financial independence so that he may organize his own company and make a success as Hamlet.

Only once has he had opportunity to essay a Shakespearean character and that was when he enacted the part of Marc Antony opposite Florence Reid who played Cleopatra. This brought him no return save satisfaction, for it was a benefit by the Actor's Equity Association.

LOWE made his initial bow on the stage with the Los Angeles stock company, remaining with it for three years. *The Brat,* an Oliver Morosco play, took him to New York, where he played opposite Maude Fulton.

He remained on Broadway for six years, returning to Hollywood each summer to appear in films. He received many flattering offers to devote his entire time to pictures but turned down all of them.

He had not yet played Shakespeare. But finally realizing that the condition of his finances would not allow him to do so, he accepted his first full-time picture contract with the idea of obtaining sufficient funds to eventually go in for Shakespearean repertoire as he wished.

His first appearance before the camera was in 1918, when he played the lead opposite Dorothy Dalton in *Vive La France.*

His first starring role was in *The Silent Command,* a Fox production which brought him immediate success. *The Fool, The Palace of the King* and *East Lynne* are three of his outstanding successes. Lowe, by the way, has never played before the camera in anything else than leads. Even so, he does not conceive himself to be a magnificent idol of the silver sheet. In fact, he regards himself as just a cog in one of the wheels of a mighty industry.

"I don't go to see my pictures and then swell up with pride," he laughed. "I go to see them mostly to try and pick them to pieces. I look at some scene and wonder if I couldn't have improved a little on it."

The month of August, 1925, was slated to mark the death knell of Edmund Lowe's bachelorhood. At that time, he joined the ranks of benedicts by marrying Lilyan Tashman, popular stage and screen actress. Other players who followed suit were Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, Mary Aiken and Edwin Carewe, Viola Dana and "Lefty" Flynn.

Out of the group, the Lowe-Tashman affair was considered the wild venture. The gossips said it wouldn't click and sat back to watch the explosion.

Lilyan Tashman, starting her husband off for the studio. Theirs is one of the few marriages that have been successful in Hollywood.

Claire and Bert were thought ideally mated, as were the rest.

Meanwhile time went on, and many things happened. The other marriages had gone up in smoke while Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman were still happily married.

I asked Lowe his recipe for a happy marriage.

"Compatibility!" he exclaimed quickly. "Also, give and take. One reason that Lilyan and I get along is because she is a wonderful wife. Don't forget that the credit of

(*Continued on page* 95)

Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow.* Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public.* Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way.* There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow,* if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Luretta [illegible],
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.
Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.
Mlle. Heffelfinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.
Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"
Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.

Lucille Young,
837 C Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Lucille Young

Is there something you want to know about your favorite stars? Where they were born? What parts they have played? Write the Postal Pouch Editor, enclosing two cents in stamps. Your answer will be printed on this page.

ROSE L.: A rose by any other name might ask more questions. How that boy Gary Cooper has caused feminine hearts to flutter! He is 6 feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred and eighty, has reddish hair, blue eyes, and was born in Helena, Montana, on May 7, 1901. He was educated in England and in Grinnel College, Iowa. He was a newspaper cartoonist and reporter before he went into pictures. No, he is not married, nor is he engaged. You want to see your answer in the next issue of the magazine? We're not magicians, Rosie. We're just hard-laboring editors.

VERONA S.: Lina Basquette is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs one hundred and ten, as does Madge Bellamy who is the same height. Sally Phipps is five feet, five inches, and weighs one hundred and five. Norma Talmadge is five feet, two inches, and weighs one hundred and ten. Marie Prevost is five feet, four inches, and weighs one hundred and twenty. Alberta Vaughn has been making occasional independent pictures lately. Leila Hyams was born in 1905. Molly O'Day is twenty years old, and Aileen Pringle is about twenty-seven. At you, also, will I stamp my manly foot and shout that you will never, never, see your answer in "next month's magazine," and for the same reasons as given several times previously. Again we protest that we are not magicians.

ROSE S.: We're apparently gathering a Rose bouquet. You're my favorite flower, so bloom for us again soon. Ronald Colman can be reached at the United Artists Studios, care the Samuel Goldwyn Unit.

ALYCE W.: Your first visit to the Postal Pouch? Why Alyce, where were't thou? Mary Brian is twenty years old; Alberta Vaughn and Marceline Day are twenty-two; and Louise Brooks is twenty-three. I think Madge Bellamy's husband was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce, which will become final some time next spring. Alice Day recently finished *Phyllis of the Follies* for Universal, where you can write to her. Alice White is under contract to First National, and Betty Bronson to Warner Brothers.

EFFIE & NORA: Watch out for Lloyd Hughes in *Three-Ring Marriage* and *Heart to Heart* with Mary Astor. Your theatre owner can probably tell you when these pictures will be shown in Tuscaloosa. Lloyd is married to Gloria Hope, and has a son about two years old. Lloyd Hughes was born on October 21, 1897. Esther Ralston was born on September 17, 1902. Her eyes are blue. She is married to George Webb, a former stage and screen actor, and a theatrical manager.

Ruth Hurst, Universal ingenue who is popular with Postal Pouch fans, demonstrating what the well-undressed young lady will wear on the beaches in 1928.

PAUL Q. W.: So Greta Garbo isn't so hot, eh? Well, Paul, hot is as hot does—in the movies. They say if she kissed a tree she'd start a forest fire. Just the same, I agree that Dorothy Sebastian is a good little actress, and you may yet see her and John Gilbert playing together. She was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and is one of the few college girls in pictures. She is five feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen, has dark brown hair, and hazel eyes. She was an interior decorator before she went into the George White Scandals in 1924. She is said to be on the verge of committing matrimony with Director Clarence Brown. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, on July 10, 1895. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and sixty. Divorced from Leatrice Joy.

MABEL W.: See Effie & Nora, above. Write to Esther at Paramount. Screen tests are made at the recommendation of a director who believes that a girl or boy has special talent or is particularly fitted for a certain role. The studio takes the test without cost, at his request; but the problem is to get yourself noticed by a director. There are photographic studios where you can have tests made for $25 to $250.

BESS: Yes, curiosity killed the cat, and now I've a new fur coat . . . No, I am not Miss Voo Doo on Marvelous Movies Magazine. I'm the Postal Pouch Man on SCREEN SECRETS, and nothing else but. I have a long white beard like St. Peter's, and my head is as pink and shiny as an Easter egg. So don't cast any more aspersions! Yes, isn't Mr. Billie Dove—pardon, I mean Irvin Willat—a lucky man? She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs one hundred and fourteen, has brown hair and hazel eyes, and was born on May 14, 1903. You think Charles Farrell is an angel? You'll fall lots harder if you see him as a Russian Rogue or something in *The Red Dance,* and as an adorable Arabian—or is it terrible Turk?—in *Fazil.* Even if you aren't a popular song, Bess, you've rung the gong with me. Ring again.

E. O.: Now, class, let us come to order and get down to the reading of

(*Continued on page 79*)

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips

~two to four inches in TEN DAYS

HERE'S a wonderful new *ventilated* girdle that makes you appear inches thinner the very moment you put it on—that gives you straight, slender, *youthful* lines, *instantly!*

The bulky, unsightly fat on waist and hips seems to vanish before your very eyes—your waistline lengthens—your figure becomes erect and graceful—and you look and feel years younger!

Nothing like this *ventilated* reducing girdle has ever been known before! Just slip into a Perfolastic and you can wear modish, becoming, straight-line clothes *at once!*

Reduces by Massage

Perfolastic reduces through massage—*automatic massage.*

It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs. The live rubber holds the flesh firm in a sort of suction, massaging away the disfiguring, useless fat with every breath, every step, every little motion.

By its gentle pressure, exerted unconsciously as you breathe and move, the tiny fat cells—which are 85 per cent water—are broken up and naturally carried off by the circulation.

No Dieting—No Exercises

Think what that means! No dieting, no self-denial, no strenuous exercises or dangerous drugs. Yet with every breath you draw, with every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that *takes off fat.*

Perfolastic does not bind or constrict the figure in any way. Bend, twist, turn, exercise as vigorously as you choose, you will find that this *ventilated* girdle "gives" with every movement of your body.

Made of the finest quality pure plantation rubber, it combines wonderful elasticity with extraordinary strength.

Cool—Comfortable—Slenderizing

Don't confuse Perfolastic with the old style, heavy rubber garments that were so uncomfortable. It is a featherweight, *ventilated* girdle that comes in models that weigh as little as nine and a half ounces (garters included), and is full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function as they should.

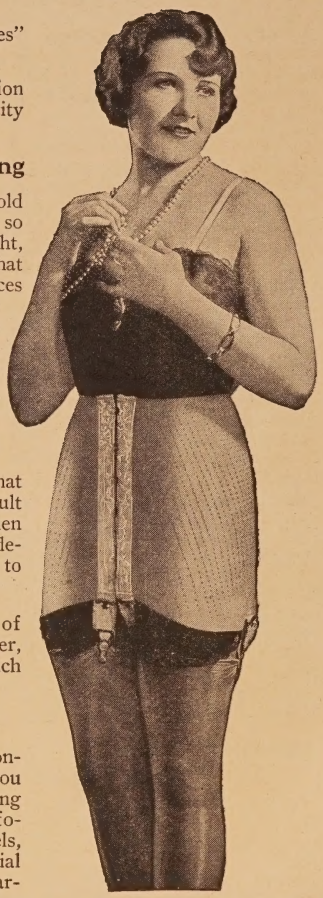
Perfolastic is so cool, so comfortable, that you hardly know you have it on!

No matter how much overweight you are, no matter what other methods of reducing you have tried, no matter what other girdles you have worn without result—*give Perfolastic a trial!* Many women have found, to their astonishment and delight, that waist and hips reduced two to four inches in *ten days.*

This *ventilated* reducing girdle is made of the finest quality pure plantation rubber, live and fresh, by the famous Goodrich Rubber Company.

Send for FREE Book

You simply cannot realize what this wonderful girdle can mean to you until you try it! Write today for the interesting FREE BOOK telling more about Perfolastic, picturing many delightful models, and giving full details about the special five-day trial offer and money-back guarantee. No obligation. Don't delay. Mail coupon below, *now.* Address Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 712, 79 Madison Avenue, New York City.



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

DEPT. 712; 79 MADISON AVE.
NEW YORK CITY

Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 712,
79 Madison Avenue, New York City

Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOK describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic and special 5-Day Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

DO YOU want to boost your favorite star? You can do so by joining a fan club. News of all the fan clubs is given every month in this department which is exclusive among the fan clubs. All fans seeking information about the clubs, or secretaries desiring to send in news may address Grace Simpson, conductor of this department, care SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Minneapolis, Minn.

All Star Fan Club

EDDIE ATKINS announces the forming of The All Star Fan Club, with head office in Newark, New Jersey. As a special inducement, Mr. Atkins will present the first twenty-five new members with booklets containing the address of most every star in Hollywood.

President on Vacation

MISS Connie Riquer, who works in the publicity department down at earning photos of stars for obtaining United Artist's and who also is president and founder of the Norma Talmadge fan club, recently left for a brief vacation back in her home town, Cleveland, Ohio. While there she will gather up all the late news from her co-workers and she says she will have some interesting things to tell the Norma Talmadge fans in our next issue. This club is one of the "large ones" and is rapidly growing in membership right along.

Fan Club for Kenyon-Sills

THE Kenyon-Sills Fan Club makes its bow. Miss Winifred Taylor is President and dues are fifty cents a year, which includes club paper, etc. Miss Taylor says her aim isn't to have a large expensive club, but just a club of true friends, which is a very good aim indeed.

Fans Get Corinne Griffith Photos

NEIL E. GARY, President of the Corinne Griffith Fan Club, of Honolulu, asks us to say that he is always glad to welcome new members into his rapidly growing club, and that Miss Griffith sends a lovely large photo to every member who writes her—also several of the Honorary members of this club do likewise.

Fans Honor Albert Conti

FRANK W. LEACH has formed the Albert Conti Fan Club. For those of you who may not know, Mr. Conti is a newcomer who attracted much attention by his work in *The Magnificent Flirt*. He is now playing a featured role in D. W. Griffith's new film, *The Love Song*. Mr. Leach believes that there will soon be loads of Conti fans and he would like to get them banded together to boost Albert. Dues are twenty-five cents per year and they include club paper (issued twice a year), and a personally autographed photo of Albert. Dues will be raised to fifty cents and an extra charge will be asked for the club paper when the membership reaches twenty-five.

By the way, Frank, thanks for your big boost. We're always tickled pink, white and blue when our readers are pleased with our magazine.

Victor McLaglen is registering pleasure, but not for the camera this time. He is expressing joy over the thousands of fan letters which he has received congratulating him on his work in his recent success, "The River Pirate."

Gilbert Club's Second Year

THE John Gilbert Club is now in its second year and still coming along strong. Mr. Gilbert himself takes interest in the club and hopes all those interested in him and his work will get in touch with Mr. Joseph Varhalak, the club founder. Dues are now 25c annually. During the past year the club has conducted many contests and now club pins are being made. Mr. Varhalak hopes to hit the 1,000 mark soon.

Autographed Photos For Fans

BILLIE DOVE is tremendously enthused over fan clubs in general and her own club in particular, which Miss Ona Wilson recently formed. Billie told me the other day that she will send a nice personally autographed picture of herself to all her members—and what's more, she said she would read all their letters and try very hard to send them a little note in return. Billie is one movie actress who more than appreciates her fans.

Natacha Dines Fans

THE Natacha Rambova Ramblers is an organization of fans formed in honor of the ex-wife of the late Rudolph Valentino, a woman, by the way, who did much at various times for her famous husband's welfare, receiving mostly "bad breaks" from the public. Miss Rambova keeps in close touch with the club and treats the members with individual attention. Twelve of the New York club members recently met Natacha in person—

she invited them to spend the day at her home and from all reports, treated them royally. The club edits a little journal called the "Rambova Rambler" every two months. Dues are 50c to this club and Miss Sunny Peterson is the president. Large photos are given to members.

Gaynor-Farrell Club Started

A GAYNOR-FARRELL Fan Club makes its little bow. Miss Lillian Leveille is the President and club headquarters are way up in Maine. Dues are 50c a year and all members will get pictures of the two stars, Janet and Charlie, as well as the other club privileges. Later, when things get going in good shape, the club will have its own paper. Miss Leveille has oceans of ideas to put into effect just as soon as she can get membership enough to allow it. All Gaynor-Farrell fans should write to her.

New Irene Rich Club

THE Irene Rich Club is a newly organized fan club and dues at present are 10c. Miss Florence Hart, the club founder, says that Miss Rich has agreed to send a large photograph to every member of her club writing for one. All "Rich" fans take notice!

Theatrical Fan Club Founded

MISS Catheryn Taylor is at the head of the Theatrical Fan Club, which is the only club of its kind, being devoted to both screen and stage. Dues are 25c a year and many of the honor members of the club send out their pictures to new members. This club also issues a monthly paper. Just now a new membership drive is running, the first prize being a beautiful compact.

Marceline Day Fan Club

A MARCELINE DAY Club has come into existence. Dues to this are also 25c yearly and each member, of course, receives the usual photo, etc., etc. A membership contest has just started, too, and the winner will be presented with a lovely 11x14 photo of Marceline, personally autographed.

California Friendly Club

THE California Friendly Club begs to be announced in these pages. Miss Ruth Quisenberry, a former stage performer, is the president. She says the club has been going strong for over a year and a half, and dues are 50c a year. A year's free membership is given those who bring in three new members, a club pin for ten, and a prize for five. The club has an honor roll of over seventy-five stars of stage and screen.

The Postal Pouch

(*Continued from page* 76)

this day's lesson . . . Renee Adoree is pronounced *Ree*-nay *A*-do-ray; Moran is Mo- *ran;* Laemmle is *Lem*-lee; and Prevost is usually pronounced *Pree*-vost. All those who got a grade of 50 or below will remain an hour after school! Class dismissed!

MARY B. W.: Alberta Vaughn seems to be inactive just now. Her latest picture, some months ago, was for the H. I. L. Productions, 861 Seward Street, Hollywood. Mary Astor has recently finished *Dry Martini* for Fox, and is starting *The Woman*—only I understand this title is to be changed. Yes, Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck, the producer. There are rumors of an impending divorce; but we are one who believe what our eyes see, and not what our ears hear!

TOMMY: Yes, Laura La Plante is Mrs. William Seiter in private life. He is one of Hollywood's popular young directors. If you address a letter to her at the Universal Studios, I am sure she will answer. I believe she is one star who is particular not to neglect her fan mail. "Darling" Clara Bow's address is Paramount.

LOUISA LaR. So you're a Richard Arlen fan? I don't blame you. Sorry, but he's married—but no, I'm not sorry, after all; for his wife is pretty, sweet little Jobyna Ralston, whom all Hollywood loves. Dick was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 1, 1900. He is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five, has brown hair, and blue eyes. He was born Van Mattimore—but Arlen is easier to remember. If there's anything else you want to know about Dick, come again.

LOUIS C. M. Great news, Eleanor W., Dorothy T., and Tommy! Here's a male member for your little club. Answer in the August issue, Looie? Ken Maynard was born in 1895. I have no idea how many pictures he has made in all, but he produced twelve last year. Why not write to him for the entire list? Joan Crawford doesn't seem to divulge her age, but I'd guess her to be about twenty-four. Bebe Daniels is twenty-seven.

CLEO W.: Write to Dorothy Devore at Educational Studios, Culver City; to Ramon Novarro and Joan Crawford at M-G-M; Fred Thomson, Richard Arlen, and Charles Rogers at Paramount; Donald Reed at First National; Don Alvarado at United Artists, and Madge Bellamy at Fox. Sorry, but I don't know Jane Levern. Where did you see her last? And when?

Is beauty skin deep?

MANY women and girls, too, wonder why the wrinkles of old age appear before they are even near 40—there's a feminine reason—the pains and discomforts month by month takes it's toll from youth and beauty causing wrinkles about the forehead and eyes.

Science has discovered speedy relief so that each month girls and women can be harmlessly and quickly relieved of cramps, backaches, headache, depression, leg pains, tiredness and irritability by swallowing a small harmless tablet with a sip of water.

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Many large industrial organizations who engage thousands of girls find that with SEEQIT, the girls do not have to lie down or go home. SEEQIT promptly relieves pains and discomforts of menstruation and does not interfere with the natural course, thereby making these girls efficient each and every day of the month, year in and year out. SEEQUIT contains no harmful or habit forming drugs. Be sure of being at your best while nature is taking its course each month.

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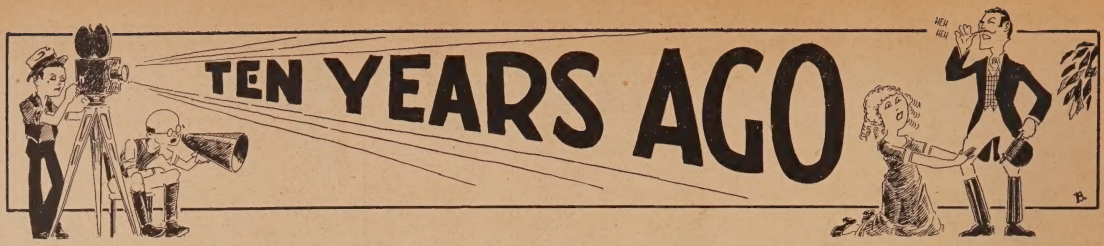


Gloria Swanson and Wally Beery startled Hollywood by driving to work in an automobile—Louise Glaum refused to swear at a waiter—J. Warren Kerrigan wanted taller leading ladies—and other reminiscences of the gay old days.

IN THE old Lubin Company of 1912, two enterprising youngsters of about twenty-one years alternated playing villains and fathers. They were Lloyd Hamilton, now a popular comedian, and Wheeler Oakman, ex-spouse of Priscilla Dean, and now in vaudeville. It all depended on the beard or the fierce waxed mustache they applied with spirit gum which role they played so convincingly. In those gay days actors were not given to specialization: the star in one picture was often part of the mob in another, and no kick registered. Elizabeth Burbridge, leading lady for some of the biggest actors in the industry, often played mother roles at this time.

He Gambled On Films

BILL HART, given his choice of $75 a week in pictures or $400 on Broadway — incidentally an almost unheard-of salary fifteen years ago, gambled on pictures and won. *The Bargain* earned several million dollars and is still running. His leading lady was Clara Williams, one of the most popular of the old-time stars.

So much for foresight, luck, or what have you.

Still Popular

ROD LA ROCQUE is one of the old-timers who has retained his large screen following for many years. After leaving the stage, from which he was recruited, he played opposite some of the biggest film luminaries of the early days, among them Mae Marsh. When he played with Corinne Griffith in the O. Henry series, ten years ago, he was directed by E. H. Griffith, the same who directed him in two of his most recent De Mille productions, *Hold 'Em Yale,* and *Love Over Night.*

Mack Sennett (center in the foreground) acted in pictures as well as produced them in Hollywood's early days. To the left is Billy Quirk, famous comedian, and to the right, Mary Pickford, before her curls had been discovered.

Ingenue Turns Vamp

LOUISE GLAUM was one of the Ince Players some fourteen years ago. Believe it or not, she was a sweet little ingenue, the kind that picked daisies, and was insulted if her fiancé attempted to steal a kiss. For some reason she deserted the Ince fold for another, but soon returned. As punishment, Ince put her in second leads.

In *The Lucky Blowout* she played her first hard-boiled role. One scene necessitated her telling a waiter to go to hell. Louise cried bitterly over such cruel and unladylike words, and remonstrated that surely they couldn't expect *her* to say them—not *her.* There were those in the company who took her woe with an oversized grain of salt, secretly considering her the world's greatest little poseur.

It was this part, incidentally, that was the turning point in her career, and which lifted her from the ranks of the coyingly sweet ingenues to the greatest vamp of those times.

A Life-sized One

PETITE beauties were the fashion in films fifteen years ago, with such representatives as Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and dozens no longer prominent in the picture world. Warren Kerrigan, who had been playing with Vera Sisson — now Mrs. Richard Rosson, wife of the director — needed a new leading lady. Among the most prominent applicants was Elizabeth Burbridge. Kerrigan threw up his hands at the very sight of her. "I will not have another short girl!" quoth he, fiercely. "I'm getting to be a regular right-triangle bending over these little girls. Give me a life-sized one!" So they gave the job to Lois Wilson, a beauty contest winner, who measured exactly five feet and five inches.

Hidden Sorrows of the Stars

(*Continued from page 37*)

ried or *not* married! It has become almost a popular sport among Hollywood wives to sue their husbands for divorce and name Joan as co-respondent. In two cases I know of, neither the husband or wife *knew* Joan Crawford.

Much has already been written about the misunderstandings between Joan and her mother. Much more has been rumored. And both the gossip and the truth are a constant sorrow to the daughter.

Joan adores her mother. She is the kind of a girl who just naturally *would* love her family. This last Mother's Day she spent many hours writing page after page—pouring out her soul to her mother. She will never cease hunting for her own father, whom she has never seen, or sorrowing because she, too, could not have had an average, happy and contented family to back her.

Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen are one of the happiest married couples in the film city. Yet they have been forced to fight every inch of the way to establish and maintain their position. And they will never cease to be sorry that the world will not accept them without question as they accept other normally happy couples.

If you could visit their home at Tuluca Lake—the home with forty some shutters which they painted themselves for the sheer joy of *daubing* together—you'd realize how in love Dick is with *Jobyna*.

Yet, they built their nest ten miles from Hollywood to avoid "friends" who were constantly dropping in and then going out to report them unhappy.

"Why can't they leave us alone?" Dick flung out the belligerent question when I asked him about it. "No matter how happy you are, there is an undercurrent of sorrow when you have that feeling of living in a glass house with folks lined up outside with stones they'd like to fling at it!"

Little Josephine Dunn has had an experience which cast a shadow of sadness over her entire life.

Today she has one of the brightest futures among the younger screen players. Last Christmas she had one of the most gloomy. She had just been released from her contract by Famous Players.

But it wasn't the loss of her job which caused her the lasting sorrow. It was because she learned she could not accept her friends at their face value.

Josephine had been unusually popular. She was invited from one party to another. Girls hung around her Hollywood home like bees about a honeysuckle. She expected her friends would help her find another position.

A week after she lost her position—

"They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak"

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say —"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on *me* for a speech!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

"Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice."

I knew they were expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside.

I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

"But When I Commenced to Speak"—

Almost from the first word, the smiles and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers *now!* My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unfaltering—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling.

Was Once a "Human Clam"

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Gee, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place tonight . . . And yet they used to call you 'a human clam'—and the quietest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All my life I *had* been handicapped with a shy, timid, and retiring nature. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge.
How to address board meetings.
How to propose and respond to toasts.
How to make a political speech.
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to make after-dinner speeches.
How to converse interestingly.
How to write letters.
How to sell more goods.
How to train your memory.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to overcome stage fright.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to be the master of any situation.

A Lucky Accident

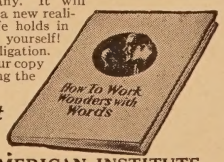
At last I accidentally ran across a little book entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*. Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success.

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worthwhile people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the *sheer power of convincing speech* has been the big secret of my success!"

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right *thing* in the right *way* at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun!

Get This Amazing Book FREE!

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders With Words*. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless "hidden knack" of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store. See for yourself! There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.



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Does a petting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel," Page 199

Are You Afraid To Love?

Has true love come into your life — or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

Life's Secrets

At last a book has been published that digs into sex matters without fear or beating around the bush. This startling 512-page book, "Safe Counsel," written by Prof. B. G. Jefferies, M. D., Ph. D., contains just the information you want. You will be amazed at its frankness. Words are not minced. "Polite" phrases are forgotten—the right word is used in the right place. "Safe Counsel" contains nine startling sections: I. The Science of Eugenics; II. Love; III. Marriage; IV. Childbirth; V. Family Life; VI. Sexual Science; VII. Diseases and Disorders; VIII. Principles of Health and Hygiene; IX. The Story of Life. Here are a few of the subjects discussed: Love, Secrets of Marriage, Anatomy of Reproductive Organs, Mistakes of Bridegroom, Advice to Newly Married, Results of Excesses, Spooning, Private Words to Maidens, Rejuvenation, The Social Evil, Sex Magnetism, Answers to Sex Questions, and scores of other intimate subjects. Nothing withheld. Frank and fearless. In all, 512 pages, 104 chapters, 121 illustrations. You owe it to yourself, to your health and happiness to read this wonderful book.

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hardly a girl came to see her. The telephone which had rung so merrily with "come on over" invitations, stood omniously silent. Not one offered to help her.

For six long months she walked the streets leading from one studio to another. Then M-G-M signed her. Al Jolson came to town and chose her for his leading lady in *The Singing Fool.* She was given the lead with William Haines in *Excess Baggage.*

Invitations poured in upon her. Her old friends rushed to congratulate her and gave parties in her honor. She accepted their kindnesses but her heart did not respond to them. Will never again respond in the same manner! It will always be a sorrow to her that she had to learn the old lesson that people flock around fame like insects about a lighted candle.

Betty Compson has always regretted that she was not born a man. "Which may sound silly to others but has never been silly to me. When I was a child I wanted to climb trees and go to the old swimming pool with the other fellows. When I grew older I wanted to go into a man's business."

Then there is Claire Windsor. After her divorce from Bert Lytell, she sought solace for her loneliness in her friendship with Buddy Rogers. It was the clean wholesome friendship of two people who admired each other tremendously.

But people began to talk. They whispered that there must be a romance between them. They talked about the difference in their ages. So they talked it over and decided they mustn't be seen together anymore. It is one of the deep sorrows of both their lives that this friendship which meant so much to them must be brought to an end.

WHICH brings to mind Doris Kenyon. Deep in her soul she has always regretted that she could not be *three* people. She trained her voice, wrote poetry which was printed and appeared in Broadway productions. The time came when she must make her choice between her three professions. She must give her answer to Milton Sills. "Yes" definitely meant California and pictures. Her heart made the decision. "This may not sound sorrowful," she admitted. "But restlessness and wanting to be too many things at once may become pathetic."

Corinne Griffith has the appearance of being one of the happiest women in the film business. Yet, if she could throw it all away and live her childhood again so that she might create a memory of herself in the center of a happy throng of merry children, she would do it.

For she has a childhood she does not like to remember.

The brother and sister who came before her died from delicate constitutions. For many years, it was thought she would follow. She was not allowed to play with other youngsters. Dogs were her only companions. School—swinging books down the road with the little boy and girl neighbors—was out of the question. She never went to dances. She never had a beau until she met her husband, Walter Morosco.

"All the money in the world, all the success, all the glory could not compensate for a childhood which was not happy," she said earnestly. "It is a heritage which belongs to every person. If you are cheated it is a sorrow which will always live in your memory. Childhood is something which comes only once and can not be forgotten."

Al Jolson has tasted the fruits of success for many years. His career on the stage brought him fame and wealth long before his entry into the movies increased his fortune fabulously. But his success has never brought him happiness. At heart he has been a sad man.

He wanted a happy home life. But somehow he never achieved it. In 1919 he married for the first time. A few years later, he and his wife, Henrietta, were divorced. In 1922 he made another try for marital happiness with the stage beauty, Ethel Delmar. Again his marital bark went on the rocks. He was divorced a second time in 1926.

Just recently he married Ruby Keeler, a pretty little tap dancer in his third attempt to find a solution for his secret sorrow.

As the couple were sailing for Europe on their honeymoon, Al turned to his friends who had come to bid him goodbye.

"Boys," he is reported to have said, "this is my last chance to find real happiness."

Ronald Colman has everything his heart could desire—save happiness. He has freedom and the world's respect. He has the money to indulge his tastes for literature, music and sports. But nothing can quite wipe out his consuming sorrow. There has been but one great romance in Colman's life. In 1920 he was married to Thelma Ray, an English stage actress. In 1926 they were divorced. There has never been another love to take the place of the one that didn't work out.

DOROTHY MACKAILL looked a bit wistful when asked about her secret sorrow. "I—well—" she hesitated a moment. "You see, I believe in marriages and I'm, oh, I'm sorry mine didn't work out. It's a particular sorrow because he is such a good egg!"

She was speaking of Lothar Mendez, the director, who was, until four months ago, Dorothy's husband.

"Somehow, it isn't just right, this divorce business. Oh, I don't mean I regret it—I just mean I'm sorry.

"It wasn't his fault. There wasn't any real reason. I can't put my finger on any real reason for our separation. We see each other now. He takes me to dinner. It's been four months—"

I wonder, if they were honest, how many divorced couples in this city would echo Dorothy's sorrow? During the year 1928. Let's see, there's Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood (Lila Lee); Mr. and Mrs. Wallace McDonald; Mr. and Mrs. Jaime Del Rio; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lytell (Claire Windsor); Madge Bellamy and her broker husband of four days; Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Sutherland (Louise Brooks)—and others. Sometimes I believe that divorce, the inability of picture people to get along because of the natural conflict of business and matrimony, is a real secret sorrow in this city. It seems almost fated that husbands and wives—both earning a living—should eventually separate. And I suspect that many more feel like Dorothy—a regret everlasting.

Hollywood has a co-operative sorrow. For although these famed people all have their individual regrets, yearnings, inhibitions like other people, they have a common pathos which can be likened to that of no other single group of persons.

They suffer, one and all because they cannot live their lives for themselves, but must live them for others!

This subject has been mentioned in connection with Joan Crawford, and Jobyna and Dick Arlen. But there are so many, many examples of this community struggle.

Alice White foreswore her affection for Dick Grace because of unpleasant publicity about it.

GRETA GARBO stays by herself because she abhors the thought of being stared at and talked about by people who do not know her in person. It is the one objection she has to this country. "I can go nowhere that there are not people," she told me. "Always people who point and say 'There goes Greta Garbo.' I do not like it. I will not give myself in *here*," her hands rested on her breast, "to the American people. It is not necessary. In Europe they do not do it."

Betty Compson refrains from going to the Montmartre because she feels like a mannequin on parade before curiosity seekers.

Anita Page has refrained from attending public dances or parties because she fears the renewal of gossip concerning her introduction to pictures by Harry K. Thaw.

Several stars whom I know remain with husbands and wives whom they'd prefer to divorce because they fear the resulting affect upon the *public!*

The town is filled with boys and girls who are afraid to marry for fear they might jeopardize their screen popularity. For the sake of *others* they are denying themselves the right of every young person.

Hollywood—a city of individual joys and individual sorrows. Yet a city pregnant with one general sorrow—a fear of the public!

PHYLLIS HAVER—METROPOLITAN PICTURES FEATURED PLAYER

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Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page* 44)

solemnized recently. Showers were given by **Alice Mills, Jobyna Ralston, Virginia Browne Faire, Isabel Johnson** and **Mrs. Philip Kamm.**

Jobyna Ralston's party was a combination luncheon, shower and bridge in her lovely Spanish house in the San Fernando Valley. **Marjorie Bonner, Marian Nixon, Grace Gordon** and **Mary Lou Lewis** (George Lewis' lovely bride) came early to help Joby arrange the little tables in the patio. Mary Lou took Priscilla aside to whisper a tale of biscuits which must have been amusing, judging from their giggles.

Everybody teased **Marian Nixon** about the exquisite antique bracelet **Ben Lyon** had given her but Marian insists it means nothing. **Duane Thompson** came rather late because her car had gone into a ditch and she had to wait while some Mexicans gallantly pulled it out. You know Duane may be the next bride as her engagement to **Buddy Wattles** was recently announced.

Nearly all the girls were stockingless. "We wear stockings to go in swimming, but not to parties," said **Sally Eilers,** while **Marian Douglas** and **Jeanette Loff** compared degrees of tan.

The inaugural ball of the Two-Thirty-Three Club, a theatrical Masonic organization, was a brilliant affair staged at the Beverly-Wilshire. The occasion marked the installing of the new officers —**Rex Goodcell** succeeding **Monte Blue** as president. **George Bancroft** and **Jean Hersholt** are both vice-presidents while **Raymond McKee** was made recording secretary.

The thousand or more guests included many starry names. The ballroom resembled a Parisian fashion show so varied and attractive were the frocks of the feminine contingent.

Among those glimpsed were the **Harold Lloyds, Wallie Beerys, Douglas Fairbanks, Irving Thalbergs, Jack Warners, Milton Sills, Jack Mulhalls, Belle Bennett, Louise Fazenda, Bodil Rosing, Anita Stewart, Louise Dresser, Laura La Plante, Sally Phipps** and **Fritzi Ridgeway.**

THE Queen of the Night Clubs—**Texas Guinan**—is in our midst. Warner Brothers are responsible for her presence since she is to star in one of their productions. Our honorable mayor refused to meet Miss Guinan while the Breakfast Club side-stepped a dinner-dance but everybody in Hollywood's "Who's Who" turned out to meet "Tex" at the Montmartre the other night.

Tables were crowded into every inch of space in the popular cafe. **Tom Mix** was host to **Dorothy Dwan, Marie Wells, Margaret Landis, Leo Carillo** and **Fred Wells** of the *Lombardi Limited* cast. Members of **Billy Joy's** party were **Ruth Elder, Joy Auburn, Katherine Crawford, Shirley Palmer, Al Hall and Wesley Ruggles.**

Miss Guinan's guests included **Zasu Pitts** and her husband **Tom Gallery, Vera Steadman, Mickey Walker** and **Al Kerwin.** With her informal "Folks, I want you to meet—" Texas introduced Zasu as "Sassy Pitts" and Mickey Walker, who is a pugilist, as an artist from New York who sculptured cauliflower ears.

The night club queen acted as judge of the dancing contest but had such a difficult time trying to choose between **Ethel Jackson** and her partner **Cecil Revey** and **Miss Mickey Flynn** with **Jerry Miller.** Finally **Eddie Brandstetter** dug into his vault and produced two silver cups for the winning couples.

A charming figure in the exquisite setting of her Beverly Hills home, **Mrs. Jeanette Reid** entertained with a buffet supper recently. Her mother and young daughter **Nancy** helped receive while **Franklin Pangborn** and **Mr. Herbert** made themselves useful carving the large turkey and Virginia baked ham.

THE premiere of **C. B. De Mille's** *The Godless Girl* was marked with quiet dignity. There were no flashing lights nor radio announcers outside the Biltmore Theatre nor any presentation of attending celebrities within. A score or more judges of the judicial and supreme court were noted among the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, their daughter **Cecilia,** and the **William De Milles** headed a large party. **Lina Basquette,** a star of the production, was escorted by **Peverell Marley. Louis B. Mayer** and wife with **Harry Rapf** and consort. The **Victor Varconis** and **Alan Hales. Ralph Forbes** with a gay little group, **George Duryea** heading another. **Noah Beery** and his son. **Julia Faye** and her mother.

Dancing on a smooth lawn and playing outdoor tennis by moonlight were the unusual and diverting pastimes offered guests by **Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett)** at their charming Beverly Hills home. The affair complimented **Florence Vidor** and her bridegroom **Jascha Heifetz.** Among the dancing couples were the **Walter Moroscos (Corinne Griffith) Antonio Morenos, Irving Thalbergs, George Archinbauds, Katherine** and **Alec Bennett.**

Catalina Islands is always a favorite playground of the movie stars. **Colleen Moore** and her husband, **John McCormick,** with a small group of friends finished a yachting trip with a long week-end on the island. **Cecil B. De Mille's** pleasure boat was also noted in the harbor. **Louise Brooks, Julia Faye, Buster Collier, Lewis Milestone, Eric Von Stroheim** and **Tom Moore** were all registered at the Hotel St. Catherine.

Jarnegan Hits Broadway

(*Continued from page* 72)

who formerly acted and danced in European cinema attractions, but who is now busy being the wife of Universal's Ace director, leaving the Biltmore . . . Ian Keith, a temporary deserter from the cinema capital, being mistaken for John Barrymore . . . Jack Osterman, master of ceremony de luxe as well as musical comedy star, telling "a new one" in front of the Palace . . . Marion Haslup, whose good looks caused much of the shooting in *Guns,* underworld meller, buying phonograph records in a Broadway shop.

Fore!

THE Eastern movie fraternity shut shop the other day to journey out to Sound View Golf Club at Great Neck to see Charles Schwartz, Brooklyn picture exhibitor, walk off with the special trophy offered by SCREEN SECRETS Magazine in the fifteenth semi-annual tournament sponsored by The Film Daily.

Highlighting the matches was a melee between teams representing The Lambs Club, famous theatrical organization, and the newly organized motion picture club which was won by the film men.

Many celebrities including Thomas Meighan, Rex Beach, Sessue Hayakawa and Gene Sarazen witnessed the event.

———o———

Marie's Male Bag

(*Continued from page* 48)

Over at the De Mille studio the other day, hundreds of people were lined up along the fence to watch a most unusual game of croquet. Phyllis Haver, Marie's best friend, was dressed in a gorgeous French gown which she had been wearing on the set of a picture, while Marie swung her mallet dressed in a cotton flannel nightgown clasped together by a big safety pin, and thick shoes, too large for her. The nightgown was Marie's costume in the reformatory scenes of *The Godless Girl* and the gaze of the gaping crowd was rare food for her risibilities.

Marie may pose as an extra and get a kick out of going to young assistant directors and being turned down for jobs. Or she may induce a police lieutenant, as she did lately, to an eastern friend at the Hollywood Athletic Club and frighten him half to death by saying he held a telegraphic warrant from the east for his arrest. Or she may kid Kenneth on the 'phone and pretend she is Alice or an Ethel.

Marie's sense of humor is always at work and she enjoys life as she goes along.

Phyllis Haver always spends Christmas with Marie—so you can imagine that very shortly now, these two clever comediennes will be hanging their stockings up together!

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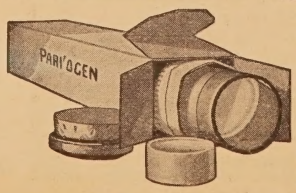

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COLOR ART STUDIO, 1968 Broadway, N.Y. City

Aileen Pringle is looking to see if there isn't some mistletoe entwined in the holly wreath. If there is, she shouldn't be kept waiting long.

Was It a Hoodoo?

(*Continued from page* 49)

the argentine with boy friends to attend the Dempsey-Firpo fight in New York City.

Naturally the gay avidity and glamour of New York enkindled his youthful imagination.

Even the pleas of his father to come home did not daunt him. And soon he was left in the big city without an allowance.

So Barry left New York—but not for home.

He went to Chicago where a chum of his was seriously ill. Shortly after Barry arrived his friend died. Feeling totally alone now, Barry sold his personal belongings and started out for Hollywood.

To get inside the studios he accepted a job in the Pickford-Fairbanks abode which had to do with attending to foreign fan mail.

Doug also gave him a small part in his *Black Pirate*. But on completion of the production most of the help was laid off and "Argentine," as Fairbanks called Barry, was once more looking for work.

He tried hard to land a job as extra with the *Beau Geste* company which was locating for five weeks in the desert.

But nothing doing. They were filled.

So Barry looked elsewhere for his meal ticket.

Finally he got Chadwick Studios to grant him a screen test. This happened after he had spent eight whole months wandering about the studios.

And then his screen test didn't click.

One more turn-down for the boy and then Dame Fortune was to smile long and brightly on him. This last let-down was at the hands of the Paramount casting director, Fred Dantig, who claimed Barry was too young and too slender for screen work.

All he thought of was to keep plugging and plugging.

Two days later he got extra work in a Vera Reynolds production. But even then no one noticed the latent talent in this handsome youth.

It took Irving Cummings, the director, to glimpse some of Barry's undeveloped screen prowess when he saw several photographs of the youth.

Cummings had Barry prepare for a test for the juvenile lead opposite Janet Gaynor in *Pigs*.

Winfield Sheehan, general manager of Fox, chanced to see Barry go through his piece of action on the set and was so elated over his possibilities that he gave him a contract.

Barry's days of begging at the studios were over.

It wasn't long before his portrayal of "mother's boy" in *What Price Glory* gained for him national screen recognition. Then came his role in *The Legion of the Condemned*, *The Sins of the Father* in which he played the son to Emil Jannings, *The Four Devils* and *Mother Knows Best*.

Now that Barry is riding on the crest of Hollywood prosperity he is enjoying reward for which his ability is deserving. Hundreds of fan letters pour in on him daily, all of them picturing him as "One Boy in Thousands."

But Barry, modest as his photograph reveals, agrees with his admirers only as far as his luck is concerned.

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Getting the Breaks

(*Continued from page* 31)

to be a little timid also about fighting for big money.

One of the most extraordinary cases of getting the breaks I have ever known was Polly Moran. While I was at the old Sennett Studio, Polly made a series of comedies called *The Sheriff Nell* series. Once started on the series, they couldn't stop them and Polly's salary soared because the exhibitors demanded more and more of "that girl who rides so wonderfully." They demanded that Polly ride and ride all over Sennett's bank roll. And the funny part was that Polly didn't ride. All the feats of horsemanship that constituted her big break were done by a double!

There will always be breaks and always be luck in Hollywood; this because the movies are a gamble. No one could possibly mingle with them without becoming superstitious. An auto manufacturer can hire some expensive engineers; turn out a great car—subject it to hard tests—then rest on his laurels—he knows he has something that will sell. But a movie producer lays out a fortune on a picture. He has no possible way of knowing whether it will be a hit or a flop.

And so the producers, against their better judgment, hand the platter of French pastry to the actors who gave him luck. He thinks of them as rabbits' feet and mascots. Perhaps they are.

—o—

What I Think About Love

(*Continued from page* 35)

Cullen Landis—Boyish, charming.
Clive Brook—Tender, aloof.
Tony Moreno—Fiery.
Gilbert Roland—Intense.
Lowell Sherman—Sophisticated.
Paul Lucas—Vivid.

That isn't telling very much, is it? I suspect the editor will kill that paragraph. If I were to hand that in to the newspaper Cyclops on the city desk, he would call me in on the carpet to administer a bawling-out.

Goodness, I'll have to hurry to finish this article before I go back on the set. (And I don't know what it is all about.) But I had to write it or figuratively be called in on the carpet and be "bawled out." George Bernard Shaw and I have to stand for these literary lacings.

We "authors" are so completely at the mercy of the magazine writers. Mr. Shaw may not remember me but I don't care. I've become a magazine scribe. (If SCREEN SECRETS prints it.) Mae Busch once wrote a story on "Wild Interviewers I have met." I've gotten along pretty well with the crew but I'll have a more sympathetic feeling for them from now on. It's all in their day's work.

(Mr. Editor: Will you please send me the check for this story, or "what have you," in a hurry? You know there's my income tax to pay!)

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If you find the way out, cut out the puzzle and SEND YOUR ANSWER TO ME QUICK!

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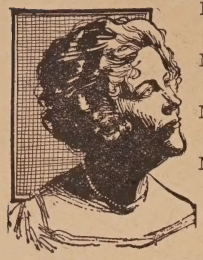

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Classified Picture Guide

ROMANCE

Our Dancing Daughters—A lavish exhibition of legs, gin and love with Joan Crawford receiving most of the attention while Anita Page, Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown make themselves conspicuous.—*M-G-M.*

The Fleet's In—Clara Bow as a San Francisco dancehall hostess becomes the Navy's sweetheart till gob James Hall learns she has an honest heart and takes her for himself.—*Paramount.*

Four Devils—A circus story with human appeal but for the fictitious fall by heroine Janet Gaynor from the tent top to come back and embrace the hero who had been caught by a vampire.—*Fox.*

Outcast — Corinne Griffith makes a strong come back as a struggling girl who has soda water squirted on her new hat which she had just paid her last three dollars for. The culprit is the man she eventually marries.—*First National.*

Mother Knows Best—We dare you to sit through this Edna Ferber story with dry eyes and witness daughter Madge Bellamy almost die for love of Barry Norton while mother Louise Dresser prevents their marriage till it is almost too late.—*Fox.*

Lilac Time—Gary Cooper drops out of the sky into a French girl's life, the French girl being Colleen Moore. There really are lilacs—a background for the love scenes.—*First National.*

The Barker—Life and love among the big-hearted carnival folk who'll let you try and win a kewpie doll for a dime. Milton Sills is the leather-lunged barker; Betty Compson a hula girl with hoopla hips.—*First National.*

Fazil—Rhymes with Brazil, because it's just as hot. Burning sands, burning love, with Charlie Farrell and Greta Nissen gone native.—*Fox.*

Four Walls—Someone has discovered that people live in four walls and they're making a picture about it with Joan Crawford and John Gilbert. But no one else ever lived within walls like these. —*M-G-M.*

Power—Bill Boyd is a fast dam worker and a dam fast worker in this high-powered picture. A heart of gold beats beneath the Bull Durham sack in his shirt pocket, but skips a beat when Jacqueline Logan enters the scene—*Pathe.*

Loves of an Actress—Intimate glimpses of the love life of an actress about as thrilling as a lollypop. Pola Negri imitates the actress in question and leaves her more in question than when she started.—*Paramount.*

DRAMA

The Singing Fool—Al Jolson establishes the talkies by this heart-throb story of father-love in which little Dave Lee inspires him to sing *Sonny Boy* as he never sung before.—*Warner Brothers.*

The Patriot—Emil Jannings at his best in Ernst Lubitsch's mighty drama of eighteenth century Russia with Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor providing capital support.—*Paramount.*

Singapore Mutiny—A realistic story of a steamship fireman whose virility dominates all but a weakling on board his ship who not only wins the heroine but inspires the hardy seaman to sacrifice his life for him.—*F. B. O.*

Danger Street—Just as its title sounds—a gang-war melodrama with plenty of gun play which culminates with the heroine taking a shot in the bosom to prevent her hero from being killed.—*F. B. O.*

The Racket—A picture as is a picture about what a poor beer baron goes through in making deliveries to your back door. Tommy Meighan is still incorruptible but you can believe it in this one.—*Caddo.*

The Mysterious Lady—Greta Garbo has a new boy friend, Conrad Nagel, in this one. She does some expert safe-cracking, stealing "the papers" first for him, and then from him. All okay in the end.—*M-G-M.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of SCREEN SECRETS, published monthly at Louisville, Ky., and Robbinsdale, Minn., for October 1st, 1928.

State of Minnesota } ss.
County of Hennepin }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. H. Taylor, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says he is the Business Manager of the SCREEN SECRETS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.
Editor, Roscoe Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.
Business Manager, W. H. Taylor, Robbinsdale, Minn.

2. That the owner is:
Fawcett Publications, Inc., Robbinsdale, Minn.; W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.; Roscoe Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.; A. F. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

W. H. TAYLOR,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1928.

LEON PILON, JR.,
Notary Public, Hennepin Co., Minn.
(My commission expires August 6, 1935.)

Lights of New York—Just about bad enough to be good. All about New York speakeasies. Everybody speaks, but they don't say anything. However, you can stop your ears and look at Helene Costello.—*Warner Bros.*

The Perfect Crime—Clive Brook is a super-Sherlock who could solve any crime. So he commits one himself just to see if he can beat the game. He can but he doesn't. And there is Irene Rich.—*F. B. O.*

COMEDY

The Air Circus—Arthur Lake and David Rollins learn to fly while the shrieks, laughs and sighs of their friends—especially those of charming Sue Carol—are recorded on the Movietone.—*Fox.*

Baby Cyclone—That's the name of a destructive Pekinese pup who serves as the basis of this story by being relayed from hero Lew Cody to a neighbor and eventually to heroine Irene Pringle who in turn flashes it back on our hero to start the fireworks.—*M-G-M.*

Alias Jimmy Valentine—The famous old master cracksman with all his ingenuity in opening safes fails to come to life in this new version all because William Haines is not the crook type.—*M-G-M.*

Heart Trouble—Harry Langdon is still being good comedy in bad pictures. Of course there's a girl and a lot of misunderstanding, in fact it's just like all his other pictures all over again.—*First National.*

Excess Baggage—A laugh, a tear and a kick in the pants, all about life backstage, as it might be lived. William Haines is great as a small-time vaudevillian.—*M-G-M.*

Give and Take—Lots of good clean fun from beginning to end with Jean Hersholt and George Sydney juggling a canning factory and broken English. Younger generation stuff supplied by George Lewis.—*Universal.*

WESTERN

The Water Hole—Jack Holt abducts Nancy Carroll per her rich father's instructions and makes her rough it in a Zane Grey desertland, only to show-up her fiance and win her whole-hearted support.—*Paramount.*

Kit Carson—He-man Fred Thomson defends the Indians and fights a white villain thus emulating historic Kit Carson till he rescues the Indian chief's daughter.—*Paramount.*

The Fighting Redhead—Buzz Barton is a high-stepping cowboy kid who outsmarts all the wise guys in this rough riding romance of the plains.—*F. B. O.*

Law of the Range—Tim McCoy races, rides and defies death in forest fires, stage coach holdup and duels, as he pursues bandits and wins the girl.—*M-G-M.*

Fangs of Fate—Klondike, a rising young dog star with a bright future, is the star of this one. More than earns his salary in the last reel by dashing into the courtroom with the stolen plans in the nick of time.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

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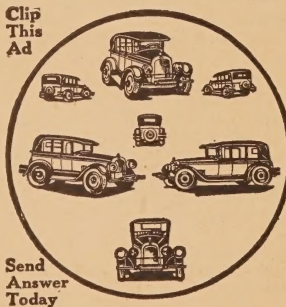

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Making Lupe A Lady

(*Continued from page* 41)

"But," Lupe adds darkly, "no one can high-hat me."

Down in tamale-land below the Rio Grande they do murder for less. And look at Carmen. But why look at Carmen when there's Lupe? That's what Ben Lyon thinks, and Charlie Chaplin, and . . . and . . .

"No, there ees nothing wrong between Jetta and I. I geeve beeg party—deed you hear about my party, ya-as?—I geeve beeg party and ask efery one to come. Prop boys, electreecians, actors, Meester Greeffith, Meester Weeliam Boyd, Jetta Goudal. They all crowd in my leetle dressin groom and geeve one beeg cheer. They say 'Rah rah rah for Lupe!' and then 'What's the matter weeth Lupe? She all right!'

SHE'S a combination of Circe, of Delilah, of Heloise, of Yseult. Impetuous, elemental. And Hollywood is doing its best to make a lady of her. She has a residence, a maid, a secretary, a chauffeur and a sleek limousine. Two years ago she arrived with nothing more than a quivering Chihuahua, named Milton, a coat trimmed with leopard skin, two dancing, prancing feet and a liquid contralto.

"I call my dog Meelton, like Meelton Seels, because I have sweetheart een Mexico whose name ees Meelton and we fight. Then I no longer speak to heem and I call my dog that name. Eet make heem mad, ver-ry mad."

She was as roguish as a pagan. A good little Catholic damsel christened Maria Guadalupe Villalobos; poppa was Colonel Villalobos; momma was a Velez.

Lupe shimmied at the Principale Theater in Mexico City and thereabouts until she sought a broader field for her future in the northern city of Los Angeles. So it was to Fanchon and Marco, prologue creators, that Lupe wended her tangoing way, and soon she was shimmying at a local theater. Shimmving enthusiastically, and with such innocent abandon, it is rumored that shredded wheat manufacturers complained. *Bon vivants* the day following Lupe's performance couldn't eat their breakfast foods, so vividly did it remind them of Lupe's sinuous movements.

From there she took her ukelele and her South of Sonora legs to the Music Box Revue where she made tickets valuable, and watchful gentlemen like Harry Rapf and Hal Roach, pickers of film pulchritude take notice. Roach beat them to it and signed Lupe to frisk in rough and tumble comedies. But not with Our Gang.

Lupe's first dramatic part was with Douglas Fairbanks in *The Gaucho* and she took to gelatine emotion like a Marquesan to water.

"Ah," Lupe breathes gratefully, "whenefer I theenk of Mester Fairbanks and Mees Mary I am so full of gratitude. Mees Mary, she writes the part for me and tell Meester Fairbanks that I am the girl for eet."

After that Mr. Schenck saw that she became a United Artist.

It is of D. W. Griffith that Lupe also goes into raptures.

"Oh, Meester Greefith, he ees so good. He make a new Lupe out of me. So refine'. I see myself on the screen and I do not know eet ees Lupe. The face ees so weestful. Always before I have been so—so dee-ferent. But now I am so sweet, almost like Janet Gaynor."

She pronounced it "Jaynor" with admiration and reverence.

There's not a grain of jealousy in Lupe. She has only a primitive desire to please, to love and be loved. She is as colorful as a Goya in a gallery of Gainsboroughs. And she is setting a new standard for Hollywood's cavaliers. The owners of lips that touch liquor shall not escort Lupe home. That is law and Lupe's gallants, who are many, are orderly.

For this high estate they are grooming her. Putting sheerest chiffon on those dancing, prancing South of Sonora legs. But don't let them take the naughty gleam from those luminous, lambent eyes. Don't let them take the shrug from those brown rounded shoulders.

Don't let them make a lady of you, Lupe. Aw, please!

The life story of Lupe Velez will begin shortly in a future issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

Secret Predictions

(*Continued from page* 21)

ahead of her in the screen world if she is handled right and is given the proper chance. I should say that she will make her mark in comedy. But as for matrimony, I do not envy her future there."

Ruth Taylor, also, according to Dareos, is not going to do much in the line of matrimony. But principally because she will not desire it.

"A beautiful, shy and retiring, young girl is Miss Taylor," he says, "and a girl who is fated to be one of the greatest stars in the screen world in a very few years. She will attain a position so high that she would not believe me now if I told her of it.

"However, I doubt if marriage will interest Miss Taylor. I see her surrounded by many friends, with her mother constantly by her side. But I see no great love affairs and no marriages in that future. Her real love, aside from that for her mother, will be in her work. And I think Fox will get her and sign her up and that she will be one of the biggest stars they have ever discovered."

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Harry Carr Comments

(*Continued from page* 53)

some months; and later she made some western pictures with fair success.

Dark Secret

I know the one dark secret of Texas' life; her real name is Mamie.

Once I was at a dinner at which one of her old-time Texas friends persisted in calling her by this dreaded cognomen until Texas finally gave the table a thump and cried: "For heaven's sake stop calling me 'Mamie'; it sounds like a blind mule."

Stars Scatter

SOME of the old De Mille stars were left pretty high and dry when the illustrious Cecil moved over to M-G-M.

Among them were Joy and Joseph Schildkraut. Leatrice filled in the time by acting in a stock company in Hollywood for a while until another screen offer developed. Schildkraut has moved over to Universal.

Schildkraut has suffered from much the same complaint as Pola Negri. Nobody knows exactly what to do with him. They have tried him as a villain so bad he discolors the air; and they have cast him as the flashing young hero. In neither role he quite fits.

Schildkraut has a strange half quizzical, cynical streak which never has found a story to fit; his best role in America was the stage play, *Liliom.*

"Oh Mister Blue"

POOR Schildkraut once spoke out of turn, with disastrous results.

One time in Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm,* Monte Blue was playing a part that called for a dash to the rescue on horseback. Monte is one of the finest horsemen in the world. He is the kind of cowboy who wants to be called a "stock hand"; and scorns rodeo riders.

An old extra woman got rattled and found herself in the path of about one hundred extra men riding like mad down a narrow street. She saw she could not escape and sank to her knees—resigned to death. Monte, by a miraculous feat of horsemanship, reached out of his saddle; scooped her up from the ground and saved her life. In the melee, his horse fell and the cavalcade galloped over them.

Schildkraut, not knowing cowboy standards of pride, stepped up and offered his sympathy. "Oh, Mr. Blue," he said, "I am so sorry you fell off your horse."

For the balance of the picture, Schildkraut was escorted to and from the sets by a body guard.

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By Meyer Shuldberg

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Nothing looked quite so good to Richard Dix as the cook's fresh baked bread and pies when he came into camp from a hard day spent scrambling up and down the cliffs of Arizona.

Roughing It With Richard Dix

(*Continued from page* 70)

museum piece for which he had refused $10,000, and a $400 necklace of silver and turquoise worn by Wingfoot (Richard Dix).

Now Richard was possessed with the ambition to buy a blanket as magnificent as the one used in the picture. He failed to find it at Chin Lee, so redoubled his efforts at the Enchanted Mesa. One day when cameras were being set up for a shot of the winding rock staircase that led to the pueblo city topping the mesa, two Indians mounted on ponies passed gravely through the picture crowd.

With a wild whoop, Richard started after them up the rocks. "Hi! Wait a minute!" he shouted.

The Indians continued imperturbably. They halted at the top of the staircase for a parley with the pueblo governor, and there the panting actor caught up with them. Using all the Indian words he knew, supplemented by most artistic sign language, Richard endeavored to convey his desire to purchase the blanket slung across the saddle of the second buck.

Blank faces and deep silence.

Elizabeth Pickett ran to Richard's assistance, and, as the Navajos rode slowly on, added her knowledge of their tongue to the bargaining.

When both had exhausted themselves with pleading and trailing the braves, the dignified red man turned on his pony.

"Don't be silly—it's not for sale!" he informed them, in the best of English . . .

This second location was a land of wonder—a giant mesa with rock stairways cunningly concealed up which we toiled to be rewarded by a view of unparalleled beauty. Pasture stretched below to farther mesas glowing in amethyst, rose and amber. Looking from pueblo housetops, we could see the dark blue glimmer of hidden pools which serve the red men with drinking water and miraculously never run dry.

Technicolor will bring to the screen the reds, oranges, henna and peacock blue of the clothes these first Americans wear so that you can see them as I saw them, busy about their daily tasks in this enchanted land.

One of the worst features of this rocky location was the setting up of cameras. Eddie Conjager, Richard's chief camera man and good friend, led his "black and white" crew safely through a series of overhanging cliffs and jutting rocks while Ray Rennahan and Edward T. Estabrook with their three assistants in the technicolor outfit successfully juggled their heavier instruments in impossible places.

"If we ever get back to Hollywood—" sighed Ernie Johnson, actor and prop man, as he struggled up a sandy trail with two loaded water canteens, "anybody can sell us a hillside lot—they won't seem like nothin' after this!"

There is a smooth and even quality in Victor Schertzinger's direction that is a joy to behold. He never appears to hurry and seldom loses his temper. "Now, darling," he coaxes the little novice of a leading lady through a difficult scene, "let's try that again. Put all the sadness and utter hopelessness of despair into your walk from the pool. When Wingfoot speaks to you, drop the water jar and stumble into his arms."

Not a wasted moment. In the intimate scenes at the pueblo pool, Mr.

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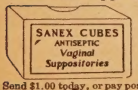

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Schertzinger directed two sets of cameras at once; one trained on Wingfoot climbing down the cliff and the other on Cornblossom with her water jar at the pool's edge.

THERE was no star relationship in the camp. Victor Schertzinger Richard Dix joined the other men in the little commissary tent after dinner and the rushes and gambled joyously. Vic and Rich and Eddie (Cronjager) had a friendly rivalry over the particular punch board whose prizes featured expensive guns and rifles. "Please pass the gun board—please pass the board!" sang Vic while Eddie awkwardly unwound his tiny mound of papers and Rich happily yelled out his winning number.

A cloudy day brought a respite from grinding work. "Never had so much fun since I was a kid!" chortled Rich from the improvised diamond where all the men were taking their baseball seriously.

"Hope I lose ten pounds!" panted Vic, throwing off his white sweater.

Lovely Jane Novak went hiking with one of her chief admirers. Elizabeth Pickett with Jack Padjan, cowboy actor, rescued a horse sinking in quicksand. Gladys Belmont spent her day of freedom sweeping out her tent and rearranging her navajo rugs and wicker chairs.

Dinner at the "Paragraph Camp of Shameless Players" was an uproarious affair.

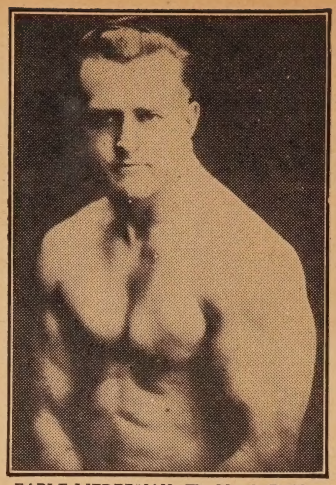
"Any chicken not doing anything down your way?" comes a mournful plea from Henry Hathaway.

"Local boy gets break!" cries Rich, seizing a chop *en passant*. Then, for the benefit of Sunday visitors from Albuquerque, he explains that we've been desert rats for so long that we've lost all perspective and quite forgotten how civilized tribes are supposed to dine.

Vic is fixing up a wire to send back to the studio and asks Rich if he has anything to add. "Just love and kisses from America's Sweetheart!" comes the beaming reply.

FINALLY came the dawn, as they used to put it, of the last week on location. Everyone was joyfully making plans for home-goings when the governor of the Indians sent word that sheep-dipping time had arrived. No more picture work for the tribe. A car was hastily dispatched to bring the governor and Steve, the interpreter, into camp for a pow wow with Sid Street who was lying ill with a painful attack of pleurisy. Five or six hours of talking while the company worked feverishly against time at the pueblo city brought the glad news that the Indians had consented to postpone sheep-dipping five days.

The morning siren was advanced from 5:30 to 5:00, breakfast was rushed through and all of us piled into cars and trucks for the twenty-mile drive to location without a second's loss of



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There's a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to work so hard. What's the use—the boss only piles more work on you. He tells you not to bother with your body. Do you recognize him? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. **Kill him!** If you don't, he will kill you.

Saved

Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds live tissue—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success! That's what you want, and gosh darn your old hide, you're going to get it.

Which Man Will It Be?

It's up to you—Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo? Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where I come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you.

In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real, live, animated muscle. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now come the works. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally pack muscle up your stomach and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life, you will shout to the world, "I'm a man and I can prove it."

Sounds good, what? But listen! That isn't all. I'm not just promising these things. **I guarantee them!** It's a sure bet. Oh boy! Let's ride.

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Marceline Day's training in bathing girl comedies came in handy in her recent role with Buster Keaton in "The Cameraman." Marceline plays most of the picture in a bathing suit. She is one of the promising ingenues of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

time. Gaily the camp song "There's a fallen arch for every heel on Broadway" floated on the clear morning air as we drove past enchanting stretches of delicately colored mesas and buttes and sweet-scented cedar trees.

"I'm going home no more to roam!" sang Richard on the morning of the third day.

Mr. Callaghan and I were packed and ready when Wingfoot's car came snorting into camp. Lee, his valet, had been packing since noon and was waiting with cold cream and hot water to help remove the intricate Indian make-up. We broke all speed records in reaching the tiny desert station and presently were tearing madly down the cinder track toward the Pullman which was, of course, the last car on the train.

It was a Harvey train and poor Rich was practically mobbed every time we alighted for sustenance. The first morning he awoke too late to dress and darted into the Harvey eating house clad in pajamas and overcoat with hat pulled over his eyes. But alas!

"Isn't that Richard Dix?" began the familiar buzz and the star fled back to his drawing room breakfastless.

But nothing could daunt his gay, good humor. He sent back wires to the "desert rats" signed "Adolph Zukor" picturing the delights of civilization or pretending he had missed his train and begging for a car to bring him back to the dear old camp.

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"The most beautiful sight in the whole wide world!" he whispered. "New York can keep her sky line, but give me this!"

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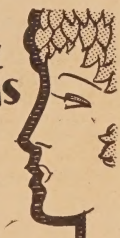

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He's a Hard Boiled Lover

(*Continued from page* 74)

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"Lilyan has made a comfortable home for me. She is a charming hostess,

"I may come home hot and tired from the studios but the minute I enter my door, I know that everything possible has been done for my comfort."

Of all the parts that Edmund Lowe has done he prefers the role of the hard-boiled, but good-natured Sergeant Quirt in *What Price Glory.* When the Fox people cast him for the role, all Hollywood gasped.

"Imagine the immaculate Edmund Lowe playing the part of a cussing roughneck soldier!" they exclaimed. "Why the Fox officials must be crazy."

But the Fox officials weren't crazy and Edmund Lowe went ahead with his role and gave one of the outstanding portrayals of his entire career. So popular did he become that he was cast in *One Increasing Purpose* and went to England where the film was made.

While there he and his wife decided to have their much belated honeymoon and they toured the continent for several months.

On their return to Hollywood, Lowe was featured in the screen version of the famous stage play, *Is Zat So?* in which George O'Brien played the role of the prize fighter while Lowe took the part of his manager.

After this came a series of starring vehicles for Lowe which included *Publicity Madness, Dressed to Kill, Happiness Ahead, The Wizard* and the production on which he is working at present, *The Gay Cabellero's Way.*

Edmund Lowe had the pleasure of playing in the same picture with his wife for the first time recently, when he was cast opposite Colleen Moore in *Happiness Ahead.* Lilyan Tashman portrayed the part of a charming adventuress.

"And just to show you that anything can happen in Hollywood," Lowe repeated, "in *Happiness Ahead* I am vamped by my own wife and then thrown in jail for it."

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Cloud Raiders

By Raoul Whitfield

in the DECEMBER

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Triple-X Magazine

December issue now on sale. January issue on sale December 10.

Also in this Issue Stories by

G. W. BARRINGTON (western)
RICHARD A. MARTINSEN (western)
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY (war)
H. BEDFORD-JONES (western)

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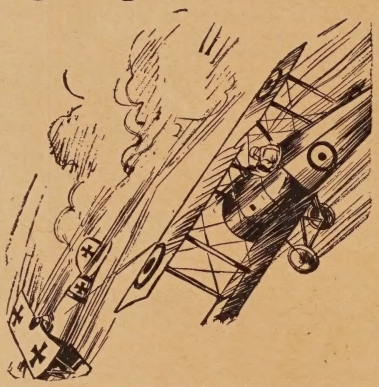
Fly With These Fighting Dare-devils!

IT WAS one thing to shoot at Germans from the trenches, and another to shoot at them from the air. But that didn't stop Private Danny Taylor who went up with a Yank aviator to escape shell fire. What happened when he had to fight off a flight of Fokkers is amazing, told in

Zooming Into a Death Trap

BY RAOUL WHITFIELD



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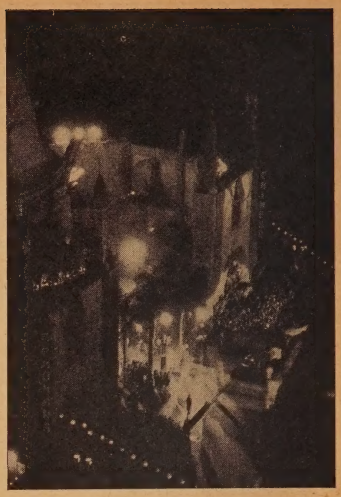


A typical preview crowd at Grauman's Chinese theatre where Raquel Torres once worked as an usher before she skyrocketed to fame.

From Usher To Star

(*Continued from page* 67)

a few months because their father was returning from a sanitarium.

"My father he have—how you say it? —a str-roke, yes. We live far downtown, and the bus ride it take long time, and we know our father he worry when his babies are coming home."

THE way she came into her screen name is a story by itself. A real estate dealer started it, just as realtors start so many things in Los Angeles without finishing them. This one—we will call him Mr. Babbitt—knew the family, and seeing our young friend sitting in a rcoking chair on the porch one day made free to ask:

"Why don't you go to work?"

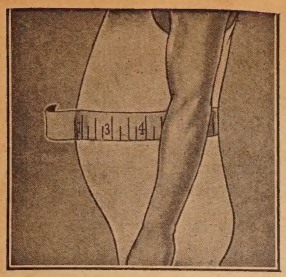
"Why don't you get me a job?" she countered.

"I will," said he.

Mr. Babbitt went on to say that he knew Al Christie and would introduce her to the comedy producer. When she took him up, he said he would have to think up another name for her, something "hot," and after a deal of thinking he triumphantly achieved Hilda Torres. But as matters turned out it was not so hot.

Mr. Christie, it appears, did not take kindly to Hilda—that is, to the name. He was of the opinion that something more "peppy" would be needed for the movies. Accordingly, he suggested Raquel, so Raquel it was, and Raquel it is.

After a brief experience in Christie comedies, Raquel Torres was, at least, not camera-shy. Then she tried vainly for the part of the wildcat in *The Gaucho* and, as she put it, went home broken-hearted. It was through the Spanish



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consul that she was suggested for the part of the native girl in *White Shadows in the South Seas.* A camera test—and the coveted role was hers. And all this within a year of the time she started as an usher!

"In ten days I have to learn the dances, and always they give me a pain in the stomach."

A slight wriggle explained the cause of this distressing circumstance. It is only fair to say here that Raquel Torres is so slender one would never think of associating her with a stomach. A poet would liken her to a reed and let it go at that.

"I could dance before, but not with my stomach," she said, quite simply. "In the French Club of Los Angeles I dance the Argentine tango and the jarave—that is something like the Charliestone. But never I dance for pay—just like a good sport, a regular kid."

IT WAS in speaking of her experiences in the South Seas that Miss Torres again touched on her stomach. But this time it was in relation to food, not dancing.

"The food it was vaire bad for me," I was sorry to hear. "It make big difference in my feelings. When I got a happy stomach I'm happy all over."

Now there's a girl to take to a good restaurant. Everybody happy. But instead of suggesting it, I inquired whether the romance of the islands was to her taste.

"I don't like it much," she was frank to say. "The young men they play the guitar and sing under my verandah from eight to twelve every night, but I don't care because it is too hot to sleep."

"Didn't the young men get tired?" I asked.

"No," replied their indifferent inspiration. "They go take a glass of beer or champagne, and it make 'em feel good, then they come back."

Not a wholly uninteresting night life, it would seem. Bathtub gin may make us sing *Sweet Adeline,* but it never will key us up to playing the guitar.

"Then the young men offered you nothing but music?"

"The chief he wanted I should marry him," she replied.

"He propose to me by an interpreter, say he love me vaire much and can't sleep. He say too that if I be his wife he give me pearls worth two million dollar. But you know a funny thing? I find out he is a grandfather."

"Then you didn't like the place—nor the pearls?"

"Oh, I rather come back to Hollywood," she sighed. "But some faraway countries are all right. I'd like to go to New York. Then I could get my mail often and talk to people in English."

A ribald intruder remarked:

"But no one in New York these days speaks English."

"Why?" she asked.

There was no answer.

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"Clara Bow is always the same, just a big-hearted, sweet, unspoiled kid, and the best friend I have in Hollywood," says Lina Basquette who is interviewing Clara for Screen Secrets.

Clara Bow Bares Her Heart

(*Continued from page* 55)

face lit up with joy—"and I'll tell you I have some very special pet theories about how pictures should be directed tucked away in my head that I will put to use when the opportunity comes—but I don't suppose that will be for a few years yet anyway."

"Tell me, Clara, of all your hobbies, which do you enjoy most?"

"I can show you easier than I can tell you," she said. "Come with me."

She jumped up and lead the way through the kitchen to the back yard. It was a perfect mass of kennels, cages and runways.

"My menagerie is rather depleted just now," apologized Clara, "I have only five dogs, two cats, one Australian Teddy Bear, and a baby rabbit! I wanted to have a baby leopard that was brought to me from South America, but they wouldn't let me keep it and I was so disappointed!"

We went back into the house.

"And I like cooking, too. I leave it to you, Lina, can I or can I not cook good things myself?"

Memories of tempting dainties that Clara had prepared herself left only one possible reply.

"There's one thing I almost forgot, Clara!" I said suddenly as we returned to the big luxurious living room, "You haven't told me your most thrilling experience."

"Oh, that's easy," Clara replied. "It happened in one of my very first pictures, *Down to the Sea in Ships*. It was

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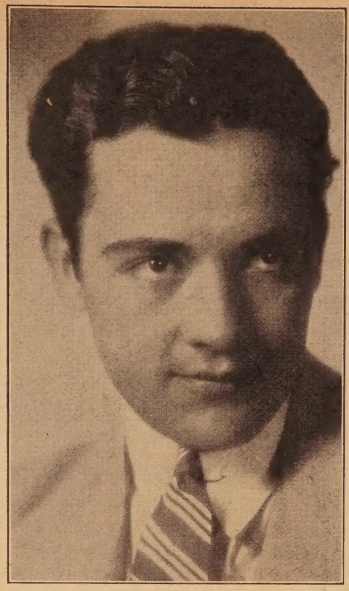

Buddy Rogers' excellent work as one of the most appealing juveniles of the screen has just won him a new long contract with Paramount. His latest picture, "Varsity," is soon to be released, and he will start work shortly on "Some One to Love" with Mary Brian.

a whaling picture and we were out at sea in a little rowboat with heavy seafaring clothes on, when all of a sudden a big wave caught us and turned the boat over. I thought it was the end. I guess I must have lost consciousness. Someone finally hauled me in because I came to in the boat, cold and wet as a fish."

"Clara," I asked, "do you read your fan letters?"

"Yes," she said, "and I am thrilled by them but they don't turn my head because I know that they write to many others the same way. But I am happy to have so many friends. I never want to be upstage. Because when my brief spell of glory is over I shall need every friend—friends as good and true as you are, Lina!"

What can you say about a girl that is as honest and natural as that?

As I left Clara's house I tried to think what fresh impression I had carried away with me.

It wasn't sweetness. It wasn't cuteness. It wasn't red petals against a shawl, or anything like that. It was something that was worth a lot more than that. It was just wholesomeness. Just naturalness.

Is it believable that this unaffected friendly little girl receives letters from more than thirty-five thousand admirers every month.

And yet it hasn't spoiled her. She's just a kid at heart. I don't think she will ever grow up. She's like Peter Pan.

She's always the same whenever I see her. Just my friend—Clara Bow.

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Irwin Reiner, smiling into the depths of the champagne glass, spoke like an oracle. "I see my two friends, Virginia and Manfred, facing the future together with faith and love," he said gaily. But there was bitterness in his heart.

Mask of the Devil

(*Continued from page* 65)

were a hallucination; but it seemed in that moment as if the pearls were the hands of Irwin Reiner about her throat. Without realizing what she was doing, Virginia seized the necklace as if to tear it from her. But in an instant she realized that she had made a strange and betraying gesture, and looked up quickly in embarrassment to see if he had noticed.

IRWIN REINER *had* seen; yet in no manner did he disclose that fact to her, but continued to smile at her disarmingly, with frank and wholesome admiration.

Virginia was again puzzled. Why had such ugly thoughts taken possession of her? Why did she not trust Irwin—Manfred's dear friend, charming, gracious, attractive?

Manfred, unconscious of this byplay, was still talking eagerly about his plans. If Palester had noticed, he gave no sign. Instead, he interrupted young Dalcroze.

"I've always been interested in scientific research," he began carefully, "so I'll be glad to finance your expedition to the South Seas."

For a moment Manfred was speechless. Even when he had recovered his voice he was unable in his excitement and bewildered delight to express himself coherently.

"But it means a fortune!" he managed to exclaim. "I—I can't let you do this for me!"

"It is nothing," returned Palester smoothly. "I am a rich man. Don't think about the expense. Come now, let us go into this thing thoroughly."

Words flew as plans were suggested, debated, and decided upon; until Manfred, breathless with the hope of fame and fortune, cried, "Virginia must know what you are doing for me. My success is hers!"

As her sweetheart came up to them, Virginia rose quickly.

"Darling, I've news—unbelievable, wonderful news! Palester has offered to finance a trip for me to the South Seas. I'm to leave at once!"

He drew her close to him.

"An expedition like that would establish me!" he went on, without waiting for her to speak. "Think what it means to our future—our success! I shouldn't have to be gone very long; and when I return all our dreams will come true!"

VIRGINIA'S miserable eyes never left his face all the while he was speaking. Now, clinging desperately to him, unable to analyze her premonition of danger, she cried, "Don't go, Manfred! Please don't leave me! I can't explain it, but I feel that something terrible will happen if you go away. I am afraid!"

"Why, child, what foolishness is this?" laughed Manfred, pleased and touched by this evidence of her love for him.

Reiner's face, as he witnessed this tableau, was a mask of hatred and passionate desire. But when Virginia turned toward him with tears in her eyes, he was again the smiling friend.

"No, don't go, Manfred," he agreed suavely. "It is a glorious chance for you; but don't make her unhappy."

Virginia looked at him with a heart full of gratitude.

"There!" she cried in pitiful triumph. "You see your friend is wiser than you! Please forget about the expedition and stay with me! I couldn't bear to have you leave me now!"

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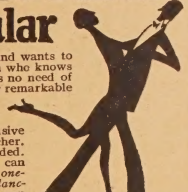

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But Manfred, smiling smugly at this further evidence of her love, and convinced that her attitude was prompted by one of the foolish whims to which women are prey, consoled her indulgently, and further unfolded his plans for the coming trip . . .

HELENE had drunk her coffee and Benedictine, and was almost nodding asleep when she was aroused by voices in the reception hall. The guests were leaving at last. The President of the Academy of Fine Arts must be a hideous bore! Helene rather pitied Irwin; but at least her company would be all the more desirable by contrast! She smiled knowingly to herself.

Suddenly the smile vanished. She had heard women's voices in the hall. Women there!

She rose almost reluctantly, hating to admit to herself that she was suspicious again . . . She was often distrustful of her fascinating young lover . . . Gliding over to the door, she listened intently.

Reiner had managed to draw Virginia a little apart from the others. Still under the spell of that strange and inexplicable warning within her, she was trying to appear at ease as she made the customary polite farewells.

Irwin took her hand and pressed his lips against it gently.

"This will be a memorable evening," he told her significantly, looking deep into her eyes. "You have made me very happy."

Reluctantly he turned from the beautiful girl to the ridiculous Frau Gessner, who had bustled up for her share of attention.

The guests were gone. But Palester lingered for a last word with his host.

"Damn it, I felt like a cross between Judas and Santa Claus when you forced me to make that offer to Manfred!"

Reiner laughed carelessly, his face a mask of cruelty and lust.

"Idiot!" scolded the Count. "That expedition will cost you a fortune!"

The young baron shrugged his shoulder. "What of it?" he challenged. "It's worth it, isn't it? I am paying for the most expensive luxury on earth—an angel!"

His face at that moment changed to the divine purity of Saint Michael. Palester watched him, fascinated. The more evil the man's deeds, the more beautiful and sincere his expression. Never had he looked more sympathetic—even spiritual—than at this moment; and yet, he was planning to wrest a charming and innocent girl from the arms of her lover—his dearest friend!

Palester could not believe that this transformation in the young baron's expression was not some fantastic illusion.

"What a devil you are!" he said slowly, almost as if pronouncing judgment on him. "Irwin Reiner, I'd like to see your face when you're alone!"

The baron shut the door behind his last guest. Without quickening his

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pace he walked up to Helene Zurmuhlen, who stood waiting in happy expectation, and folded her casually in his arms . . .

ALTHOUGH Manfred Dalcroze had departed on his South Seas expedition, Virginia was not allowed to feel utterly deserted. Her sweetheart's dear friend, Irwin Reiner, came often to see her and Frau Gessner; for had not Manfred himself written him asking that he look after them and help convince the girl that their temporary separation was for the sake of their future?

Frau Gessner, avaricious and scheming, particularly welcomed the handsome young baron. In her, then, Irwin Reiner found an unexpected and valuable ally.

On a beautiful spring day the young baron, nattily clad in afternoon clothes, and even a gardenia, was about to set forth again to fulfill Manfred's request that he look after Virginia.

It was at this inauspicious moment that Helene Zurmuhlen chose to arrive, hoping to find her lover. The discreet butler, warned by his master, told her gravely, "Baron Reiner has gone to the Academy of Fine Arts, Madame. I do not expect him until late this evening."

Helene was just turning away, bitterly disappointed, when Irwin came through the hall and ran right into her. Furiously annoyed, he tried valiantly to hide it.

"I thought you were to remain in Paris until June!" he exclaimed.

The butler had discreetly withdrawn. Helene, now the aggressor in the game of hearts, clung to him. "I know," she replied, "but I couldn't live without you any longer!"

Irwin kissed her perfunctorily. Womanwise, she sensed that she was losing him. Searching his face with tragic eyes she asked, pathetically eager, "Did you miss me? Were you lonely without me?"

Through his mind passed the memory or hours with Virginia—now they were riding together; now canoeing; now swimming, and lying on the sands together . . . Virginia, Frau Gessner and himself in a box at the opera . . . Virginia and himself in a hundred delightful moments and moods, sharing each other's companionship as naturally as two children.

Yet Irwin Reiner turned toward Helene a look of abject misery. "I was utterly lonely without you!" he declared, with all the ardor of a talented actor.

Helene, loving him so passionately, wanted to believe him.

"Come, it is a lovely day," he suggested, apparently in a more pleasant mood. "Let us go for a drive!"

THE countess, by her quick pleading glance toward the library, betrayed her desire to remain alone with him; but he ignored it, and insisted that they must enjoy the air; and so away they started.

Once or twice as they rode along Reiner, frankly bored and utterly disinterested, almost turned on her savage-

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ly when she drew his hand into hers and held it with a feverish grasp. When she leaned against his shoulder, pouring forth her frantic protestations of love, he had difficulty in stifling a yawn. She pleaded for a kiss; he gave it reluctantly. Always in his mind was the question, "How can I get rid of her?"

An inspiration!

"Helene!" he cried enthusiastically. "Spring is here! Let's stop at your modiste's and order a complete new wardrobe for you. I love you in charming prints and soft chiffons. And you must have a lace gown, too, for they become you perfectly. But furs and heavy coats hide your beautiful figure; so they are not for you."

She listened ecstatically. He really did care, after all! Besides, womanlike, no matter how deeply she loved, she could always listen to the subject of clothes.

It was not until she was entering the shop that she discovered her lover was not going with her. "But if my gowns are to please you, why not choose them for me!" she argued plaintively.

"Your taste always pleases me!" he declared gallantly, and added, "Virtue is a bore, but discretion is an art. I will call for you in an hour."

THERE was nothing for her to do but enter the shop alone while Reiner, greatly relieved, drove off toward the unpretentious litle home of the Gessners.

He was kept waiting for Virginia; but Frau Gessner willingly filled the gap with her violent clacking. She stopped suddenly in the midst of a phrase when he drew out of his pocketbook a check and silently handed it to her.

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she sat, looking at him with the gasping expression of a fish out of water.

"I cannot bear to see a beautiful girl like Virginia in these tawdry surroundings," he explained, glancing disapprovingly at the clumsy furniture, the garish pictures, and the cheap knick-knacks scattered untastefully about the room "Find a more attractive villa—something more suitable to set off her loveliness."

Frau Gessner's heart pounded greedily. Ten thousand crowns! But how could she explain to her daughter? Reiner read her doubts.

"You can tell Virginia that you have made money on the stock market," he added easily.

The old frump stared at him, her face working with half formed words of gratitude. Conscious of the strange, cryptic smile that crept into his face as he watched her, she asked coquettishly, "What are you thinking about, Baron Reiner?"

If thoughts were visible, she would have been prostrated to find him savagely seizing her by the throat and shaking her violently! Instead, she heard him reply broadly, "I was thinking what good friends we have become, and how charming you look today!"

Virginia entered just as he spoke these words, and smiled her approval of his bantering gallantry. In her greeting there was no hint of the terror and bewilderment that had completely possessed her on their first meeting, many weeks before. The young baron, crafty in the game of love, had been careful thereafter never to arouse her suspicions.

"It is a glorious day to drive in the country," he suggested with a glance that included the three of them.

Frau Gessner was frankly delighted. But as she looked at Virginia and Irwin Reiner standing together talking, she suddenly seemed to see them in another picture . . . Virginia, beautiful in a bridal gown and veil, joining the handsome young baron at the alter . . . Never before had Frau Gessner faced this possibility with such vividness. Now is seemed already a reality.

"You go," she returned, willing to forego the pleasure of an outing in order to throw them together. "I have a headache—it throbs terribly. I couldn't stand the glare of the sun."

"Please go, Mother," begged Virginia. "The drive will be good for you—the cool country air, the—"

"You irritate me!" cried Frau Gessner impatiently. "Go along with the baron. You're only making my head worse by arguing!"

"Please come," urged Reiner in his most gentle and persuasive manner. "I'm sure you would enjoy it."

With such insistent pressure from the two of them, she had no other choice than to accept.

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"Oh, that's wonderful!" cried the girl, her face brightening. "Spring is here. I was hoping I could have a new wardrobe."

Thus the dancer and the countess, strangers to each other, found themselves side by side, watching the models parade before them. They even laughingly disputed who was to have a certain lovely frock, while the modiste and his assistant glanced at each other knowingly, greatly amused by the piquancy of the situation.

The dancer made her selections first, and soon departed. She could not resist drawing the modiste aside to say, "In case Baron Reiner objects to my extravagance, tell him to charge it to the account of the President of the Academy of Fine Arts!" And with a flippant little toss of her head she was gone.

Helene, more leisurely in her selection, finished at last. With magazines, tea, and cigarettes, she settled herself comfortably to wait for Irwin Reiner. He was already late. She made the best of the delay, however, and continued to wait long after she began to suspect that he was not coming. Clouds had gathered over the sky; and now the storm broke furiously.

Madame Zurmuhlen, her pride outraged, left. But she moved toward the door with a smile of dignified self-possession. No one must read her heart! As she sank back in the taxi, with the rain streaming down the window panes, her smile gave way to an expression of fury and misery.

Meanwhile, Reiner had driven Virginia into the country. Strolling through the fields of wild flowers, with the rolling hills behind them and the clouds gathering above, they made a very romantic picture. Virginia's arms were filled with blossoms, and she was laughing happily.

Thirsty, they searched until they found a picturesque old well, partly concealed under a tree. There was no cup; but Reiner made one of his hands from which she might drink.

As her lips touched his fingers, passion flamed again within him. He wanted her! He must have her! If only he could seize her now in a mad embrace and crush her young body against his—his lips on her lips, her eyes, her throat . . . But no! He must bide his time. Any false move now would be fatal.

Virginia looked up at him. He returned her smile frankly, once more the good friend whom she trusted more fully each moment they were together.

They noticed suddenly that the sky had grown dark with storm clouds.

"Come, we must hurry back to the

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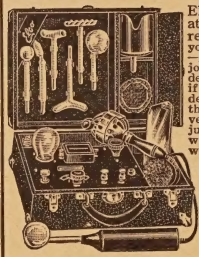

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car!" he said, grasping her hand in his, and starting off quickly. But before they had gone far the storm burst in all its fury, drenching them to the skin.

"We'll have to go back where we were until the shower passes," he cried; and they turned back quickly, laughing like children and blinking at the raindrops pelting their faces.

SHE could not run very fast so Irwin picked her up in his strong arms and carried her back to the sheltering tree. Her beautiful hair was in wild disarray, while her chiffon dress clung to her, outlining sharply the exquisite curves of her young body. Noticing her embarrassment, Reiner pulled off his coat and gallantly put it around her. In this moment he was once more her friend—sincere, considerate, and entirely worthy of her trust.

Soon the dark clouds moved away from the sun. The raindrops ceased and gave way to a beautiful rainbow. Together they stepped from the shelter of the dripping branches into the virgin sunshine. The girl took off the coat he had lent her, and insisted that he take it again. Seating herself, then, on the edge of the wide shallow well, she looked into the dark waters as into a mirror, and began to rearrange her disheveled hair.

Irwin Reiner watched her intently, moving almost stealthily behind her. Now, as she coiled her lovely curls around her fingers, his hand slowly reached toward her—closer—closer . . . He was about to touch her with burning fingers, when something seemed to restrain him. Slowly, cautiously, he withdrew his hand, and once more resumed his penetrating gaze.

Virginia, looking into the well as she made her toilette, was smiling happily.

But on the face of Irwin Reiner, as he watched her without uttering a sound, was the hideous mask of the Devil . . . .

To Be Continued

Lonely, deserted by her lover, will Virginia Gessner be able to resist the onslaught of Irwin Reiner's passionate courtship? Don't miss the next installment of this exciting story of the struggle between duty and desire in the January issue of *Screen Secrets*, on sale December 15.

Newcomer Opposite Boyd

DIONE ELLIS, newcomer to the screen, has been selected in preference to six prominent screen luminaries to play opposite William Boyd in his next film vehicle, *The Leathernecks*. The picture will have voice accompaniment through the Photophone.

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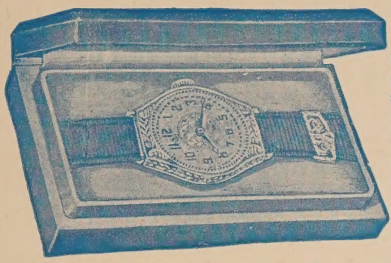

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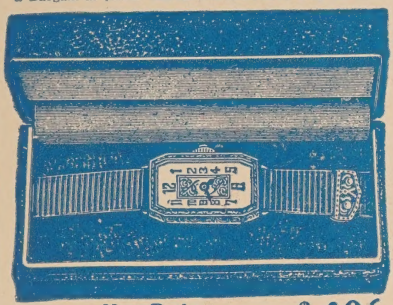

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